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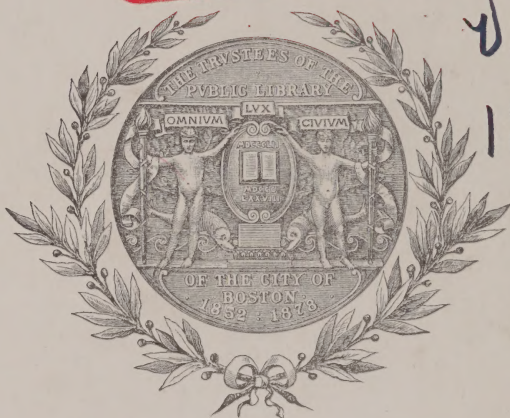
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ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LXXVII



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YARRELL CLARENCE

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NOTES BY TIO

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ONE OF HAWTHORNE'S UNPRINTED NOTE-BOOKS.

[THE following fragment of a diary is contained in a small leather-bound memorandum book, marked on the cover "Scrap-Book, 1839." The period covered is a brief portion of Hawthorne's service as weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom House, a position to which he was appointed by George Bancroft, at that time collector of the port.]

February 7th, 1839. Yesterday and day before, measuring a load of coal from the schooner Thomas Lowder, of St. John's, N. B. A little, black, dirty vessel. The coal stowed in the hold, so as to fill the schooner full, and make her a solid mass of black mineral. The master, Best, a likely young man; his mate a fellow jabbering in some strange gibberish, English I believe — or nearer that than anything else — but gushing out all together — whole sentences confounded into one long, unintelligible word. Irishmen shovelling the coal into the two Custom House tubs, to be craned out of the hold, and others wheeling it away in barrows, to be laden into wagons. The first day, I walked the wharf, suffering not a little from cold; yesterday, I sat in the cabin whence I could look through the interstices of the bulkhead, or whatever they call it, into the hold. My eyes, what a cabin! Three paces would more than measure it in any direction, and it was filled with barrels, not clean and new, but black, and containing probably the provender of the vessel; jugs, firkins, the cook's utensils and kitchen furniture — everything grimy and sable with coal

dust. There were two or three tiers of berths; and the blankets, etc. are not to be thought of. A cooking stove, wherein was burning some of the coal — excellent fuel, burning as freely as wood, and without the bituminous melting of Newcastle coal. The cook of the vessel, a grimy, unshaven, middle-aged man, trimming the fire at need, and sometimes washing his dishes in water that seemed to have cleansed the whole world beforehand — the draining of gutters, or caught at sink-spouts. In the cessations of labor, the Irishmen in the hold would poke their heads through the open space into the cabin and call "Cook!" — for a drink of water or a pipe — whereupon Cook would fill a short black pipe, put a coal into it, and stick it into the Irishman's mouth. Here sat I on a bench before the fire, the other guests of the cabin being the Stevedore, who takes the job of getting the coal ashore, and the owner of the horse that raised the tackle — the horse being driven by a boy. The cabin was lined with slabs — the rudest and dirtiest hole imaginable, yet the passengers had been accommodated here in the trip from New Brunswick. The bitter zero atmosphere came down the companion-way, and threw its chill over me sometimes, but I was pretty comfortable — though, on reaching home, I found that I had swaggered through several thronged streets with coal streaks on my visage.

The wharfinger's office is a general resort and refuge for people who have

business to do on the wharf, in the spaces before work is commenced, between the hours of one and two, etc. A salamander stove — a table of the signals, wharves, and agent of packets plying to and from Boston — a snuff-box — a few chairs — etc. constituting the furniture. A newspaper.

Feby. 11th. Talk at the Custom-House on Temperance. Gibson gives an account of his brother's sore leg, which was amputated. Major Grafton talks of ancestors settling early in Salem — in 1632. Of a swallow's nest, which he observed, year after year, on revisiting his boyhood's residence in Salem, for thirty years. It was so situated under the eaves of the house, that he could put his hand in and feel the young ones. At last, he found the nest gone, and was grieved thereby. Query, whether the descendants of the original builders of the nest inhabited it during the whole thirty years. If so, the family might vie for duration with the majority of human families.

Feby. 15th. At the Custom-House, Mr. Pike told a story of a human skeleton without a head being discovered in High Street, Salem, about eight years ago — I think in digging the foundations of a building. It was about four feet below the surface. He sought information about the mystery of an old traditionary woman of eighty, resident in the neighborhood. She, coming to the spot where the bones were, lifted up her hands and cried out, "So! they've found the rest of the poor Frenchman's bones at last!" Then, with great excitement, she told the bystanders how, some seventy-five years before, a young Frenchman had come from over-seas with a Captain Tanent, and had resided with him in Salem. He was said to be very wealthy, and was gaily apparelled in the fashion of those times. After a while the Frenchman disappeared and Captain Tanent gave out that he had gone to some other place, and been killed there. Af-

ter two or three years, it was found that the Captain had grown rich; but he squandered his money in dissipated habits, died poor — and there are now none left of the race. Many years afterwards, digging near his habitation, the workmen found a human skull; and it was supposed to be that of the young Frenchman, who was all along supposed to have been murdered by the Captain. They did not seek for the rest of the skeleton; and no more was seen of it till Mr. Pike happened to be present at the discovery. The bone first found was that of the leg. He described it as lying along horizontally, so that the head was under the corner of the house; and now I recollect that they were digging a post-hole when the last discovery was made, and at that of the head they were digging the foundation of the house. The bones did not adhere together, though the shape of a man was plainly discernible. There were no remnants of clothing.

Mr. Pike told furthermore how a lady of truth and respectability — a church member — averred to him that she had seen a ghost. She was sitting with an old gentleman, who was engaged in reading the newspaper; and she saw the figure of a woman advance behind him and look over his shoulder. The narrator then called to the old gentleman to look around. He did so rather pettishly, and said, "Well, what do you want me to look round for?" The figure either vanished or went out of the room, and he resumed the reading of his newspaper. Again the narrator saw the same figure of a woman come in and look over his shoulder, bending forward her head. This time she did not speak, but hemmed so as to attract the old gentleman's attention; and again the apparition vanished. But a third time it entered the room, and glided behind the old gentleman's chair, as before, appearing, I suppose, to glance at the newspaper; and this time, if I mistake not,

she nodded, or made some sort of sign to the woman. How the ghost vanished, I do not recollect; but the old gentleman, when told of the matter, answered very scornfully. Nevertheless, it turned out that his wife had died precisely, allowing for the difference of time caused by distance of place, at the time when this apparition had made its threefold visit.

Mr. Pike is not an utter disbeliever in ghosts, and has had some singular experiences himself: — for instance, he saw, one night, a boy's face, as plainly as ever he saw anything in his life, gazing at him. Another time — or, as I think, two or three other times — he saw the figure of a man standing motionless for half an hour in Norman street, where the headless ghost is said to walk.

Feby. 19th. Mr. Pike is a shortish man, very stoutly built, with a short neck — an apoplectic frame. His forehead is marked, but not expansive, though large — I mean, it has not a broad, smooth quietude. His face dark and sallow — ugly, but with a pleasant, kindly, as well as strong and thoughtful expression. Stiff, black hair, which starts bushy and almost erect from his forehead — a heavy, yet very intelligent countenance. He is subject to the asthma, and moreover to a sort of apoplectic fit, which compels [him] to sleep almost as erect as he sits; and if he were to lie down horizontally in bed, he would feel almost sure of one of these fits. When they seize him, he awakes feeling as if [his] head were swelled to enormous size, and on the point of bursting — with great pain. He has his perfect consciousness, but is unable to call for assistance, or make any noise except by blowing forcibly with his mouth, and unless this brings help, he must die. When shaken violently, and lifted to a sitting posture, he recovers. After a fit, he feels a great horror of going to bed again. If one were to seize him at his boarding-house, his chance would be bad, because if any heard his snortings, they would not probably know what was the matter.

These two afflictions might seem enough to make one man miserable, yet he appears in pretty fair spirits.

He is a Methodist, has occasionally preached, and believes that he has an assurance of salvation immediate from the Deity. Last Sunday, he says, he gave religious instruction to a class in the State's Prison.

Speaking of his political hostilities, he said that he never could feel ill will against a person when he personally met him, that he was not capable of hatred, but of strong affection, — that he always remembered that "every man once had a mother, and she loved him." A strong, stubborn, kindly nature this.

The City-Crier, talking in a familiar style to his auditors — delivering various messages to them, intermixed with his own remarks. He then runs over his memory to see whether he has omitted anything, and recollects a lost child — "We've lost a child," says he; as if, in his universal sympathy for all who have wants, and seek the gratification of them through his medium, he were one with the parents of the child. He then tells the people, whenever they find lost children, not to keep them overnight, but to bring them to his office. "For it is a cruel thing" — to keep them; and at the conclusion of his lecture, he tells them that he has already worn out his lungs, talking to them of these things. He completely personifies the public, and considers it as an individual with whom he holds converse, — he being as important on his side, as they on theirs.

An old man fishing on Long Wharf with a pole three or four feet long — just long enough to clear the edge of the wharf. Patched clothes, old, black coat — does not look as if he fished for what he might catch, but as a pastime, yet quite poor and needy looking. Fishing all the afternoon, and takes nothing but a plaice or two, which get quite

sun-dried. Sometimes he hauls up his line, with as much briskness as he can, and finds a sculpin on the hook. The boys come around him, and eye his motions, and make pitying or impertinent remarks at his ill-luck — the old man answers not, but fishes on imperturbably. Anon, he gathers up his clams or worms, and his one sun-baked flounder — you think he is going home — but no, he is merely going to another corner of the wharf, where he throws his line under a vessel's counter, and fishes on with the same deathlike patience as before. He seems not quiet so much as torpid, — not kindly nor unkindly feeling — but not to have anything to do with the rest of the world. He has no business, no amusement, but just to crawl to the end of Long Wharf, and throw his line over. He has no sort of skill in fishing, but a peculiar clumsiness.

Objects on a wharf — a huge pile of cotton bales, from a New Orleans ship, twenty or thirty feet high, as high as a house. Barrels of molasses, in regular ranges; casks of linseed oil. Iron in bars landing from a vessel, and the weigher's scales standing conveniently. To stand on the elevated deck or rail of a ship, and look up the wharf, you see the whole space of it thronged with trucks and carts, removing the cargoes of vessels, or taking commodities to and from stores. Long Wharf is devoted to ponderous, evil-smelling, inelegant necessities of life — such as salt, salt-fish, oil, iron, molasses, etc.

Near the head of Long Wharf there is an old sloop, which has been converted into a store for the sale of wooden ware, made at Hingham. It is afloat, and is sometimes moored close to the wharf; — or, when another vessel wishes to take its place, midway in the dock. It has been there many years. The storekeeper lives and sleeps on board.

Schooners more than any other vessels seem to have such names as Betsey, Emma-Jane, Sarah, Alice, — being the

namesakes of the owner's wife, daughter, or sweet-heart. They are a sort of domestic concern, in which all the family take an interest. Not a cold, stately, unpersonified thing, like a merchant's tall ship, perhaps one of half a dozen, in which he takes pride, but which he does not love, nor has a family feeling for. Now Betsey, or Sarah-Ann, seems like one of the family — something like a cow.

Long flat-boats, taking in salt to carry it up the Merrimack canal, to Concord, in New Hampshire. Contrast and similarities between a stout, likely country fellow, aboard one of these, to whom the scenes of a sea-port are entirely new, but who is brisk, ready, and shrewd in his own way, and the mate of a ship, who has sailed to every port. They talk together, and take to each other.

The brig *Tiberius*, from an English port, with seventy or thereabouts factory girls, imported to work in our factories. Some pale and delicate-looking; others rugged and coarse. The scene of landing them in boats, at the wharfstairs, to the considerable display of their legs; — whence they are carried off to the Worcester railroad in hacks and omnibuses. Their farewells to the men — Good-bye, John, etc. — with wavings of handkerchiefs as long as they were in sight.

A pert, petulant young clerk, continually fooling with the mate, swearing at the stevedores and laboring men, who regard him not. Somewhat dissipated, probably.

The mate of a coal-vessel — a leathern belt round his waist, sustaining a knife in a leathern sheath. Probably he uses it to eat his dinner with; perhaps also as a weapon.

A young sailor, with an anchor handsomely traced on the back of his hand — a foul anchor — and perhaps other naval insignia on his wrists and breast. He wears a sky-blue silk short jacket, with velvet collar — a bosom-pin, etc.

An old seaman, seventy years of age

— he has spent seven years in the British Navy (being of English birth) and nine in ours; has voyaged all over the world — for instance, I asked if he had ever been in the Red Sea, and he had, in the American sloop of war that carried General Eaton, in 1803. His hair is brown — without a single visible grey hair in it; and he would seem not much above fifty. He is of particularly quiet demeanor — but observant of all things, and reflective — a philosopher in a check shirt and sail-cloth trowsers. Giving an impression of the strictest integrity — of inability not to do his duty, and his whole duty. Seemingly, he does not take a very strong interest in the world, being a widower without children; but he feels kindly towards it, and judges mildly of it; and enjoys it very tolerably well, although he has so slight a hold on it that it would not trouble him much to give it up. He said he hoped he should die at sea, because then it would be so little trouble to bury him. He is a sceptic, — and when I asked him if he would not wish to live again, he spoke doubtfully and coldly. He said that he

had been in England within two or three years — in his native county, Yorkshire — and finding his brother's children in very poor condition, he gave them sixty golden sovereigns. "I have always had too many poor friends," he said, "and that has kept me poor." This old man kept tally of the Alfred Tyler's cargo, on behalf of the Captain, diligently marking all day long, and calling "tally, Sir," to me at every sixth tub. Often would he have to attend to some call of the stevedores, or wheelers, or shovellers — now for a piece of spun-yarn — now for a handspike — now for a hammer, or some nails — now for some of the ship's molasses, to sweeten water — the which the captain afterwards reprehended him for giving. These calls would keep him in about movement enough to give variety to his tallying — he moving quietly about the decks, as if he belonged aboard ship and nowhere else. Then sitting down he would converse (though by no means forward to talk) about the weather, about his recent or former voyages etc., etc., etc., we dodging the intense sun round the main mast.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS.

I.

THERE was something about the coast town of Dunnet which made it seem more attractive than other maritime villages of eastern Maine. Perhaps it was the simple fact of acquaintance with that neighborhood which made it so attaching, and gave such interest to the rocky shore and dark woods, and the few houses which seemed to be securely wedged and tree-nailed in among the ledges by the Landing. These houses made the most of their seaward view, and there was a gayety and determined floweriness in

their bits of garden ground; the small-paned high windows in the peaks of their steep gables were like knowing eyes that watched the harbor and the far sea-line beyond, or looked northward all along the shore and its background of spruces and balsam firs. When one really knows a village like this and its surroundings, it is like becoming acquainted with a single person. The process of falling in love at first sight is as final as it is swift in such a case, but the growth of true friendship may be a lifelong affair.

After the first visit made two or three years before in the course of a yachting

cruise, a lover of Dunnet Landing returned to find the unchanged shores of the pointed firs, the same childish quaintness of the village with its elaborate conventionality; all that mixture of remoteness and certainty of being the centre of civilization of which her affectionate dreams had told. One evening late in June, a single passenger landed upon the steamboat wharf. The tide was high, there was a fine crowd of spectators, and the younger portion of the company followed her with subdued excitement up the narrow street of the salt-aired, white-clapboarded little town.

II.

Later, there was only one fault to find with this choice of a summer lodging-place, and that was its complete lack of seclusion. At first the tiny house of Mrs. Almira Todd, which stood with its end to the street, appeared to be retired and sheltered enough from the busy world, behind its bushy bit of a green garden, in which all the blooming things, two or three gay hollyhocks and some London-pride, were pushed back against the gray-shingled wall. It was a queer little garden and puzzling to a stranger, the few flowers being put at a disadvantage by so much greenery; but the discovery was soon made that Mrs. Todd was an ardent lover of herbs, both wild and tame, and the sea-breezes blew into the low end-window of the house laden with not only sweet-brier and sweet-mary, but balm and sage and borage and mint, wormwood and southernwood. If Mrs. Todd had occasion to step into the far corner of her herb plot, she trod heavily upon thyme, and made its fragrant presence known with all the rest. Being a very large person, her full skirts brushed and bent almost every slender stalk that her feet missed. You could always tell when she was stepping about there, even when you were half awake in the morn-

ing, and learned to know, in the course of a few weeks' experience, in exactly which corner of the garden she might be.

At one side of this herb plot were other growths of a rustic pharmacopœia, great treasures and rarities among the commoner herbs. There were some strange and pungent odors that roused a dim sense and remembrance of something in the forgotten past. Some of these might once have belonged to sacred and mystic rites, and have had some occult knowledge handed with them down the centuries; but now they pertained only to humble compounds brewed at intervals with molasses or vinegar or spirits in a small caldron on Mrs. Todd's kitchen stove. They were dispensed to suffering neighbors, who usually came at night as if by stealth, bringing their own ancient-looking vials to be filled. One nostrum was called the Indian remedy, and its price was but fifteen cents; the whispered directions could be heard as customers passed the windows. With most remedies the purchaser was allowed to depart unadmonished from the kitchen, Mrs. Todd being a wise saver of steps; but with certain vials she gave cautions, standing in the doorway, and there were other doses which had to be accompanied on their healing way as far as the gate, while she muttered long chapters of directions, and kept up an air of secrecy and importance to the last. It may not have been only the common ails of humanity with which she tried to cope; it seemed sometimes as if love and hate and jealousy and adverse winds at sea might also find their proper remedies among the curious wild-looking plants in Mrs. Todd's garden.

The village doctor and this learned herbalist were upon the best of terms. The good man may have counted upon the unfavorable effect of certain potions which he should find his opportunity in counteracting; at any rate, he now and then stopped and exchanged greetings with Mrs. Todd over the picket fence.

The conversation became at once professional after the briefest preliminaries, and he would stand twirling a sweet-scented sprig in his fingers, and make suggestive jokes, perhaps about her faith in a too persistent course of thoroughwort elixir, in which my landlady professed such firm belief as sometimes to endanger the life and usefulness of worthy neighbors.

To arrive at this quietest of seaside villages late in June, when the busy herb-gathering season was just beginning, was also to arrive in the early prime of Mrs. Todd's activity in the brewing of old-fashioned spruce beer. This cooling and refreshing drink had been brought to wonderful perfection through a long series of experiments; it had won immense local fame, and the supplies for its manufacture were always giving out and having to be replenished. For various reasons, the seclusion and uninterrupted days which had been looked forward to proved to be very rare in this otherwise delightful corner of the world. My hostess and I had made our shrewd business agreement on the basis of a simple cold luncheon at noon, and liberal restitution in the matter of hot suppers, to provide for which the lodger might sometimes be seen hurrying down the road, late in the day, with cunner line in hand. It was soon found that this arrangement made large allowance for Mrs. Todd's slow herb-gathering progresses through woods and pastures. The spruce-beer customers were pretty steady in hot weather, and there were many demands for different soothing syrups and elixirs with which the unwise curiosity of my early residence had made me acquainted. Knowing Mrs. Todd to be a portionless widow, who had but this slender business and the income from one hungry lodger to maintain her, one's energies and even interest were quickly absorbed, until it became a matter of course that she should go afield every pleasant day, and that the lodger should answer all peremptory knocks at the side door.

In taking an occasional wisdom-giving stroll in Mrs. Todd's company, and in acting as business partner during her frequent absences, I found the July days fly fast, and it was not until I felt myself confronted with a too great pride and pleasure in the display, one night, of two dollars and twenty-seven cents which I had taken in during the day, that I remembered a long piece of writing, sadly belated now, which I was bound to do. To have been patted kindly on the shoulder and called "darlin'," to have been offered a surprise of early mushrooms for supper, to have had all the glory of making two dollars and twenty-seven cents in a single day, and then to renounce it all and withdraw from these pleasant successes, needed much resolution. Literary employments are so vexed with uncertainties at best, and it was not until the voice of conscience sounded louder in my ears than the sea on the nearest pebble beach that I said unkind words of withdrawal to Mrs. Todd. She only became more wistfully affectionate than ever in her expressions, and looked as disappointed as I expected when I frankly told her that I could no longer enjoy the pleasure of what we called "seein' folks." I felt that I was cruel to a whole neighborhood in curtailing her liberty in this most important season for harvesting the different wild herbs that were so much counted upon to ease their winter ails.

"Well, dear," she said sorrowfully, "I've took great advantage o' your bein' here. I ain't had such a season for years, but I have never had nobody I could so trust. All you lack is a few qualities, but with time you'd gain judgment an' experience, an' be very able in the business. I'd stand right here an' say it to anybody."

Mrs. Todd and I were not separated or estranged by the change in our business relations; on the contrary, a deeper intimacy seemed to begin. I do not know

what herb of the night it was that used sometimes to send out a penetrating odor late in the evening, after the dew had fallen, and the moon was high, and the cool air came up from the sea. Then Mrs. Todd would feel that she must talk to somebody, and I was only too glad to listen. We both fell under the spell, and she either stood outside the window, or made an errand to the sitting-room, and told it might be very commonplace news of the day, or, as happened one misty summer night, all that lay deepest in her heart. It was in this way that I came to know that she had loved one who was far above her.

"No, dear, him I speak of could never think of me," she said. "When we was young together his mother did n't favor the match, an' done everything she could to part us; and folks thought we both married well, but 't wa'n't what either one of us wanted most; an' now we're left alone again, an' might have had each other all the time. He was a seafarin' man, an' prospered more than most; he come of a high family, an' my lot was plain an' hard-workin'. I ain't seen him for some years; he's forgot our youthful feelin's, I expect, but a woman's heart is different; them feelin's comes back when you think you've done with 'em, as sure as spring comes with the year. An' I've always had ways of hearin' about him."

She stood in the centre of a braided rug, and its rings of black and gray seemed to circle about her feet in the dim light. Her height and massiveness in the low room gave her the look of a huge sibyl, while the strange fragrance of the mysterious herb blew in from the little garden.

III.

For some days after this Mrs. Todd's customers came and went past my windows, and, haying-time being nearly over, strangers began to arrive from the

inland country, such was her widespread reputation. Sometimes I saw a pale young creature like a white windflower left over into midsummer, upon whose face consumption had set its bright and wistful mark; but oftener two stout, hard-worked women from the farms came together, and detailed their symptoms to Mrs. Todd in loud and cheerful voices, combining the satisfactions of a friendly gossip with the medical opportunity. They seemed to give much from their own store of therapeutic learning. I became aware of the school in which my landlady had strengthened her natural gift; but hers was always the governing mind, and the final command, "Take of hy'sop one handful," or whatever herb it was, was listened to in respectful silence. One afternoon, when I had listened, — it was impossible not to listen, with cottonless ears, — and then laughed and listened again, with an idle pen in my hand, during a particularly spirited and personal conversation, I reached for my hat, and, taking blotting-book and all under my arm, I resolutely fled further temptation, and walked out past the fragrant green garden and up the dusty road. The way went straight uphill, and presently I stopped and turned to look back.

The tide was in, the wide harbor was surrounded by its dark woods, and the small wooden houses stood as near as they could get to the landing. Mrs. Todd's was the last house on the way uphill. The gray ledges of the rocky shore were well covered with sod in most places, and the pasture bayberry and wild roses grew thick among them. I could see the higher inland country and the scattered farms. On the brink of the hill stood a little white schoolhouse, much wind-blown and weather-beaten, which was a landmark to seagoing folk; from its door there was a most beautiful view of sea and shore. The summer vacation now prevailed, and after finding the door unfastened, and taking a long look through one of the seaward windows,

and reflecting afterward for some time in a shady place near by among the bayberry bushes, I returned to the chief place of business in the village, and, to the amusement of two of the selectmen, brothers and autocrats of Dunnet Landing, I hired the schoolhouse for the rest of the vacation for fifty cents a week.

Selfish as it may appear, the retired situation seemed to possess great advantages, and I spent several days there quite undisturbed, with the sea-breeze blowing through the small, high windows and swaying the heavy outside shutters to and fro. I hung my hat and luncheon-basket on an entry nail as if I were a small scholar, but I sat at the teacher's desk as if I were that great authority, with all the timid empty benches in rows before me. Now and then an idle sheep came and stood for a long time looking in at the door. At sundown I went back, feeling most businesslike, down toward the village again, and usually met the flavor, not of the herb garden, but of Mrs. Todd's hot supper, halfway up the hill. On the nights when there were evening meetings or other public exercises that demanded her presence we had tea very early, and I was welcomed back as if from a long absence.

Once or twice I feigned excuses for staying at home, while Mrs. Todd made distant excursions, and came home late, with both hands full and a heavily laden apron. This was in pennyroyal time, and when the rare lobelia was in its prime and the elecampane was coming on. One day she appeared at the schoolhouse itself, partly out of amused curiosity about my industries; but she explained that there was no tansy in the neighborhood with such snap to it as some that grew about the schoolhouse lot. Being scuffed down all the spring made it grow so much the better, like some folks that had it hard in their youth, and were bound to make the most of themselves before they died.

IV.

One day I reached the schoolhouse very late, owing to attendance upon the funeral of an acquaintance and neighbor, with whose sad decline in health I had been familiar, and whose last days both the doctor and Mrs. Todd had tried in vain to ease. The services had taken place at one o'clock, and now, at quarter past two, I stood at the schoolhouse window, looking down at the procession as it went along the lower road close to the shore. It was a walking funeral, and even at that distance I could recognize most of the mourners as they went their solemn way. Mrs. Begg had been very much respected, and there was a large company of her friends following to her grave. She had been brought up on one of the neighboring farms, and each of the few times that I had seen her she professed great dissatisfaction with town life. The people lived too close together for her liking, at the Landing, and she could not get used to the constant sound of the sea. She had lived to lament three seafaring husbands, and her house was decorated with West Indian curiosities, specimens of conch shells and fine coral which they had brought home from their voyages in lumber-laden ships. Mrs. Todd had told me all our neighbor's history. They had been girls together, and, to use her own phrase, had "both seen trouble till they knew the best and worst on 't." I could see the sorrowful, large figure of Mrs. Todd as I stood at the window. She made a break in the procession by walking slowly and keeping the after-part of it back. She held a handkerchief to her eyes, and I knew, with a pang of sympathy, that hers was not affected grief.

Beside her, after much difficulty, I recognized the one strange and unrelated person in all the company, an old man who had always been mysterious to me. I could see his thin, bending figure.

He wore a narrow, long-tailed coat and walked with a stick, and had the same "cant to leeward" as the wind-bent trees on the height above.

This was Captain Littlepage, whom I had seen only once or twice before, sitting pale and old behind a closed window; never out of doors until now. Mrs. Todd always shook her head gravely when I asked a question, and said that he wasn't what he had been once, and seemed to class him with her other secrets. He might have belonged with a simple which grew in a certain slug-haunted corner of the garden, whose use she could never be betrayed into telling me, though I saw her cutting the tops by moonlight once, as if it were a charm, and not a medicine, like the great fading bloodroot leaves.

I could see that she was trying to keep pace with the old captain's lighter steps. He looked like an aged grasshopper of some strange human variety. Behind this pair was a short, impatient little person, who kept the captain's house, and gave it what Mrs. Todd and others believed to be no proper sort of care. She was usually called "that Mari' Harris" in subdued conversation between intimates, but they treated her with anxious civility when they met her face to face.

The bay-sheltered islands and the great sea beyond stretched away to the far horizon southward and eastward; the little procession in the foreground looked futile and helpless on the edge of the rocky shore. It was a glorious day in late July, with a clear, high sky; there were no clouds, there was no noise of the sea. The song sparrows sang and sang, as if with joyous knowledge of immortality, and contempt for those who could so pettily concern themselves with death. I stood watching until the funeral procession had crept round a shoulder of the slope below and disappeared from the great landscape as if it had gone into a cave.

An hour later I was busy at my work. Now and then a bee blundered in and took me for an enemy; but there was a useful stick upon the teacher's desk, and I rapped to call the bees to order as if they were unruly scholars, or waved them away from their riots over the ink, which I had bought at the Landing store, and discovered too late to be scented with bergamot, as if to refresh the labors of anxious scribes. One anxious scribe felt very dull that day; a sheep-bell tinkled near by, and called her wandering wits after it. The sentences failed to catch these lovely summer cadences. For the first time I began to wish for a companion and for news from the outer world, which had been, half unconsciously, forgotten. Watching the funeral gave one a sort of pain. I began to wonder if I ought not to have walked with the rest, instead of hurrying away at the end of the services. Perhaps the Sunday gown I had put on for the occasion was making this disastrous change of feeling, but I had now made myself and my friends remember that I did not really belong to Dunnet Landing.

I sighed, and turned to the half-written page again.

V.

It was a long time after this; an hour was very long in that coast town where nothing stole away the shortest minute. I had lost myself completely in work, when I heard footsteps outside. There was a steep footpath between the upper and the lower road, which I climbed to shorten the way, as the children had taught me, but I believed that Mrs. Todd would find it inaccessible, unless she had occasion to seek me in great haste. I wrote on, feeling like a besieged miser of time, while the footsteps came nearer, and the sheep-bell tinkled away in haste as if some one had shaken a stick in its wearer's face. Then I looked up, and saw Captain Littlepage passing the near-

est window; the next moment he tapped politely at the door.

"Come in, sir," I said, rising to meet him; and he entered, bowing with much courtesy. I stepped down from the desk and offered him a chair by the window, where he seated himself at once, being sadly spent by his climb. I returned to my fixed seat behind the teacher's desk, which gave him the lower place of a scholar.

"You ought to have the place of honor, Captain Littlepage," I said.

"A happy, rural seat of various views,"

he quoted, as he gazed out into the sunshine and up the long wooded shore. Then he glanced at me, and looked all about him as pleased as a child.

"My quotation was from *Paradise Lost*: the greatest of poems, I suppose you know?" and I nodded. "There's nothing that ranks, to my mind, with *Paradise Lost*; it's all lofty, all lofty," he continued. "Shakespeare was a great poet; he copied life, but you have to put up with a great deal of low talk."

I now remembered that Mrs. Todd had told me one day that Captain Littlepage had overset his mind with too much reading; she had also made dark reference to his having "spells" of some unexplainable nature. I could not help wondering what errand had brought him out in search of me. There was something quite charming in his appearance: it was a face thin and delicate with refinement, but worn into appealing lines, as if he had suffered from loneliness and misapprehension. He looked, with his careful precision of dress, as if he were the object of cherishing care on the part of elderly unmarried sisters, but I knew Mari' Harris to be a very commonplace, inelegant person, who would have no such standards; it was plain that the captain was his own attentive valet. He sat looking at me expectantly. I could not help thinking that, with his queer head and length of

thinness, he was made to hop along the road of life rather than to walk. The captain was very grave indeed, and I bade my inward spirit keep close to discretion.

"Poor Mrs. Begg has gone," I ventured to say. I still wore my Sunday gown by way of showing respect.

"She has gone," said the captain, — "very easy at the last, I was informed; she slipped away as if she were glad of the opportunity."

I thought of the Countess of Carberry, and felt that history repeated itself.

"She was one of the old stock," continued Captain Littlepage, with touching sincerity. "She was very much looked up to in this town, and will be missed."

I wondered, as I looked at him, if he had sprung from a line of ministers; he had the refinement of look and air of command which are the heritage of the old ecclesiastical families of New England. But as Darwin says in his autobiography, "there is no such king as a sea-captain; he is greater even than a king or a schoolmaster!"

Captain Littlepage moved his chair out of the wake of the sunshine, and still sat looking at me. I began to be very eager to know upon what errand he had come.

"It may be found out some o' these days," he said earnestly. "We may know it all, the next step; where Mrs. Begg is now, for instance. Certainty, not conjecture, is what we all desire."

"I suppose we shall know it all some day," said I.

"We shall know it while yet below," insisted the captain, with a flush of impatience on his thin cheeks. "We have not looked for truth in the right direction. I know what I speak of; those who have laughed at me little know how much reason my ideas are based upon." He waved his hand toward the village below. "In that handful of houses they fancy that they comprehend the universe."

I smiled, and waited for him to go on.

"I am an old man, as you can see," he continued, "and I have been a ship-master the greater part of my life, — forty-three years in all. You may not think it, but I am above eighty years of age."

He did not look so old, and I hastened to say so.

"You must have left the sea a number of years ago, then, Captain Littlepage?" I said.

"I should have been serviceable at least five or six years more," he answered. "My acquaintance with certain — my experience upon a certain occasion, I might say, gave rise to prejudice. I do not mind telling you that I chanced to know of one of the greatest discoveries that man has ever made."

Now we were approaching dangerous ground, but a sudden sense of his sufferings at the hands of the ignorant came to my help, and I asked to hear more with all the deference I really felt. A swallow flew into the schoolhouse at this moment as if a kingbird were after it, and beat itself against the walls for a minute, and escaped again to the open air; but Captain Littlepage took no notice whatever of the flurry.

"I had a valuable cargo of general merchandise from the London docks to Fort Churchill, a station of the old company on Hudson's Bay," said the captain earnestly. "We were delayed in lading, and baffled by head winds and a heavy tumbling sea all the way north-about and across. Then the fog kept us off the coast; and when I made port at last, it was too late to delay in those northern waters with such a vessel and such a crew as I had. They cared for nothing, and idled me into a fit of sickness; but my first mate was a good, excellent man, with no more idea of being frozen in there until spring than I had, so we made what speed we could to get clear of Hudson's Bay and off the coast. I owned an eighth of the vessel, and he

owned a sixteenth of her. She was a full-rigged ship, called the *Minerva*, but she was getting old and leaky. I meant it should be my last v'y'ge, and so it proved. She had been an excellent vessel in her day. Of the cowards aboard her I can't say so much."

"Then you were wrecked?" I asked, as he made a long pause.

"I wa'n't caught astern o' the lighter by any fault of mine," said the captain gloomily. "We left Fort Churchill and run out into the bay with a light pair o' heels; but I had been vexed to death with their red-tape rigging at the company's office, and chilled with stayin' on deck an' tryin' to hurry up things, and when we were well out o' sight o' land, headin' for Hudson's Straits, I had a bad turn o' some sort o' fever, and had to stay below. The days were getting short, and we made good runs, all well on board but me, and the crew done their work by dint of hard driving."

I began to find this unexpected narrative a little dull. Captain Littlepage spoke with a kind of slow correctness that lacked the longshore high flavor to which I had grown used; but I listened respectfully while he explained the winds having become contrary, and talked on in a dreary sort of way about his voyage, the bad weather, and the disadvantages he was under in the lightness of his ship, which bounced about like a chip in a bucket, and would not answer the rudder or properly respond to the most careful setting of sails.

"So there we were blowin' along anyways," he complained; but looking at me at this moment, and seeing that my thoughts were unkindly wandering, he ceased to speak.

"It was a hard life at sea in those days, I am sure," said I, with redoubled interest.

"It was a dog's life," said the poor old gentleman, quite reassured, "but it made men of those who followed it. I see a change for the worse even in our own

town here; full of loafers now, small and poor as 't is, who once would have followed the sea, every lazy soul of 'em. There is no occupation so fit for just that class o' men who never get beyond the fo'cas'le. I view it, in addition, that a community narrows down and grows dreadful ignorant when it is shut up to its own affairs, and gets no knowledge of the outside world except from a cheap, unprincipled newspaper. In the old days, a good part o' the best men here knew a hundred ports and something of the way folks lived in them. They saw the world for themselves, and like 's not their wives and children saw it with them. They may not have had the best of knowledge to carry with 'em sight-see-in', but they were some acquainted with foreign lands an' their laws, an' could see outside the battle for town clerk here in Dunnet; they got some sense o' proportion. Yes, they lived more dignified, and their houses were better within an' without. Shipping 's a terrible loss to this part o' New England from a social point o' view, ma'am."

"I have thought of that myself," I returned, with my interest quite awakened. "It accounts for the change in a great many things, — the sad disappearance of sea-captains, — does n't it?"

"A shipmaster was apt to get the habit of reading," said my companion, brightening still more, and taking on a most touching air of unreserve. "A captain is not expected to be familiar with his crew, and for company's sake in dull days and nights he turns to his book. Most of us old shipmasters came to know 'most everything about something; one would take to readin' on farming topics, and some were great on medicine, — but Lord help their poor crews! — or some were all for history, and now and then there 'd be one like me that gave his time to the poets. I was well acquainted with a shipmaster that was all for bees an' bee-keepin'; and if you met him in port and went aboard, he 'd

sit and talk a terrible while about their havin' so much information, and the money that could be made out of keepin' 'em. He was one of the smartest captains that ever sailed the seas, but they used to call the Newcastle, a great bark he commanded for many years, Tuttle's beehive. There was old Cap'n Jameson: he had notions of Solomon's Temple, and made a very handsome little model of the same, right from the Scripture measurements, same 's other sailors make little ships and design new tricks of rigging and all that. No, there 's nothing to take the place of shipping in a place like ours. These bicycles offend me dreadfully; they don't afford no real opportunities of experience such as a man gained on a voyage. No: when folks left home in the old days they left it to some purpose, and when they got home they stayed there and had some pride in it. There 's no large-minded way of thinking now: the worst have got to be best and rule everything; we're all turned upside down, and going back year by year."

"Oh no, Captain Littlepage, I hope not," said I, trying to soothe his feelings.

There was a silence in the schoolhouse, but we could hear the noise of the water on a beach below. It sounded like the strange warning wave that gives notice of the turn of the tide. A late golden robin, with the most joyful and eager of voices, was singing close by in a thicket of wild roses.

VI.

"How did you manage with the rest of that rough voyage on the *Minerva*?" I asked.

"I shall be glad to explain to you," said Captain Littlepage, forgetting his grievances for the moment. "If I had a map at hand, I could explain better. We were driven to and fro 'way up toward what we used to call Parry's Discoveries,

and lost our bearings. It was thick and foggy, and at last I lost my ship; she drove on a rock, and we managed to get ashore on what I took to be a barren island, the few of us that were left alive. When she first struck, the sea was somewhat calmer than it had been, and most of the crew, against orders, manned the long-boat and put off in a hurry, and were never heard of more. Our own boat upset, but the carpenter kept himself and me above water, and we drifted in. I had no strength to call upon after my recent fever, and laid down to die; but he found the tracks of a man and dog the second day, and got along the shore to one of those far missionary stations that the Moravians support. They were very poor themselves, and in distress; 't was a useless place. There were but few Esquimaux left in that region. There we remained for some time, and I became acquainted with strange events."

The captain lifted his head and gave me a questioning glance. I could not help noticing that the dulled look in his eyes had gone, and there was instead a clear intentness that made them seem dark and piercing.

"There was a supply ship expected, and the pastor, an excellent Christian man, made no doubt that we should get passage in her. He was hoping that orders would come to break up the station; but everything was uncertain, and we got on the best we could for a while. We fished, and helped the people in other ways; there was no other way of paying our debts. I was taken to the pastor's house until I got better; but they were crowded, and I felt myself in the way, and made excuse to join with an old seaman, a Scotchman, who had built him a warm cabin, and had room in it for another. He was looked upon with regard, and had stood by the pastor in some troubles with the people. He had been on one of those English exploring parties that found one end of the road to the north pole, but never could find the

other. We lived like dogs in a kennel, or so you'd thought if you had seen the hut from the outside; but the main thing was to keep warm; there were piles of birdskins to lie on, and he'd made him a good bunk, and there was another for me. 'T was dreadful dreary waitin' there; we begun to think the supply steamer was lost, and my poor ship broke up and strewed herself all along the shore. We got to watching on the headlands; my men and me knew the people were short of supplies and had to pinch themselves. It ought to read in the Bible, 'Man cannot live by fish alone,' if they'd told the truth of things; 'tain't bread that wears the worst on you! First part of the time, old Gaffett, that I lived with, seemed speechless, and I did n't know what to make of him, nor he of me, I dare say; but as we got acquainted, I found he'd been through more disasters than I had, and had troubles that wa'n't going to let him live a great while. It used to ease his mind to talk to an understanding person, so we used to sit and talk together all day, if it rained or blew so that we could n't get out. I'd got a bad blow on the back of my head at the time we came ashore, and it pained me at times, and my strength was broken, anyway; I've never been so strong since."

Captain Littlepage fell into a reverie.

"Then I had the good of my reading," he explained presently. "I had no books; the pastor spoke but little English, and all his books were foreign; but I used to say over all I could remember. The old poets little knew what comfort they could be to a man. I was well acquainted with the works of Milton, but up there it did seem to me as if Shakespeare was the king; he has his sea terms very accurate, and some beautiful passages were calming to the mind. I would say them over till I shed tears; there was nothing beautiful to me in that place but the stars above and those passages of verse.

"Gaffett was always brooding and brooding, and talking to himself; he was afraid he should never get away, and it preyed upon his mind. He thought when I got home I could interest the scientific men in his discovery: but they're all taken up with their own notions; some did n't even take pains to answer the letters I wrote. You observe that I said this crippled man Gaffett had been shipped on a voyage of discovery. I now tell you that the ship was lost on its return, and only Gaffett and two officers were saved off the Greenland coast, and he had knowledge later that those men never got back to England; the brig they shipped on was run down in the night. So no other living soul had the facts, and he gave them to me. There is a strange sort of a country 'way up north beyond the ice, and strange folks living in it. Gaffett believed it was the next world to this."

"What do you mean, Captain Littlepage?" I exclaimed. The old man was bending forward and whispering; he looked over his shoulder before he spoke the last sentence.

"To hear old Gaffett tell about it was something awful," he said, going on with his story quite steadily after the moment of excitement had passed. "'T was first a tale of dogs and sledges, and cold and wind and snow. Then they begun to find the ice grow rotten; they had been frozen in, and got into a current flowing north, far up beyond Fox Channel, and they took to their boats when the ship got crushed, and this warm current took them out of sight of the ice, and into a great open sea; and they still followed it due north, just the very way they had planned to go. Then they struck a coast that was n't laid down or charted, but the cliffs were such that no boat could land until they found a bay and struck across under sail to the other side where the shore looked lower; they were scant of provisions and out of water, but they got sight of something that looked like

a great town. 'For God's sake, Gaffett!' said I, the first time he told me. 'You don't mean a town two degrees farther north than ships had ever been?' for he'd got their course marked on an old chart that he'd pieced out at the top; but he insisted upon it, and told it over and over again, to be sure I had it straight to carry to those who would be interested. There was no snow and ice, he said, after they had sailed some days with that warm current, which seemed to come right from under the ice that they'd been pinched up in and had been crossing on foot for weeks."

"But what about the town?" I asked. "Did they get to the town?"

"They did," said the captain, "and found inhabitants; 't was an awful condition of things. It appeared, as near as Gaffett could express it, like a place where there was neither living nor dead. They could see the town when they were approaching it by sea pretty near like any town, and thick with habitations; but all at once they lost sight of it altogether, and when they got close inshore they could see the shapes of folks, but they never could get near them, — all blowing gray figures that would pass along alone, or sometimes gathered in companies as if they were watching. The men were frightened at first, but the shapes never came near them, — it was as if they blew back; and at last they all got bold and went ashore, and found birds' eggs and sea fowl, like any wild northern spot where creatures were tame and folks had never been, and there was good water. Gaffett said that he and another man came near one o' the fog-shaped men that was going along slow with the look of a pack on his back, among the rocks, an' they chased him; but, Lord! he flittered away out o' sight like a leaf the wind takes with it, or a piece of cobweb. They would make as if they talked together, but there was no sound of voices, and 'they acted as if they did n't see us, but only felt us com-

ing towards them,' says Gaffett one day, trying to tell the particulars. They could n't see the town when they were ashore.

One day the captain and the doctor were gone till night up across the high land where the town had seemed to be, and they come back at night beat out and white as ashes, and wrote and wrote all next day in their notebooks, and whispered together full of excitement, and they were sharp-spoken with the men when they offered to ask any questions.

"Then there came a day," said Captain Littlepage, leaning toward me with a strange look in his eyes, and whispering quickly. "The men all swore they would n't stay any longer; the man on watch early in the morning gave the alarm, and they all put off in the boat and got a little way out to sea. Those folks, or whatever they were, come about 'em like bats; all at once they raised incessant armies, and come as if to drive 'em back to sea. They stood thick at the edge o' the water like the ridges o' grim war; no thought o' flight, none of retreat. Sometimes a standing fight, then soaring on main wing tormented all the air. And when they'd got the boat out o' reach o' danger, Gaffett said they looked back, and there was the town again, standing up just as they'd seen it first, comin' on the coast. Say what you might, they all believed 't was a kind of waiting-place between this world an' the next."

The captain had sprung to his feet in his excitement, and made excited gestures, but he still whispered huskily.

"Sit down, sir," I said as quietly as I could, and he sank into his chair quite spent.

"Gaffett thought the officers were hurrying home to report and to fit out a new expedition when they were all lost. At the time, the men got orders not to talk over what they had seen," the old man explained presently in a more natural tone.

"Were n't they all starving, and was n't

it a mirage or something of that sort?" I ventured to ask. But he looked at me blankly.

"Gaffett had got so that his mind ran on nothing else," he went on. "The ship's surgeon let fall an opinion to the captain, one day, that 't was some condition o' the light and the magnetic currents that let them see those folks. 'Twa'n't a right-feeling part of the world, anyway; they had to battle with the compass to make it serve, an' everything seemed to go wrong. Gaffett had worked it out in his own mind that they was all common ghosts, but the conditions were unusual favorable for seeing them. He was always talking about the Geographical Society, but he never took proper steps, as I view it now, and stayed right there at the mission. He was a good deal crippled, and thought they'd confine him in some jail of a hospital. He said he was waiting to find the right men to tell, somebody bound north. Once in a while they stopped there to leave a mail or something. He was set in his notions, and let two or three proper explorin' expeditions go by him because he did n't like their looks; but when I was there he had got restless, fearin' he might be taken away or something. He had all his directions written out straight as a string to give the right ones. I wanted him to trust 'em to me, so I might have something to show, but he would n't. I suppose he's dead now. I wrote to him, an' I done all I could. 'T will be a great exploit some o' these days."

I assented absent-mindedly, thinking more just then of my companion's alert, determined look and the seafaring, ready aspect that had come to his face; but at this moment there fell a sudden change, and the old, pathetic, scholarly look returned. Behind me hung a map of North America, and I saw, as I turned a little, that his eyes were fixed upon the northernmost regions and their careful recent outlines with a look of bewilderment.

VII.

Gaffett with his good bunk and the birdskins, the story of the wreck of the *Minerva*, the human-shaped creatures of fog and cobweb, the great words of Milton with which he described their onslaught upon the crew, all this moving tale had such an air of truth that I could not argue with Captain Littlepage. The old man looked away from the map as if it had vaguely troubled him, and regarded me appealingly.

"We were just speaking of" — and he stopped. I saw that he had suddenly forgotten his subject.

"There were a great many people at the funeral," I hastened to say.

"Oh yes," the captain answered, with satisfaction. "All showed respect who could. The sad circumstances had for a moment slipped my mind. Yes, Mrs. Begg will be very much missed. She was a capital manager for her husband when he was at sea. Oh yes, shipping is a very great loss." And he sighed heavily. "There was hardly a man of any standing who did n't interest himself in some way in navigation. It always gave credit to a town. I call it low-water mark now here in Dunnet."

He rose with dignity to take leave, and asked me to stop at his house some day, when he would show me some outlandish things that he had brought home from sea. I was familiar with the subject of the decadence of shipping interests in all its affecting branches, having been already a month in Dunnet, and I felt sure that Captain Littlepage's mind had now returned to a safe level.

As we came down the hill toward the village our ways divided, and when I had seen the old captain well started on a smooth piece of sidewalk which would lead him to his own door, we parted, the best of friends. "Step in some afternoon," he said, as affectionately as if I were a fellow-shipmaster wrecked on the

leeshore of age like himself. I turned toward home, and presently met Mrs. Todd coming toward me with an anxious expression.

"I see you sleevin' the old gentleman down the hill," she suggested.

"Yes. I've had a very remarkable afternoon with him," I answered; and her face brightened.

"Oh, then he's all right. I was afraid 't was one o' his flighty spells, an' Mari' Harris would n't" —

"Yes," I returned, smiling, "he has been telling me some old stories, but we talked about Mrs. Begg and the funeral beside, and *Paradise Lost*."

"I expect he got tellin' of you some o' his great narratives," she answered, looking at me shrewdly. "Funerals always sets him goin'. Some o' them tales hangs together toler'ble well," she added, with a sharper look than before. "An' he's been a great reader all his seafarin' days. Some thinks he overdid, and affected his head, but for a man o' his years he's amazin' now when he's at his best. Oh, he used to be a beautiful man!"

We were standing where there was a fine view of the harbor and its long stretches of shore all covered by the great army of the pointed firs, darkly cloaked and standing as if they waited to embark. As we looked far seaward among the outer islands, the trees seemed to march seaward still, going over the heights and down to the water's edge.

It had been growing gray and cloudy, like the first evening of autumn, and a shadow had fallen on the darkening shore. Suddenly, as we looked, a gleam of golden sunshine struck the outer islands, and one of them shone out clear in the light, and revealed itself in a compelling way to our eyes. Mrs. Todd was looking off across the bay with a face full of affection and interest. The sunburst upon that outermost island made it seem like a sudden revelation of the

world beyond this which some believe to be so near.

"That's where mother lives," said Mrs. Todd. "Can't we see it plain? I was brought up out there on Green Island. I know every rock an' bush on it."

"Your mother!" I exclaimed, with great interest.

"Yes, dear, cert'in; I've got her yet, old's I be. She's one o' them spry, light-footed little women; always was, an' light-hearted, too," answered Mrs. Todd, with satisfaction. "She's seen all the trouble folks can see, without it's her last sickness; an' she's got a word o' courage for everybody. Life ain't spoilt her a mite. She's eighty-seven an' I'm sixty-seven, and I've seen the time I've felt a good sight the oldest. 'Land sakes alive!' says she, last time I was out to see her. 'How you do lurch about step-pin' into a bo't!' I laughed so I liked to have gone right over into the water; an' we pushed off, an' left her laughin' there on the shore."

The light had faded as we watched. Mrs. Todd had mounted a gray rock, and stood there grand and architectural, like a caryatid. Presently she stepped down, and we continued our way homeward.

"You an' me, we'll take a bo't an'

go out some day and see mother," she promised me. "'T would please her very much, an' there's one or two sca'ce herbs grows better on the island than anywheres else. I ain't seen their like nowheres here on the main."

"Now I'm goin' right down to get us each a mug o' my beer," she announced as we entered the house, "an' I believe I'll sneak in a little mite o' camomile. Goin' to the funeral an' all, I feel to have had a very wearin' afternoon."

I heard her going down into the cool little cellar, and then there was considerable delay. When she returned, mug in hand, I noticed the taste of camomile, in spite of my protest; but its flavor was disguised by some other herb that I did not know, and she stood over me until I drank it all and said that I liked it.

"I don't give that to everybody," said Mrs. Todd kindly; and I felt for a moment as if it were part of a spell and incantation, and as if my enchantress would now begin to look like the cobweb shapes of the arctic town. Nothing happened but a quiet evening and some delightful plans that we made about going to Green Island, and on the morrow there was the clear sunshine and blue sky of another day.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE JOHNSON CLUB.

"POSSIBLY," wrote the Young Men's Philosophical Society of New York to Lord Macaulay, "possibly our fame has not pinioned the Atlantic." Neither, I fear, has the Atlantic been pinioned by the fame of the Johnson Club of London, though from time to time we have had the pleasure of welcoming in our haunts in Fleet Street more than one American guest. We are, in strict accordance with the great lexicographer's

definition, "an assembly of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions;" the conditions being that we shall do honor to the immortal memory of Dr. Samuel Johnson by supping together four times a year, and by swallowing as much beef-steak pudding, punch, and tobacco smoke as the strength of each man's constitution admits. A few of the weaker brethren, — among whom, unhappily, I am included, — whose bodily infirmity cannot

respond to the cheerful Johnsonian cry, "Who's for poonsh?" do their best to play their part by occasionally reading essays on Johnsonian subjects, and by seasoning their talk with anecdotes and sayings of the great doctor. We are tolerated by the jovial crew, for they see that we mean well, and are as "clubable" as nature allows. Our favorite haunt is the Old Cheshire Cheese, the only tavern in Fleet Street left unchanged by what Johnson called that "fury of innovation" which, beginning with Tyburn and its gallows-tree, has gradually transformed London. The Mitre, "where he loved to sit up late;" where he made Boswell's head ache, not with the port wine, but with the sense he put into it; where, at their first supper, "he called to him with warmth, 'Give me your hand; I have taken a liking to you;'" where, nearly a hundred years later, Hawthorne, in memory of the two men, dined "in the low, sombre coffee-room," — the Mitre has been rebuilt. The Cock, most ancient of taverns, has followed its "plump head-waiter" along the road of mortality, although, fortunately, its fittings and furniture are still preserved in the house which, under the same name, has risen on the other side of the street. The Old Cheshire Cheese stands as it stood in the days when Goldsmith used to pass its side door on his way up the dark entry to his lodgings in Wine Office Court. The jolly host, who owns the freehold, can show title-deeds going back almost to the time of the Great Fire of London. There, in the ground-floor room, we meet, our "Prior" sitting on a bench above which is set in the wall a brass tablet bearing the following inscription: —

THE FAVOURITE SEAT OF
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Born 18th Sept. 1709. Died 13 Dec. 1784.

In him a noble understanding and a masterly intellect were united with great independence of character and unflinching goodness of heart, which won the admiration of his own age, and

remain as recommendations to the reverence of posterity.

"No, Sir! there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness has been produced¹ as by a good tavern." JOHNSON.

That Johnson frequented the Cheshire Cheese there is no contemporary evidence. The place is never mentioned by Boswell. That there was not a decent tavern in Fleet Street in which Johnson had not often dined might be safely inferred from all that we know of his life and from the nature of things. Happily, I have come across a tradition strong enough to support this metaphysical argument, and to clear away the last doubts of the Johnsonian pilgrim. Nearly thirty years ago an old man published a book under the title of *The Law: What I have Seen, What I have Heard and What I have Known*. He dedicated it "To the Lawyers and Gentlemen with whom I have dined for more than half a century at the Old Cheshire Cheese, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street." In the preface he says: "During the fifty-three years I have frequented the Cheshire Cheese there have been only three landlords. When I first visited it, I used to meet several old gentlemen who remembered Dr. Johnson nightly at the Cheshire Cheese; and they have told me, what is not generally known, that the doctor, whilst living in the Temple, always went to the Mitre or the Essex Head; but when he removed to Gough Square or Bolt Court he was a constant visitor at the Cheshire Cheese, because nothing but a hurricane would have induced him to cross Fleet Street." In this there is some loose talk, for Johnson removed to the Temple after he left Gough Square. Moreover, we know that he would at any time willingly cross the street to dine with Boswell at the Mitre. Besides, it was pure gallantry, and no

¹ Johnson said "is produced." If "it is not every man that can carry a *bonmot*," neither is it every man that can copy correctly.

hurricane, which one evening made him give his arm to assist across the street a gentlewoman who was somewhat in liquor; "upon which," he adds, "she offered me a shilling, supposing me to be the watchman." Nevertheless, there is not the least reason to doubt the general accuracy of the tradition. Fifty-three years take us back from 1868 to 1815, and 1815 was removed by only thirty-one years from the date of Johnson's death. I have heard a member of our Club relate that, when he was a student of law, there used to be pointed out to him in the Cheshire Cheese an old gentleman, who day after day was always to be found there, prolonging his dinner by an unbroken succession of glasses of gin and water. It was as a kind of awful warning of the depths to which a lawyer might sink that this toper was shown, and it was added in a whisper that he was the son of Jay of Bath. Jay of Bath is well-nigh forgotten now, but during the first half of the present century his fame as a preacher stood exceedingly high. It was Cyrus Jay, his son, who for fifty-three years frequenting this ancient tavern preserved and handed down this curious tradition of Johnson. The landlord has told me how, in his childhood, he used to hear in the distance the gruff voice of the old gentleman as he came along Fleet Street, and how sometimes he was sent by his mother to see Mr. Jay safe home to his chambers in Serjeants' Inn, hard by. For most of his long life, port, that medium liquor, neither like claret for boys nor like brandy for heroes, but the drink for men, had been his favorite beverage. A failing income brought him down at last to gin and water. He used to comfort himself by the reflection that he could get twice as drunk for half the money. He dined in the tavern to the very end. One evening he was led to his lodgings by the little boy, and in four-and-twenty hours he was dead. He was the last frequenter of the Old Cheshire Cheese who knew

the men who had known Johnson. Mine host remembers a still older guest, Dr. Pooley by name, a barrister, who died about 1856, at the age of eighty. Night after night for many a long year he had dined at half past seven to the minute on "a follower," the end chop of the loin. He too used to tell of the men of his younger days who boasted that they had often spent an evening there with Dr. Samuel Johnson.

In this same room, with its floor as "nicely sanded" as when Goldsmith knew it, our Club gathers from time to time; here, undisturbed in our thoughts by a single modern innovation except the gas, we sup on one of those beef-steak puddings for which the Cheshire Cheese has been famous from time immemorial. So vast is it in all its glorious rotundity that it has to be wheeled in on a table; it disdains a successor in the same line, and itself alone satisfies forty hungry guests. "A magnificent hot apple-pie stuck with bay leaves," our second course, recalls the supper with which Johnson "celebrated the birth of the first literary child of Mrs. Lennox, the novelist, when at five in the morning his face still shone with meridian splendor, though his drink had been only lemonade." The talk is of the liveliest; from time to time toasts are drunk and responded to. Sometimes, indeed, we suffer from a guest who, having nothing to say, naturally takes a long time to say it; but when he has at last sat down, some touch of humor soon comes to clear the dull air. We still recall with delight the speech of a young giant, a famous Australian cricketer, whose batting and bowling had overpowered many an English eleven. As he stood up in the low room to reply to his health, his head rising through the clouds of tobacco smoke seemed almost to touch the ceiling. "Till this evening," he remarked, "I never heard Dr. Johnson's name." (Here there was a cry of "shame.") "Yes," he continued, "and I will ven-

ture to assure that gentleman who cries out 'shame' that, day after day, he might ride for hundreds and hundreds of miles through that country from which I come without meeting with a single man who had ever heard the doctor's name. Nevertheless, after all that has been said in praise of his greatness this evening, I am ready to allow that were I not B—— the cricketer, I would willingly be Dr. Johnson." Amid what shouts of applause, what rattlings of glasses, what beatings of the table, did he not resume his seat! Every one felt that it was a fit occasion for refilling glasses, and the punch-bowl had soon to be replenished.

Though Fleet Street, "the most cheerful scene in the world" in Boswell's opinion, Johnson's "favourite street," is our chosen haunt, nevertheless from time to time we make Johnsonian pilgrimages. At Lichfield, where still stands, scarcely changed, the old house in which our hero was born, we have set up our punch-bowl more than once, and thrice we have set it up in Oxford. By the Master and Fellows of his old college, that "nest of singing birds," as he fondly called it, we have been hospitably entertained, and we in turn have entertained them. Full of Johnsonian veneration, we have visited the old common-room of University College, which one day witnessed his drinking three bottles of port at a sitting without being the worse for it, and we have thought that there were indeed giants in those days. In this same room I have read the entry in one of the college books in which Shelley's expulsion is recorded.

In the wonderful weather which in England last autumn seemed to turn the year back from the end of September to the middle of June, we took a longer pilgrimage, going as far as Ashbourne, a little market-town charmingly situated at the entrance of one of the most lovely dales in Derbyshire. It was late in the afternoon of Friday, September 27, that the train set me down in the

outskirts of the town. One hundred and nineteen years earlier, Johnson and Boswell had entered Ashbourne in great state in "the large roomy post-chaise, drawn by four stout plump horses, and driven by two steady jolly postilions," belonging to the Rev. Dr. John Taylor, a divine of the Church of England, "whose talk was of bullocks, and whose size and figure and countenance and manner were that of a hearty English 'squire, with the parson superinduced." It was in a small one-horse omnibus that I made my entry, in company with a jovial farmer, who, as we drove by the bank, told me that he passed many a thousand pounds every year through that place. This, I felt, was all in keeping, for did not Johnson himself, one day, in the Oxford coach, talk without reserve of the state of his affairs, and say, "I have about the world, I think, above a thousand pounds, which I intend shall afford Frank [his negro servant] an annuity of seventy pounds a year"? I alighted at the Green Man and Black's Head Royal Hotel, an old-fashioned rambling inn, which looks as if it had known no change since the day when Boswell hired there his post-chaise on his way home. The elderly landlady who welcomed me reminded me of her predecessor, "a mighty civil gentlewoman, who, courtseying very low, presented him with an engraving of the sign of her house, bearing the following address in her own handwriting:—

"M. KILLINGLEY'S duty waits upon *Mr. Boswell*, is exceedingly obliged to him for this favour; whenever he comes this way, hopes for a continuance of the same. Would *Mr. Boswell* name the house to his extensive acquaintance, it would be a singular favour conferr'd on one who has it not in her power to make any other return but her most grateful thanks, and sincerest prayers for his happiness in time, and in a blessed eternity.

'Tuesday morn.'

The Green Man and Black's Head Royal Hotel — a strange combination of titles, by the way — I will gladly name to all my acquaintance who are satisfied with an old-fashioned inn, a good bed, plain but good fare, civil attendance, and furniture and fittings which have much more of the eighteenth than of the nineteenth century about them. One article alone is of uncertain quality. We were warned not to drink the Ashbourne water, for it is drawn from shallow wells. A son of temperance must have it boiled, or must use only mineral waters; for men of a more jovial disposition there is a good cellar. A member of our Club, when he was cautioned about the water, replied, "Water! I never drink water anywhere." Some of us, however, are weaker brethren.

Pleasant though this inn was soon to prove, yet on my arrival I felt somewhat lonely. Darkness was rapidly setting in, and there was not a single Johnsonian to welcome me. I was in too clubbable a mood to dine alone; so I put off dinner till the arrival of the next train, and strolled out to explore the town. The bell ringing for evening service led me to the fine old church, the great glory of Ashbourne: "one of the largest and most luminous that I have seen in any town of the same size," wrote Boswell; "the finest mere parish church in the kingdom," George Eliot called it. The spire — "the Pride of the Peak" — rises to a height of two hundred and twelve feet, and has stood the storms of five hundred years. The chancel and transept are older by a whole century. In a side chapel, surrounded by his forefathers and descendants, is the tomb of Sir Edmund Cokayne, who fell in that battle where Falstaff boasted that he and Percy "rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock." Among these rough knights is the recumbent effigy of a little girl, the only child in a family well known to Johnson, — the Boothbys of Ashbourne Hall. He might have stroked

her hair and given her an old man's blessing in his last visit to the little town. She had been the one link which held together her father and mother. From her little grave they went back to their ancient hall, and there parted, never to meet again. Let into one of the pillars in the transept is the original dedication plate, bearing date MCCXLI. In the register was long to be seen the following entry in the handwriting of Charles I.: "August 1645, Wednesday, Ashburne in the Peak, Mr. Cokaine's 1 night." It now probably adorns some cabinet of autographs, for several years ago it was cut out and stolen, most likely by one of that unscrupulous race of collectors. Just one hundred years after the king's visit, his great-grandson, the young Pretender, with his Highland rabble, swept by under the shadow of the old church. In Ashbourne Hall, at the other end of the town, were long preserved the inscriptions set over the rooms to mark where each officer was quartered. The following original document, which I found pasted inside a History of Lichfield in the Bodleian Library, shows what terror the clansmen must have spread in these quiet dales: —

LEEK, 3 Decemb. 1745.

TO THE HEADBORROW OF ENDON,

You are required imediatly to bring to Leek Twenty Able Horses with proper Carts under pain of Military Execution for the Service of the Prince of Wales.

JAMES URQUHART.

Leek is ten miles from Ashbourne, and Endon is still nearer. The post-horses and carriages of the Green Man were no doubt impressed. M. Killingley, that "mighty civil gentlewoman," had Boswell thought of questioning her, could probably have told strange stories of these wild invaders. What short work would they have made of Dr. Taylor's roomy post-chaise and four stout plump horses! Had the young Pretender suc-

ceeded in what Johnson called his "noble attempt," the fittings of this squire-parson's pew in Ashbourne church would have been far less gorgeous. As "a Hanoverian, a vile Whig," he had good preference. As one of the prebendaries of Westminster Abbey, he had shared in the divisions of the trappings used at the coronation of George III. The cushion on which the crown rested had fallen to his lot, as well as some velvet hangings. With these he decked the roomy pew in which Boswell sat that Sunday when "he felt great satisfaction in considering that he was supported in his fondness for solemn worship by the general concurrence and munificence of mankind."

As, guided by the sound of the bell, I drew near the church, I saw that two or three of the great windows were lighted up, though the mass of the building was in darkness. Following some devout women along the dark churchyard path, I reached an open door, and entered upon a scene of mingled light and gloom, — gloom at the ends of the transept, nave, and chancel, while in the middle of the church, above the pulpit, reading-desk, and seats for the choir, gas-jets were burning. On all sides, flowers and fruits, lately gathered for the harvest thanksgiving, gave a fresh grace to the ancient pile, though some large pumpkins and cucumbers, as they sprawled under one of the windows, contrasted oddly with the light-springing arch and the Gothic tracery. I was pleased to learn, next day, that chance had led me to a seat just behind the pew in which Johnson, with that "tremulous earnestness" which Boswell had noticed in St. Clement-Danes on many a Sunday, "pronounced the awful petition in the Liturgy — 'In the hour of death and in the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us.'" The organ began to play, and a surpliced choir, followed by four priests, streamed in. We were but a small congregation: six ordinary worshipers, a woman to be

"churched," and a little company of babies, parents, and godparents for a christening. The intoning of the priests was clear, and so was their reading; the chanting was good, and little Elsie Ann and John Herbert stood the triple sprinkling of the water without uttering a cry. I fell into a train of thought on the wonderful power which, in such a spot as this, the beautiful creation of a church has on the minds of men. What far-distant ages, what far-distant lands, were meeting together that September evening in this ancient building; what thoughts of the past, what fears and hopes for the future! The beauty of the venerable pile; the mingled light and darkness; the tombs of the dead; the roll of the organ; the chanting of the choristers; the touching words of the sweet psalmist of Israel, once more telling a strange people how, long ages ago, "the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion;" the perfect melody of the Book of Common Prayer; the young mother kneeling in thankfulness for her deliverance from "the great danger of childbirth;" the babes who "hereafter shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified," — in all this the long generations of men seemed to have combined to make, as it were, a wondrous poem, a drama of man's life of consummate workmanship. This beautiful poem, this noble drama, priests all over England, I thought, with their apish tricks, with their servile imitation of Rome, with that "fooling" which Cromwell long ago bid cease, are bringing into contempt, as if the rising tide of science were not sweeping round the foundations of their church, and washing away so much that once seemed founded on a rock. Happily, at Ashbourne such fantastic tricks as these were not played before high heaven.

From these reflections I was diverted, on my return to the Green Man, by the arrival of some of my companions; with them I spent the rest of the evening in cheerful converse. Next morning we

woke up to the brightest sunshine. Our hotel, I found, stood halfway down the main street, which is so short and straight that at either end can be seen the green trees where the town ends and the country begins. While waiting for breakfast I strolled towards Ashbourne Hall, where a striking contrast suddenly recalled to me Cambridge in far-distant New England. Few things delighted me more in that pleasant town than the way in which the beauties of green lawns and bright flower-beds "are free alike to all." There, no stone walls, no wooden fences, no hedges shut in the rights of the few and shut out the enjoyment of the many. All the householders seemed possessed with Cowper's thought that

"the guiltless eye

Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys."

At Ashbourne, on the contrary, the grounds of the Hall were inclosed by a stone wall too high for even a tall man to look over. This in itself would not have caught my attention, for such inclosures are common enough everywhere. In one place, however, it had been raised for a considerable distance to the height of nearly twenty feet by a superstructure of two ponderous wooden fences piled one on the other. This vast work, so a lad told me, had been set up as a screen against a pair of harmless cottages which had lately been built on the other side of the road. As they were already hidden from the Hall by a fine grove of trees, the fence seemed merely meant to rob the humble inmates of a pleasant prospect.

After breakfast we visited the main object of our pilgrimage, the Mansion (for so the house is called), where Johnson so often stayed with his old school-fellow, and where Boswell, in a visit that lasted only ten days, added so much to his "Johnsonian store." Here he saw his hero in a happy mood. "He seemed," he writes, "to be more uniformly social, cheerful and alert than I had almost ever seen him." There was an air of neglect about the place when we visited it, for

it was uninhabited, which suited ill with the comfort, and even state, in which Dr. Taylor lived; "his house, garden, pleasure-grounds, table, in short everything good, and no scantiness appearing." There was nothing to recall the wealthy pluralist, and those postilions who, being at the same time jolly and steady, harmonized so well with the two characters which were united in this squire-parson. The street front was shabby and ugly. Even in its neglect the old house might still have had a certain picturesque air, had not Taylor hidden the gables behind a pediment with a large round window beneath it. It was this addition which troubled Johnson in his last visit to Ashbourne, a few months before his death; for the builders were at work all the time he was there. "That a man," he wrote, "worn with disease, in his seventy second or third year, should condemn part of his remaining life to pass among ruins and rubbish, and that no inconsiderable part, appears to me very strange." We wandered about the old house, trying to recall the past. Beyond the bare walls there was not much on which Johnson's eyes had lighted. In two old mirrors he might have seen reflected that countenance which Boswell described as "the cast of an ancient statue;" but who can think of him as ever making use of a looking-glass? We looked in vain for the crystal lustre which "he somewhat sternly said he *would* not have lighted on his birth-day." The return of that day gave no pleasure to him, "filling him," he said, "with thoughts which it seems to be the general care of humanity to escape." Indifferent as he was to the fine arts, his eye might nevertheless have rested on the sculpture of a marble mantelpiece, telling, as it did, of the rapidly growing commerce of England. Britannia is represented leaning on a lion, while a figure scantily clothed in a flowing scarf stretches out one hand towards her, and the other towards some bales of goods. In the background is a

ship. Round the dining-room hovered recollections of those dinners which Johnson described to Mrs. Thrale. "Venison," he wrote, "no forester that lived under the green-wood tree ever had more frequently upon his table. We fry, and roast, and bake, and devour in every form."

The present worthy vicar of Ashbourne, a sound Johnsonian as well befits a member of Johnson's own college, long ago gathered the few traditions of the doctor and his host which, when he entered upon his cure, were still floating about the neighborhood. Taylor, it was said, wealthy man though he was, had a great reluctance to settle his accounts. The agent of a neighboring country gentleman who had often supplied the divine with that venison which he loved, not getting his bill settled, so timed a call that he entered the house just as a savory haunch of venison was set before him and Johnson. It was in vain that the servant told the man his master could not see him. He pushed past into the dining-room, and demanded immediate payment. Taylor, in whom the super-induced parson at once disappeared in the angry squire, in a passion ordered him to leave the room. The agent, still pressing for payment, went close up to the table, and under cover of it got a corner of the cloth firmly twisted round his hand. Finding the storm of abuse rise higher and higher, with one pull he dragged table-cloth, haunch of venison, dishes, plates and glasses, with a great crash on to the floor. We may picture to ourselves the astonishment of that "upper servant, Mr. Peters, of whom Boswell took particular notice, a decent grave man, in purple clothes and a large white wig, like the butler or *major-domo* of a Bishop." Johnson's sympathies, however much he might have felt the loss of his dinner, would not, I think, have been with the rich man who would not pay his debts. Of Taylor's talk for the rest of that day, and of the threats

which he breathed forth, we can form some notion from a letter in which, on another occasion, Johnson laughed at the strange English of this pillar of the Church. "Taylor," he wrote, "has let out another pound of blood, and is come to town, brisk and vigorous, fierce and fell, to drive on his lawsuit. Nothing in all life now can be more *profligater* than what he is; and if in case, that so be, that they persist for to resist him, he is resolved not to spare no money, nor no time."

Another tradition of this divine has been gathered by the vicar. We know from Boswell that "he had a considerable political interest in the county of Derby." His friendship, therefore, was worth cultivating by the great Whig landowner, the Duke of Devonshire, who one day accompanied him in his roomy post-chaise to Ashbourne. Wishing to impress the lord of Chatsworth with the extent of his domain, Taylor privately ordered his postilions to drive twice round his paddock. It was perhaps in this paddock that was reared that famous bull which furnished Johnson with many a humorous touch in his letters to Mrs. Thrale. "I have seen the great bull," he wrote, "and very great he is. I have seen likewise his heir apparent, who promises to inherit all the bulk and all the virtues of his sire. I have seen the man who offered an hundred guineas for the young bull, while he was yet little better than a calf." A year later he wrote: "There has been a man here to-day to take a farm. After some talk he went to see the bull, and said that he had seen a bigger. Do you think he is likely to get the farm?" Fifteen months later he returned to the subject: "Our bulls and cows are all well; but we yet hate the man that had seen a bigger bull."

The garden, the pleasure-grounds, and the lawn all wore an air of great neglect as we wandered through them. It was not easy to reconcile what we saw

with Johnson's description of the place : "Dr. Taylor's is a very pleasant house, with a lawn and a lake, and twenty deer and five fawns upon the lawn."

The lake — it was never anything but a small pool — has long been filled up ; the lawn has lost all its smoothness. The waterfall, which Taylor had made by building a dyke across the little stream at the bottom of his garden, has disappeared. It should have been preserved in memory of that day when Johnson sat by it, listening to its roaring — for it was swollen by the autumn rain — and reading Erasmus's *Militis Christiani Enchiridion* ; The *Hansome Weapon of a Chrysten Knyght*, as it was entitled in an early English translation. Another morning, "when the sun shone bright," writes Boswell, "we walked out together, and 'pored' upon the cascade for some time with placid indolence." The lines in Gray's *Elegy* were no doubt in his mind : —

"His listless length at noontide would he stretch,

And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

Johnson presently shook off his indolence, and, taking a long pole, pushed down "several parcels" of rubbish which obstructed the fall ; while his friend "stood quietly by, wondering to see the sage thus curiously employed. He worked till he was quite out of breath ; and having found a large dead cat so heavy that he could not move it after several efforts, 'Come,' said he, throwing down the pole, '*you shall take it now ;*' which," continues Boswell, "I accordingly did, and being a fresh man soon made the cat tumble over the cascade."

One severe autumn night the two friends stood in calm conference in the garden, looking up to the heavens, while Boswell directed the discourse to the subject of a future state. "My friend," he adds, "was in a placid and most benignant frame. 'Sir, (said he,) I do not imagine that all things will be made

clear to us immediately after death, but that the ways of Providence will be explained to us very gradually.'" Another day they stepped across the road to the grammar school, of which Johnson had once had hopes of becoming master or usher. These hopes tradition has magnified into fruition. The very room which he occupied as second master is, I was told, still to be seen. Here "in the garden very prettily formed upon a bank, rising gradually behind the house," they "sat basking in the sun," while they discussed "a common subject of complaint, the very small salaries which many curates have." Was the instance of Parson Adams introduced, who, "though he was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year, could not make any great figure with it, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children"? Goldsmith's "village preacher" might have been instanced, too, a man who was "passing rich with forty pounds a year." The *Wealth of Nations*, which had appeared a year earlier, would have afforded an apt illustration ; for Adam Smith states that "forty pounds a year is reckoned at present very good pay for a curate, and there are many curacies under twenty pounds a year." It is a pity that Dr. Taylor was not also there, basking in the sun with the others, for he could have thrown the light of a pluralist on the subject. He too, poor man, had his cares. In spite of the good things which already he enjoyed, "livings and preferments," wrote Johnson, "as if he were in want with twenty children, run in his head." Without his help, his friend, however, "explained the system of the English hierarchy exceedingly well," pointing out that curates were "in the nursery for the church, being candidates for the higher ecclesiastical offices, according to their merit and good behaviour." Boswell's comment still holds good, — "This is an excellent theory."

Dr. Taylor had no children to whom to leave his wealth. He had meant to make Johnson his heir, it was said, but Johnson died first. Towards the close of his life, when his end was thought to be near, he overheard some of his relations talking of the use they should make of his property when he was gone. They were at the old game of dividing the bear's skin while the bear was still alive. The old man at once made a fresh will. On the day of his funeral they returned from the churchyard hard by to the Mansion to hear it read. One of the company, the fire burning low, ordered a servant lad to bring some coals. As the boy was leaving the room the lawyer said to him, "My lad, you had better stay and hear the will." When he heard that the whole of the large property was bequeathed to William Bent, he cried out, "Why, that's me!" and fell down in a swoon. A proviso was added that he should change his name, taking any he pleased but that of Taylor. He chose Webster. It was suspected that he was the doctor's illegitimate son; but the vicar of Ashbourne has shown that the Bents were distantly related to Taylor.

One day Johnson and Boswell drove from Ashbourne to Ilam, where in a recess in a rock, shaded by overhanging trees, with a clear stream flowing at his feet, Congreve, it is said, wrote his *Old Bachelor*. There are, however, "more places than one in groves and gardens" which claim this honor. The play might just as well have been written in the greenroom of a theatre, for any touch it shows of nature. Artificial indeed was the age in which the poet in such a spot did not

"feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain."

Boswell describes Ilam as "a romantic scene;" "the fit abode of pastoral virtue" Johnson calls it. At present it is the abode of the Right Honorable R. W. Hanbury, Financial Secretary to the

Treasury, who with great courtesy invited our Club to lunch. At Ilam we spent two or three hours with much satisfaction, everything combining to make the visit pleasant,—beautiful scenery, delightful weather, a hospitable host and hostess, and old memories. I was willing to believe the tradition that here is to be found the original of the Happy Valley of Rasselas, but "an obstinate rationality prevented me." Johnson, we know, did not see Dovedale till long after he wrote that tale, and Ilam lies close to Dovedale. A lovelier spot I have rarely seen. Nature here had already done great things, but her work is set off by the sloping lawns, the gardens, and the avenues. A short distance below the Hall, in the midst of the park, stands the ancient village church. Its font is older than the Norman Conquest. What is the age of the three Runic crosses in the churchyard no man knows. Round the old building lie the dead of many generations. There is no fence, no inclosure, to part life from death. The lawn without a break slopes gently down to that quiet spot

"Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap."

Why in that peaceful scene should the dead be secluded? Our host, with honest indignation, told us of a bishop who had requested him to have the churchyard railed off from the park, as if God's house and God's acre were wronged by that unbroken sweep of beauty. There are men who think that exclusion is the main part of religion.

Johnson contrasted Ilam with Hawkestone, the seat of Sir Rowland Hill, in a passage which, artificially as it is expressed, is nevertheless true to nature. "Ilam," he writes, "has grandeur tempered with softness; the walker congratulates his own arrival at the place, and is grieved to think that he must ever leave it. As he looks up to the rocks, his thoughts are elevated; as he turns his eyes on the vallies, he is composed

and soothed. He that mounts the precipices at Hawkestone wonders how he comes thither, and doubts how he shall return. His walk is an adventure, and his departure an escape. He has not the tranquillity, but the horror, of solitude; a kind of turbulent pleasure, between fright and admiration."

Who that has wandered alone among the mountains has not at times felt this turbulent pleasure, this horror of solitude? Grieved as we were to leave Ilam, the thought cheered us that on our way back we should see Dovedale. As Johnson walked up it one hot summer day, "the water," he recorded, "murmured pleasantly among the stones. It is," he added, "a place that deserves a visit; but it did not answer my expectation. I expected a larger river where I found only a clear quick brook. I believe I had imaged a valley enclosed by rocks, and terminated by a broad expanse of water." Nevertheless he maintains that "he that has seen Dovedale has no need to visit the Highlands."

By our long Johnsonian day we had, we felt, earned our Johnsonian supper. The landlady did her best. To the meal which she provided no one could have justly applied Johnson's words: "This was a good dinner enough, to be sure; but it was not a dinner to ask a man to." By a happy chance we found established in Ashbourne as a physician the great-grandson of Dr. John Boswell, the uncle of the author of the *Life of Johnson*. On his death, his nephew, writing of him, said: "He was a very good scholar, knew a great many things, had an elegant taste, and was very affectionate; but he had no conduct. His money was all gone. He had a strange kind of religion; but I flatter myself he will be ere long, if he is not already, in Heaven." His descendant, Dr. Alexander Boswell, we were glad to welcome as our guest. Not only did his surname admirably harmonize with our festive gathering, but his Christian name recalled Bos-

well's father, the old Scotch judge, who, when Johnson, in their famous altercation in the library at Auchinleck, asked what good Cromwell had ever done to his country, replied, "God, doctor! he gart kings ken that they had a lith in their neck," — he taught kings they had a joint in their neck. The vicar also came, who is, as I have said, a member of Johnson's own college, as indeed I am myself. With his traditions of our hero and his friend Dr. Taylor, he played his part well. Our "Prior," who took the chair, the witty author of *Obiter Dicta*, a few weeks earlier had been lecturing on Johnson to the vacation students in Oxford. "The booksellers of London (publishers we should now call them), for whom Johnson uniformly professed much regard," and with whom in his long life he had so many dealings, were well represented by a member of our Club. I had brought with me copies of some unpublished autograph letters of Johnson in the fine collection of my friend Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo. These I read aloud. There was, therefore, a fuller Johnsonian and Boswellian flavor in the company than might have been looked for in this out-of-the-way country town. Two members of Parliament also honored us as our guests. One of them, in a speech, complimented me on my literary labors. He meant it kindly, though perhaps he would have been more in harmony with the Club had he belonged to what Reynolds described as Dr. Johnson's school, — a school distinguished above everything for its accuracy. My honorable friend's compliment was based on the supposition that it was not Boswell, but the works of Johnson, that I had edited. I was consoled by reflecting how slow the great moralist's fame was in reaching the ears of his fellow-collegian, old Oliver Edwards. The *Rambler* had been published nearly thirty years when this worthy, meeting the doctor one day, said, "I am told you have written a very

pretty book called *The Rambler*." "I was unwilling," Johnson told Boswell, "that he should leave the world in total darkness, and sent him a set." I regret the total darkness in which my own guest seems likely to leave the world, but I do not propose to dissipate it by sending him the six volumes of my edition of Boswell.

The evening at last came to an end, as to an end the pleasantest evenings at last will come. With Johnson we may exclaim, "Whoever thinks of going to bed before twelve o'clock is a scoundrel;" but before long midnight would be rung out by the chimes, and to bed we must go. As the company broke up, I thought of that dinner at Mrs. Garrick's, when Boswell whispered to his neighbor, "I believe this is as much as can be made of life." "We were all in fine spirits," he adds. It lingered in his memory "as one of the happiest days that he had enjoyed in the whole course of his life."

I did not leave this part of the country without visiting Uttoxeter, that old Staffordshire town where Johnson did strange penance one market-day. To a young clergyman, to whom, shortly before his death, "he used to talk with great freedom, he mentioned that he could not in general accuse himself of having been an undutiful son. 'Once, indeed,' said he, 'I was disobedient: I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bare-headed in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory.'"

A traveler, who visited Lichfield a few years after Johnson's death, was told that on this day of expiation the old man was missed by his friends. "The servants said that he had set off at a very

early hour; whither they knew not. Just before supper he returned. He informed his hostess of his breach of filial duty, which had happened just fifty years before on that very day. 'To do away the sin of this disobedience I this day went,' he said, 'in a chaise to Uttoxeter, and going into the market at time of high business uncovered my head, and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers-by and the inclemency of the weather.'"

The image of old Samuel Johnson so patient in his penance always rises before my mind when I read those lines in Dante where the poet tells how a proud man, casting all shame aside, was saved from hell that day that, in the midst of all his glory, he took his stand in the open place of Siena to beg for money to ransom his friend:—

"Quando vivea più glorioso, disse,
Liberamente nel campo di Siena,
Ogni vergogna deposta, s'affisse."

How finely does Carlyle bring back this scene, so sad and strange! "Who," he writes, "does not figure to himself this spectacle, amid the 'rainy weather and the sneers,' or wonder, 'of the by-standers'?" The memory of old Michael Johnson, rising from the far distance; sad-beckoning in the 'moonlight of memory;' how he had toiled faithfully hither and thither; patiently among the lowest of the low; been buffeted and beaten down, yet ever risen again, ever tried it anew. And oh, when the wearied old man, as Bookseller, or Hawker, or Tinker, or whatsoever it was that Fate had reduced him to, begged help of *thee* for one day, how savage, diabolic, was that mean Vanity which answered No! He sleeps now; after life's fitful fever he sleeps well: but thou, O Merciless, how now wilt thou still the sting of that remembrance? The picture of Samuel Johnson standing bareheaded in the market there is one of the grandest and saddest we can paint. Repentance! Re-

penitance ! he proclaims, as with passionate sobs ; but only to the ear of Heaven, if Heaven will give him audience : the earthly ear and heart that should have heard it are now closed, unresponsive forever."

As I stood in the market-place, I almost wished I had never seen it. There is many a spot, beautiful and holy ground in our memories, which is better left unvisited.

"We have a vision of our own ;
Ah ! why should we undo it ?"

There was little here to bring back the scene which the old man looked upon. There was not a house left standing of all those which looked down on him in his sorrow and his patience. From the ancient tower hard by the chimes rang out to him the quarters of that long, sad hour as sweetly as they ring them out now, but little else told me of those old days so long gone by. While my imagination was depressed by these modern surroundings, my indignation was roused by a ridiculous statue in which some sculptor, richly endowed with that affectation which Johnson abhorred, has represented him in the penitential mood of a penny theatre, his head, covered with flowing locks, held awry, and his hands clasped under his chin. Behind him two old women are kneeling, while in front another old woman, resting her head on her crutch, is gazing at him as sympathetically and reverentially as stone-work allows. Close to her on one side is a girl looking at nothing in particular, and on the other side are two little children kneeling, with their clasped hands raised to him. That it is high market is shown by three dead geese with their long necks and heads hanging down over a stall,

and by a live duck, with its mouth open for food or quacking, in a basket. Over this absurd statue is inscribed the date of 1759, though why 1759 of all years no mortal can tell. It is much too late for the act of disobedience, and much too early for the penance.

As I strolled back to the railway station, I examined somewhat hopefully the windows of a shop over which was inscribed "Branch of the Room of Antiquities." It was not open, for it was still early. Here at last, I thought, might be seen something which would bring back the days of Johnson and the old time before him. A patient search discovered little beyond a few volumes of the *Graphic*, and an announcement that tea and coffee were provided at one penny a cup, and that high-class tobaccos were on sale. At the station I asked an elderly porter what was the right way of pronouncing *Uttoxeter*. I felt sure that all the letters were no more sounded in it than in *Gloucester* or *Worcester*. "The Bishop of Shrewsbury," he replied, "when he preached here, called it *Uxeter*." "But how do the people of the place call it?" "I don't take much notice of how they calls it," he rejoined. "I come from *Cheadle*." As I did not come from *Cheadle*, a place apparently given over to blissful ignorance, I continued my inquiries, and found that the bishop's pronounciation and the common people's agree. There are some, however, I was told, who call the town *Utchiter*.

The train soon bore me away southwards. As it swept past *Lichfield*, the birthplace of my hero, old memories came crowding in ; but the graceful spires were soon lost to view, and the *Johnson Club* holiday was at an end.

George Birkbeck Hill.

A FARM IN MARNE.

Two or three of the convent sisterhood, with a flock of their young pupils from all parts of Europe and America, accompanied me to my experimental *pension* at the farm; dubious over the experiment, though they themselves had selected the cleanest and most endurable peasant domicile for it. Frizette, a gray donkey with a shaggy bang, was also in the expedition, drawing the donkey carriage in which delicate children or nuns took rest by turns from walking. One of the minor Sisters walked by Frizette's head, lifting her purple robe from the roadside weeds. The sun made a halo of her transparent white wool veil. As for Frizette, she walked sedately, as if she were going down into Egypt. The whole journey of a kilometer or two was delicious, across wide sweeps of land, with gray farm buildings showing at intervals.

As we reached Les Buissons our feet paused on the brink of a resplendent valley. I explored that valley afterwards, and found that many of its charms vanished when you came within touch of them. It was like others, ribboned by white roads, bounded by blue wooded and vineyard-covered heights, and inclosed the village of Villevenarde. A vapor like grape-bloom made the most satisfactory veil that ever lent glamour to a landscape. In any weather it was enchanted land.

The farm Les Buissons was well named, thickets growing close around. Pear-trees strewed the ground with fruit, and an enormous walnut-tree stood at the corner of the quadrangle. A farmhouse in the department of Marne is built somewhat like a fortress. This structure of centuries was entirely of stone, with four sides inclosing a court or stable-yard. One side of the square was a high stone wall pierced by an arched gateway. The

remaining three sides, one story high, were under a continuous tiled roof, stables, storehouses, and dwelling. Human inmates occupied comparatively little of this solid block of tenement. Near the front door, which opened directly into the peasant's kitchen, were slits in the wall, ventilating a basement where horses stamped at their feed-racks. The building was on the hillside, so the court sloped downward. Having its own well or pit inside the walls, this farm could once have stood a siege. But when the modern eye discerns its close neighborhood to vast reeking accumulations of manure, the modern stomach prefers water from one of the many springs outside. The farmer himself hoards his stable-heaps with pride; they are the strength of his land. Perhaps in no country except economical France would the traveler see two boys, with baskets, shovels, and brooms, fighting over the same pile of refuse in the street, the victor raking it greedily up with his hands.

We followed madame the farm-wife across the brick-tiled kitchen floor. Her bed stood at one side of the chimney in the spacious place. The joists over our heads were brown with age, and nailed to them were racks on which cheeses ripened in *clayettes*, or straw platters. There are not many flies in France, but such as exist there devote themselves to odorous cheeses of this variety, made of buttermilk, and known as *fromage maigre*, *fromage passé*. At the borders of the Brie country, the familiar flat cakes on the clayettes roused the liveliest anxiety in a lover of Brie. But these cheeses were sold only to the neighboring peasantry at seventy-five centimes a cake; and many were consumed by the farmer's own household.

Cheese-racks continued through a long passage, at the end of which were an

oven and fireplace for the baking of loaves as large as tubs. Here the horrible cheesy odor made me falter. But the house was so clean, and madame herself was such a rotund picture, cutting bites from a hunk of bread and eating them in her embarrassment as she showed us her best chamber, that I determined not to give up the farm. If you want to learn the truth about anything, you must live with it. And I found that the smell of ripening cheeses could be shut out of the best room. It was her elder son's, who was serving his time in the army. His desk and books enriched the place: veterinary treatises, which his mother proudly exhibited.

A bargain was made. I was to pay twenty francs a month for room and attendance, and be charged for my table according to its variety and abundance. In her *note de madame*, therefore, appeared such items as these, spread over much paper: —

2 œufs	0.20
Crème et fromage à fois . . .	0.80
Côtelette	1.00
Litre de vin blanc	0.60
Pain	0.15
Fruits	0.25
Sucre	1.00

her charges being in francs and centimes. For *bifteck* I was taxed but a franc; while for *madeleines* and *confiture* which madame brought from Sézanne I was made to pay dearly.

In America, the first thing a housewife of corresponding class puts into her best bedroom is a carpet. In France, such a dirty superfluity is added last, or omitted altogether. I had a tiled floor, a table and some chairs, and a canopied bed with its huge light down sack. The linen sheets and pillowcases were well bleached. There was an open chimney, suspiciously clean and gray; but I regarded it with favor in view of the nearing September days. Its hearth was never kindled for me, however. There came a time when preumptiveness on my

part was met with steady firmness by this excellent soul who signed an acquittance *femme Valet*. The chimney was a fumer. It would put out eyes and strangle breath. Her son Charles, who was serving his time in the army, had not dared the rigor of this smoke.

I had another disappointment in two gorgeous lamps, gay with fluted paper shades, which stood on the mantel. The farm-wife could not understand a word of English, but a jealous look came into her eyes when one of the convent maids indicated them.

"Oh, madame, what magnificence! You can give us parties in your pension, with such lamps as these."

Later it developed that these virgin lamps — *cadeau de mariage* from the old baronne with whom she had lived at service in her girlhood, twenty-five years past — were more impotent than the fumer. Tired of *bougie* light as the autumn darkness increased, I demanded the use of them of madame. At first, she had no *pétrole*. The patron her husband would bring some from Sézanne. Days passed before the patron discharged this errand, though he and his spouse accomplished many another. But one proud evening madame carried forth the lamps, the *pétrole* being in the house, and my insistence giving her no farther excuse for delay, and came back with the crestfallen look which a French peasant woman can assume when she has circumvented you. The oil would not mount. The oil, in fact, had never mounted. No living eye had ever seen or ever would see those lighted lamps shining from the windows of Les Buissons. Twenty-five years the ornaments had graced her domicile, unused; and they will probably pass to her children as they were given to her by the old baronne.

Les Buissons was wonderfully still when one rested alone there *en pension*. Only the chickens broke pastoral quiet. Betwixt sun-soaked uplands and hazy valley

life was a dream. The drive and worry of work which exhaust and enrich a western nation had no place here. Afternoon church bells rang tranquilly across the hills.

The farm shepherd, in shirt and trousers, with little knapsack on his back and dog at his heels, led out the flock of fat full-fleeced sheep. Silence was then jangled against by many little bells. He called them with a trill prefacing the call, "Brebis!" At dusk, when I looked down the valley, I saw the shepherd a moving speck, putting his flock in the fold of an adjustable picket fence.

"Allez coucher!" he shouted to the laggards; and when all were in he carried a gate and pounded it into place, the noise of the blows coming up indolently after his hand had struck. A tiny house tilted on wheels was in the field, for the shepherd's use in lambing-time. He crossed the ploughed ground, coming home through the dusk.

All night pears could be heard spitting on the ground from overladen trees, crowded as all French fruit trees are with fruit. No attempt was made to preserve them for future use. Labor is equally distributed in that land; the French farm-wife is no slave to the products of her farm. She buys her confitures cheaply at the market-town. My table was well furnished with fruit, and a huge pail of baked pears stood ready in the kitchen for anybody. The surplus was abandoned to the hens.

When the children visited me from the convent, they made a leaf basket, and filled it with luscious great blackberries picked from the hedges. I directed madame to make some confiture for me of this *fruit sauvage*, as she called it. She declined, with both hands raised in protest. Such fruit was only fit for birds. She had never heard of Christians eating it. She expected to see me have a fit after swallowing hedge berries in cream. But when I made her bring out her best sugar and heap it on

the fruit in a porcelain vessel, she stood off in disgust and would have nothing to do with the heathen preserving. As long as any of it remained she spoke with contempt — a French peasant's respectful but honest contempt — of the *confiture sauvage*.

I had my private table served by the farm-wife in my own room. Her cream and unsalted butter were delicious, but for the hard, dark peasant bread of her own manufacture it was necessary to substitute loaves from Sézanne.

There was neither washing-tub nor ironing-board in this peasant household. Madame labored over her butter and cheese, but she sent her family linen to a *blanchisseuse*, and wasted no drapery on the common table. Returning from my walks, I sometimes found master, mistress, and domestics at one of the numerous meals with which they supported themselves during the day, sitting on benches at a bare, dark table. They had wine and bread and cheese. There was rarely anything steaming, the peasant stomach not being above cold food. But in the early morning, about four o'clock, wooden shoes might be heard on the kitchen tiles. Then the family gathered to dip their bread in a scalding decoction which they called *café au lait*, a quantity of boiling milk with a spoonful of coffee extract coloring it. Madame declared that my own coffee, which I made myself about eight, was more like a salad than *café au lait*. Each morning she brought me a fresh egg, entered regularly on the note de madame, for this *café d'Amérique, comme la salade*. Having no such thing as a teakettle, she heated the water in a flat, long-legged iron pot. Numbers of these pots, small and large, with mugs, copper and tin vessels, and porcelain-lined dippers and saucepans, hung on the walls; in contrast with the family shoes which stood in a row on a cupboard, neatly blacked, both wood and leather. I had taken the precaution to bring coffee and

tea from Paris. She always had a porcelain dipper of cream cooling in a larger vessel of cold water; for, hearing that I wanted cream cold, not boiled, she thought it required chilling.

Madame was a great galloper; many times during my stay putting on her black cap with long ribbon streamers, to ride off with her husband the patron in the cart. At such times my dinner was served late by bougie light; but she did not fret herself, American fashion. She only explained cheerfully that the fête had deranged her affairs. She had, moreover, a soothing wit, calculated to repress the impatience of one toiling all day in the mysteries of manuscript.

"I am not fit to render service to you!" she would exclaim. "I can wait on my cows, but I am not fit to wait on you."

Whenever she forgot anything, the *service des Buissons* was to blame. Once an ant crawled on my table-cloth from a dish of fruit, and she swept it away in haste; assuring me, however, that the *fourmi* had excellent taste, — it liked good company. And she lamented when I neglected to set my shoes outside the door for her to clean. The household labors of a peasant woman are manifestly neither various nor exhausting. If she sometimes turns her hand to field work, she has plenty of vitality left for it.

The patron, his younger son, and his hired laborers were busy with hay, using three-tined wooden forks; the third tine springing at an angle from the handle like a cock's spur. A mowing-machine and a riding-plough were among implements in sight, but nearly all the tools of this farm were of the Old World. The patron's best cart, in which his wife took her jaunts, had enormous wheels, rearing the covered box high in air. Horses with bells on their yokes drew loads tandem, the deliberate men walking at the side of moving mountains. The court gateway was tall, to let these wains pass under.

Ploughing, harrowing, and mowing might all be seen at once in the same expanse of land. There were no fences, the labor of herders being cheaper. The sower was just what he has been pictured. He scattered seed from a bag at his side with his hand. Seen in the distance, a cloud of white dust moved before him, like the smoke of a censer which he might be swinging. From the edge of deep green woods he walked across bald prairie, the harrow following. And not far away the ploughman shouted all the time at his horses, "Yoé, hup! hup, yoé!" — the language of ploughmen being pretty much the same all over the world. Such continuous talk was necessary, because no lines were used, the direction in which horses were expected to turn being indicated by the cracking of a long whip on that side. They wore no harness, but arched yokes.

The cool light of early September showed on white stubble. The sun went down on that level plain above the hill as it sinks on a Western prairie. It was queer to see a horse's yoke moving along the edge of the earth against the sky, the animal himself submerged in distance, as the fin of a great fish might move above water.

Though the laborers were astir at four in the morning, they came in from the field at eleven. In the evening they returned at half past seven. Their object seemed to be to work a long day, with four or five stops for eating. There was no hurry, for man lived at his labor in this Old World, and took no risk of dying of it.

As the sky came down to one's level, a man's head sometimes swam along the earth's edge. It was the *facteur* going his rounds from farm to farm, carrying his knapsack of mail on his back.

The tenant of Les Buissons held the land under a baron of the old *noblesse*, who was lord of all the farms in that region. The tenant paid two thousand

francs for one hundred and eighty *arpents*, or one hundred and fifty acres.

Twenty cows, large factors on a farm like Les Buissons, were milked at four in the morning, and then turned out for a walk on grassy slopes. At noon they were brought into the stables, to repose themselves, madame explained to me, until their second milking, at five o'clock, when they again promenaded, and returned, to repose until morning.

The peasant, when spoken to, always stood up respectfully, holding his hat in his hand. He had his troubles: the markets were poor, and the roads, perfect as they appeared, were sometimes too icy to travel on in winter. But he had one product from his land unheard of in a western world: this was stone, pounded fine and gathered into oblong piles, ready for highway use. Taken from the hillsides and prepared as opportunity offered, it was a marketable commodity. On afternoons when little else could be done on the farm, the clink of a stone-breaker's hammer came up the valley.

On Sunday evening madame brought into my room a tall, calm, pretty-faced girl whom she proudly introduced as her *grande fille*. It was the *fiancée* of her son Charles. In one year more he would return from the army to be married. The girl's name was Leah. She had fair hands and a distinguished air compared with her rotund prospective mother-in-law. Village dressmakers are favorite brides in Marne on account of the dowries they are able to accumulate. They go to fêtes, dressed grandly in obsolete Parisian styles, and snare the young men's hearts and dazzle farmers

looking for fine matches for their sons. In the remotest corners of France parents arrange marriages for their children. It is not to be imagined that two young people should be left to their own devices at such a critical time of life. When the minutest points relating to property have been agreed upon, a betrothal takes place, the young man gives the girl a ring, and they try to like each other. Sometimes they fall in love, and the match, for financial reasons, is broken off. This causes trouble. But if aversion instead of attraction develops, they are not usually forced to marry.

"Oui, je suis fiancée," Leah told me quite calmly, that I might understand the reason of her visit in the family; and both father and mother showed her every attention, courting her for the absent Charles. The peasant gallantly postponed his labors to carry her home in the cart Monday morning, while, on her part, she sweetly begged him not to derange his plans: "*Ne dérangez-vous pas, M. Valet.*"

By the first of September pink and purple crocuses had begun to spring everywhere, as if the seasons were reversed. Yellow *jaunets* also shone thick in the grass. Of early mornings, when I looked down the valley, the very towers in the vineyards showed through a haze like May light, differing from the colder whiteness of the uplands. Every day I had my chair carried to a lovely little place in the woods, where ivy covered the ground, and white birches and oaks made a thick dark shade. It was like a room with a canopy of branches, a path running across it to be lost down the slope.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

XXVI.

THAT evening, at eight o'clock, Jean Labrouk was buried. A shell had burst not a dozen paces from his own door, within the consecrated ground of the cathedral, and in a hole it had made he was laid, the only mourners his wife and his grandfather, and two soldiers of his company, sent by Bougainville to bury him. I watched the ceremony from my loft, which had one small dormer window. It was dark, but burning buildings in the Lower Town made all light about the place. I could hear the grandfather mumbling and talking to the body as it was lowered into the ground. While yet the priest was hastily reading prayers, a dusty horseman came riding to the grave, and dismounted.

"Jean," he said, looking at the grave, "Jean Labrouk, a man dies well that dies with his gaiters on, ah! . . . What have you said for Jean Labrouk, monsieur?" he added to the priest.

The priest stared at him, as though he had presumed.

"Well?" said Gabord. "Well?"

The priest answered nothing, but prepared to go, whispering a word of comfort to the poor wife. Gabord looked at the soldiers, looked at the wife, at the priest, then spread out his legs and stuck his hands down into his pockets, while his horse rubbed its nose against his shoulder. He fixed his eyes on the grave, and nodded once or twice musingly.

"Well," he said at last, as if he had found a perfect virtue, and the one or only thing that could be said, "well, he never eat his words, that Jean."

A moment afterwards he came into

the house with Babette, leaving one of the soldiers holding his horse. After the old man had gone, I heard him say, "Were you at mass to-day? And did you see all?"

And when she had answered yes, he continued: "It was a mating as birds mate, but mating was it, and holy fathers and Master Devil Doltaire can change naught till cock pheasant Stobo come rocketing to's grave. They would have hanged me for my part in it, but I repent not, for they have hunted wild this little lady."

"I weep with her," said Jean's wife, repeating Jean's own words; so had a sweet charity come out of her sorrow.

"Ay, ay, weep on, Babette," he answered.

"Has she asked help of you?" said the wife.

"Truly; but I know not what says she, for I read not, but I know her pecking. Here it is. But you must be secret."

Looking through a crack in the floor, I could plainly see them. She took the letter from him and read aloud:—

"If Gabord the soldier have a good heart still, as ever he had in the past, he will again help a poor friendless woman. She needs him, for all are against her. Will he leave her alone among her enemies? Will he not aid her to fly? At eight o'clock to-morrow night she will be taken to the convent of the Ursulines, to be there shut in. Will he not come to her before that time?"

For a moment after the reading there was silence, and I could see the woman looking at him curiously. "What will you do?" she asked.

"My faith, there's nut to crack, for I have little time. This letter but

reached me with the news of Jean, two hours ago, and I know not what to do, but, scratching my head, here comes word from General Montcalm that I must ride to Master Devil Doltaire with a letter, and I must find him wherever he may be, and give it straight. So forth I come; and I must be at my post again by morn, said the General."

"It is now nine o'clock, and she will be in the convent," said the woman tentatively.

"Aho!" he answered, "and none can enter there but Governor, if holy Mother say no. So how goes Master Devil there? 'Gabord,' quoth he, 'you shall come with me to the convent at ten o'clock, bringing three stout soldiers of the garrison. Here's an order on Monsieur Ramesay, the Commandant. Choose you the men, and fail me not, or you shall swing aloft, dear Gabord.' Sweet lovers of hell, but Master Devil shall have swinging too one day." He put his thumb to his nose, and spread his fingers out.

* Presently he seemed to note something in the woman's eyes, for he spoke almost sharply to her: "Jean Labrouk was honest man, and kept faith with a comrade."

"And I keep faith too, comrade," was the answer.

"Brute am I to doubt you," he rejoined quickly, and he drew from his pocket a piece of gold, and made her take it, though she much resisted.

Meanwhile my mind was made up. I saw, I thought, through "Master Devil's" plan, and I felt, too, that Gabord would not betray me. In any case, Gabord and I could fight it out. If he opposed me, it was his life or mine, for too much was at stake, and all my plans were now changed by his astounding news. At that moment Voban entered the room without knocking. Here was my cue, and so, to prevent explanations, I crept quickly down, opened the door, and came in on them.

They wheeled at my footsteps; the woman gave a little cry, and Gabord's hand went to his pistol. There was a wild sort of look in his face, as though he could not trust his eyes. I took no notice of the menacing pistol, but went straight to him and held out my hand.

"Gabord," said I, "you are not my jailer now."

"I'll be your guard to citadel," said he, after a moment's dumb surprise, refusing my outstretched hand.

"Neither guard nor jailer any more, Gabord," said I seriously. "We've had enough of that, my soldier."

The soldier and the jailer had been working in him, and his fingers trifled with the trigger. In all things he was the foeman first. But now something else was working in him. I saw this, and added pointedly, "No more cage, Gabord, not even for reward of twenty thousand livres and at command of Holy Church."

He smiled grimly, too grimly, I thought, and turned inquiringly to Babette. In a few words she told him all, tears dropping from her eyes.

"If you take him, you betray me," she said; "and what would Jean say, if he knew?"

"Gabord," said I, "I come not as a spy; I come to seek my wife, and she counts you as her friend. Do harm to me, and you do harm to her. Serve me, and you serve her. Gabord, you said to her once that I was an honorable man."

He put up his pistol. "Aho, you've put your head in the trap. Stir, and click goes the spring."

I went on: "I must have my wife. Shall the nest you helped to make go empty? 'Shall hunter's arrow harm?'"

Thus, using his own words, I worked upon him to such purpose that, at first all bristling with war, he was shortly won over to my scheme, which I disclosed to him while the wife made us a cup of coffee, procured at high price by money I had pressed on her that after-

noon. Through all our talk Voban had sat eying us with a covert interest, yet showing no excitement. He had been unable to reach Alixe. She had been taken to the convent, and immediately afterwards her father and brother had gone their ways, — Juste to General Montcalm, and the Seigneur to the French camp. Thus Alixe did not know that I was in Quebec.

An hour after this I was marching, with two other men and Gabord, to the convent of the Ursulines, dressed in the ordinary costume of a French soldier, got from the wife of Jean Labrouk. In manner and speech though I was somewhat dull, my fellows thought, I was enough like a peasant soldier to deceive them, and my French was more fluent than their own. I was playing a desperate game; and yet I liked it, for it had a fine spice of adventure apart from the great matter at stake. If I could but carry it off, I should have sufficient compensation for all my miseries, in spite of their twenty thousand livres and Holy Church.

In a few minutes we came to the convent, and halted outside, waiting for Doltaire. Presently he came, and, looking sharply at us all, he ordered two to wait outside, and Gabord and myself to come with him. Then he stood looking at the building curiously for a moment. A shell had broken one wing of it, and this portion had been abandoned; but the faithful Sisters clung still to their home, though urged constantly by the Governor to retire to the Hôtel Dieu, which was outside the reach of shot and shell. This it was their intention soon to do, for within the past day or so our batteries had not tried to spare the convent. As Doltaire looked he laughed to himself, and then said, "Too quiet for gay spirits, this hearse. Come, Gabord, and fetch this slouching fellow," nodding towards me.

Then he knocked loudly. No one came, and he knocked again and again.

At last the door was opened by the Mother Superior, who was attended by two others. She started at seeing Doltaire.

"What do you wish, monsieur?" she asked.

"I come on business of the King, good Mother," he replied seriously, and stepped inside.

"It is a strange hour for business," she said severely.

"The King may come at all hours," he answered soothingly: "is it not so? By the law he may enter when he wills."

"You are not the King, monsieur," she objected, with her head held up sedately.

"Or the Governor may come, good Mother."

"You are not the Governor, Monsieur Doltaire," she said, more sharply still.

"But a Governor may demand admittance to this convent, and by the order of his Most Christian Majesty he may not be refused: is it not so, good Mother?"

"Must I answer the catechism of Monsieur Doltaire?"

"But is it not so?" he asked again urbanely.

"It is so, yet how does that concern you, monsieur?"

"In every way," and he smiled.

"This is unseemly, monsieur. What is your business?"

"The Governor's business, good Mother."

"Then let the Governor's messenger give his message and depart in peace," she answered, her hand upon the door.

"Not the Governor's messenger, but the Governor himself," he rejoined gravely.

He turned and was about to shut the door, but she stopped him. "This is no house for jesting, monsieur," she said. "I will arouse the town if you persist. Sister," she added to one standing near, "the bell!"

"You fill your office with great dignity

and merit, *Mère St. George*," he said, as he put out his hand and stayed the Sister. "I commend you for your discretion. Read this," he continued, handing her a paper.

A Sister held a light, and the Mother read it. As she did so *Doltaire* made a motion to *Gabord*, and he shut the door quickly on us. *Mère St. George* looked up from the paper, startled and frightened too.

"Your Excellency!" she exclaimed.

"You are the first to call me so," he replied. "I thought to leave untouched this good gift of the King, and to let the *Marquis de Vaudreuil* and the admirable *Bigot* untwist the coil they have made. But no. After some too generous misgivings, I now claim my own. I could not enter here, to speak with a certain lady, save as the Governor, but as the Governor I now ask speech with *Made-moiselle Duvarney*. Do you hesitate?" he added. "Do you doubt that signature of his Majesty? Then see this. Here is a line from the *Marquis de Vaudreuil*, the late Governor. It is not dignified, one might say it is craven, but it is genuine."

Again the distressed lady read, and again she said, "Your Excellency!" Then, "You wish to see her in my presence, your Excellency?"

"Alone, good Mother," he softly answered.

"Your Excellency, will you, the first officer in the land, defy our holy rules, and rob us of our privilege to protect and comfort and save?"

"I defy nothing," he replied. "The lady is here against her will, a prisoner. She desires not your governance and care. In any case, I must speak with her; and be assured, I honor you the more for your solicitude, and will ask your counsel when I have finished talk with her, for I am convinced of your rare wisdom."

Was ever man so crafty? After a moment's thought she turned, dismissed the others, and led the way, and *Gabord*

and I followed. We were bidden to wait outside a room, well lighted but bare, as I could see through the open door. *Doltaire* entered, smiling, and then bowed the nun on her way to summon *Alixé*. *Gabord* and I stood there, not speaking, for both were thinking of the dangerous game now playing. In a few minutes the Mother returned, bringing *Alixé*. The light from the open door shone upon her face. My heart leaped, for there was in her look such a deep sorrow. She was calm, save for those shining yet steady eyes; they were like furnaces, burning up the color of her cheeks. She wore a soft black gown, with no sign of ornament, and her gold-brown hair was bound with a piece of black velvet ribbon. Her beauty was deeper than I had ever seen it; a peculiar gravity seemed to have added years to her life. As she passed me her sleeve brushed my arm, as it did that day I was arrested in her father's house. She started, as though I had touched her fingers, but only half turned toward me, for her mind was wholly occupied with the room where *Doltaire* was.

At that moment *Gabord* coughed slightly, and she turned quickly to him. Her eyes flashed intelligence, and presently, as she passed in, a sort of hope seemed to have come on her face to lighten its painful pensiveness. The Mother Superior entered with her, the door closed, and then, after a little, the Mother came out again. As she did so I saw a look of immediate purpose in her face, and her hurrying step persuaded me she was bent on some project of espial. So I made a sign to *Gabord* and followed her. As she turned the corner of the hallway just beyond, I stepped forward silently and watched her enter a room that would, I knew, be next to this we guarded.

Listening at the door for a moment, I suddenly and softly turned the handle and entered, to see the good Mother with a panel drawn in the wall before her,

and her face set to it. She stepped back as I shut the door and turned the key in the lock. I put my finger to my lips, for she seemed about to cry out.

"Hush!" said I. "I watch for those who love her. I am here to serve her — and you."

"You are a servant of the Seigneur's?" she said, the alarm passing out of her face.

"I served the Seigneur, good Mother," I answered, "and I would lay down my life for Mademoiselle."

"You would hear?" she asked, pointing to the panel.

I nodded.

"You speak French not like a Breton or Norman," she added. "What is your province?"

"I am an Auvergnian."

She said no more, but motioned to me, enjoining silence also by a sign, and I stood with her beside the panel. Before it was a piece of tapestry which was mere gauze in parts, and I could see through and hear perfectly. I admired the Jesuitry of this device. The room we were in was at least four feet higher than the other, and we looked down on its occupants.

"Presently, holy Mother," said I, "all shall be told true to you, if you wish it. It is not your will to watch and hear; it is because you love the lady. But I love her, too, and I am to be trusted. It is not business for such as you."

She saw my implied rebuke, and said, as I thought a little abashed, "You will tell me all? And if he would take her forth, give me alarm in the room opposite yonder door, and stay them, and" —

"Stay them, holy Mother, at the price of my life. I have the honor of her family in my hands."

She looked at me gravely, and I assumed a pleasant openness of look and honesty. She was deceived completely, and, without further speech, she stepped to the door like a ghost and was gone. I never saw a human being so noiseless,

so uncanny. Our talk had been carried on silently, and I had closed the panel quietly, so that we could not be heard by Alixe or Doltaire. Now I was alone, to see and hear my wife in speech with my enemy, the man who had made a strong, and was yet to make a stronger fight to unseat me in her affections.

There was a moment's compunction, in which I hesitated to see this meeting; but there was Alixe's safety to be thought on, and what might he not here disclose of his intentions! — knowing which, I should act with judgment, and not in the dark. I trusted Alixe, though I knew well that this hour would see the great struggle in her between this scoundrel and myself. I knew that he had ever had a sort of power over her, even while she loathed his character; that he had a hundred graces I had not, place which I had not, an intellect that ever delighted me, and a will like iron when it was called into action. I thought for one moment longer ere I moved the panel. My lips closed tight, and I felt a pang at my heart.

Suppose, in this conflict, this singular man, acting on a nature already tried beyond reason, should bend it to his will, to which it was, in some radical ways, inclined? Well, if that should be, then I would go forth and never see her more. She must make her choice out of her own heart and spirit, and fight this fight alone, and having fought, and lost or won, the result should be final, should stand, though she was my wife, and I was bound in honor to protect her from all that might invade her loyalty, to cherish her through all temptation and distress. But our case was a strange one, and it must be dealt with according to its strangeness — our only guides our consciences. There were no precedents to meet our needs; our way had to be hewn out of a noisome, pathless wood. I made up my mind: I would hear and see all. So I slid the panel softly, and put my eyes to the tapestry. How many

times did I see, in the next hour, my wife's face upraised to this very tapestry, as if appealing to the Madonna worked upon it! How many times did her eyes look into mine without knowing it! And more than once Doltaire followed her glance, and a faint smile passed over his face, as if he saw and was interested in the struggle in her, apart from his own passion and desires.

When I looked in first, she was standing near a tall high-backed chair, in almost the same position as on the day when Doltaire told me of Braddock's death, accused me of being a spy, and arrested me. It gave me, too, a thrill to see her raise her handkerchief to her mouth as if to stop a cry, as she had done then, the black sleeve falling away from her perfect rounded arm, now looking almost like marble against the lace. She held her handkerchief to her lips for quite a minute; and indeed it covered more than a little of her face, so that the features most showing were her eyes, gazing at Doltaire with a look hard to interpret, for there seemed in it trouble, entreaty, wonder, resistance, and a great sorrow — no fear, trepidation, or indirectness.

His disturbing words were these: "To-night I am the Governor of this country. You once doubted my power — that was when you would save your lover from death. I proved it in that small thing — I saved him. Well, when you saw me carried off to the Bastille — it looked like that — my power seemed to vanish: is it not so? We have talked of this before, but now is a time to review all things again. And once more I say I am the Governor of New France. I have had the commission in my hands ever since I came back. But I have spoken of it to none — except your lover."

"My husband!" she said steadily, crushing the handkerchief in her hand, which now rested upon the chair-arm.

"Well, well, your husband — after a fashion. I did not care to use this as an

argument. I chose to win you by personal means alone, to have you give yourself to Tinoir Doltaire because you set him before any other man. I am vain, you see; but then vanity is no sin when one has fine aspirations, and I aspire to you!"

She made a motion with her hand. "Oh, can you not spare me this to-day — of all days in my life — your Excellency?"

"Let it be plain 'monsieur,'" he answered. "I cannot spare you, for this day decides all. As I said, I desired you. At first my wish was to possess you at any cost: I was your hunter only. I am still your hunter, but in a different way. I would rather have you in my arms than save New France; and with Montcalm I could save it. Vaudreuil is a blunderer and a fool; he has sold the country. But what ambition is that? New France may come and go, and be forgotten, and you nor I need be no worse. There are other provinces to conquer. But for me there is only one province, and I will lift my standard there, and build a grand château of my happiness there. That is my hope, and that is why I come to conquer it, and not the English. Let the English go — all save one, and he must die. Already he is dead; he died to-day at the altar of the cathedral" —

"No, no, no!" broke in Alixe, her voice low and firm.

"But yes," he said; "but yes, he is dead to you forever. The Church has said so; the State says so; your people say so; race and all manner of good custom say so; and I, who love you better — ay, a hundred times better — than he, say so."

She made a hasty, deprecating gesture with her hand. "Oh, carry this old song elsewhere," she said, "for I am sick of it." There were now both scorn and weariness in her tone.

He had a singular patience, and he resented nothing. "I understand," he

went on, "what it was sent your heart his way. He came to you when you were yet a child, before you had learnt the first secret of life. He was a captive, a prisoner, he had a wound got in honest fighting, and I will do him the credit to say he was an honest man; he was no spy."

She looked up at him with a slight flush, almost of gratitude. "I know that well," she returned. "I knew there was other cause than spying at the base of all ill treatment of him. I know that you, you alone, kept him prisoner here five long years."

"Not I; the Grande Marquise — for weighty reasons. You should not fret at those five years, since it gave you what you have cherished so much, a husband — after a fashion. But yet I will do him justice: he is an honorable fighter, he has parts and graces of a rude order. But he will never go far in life; he has no instincts and habits common with you; it has been, so far, a compromise, founded upon the old-fashioned romance of ill-used captive and soft-hearted maid; the compassion, too, of the superior for the low, the free for the caged."

"Compassion such as your Excellency feels for me, no doubt," she said, with a slow pride.

"You are caged, but you may be free," he rejoined meaningly.

"Yes, in the same market open to him, and at the same price of honor," she replied, with dignity.

"Will you not sit down?" he now said to her, motioning her to a chair politely, and taking one himself, thus pausing before he answered her.

I was prepared to see him keep a decorous distance from her. I felt he was acting upon deliberation; that he was trusting to the power of his insinuating address, his sophistry, to break down barriers. It was as if he felt himself at greater advantage, making no emotional demonstrations, so allaying her fears,

giving her time to think; for it was clear he hoped to master her intelligence, so strong a part of her.

She sat down in the high-backed chair, and at the moment I noted that our batteries began to play upon the town — an unusual thing at night. It gave me a strange feeling — the perfect stillness of the holy place, the quiet movement of this tragedy before me, on which broke, with no modifying noises or turmoil, the shouting cannonade. Nature, too, it would have seemed, had forged a mood in keeping with the time, for there was no air stirring when we came in, and a strange stillness had come upon the landscape. In the pause, too, I heard a long, soft shuffling of feet in the corridor — the evening procession from the chapel — and a slow chant: —

"I am set down in a wilderness, O Lord, I am alone. If a strange voice call, O teach me what to say; if I languish, O give me Thy cup to drink; O strengthen Thou my soul. Lord, I am like a sparrow; far from home, O bring me to Thine honorable house. Preserve my heart, encourage me, according to Thy truth."

The words came to us distinctly yet distantly, swelled softly, and died away, leaving Alixe and Doltaire seated and looking at each other. Alixe's hands were clasped in her lap.

"Your honor is above all price," he said at last in reply to her. "But what is honor in this case of yours, in which I throw the whole interest of my life, stake all? For I am convinced that, losing, the book of fate will close for me. Winning, I shall begin again, and play a part in France which men shall speak of when I am done with all. I never had ambition for myself; for you, Alixe Duvarney, a new spirit lives in me. . . . I will be honest with you. At first I swore to cool my hot face in your bosom; and I would have done that at any price, and yet I would have stood by that same dishonor honorably to the end. Never

in my whole life did I put my whole heart in any — episode — of admiration : I own it, for you to think what you will. There never was a woman whom, loving to-day," — he smiled, — "I could not leave to-morrow with no more than a pleasing kind of regret. Names that I ought to have recalled I forgot ; incidents were cloudy, like childish remembrances. I was not proud of it ; the peasant in me spoke against it sometimes. I even have wished that I, half peasant, had been" —

"If only you had been all peasant, this war, this misery of mine, had never been," she interrupted.

He nodded with an almost boyish candor. "Yes, yes, but I was half prince also ; I had been brought up, one foot in a cottage and another in a palace. But for your misery : is it, then, misery ? Need it be so ? But lift your finger and all will be well. Do you wish to save your country ? Would that be compensation ? Then I will show you the way. We have three times as many soldiers as the English, though of poorer stuff. We could hold this place, could defeat them, if we were united and had but two thousand men. We have fifteen thousand. As it has been, Vaudreuil balks Montcalm, and that will ruin us in the end unless you make it otherwise. You would be a patriot ? Then shut out forever this English captain from your heart, and open its doors to me. I will to-morrow take Vaudreuil's place, put your father in Bigot's, your brother in Ramesay's — they are both perfect and capable ; I will strengthen the excellent Montcalm's hands in every way, will inspire the people, and cause the English to raise this siege. You and I will do this ; the Church will bless us, the State will thank us ; your home and country will be safe and happy, your father and brother honored. This, and far, far greater things I will do for your sake."

He paused. He had spoken with a

deep power, such as I knew he could use, and I did not wonder that she paled a little, even trembled before it.

"Will you not do it for France ?" she said.

"I will not do it for France," he answered. "I will do it for you alone. Will you not be your country's friend ? It is no virtue in me to plead patriotism — it is a mere argument, a weapon that I use ; but my heart is behind it, and it is a means to that which you will thank me for one day. I would not force you to anything, but I would persuade your reason, question your foolish loyalty to a girl's mistake. Can you think that you are right ? You have no friend that commends your cause ; the whole country has upbraided you, the Church has cut you off from the man. All is against reunion with him, and most of all your own honor. Come with me, and be commended and blessed here, while over in France homage shall be done you. For you I would take from his Majesty a dukedom which he has offered me more than once."

Suddenly, with a passionate tone, he continued : "Your own heart is speaking for me. Have I not seen you tremble when I come near you ?"

He rose and came forward a step or two. "You thought it was fear of me. It was fear, but fear of that in you which was pleading for me, while you had sworn yourself away to him who knows not and can never know how to love you, who has nothing kin with you in mind or heart — an alien of poor fortune, and poorer birth and prospects."

He fixed his eyes upon her, and went on, speaking with forceful quietness : "Had there been cut away that mistaken sense of duty to him, which I admire unspeakably, — yes, though it is misplaced, — you and I would have come to each other's arms long ago. Here in your atmosphere I feel myself possessed, endowed. I come close to you, and something new in me cries out simply, 'I

love you, Alixe, I love you!’ See, all the damnable part of me is burned up by the clear fire of your eyes; I stand upon the ashes, and swear that I cannot live without you. Come — come” —

He stepped nearer still, and she rose like one who moves under some fascination, and I almost cried out, for in that moment she was his, his — I felt it; he possessed her like some spirit; and I understood it, for the devilish golden beauty of his voice was like music, and he had spoken with great skill.

“Come,” he said, “and know where all along your love has lain. That other way is only darkness — the convent, which will keep you buried, while you will never have heart for the piteous seclusion, till your life is broken all to pieces, till you have no hope, no desire, no love, and at last, under a cowl, you look out upon the world, and, with a dead heart, see it as in a pale dream, and die at last: you, born to be a wife, without a husband; endowed to be the perfect mother, without a child; to be the admired of princes, a moving, powerful figure to influence great men, with no salon but the little bare cell where you pray. With me all that you should be you will be. You have had a bad, dark dream; wake, and come into the sun with me. Once I wished for you as the lover only; now, by every hope I ever might have had, I want you for my wife.”

He held out his arms to her and smiled, and spoke one or two low words which I could not hear. I had stood waiting death against the citadel wall, with the chance of a reprieve hanging between uplifted muskets and my breast; but that suspense was less than this, for I saw him, not moving, but standing there waiting for her, the warmth of his devilish eloquence about him, and she moving toward him.

“My darling,” I heard him say, “come, till death . . . us do part.”

She paused, and, waking from the

dream, drew herself together, as though something at her breast hurt her, and she repeated his words like one dazed — “‘Let no man put asunder’!”

With a look that told of her great struggle, she moved to a shrine of the Virgin in the corner, and, clasping her hands before her breast for a moment, said something I could not hear, before she turned to Doltaire, who had now taken another step towards her. By his look I knew that he felt his spell was broken; that his auspicious moment had passed; that now, if he won her, it must be by harsh means.

For she said, “Monsieur Doltaire, you have defeated yourself. ‘Let no man put asunder’ was my response to my husband’s ‘Whom God hath joined,’ when last I met him face to face. Nothing can alter that while he lives, nor yet when he dies, for I have had such a sorrowful happiness in him that if I were sure he were dead I would never leave this holy place — never. But he lives, and I will keep my vow. Holy Church has parted us, but yet we are not parted. You say that to think of him now is wrong, reflects upon me. I tell you, monsieur, that if it were a wrong a thousand times greater I would do it. To me there can be no shame in following till I die the man who took me honorably for his wife.”

He made an impatient gesture and smiled ironically.

“Oh, I care not what you say or think,” she went on. “I know not of things canonical and legal; the way that I was married to him is valid in his country and for his people. Bad Catholic you call me, alas! But true wife am I, who, if she sinned, sinned not wittingly, and deserves not this tyranny and shame.”

“You are possessed with a sad infatuation,” he replied persuasively. “You are not the first who has suffered so. It will pass, and leave you sane — leave you to me. For you are mine; what

you felt a moment ago you will feel again, when this romantic martyrdom of yours has wearied you."

"Monsieur Doltaire," she said, with a successful effort at calmness, though I could see her trembling too, "it is you who are mistaken, and I will show you how. But first, you have said often that I have unusual intelligence. You have flattered me in that, I doubt not, but still here is a chance to prove yourself sincere. I shall pass by every wicked means that you took first to ruin me, to divert me to a dishonest love, though I knew not what you meant at the time, and, failing, to make me your wife. I shall not refer to this base means to reach me in this sacred place, using the King's commission for such a purpose."

"I would use it again and do more, for the same ends," he rejoined, with shameless frankness.

She waved her hand impatiently. "I pass all that by. You shall listen to me as I have listened to you, remembering that what I say is honest, if it has not your grace and eloquence. You say that I will yet come to you, that I care for you and have cared for you always, and that — this other — is a sad infatuation. Monsieur, in part you are right."

He came another step forward, for he thought he saw a foothold again; but she drew back to the chair, and said, lifting her hand against him, "No, no, wait till I have done. I say that you are right in part. I will not deny that, against my will, you have always influenced me; that, try as I would, your presence moved me, and I could never put you out of my mind, out of my life. At first I did not understand it, for I knew how bad you were. I was sure you did evil because you loved it; that to gratify yourself you would spare no one: a man without pity" —

"On the contrary," he interrupted, with a sour sort of smile, "pity is almost a foible with me."

"Not real pity," she answered. "Mon-

sieur, I have lived enough to know what pity moves you. It is the moment's careless whim; a pensive pleasure, a dramatic tenderness. Wholesome pity would make you hesitate to harm others. You have no principles" —

"Pardon me, many," he urged politely, as he eyed her with admiration.

"Ah no, monsieur; habits, not principles. Your life has been one long irresponsibility. In the very maturity of your powers, you use them to win to yourself, to your empty heart, a girl who has tried to live according to the teachings of her soul and conscience. Were there not women elsewhere to whom it did n't matter — your abandoned purposes? Why did you throw your shadow on my path? You are not, never were, worthy of a good woman's love."

He laughed with a sort of bitterness. "Your sinner stands between two fires," he said. She looked at him inquiringly, and he added, "The punishment he deserves and the punishment he does not deserve. But it is interesting to be thus picked out upon the stone, however harsh the picture. You said I influenced you — well?"

"Monsieur," she went on, "there were times when, listening to you, I needed all my strength to resist. I have felt myself weak and shaking when you came into the room. There was something in you that appealed to me, I know not what; but I do know that it was not the best of me, that it was emotional, some strange power of your personality — ah yes, I can acknowledge all now. You had great cleverness, gifts that startled and delighted; but yet I felt always, and that feeling grew and grew, that there was nothing in you wholly honest, that by artifice you had frittered away what once may have been good in you. Now all goodness in you was an accident of sense and caprice, not true morality."

"What has true morality to do with love of you?" he said.

"You ask me hard questions," she replied. "This it has to do with it. We go from morality to higher things, not from higher things to morality. Pure love is a high thing; yours was not high. To have put my life in your hands — ah no, no! And so I fought you. There was no question of yourself and Robert Stobo — none. Him I knew to possess fewer gifts, but I knew him also to be what you could never be. I never measured him against you. What was his was all of me worth the having, and was given always; there was no change. What was yours was given only when in your presence, and then with hatred of myself and you — given to some baleful fascination in you. For a time, the more I struggled against it the more it grew, for there was nothing that could influence a woman which you did not do. Monsieur, if you had had Robert Stobo's character and your own gifts, I could, monsieur, I could have worshiped you!"

Doltaire was in a kind of dream. He was sitting now in the high-backed chair, his mouth and chin in his hand, his elbow resting on the chair-arm. His left hand grasped the other arm, and he leaned forward with brows bent and his eyes fixed on her intently. It was a figure singularly absorbed, lost in study of some deep theme. Once his sword clanged against the chair as it slipped a little from its position, and he started almost violently, though the dull booming of a cannon in no wise seemed to break the quietness of the scene. He was dressed, as in the morning, in plain black, but now the star of King Louis shone on his breast. His face was pale, but his eyes, with their swift-shifting lights, lived upon Alixe, devoured her.

She paused for an instant.

"Thou shalt not commit — idolatry," he remarked in a low, cynical tone, which the repressed feeling in his face and the terrible new earnestness of his look belied.

She flushed a little, and continued:

"Yet all the time I was true to him, and what I felt concerning you he knew — I told him enough."

Suddenly there came into Doltaire's looks and manner an astounding change. Both hands caught the chair-arm, his lips parted with a sort of snarl, and his white teeth showed maliciously. It seemed as if, all at once, the courtier, the *flaneur*, the man of breeding, had gone, and you had before you the peasant, in a moment's palsy from the intensity of his fury.

"A thousand hells for him!" he burst out in the rough *patois* of Poitiers, and got to his feet. "You told him all, you confessed your fluttering fears and desires to him, while you let me play upon those ardent strings of feelings, that you might save him! You used me, Tinoir Doltaire, son of a king, to further your *amour* with a *bourgeois* Englishman! And he laughed in his sleeve, and soothed away those dangerous influences of the magician. By the God of heaven, Robert Stobo and I have work to do! And you — you, with all the gifts of the perfect courtesan!" —

"Oh, shame! shame!" she said, breaking in.

"But I speak the truth. You berate me, but you used incomparable gifts to hold me near you, and the same gifts to let me have no more of you than would keep me. I thought you the most honest, the most heavenly of women, and now" —

"Alas!" she interrupted, "what else could I have done? To draw the line between your constant attention and my own necessity! Ah, I was but a young girl; I had no friend to help me; he was condemned to die; I loved him; I did not believe in you, not in ever so little. If I had said, 'You must not speak to me again,' you would have guessed my secret, and all my purposes would have been defeated. So I had to go on; nor did I think that it ever would cause you aught but a shock to your vanity."

He laughed hatefully. "My faith, but it has shocked my vanity," he answered. "And now take this for thinking on: Up to this point I have pleaded with you, used persuasion, courted you with a humility astonishing to myself. Now I will have you in spite of all. I will break you, and soothe your hurt afterwards. I will, by the face of the Madonna, I will feed where this Stobo would pasture, I will gather this ripe fruit!" With a devilish swiftness he caught her about the waist, and kissed her again and again upon the mouth.

The blood was pounding in my veins, and I would have rushed in then and there, have ended the long strife, and have dug revenge for this outrage from his heart, but that I saw Alixe did not move, nor make the least resistance. This struck me with horror, till, all at once, he let her go, and I saw her face. It was very white and still, smooth and cold as marble. She seemed five years older in the minute.

"Have you quite done, monsieur?" she said, with infinite quiet scorn. "Do you, the son of a king, find joy in kissing lips that answer nothing, a cheek from which the blood flows in affright and shame? Is it an achievement to feed as cattle feed? Can insult give a harvest of pleasure to a man like you, whose intellect is so great? Listen to me, Monsieur Doltaire. No, do not try to speak till I have done, if your morality — of manners — is not all dead. Somehow, by this cowardly act of yours, the last vestige of your power over me is gone. I sometimes think that, with you, in the past I have remained true and virtuous at the expense of the best of me; but now all that is over, and there is no temptation, I feel beyond it: by this hour here, this hour of sore peril, you have freed me. I was tempted, Heaven knows, a few minutes ago — I was tempted, for everything was with you; but God has been with me, and you and I are no nearer than the poles."

"You doubt that I love you?" he said in an altered voice.

"I doubt that any man will so shame the woman he loves," she answered.

"What is insult to-day may be a pride to-morrow," was his quick reply. "I do not repent of it, I never will, for you and I shall go to-night from here, and you shall be my wife; and one day, when this man is dead, when you have forgotten your bad dream, you will love me as you cannot love him. I have that in me to make you love me. To you I can be loyal, never drifting, never wavering. I tell you, I will not let you go. First my wife you shall be, and after that I will win your love; in spite of all, mine now, though it is shifted for the moment. Come, come, Alixe." He made as if to take her hand. "You and I will learn the splendid secret" —

She drew back to the shrine of the Virgin.

"Mother of God! Mother of God!" I heard her whisper, and then she raised her hand against him. "No, no, no," she said, with sharp anguish, "do not try to force me to your wishes, do not; for I, at least, will never live to see it. I have suffered more than I can bear — I will end this shame, I will" —

I had heard enough. I stepped back quickly, closed the panel, and went softly to the door and into the hall, determined to bring her out against Doltaire, trusting to Gabord not to oppose us.

XXVII.

I knew it was Doltaire's life or mine, and I shrank from desecrating this holy place; but our bitter case would warrant this, and more. As I came quickly through the hall, and round the corner where stood Gabord, I saw a soldier talking with the Mother Superior.

"He is not dead?" I heard her say.

"No, holy Mother," was the answer, "but sorely wounded. He was testing

the fire-organs for the rafts, and one exploded too soon."

At that moment the Mother turned to me, and seemed startled by my look. "What is it?" she whispered.

"He would carry her off," I replied.

"He shall never do so," was her quick answer. "Her father, the good Seigneur, has been wounded, and she must go to him."

"I will take her," said I at once, and I moved to open the door. At that moment I caught Gabord's eye. There I read what caused me to pause. If I made myself known to Doltaire now, Gabord's life would pay for his friendship to me — even if I killed Doltaire; for the matter would be open to all then just the same. That I could not do, for the man had done me kindnesses dangerous to himself. Besides, he was a true soldier, and disgrace itself would be to him as bad as the drum-head court-martial. I made up my mind to another course even as the perturbed "aho" which followed our glance fell from his puffing lips.

"But no, holy Mother," said I, and I whispered in her ear. She opened the door and went in, leaving it ajar. I could hear only a confused murmur of voices, through which ran twice, "No, no, monsieur," in Alixe's soft, clear voice. I could scarcely restrain myself, and I am sure I should have gone in, in spite of all, had it not been for Gabord, who withstood me.

He was right, and as I turned away I heard Alixe cry, "My father, my poor father!"

Then came Doltaire's voice, cold and angry: "Holy Mother, this is a trick."

"Your Excellency should be a better judge of trickery," she replied quietly. "Will not your Excellency leave an unhappy lady to her trouble and the Church's care?"

"If the Seigneur is hurt, I will take Mademoiselle to him," was his instant reply.

"It may not be, your Excellency," she said. "I will furnish her with other escort."

"And I, as Governor of this province, as Commander-in-Chief of the army, say that only with my escort shall the lady reach her father."

At this Alixe spoke: "Dear Mère St. George, do not fear for me; God will protect me" —

"And myself, Mademoiselle, with my life," interposed Doltaire.

"God will protect me," Alixe repeated; "I have no fear."

"I will send two of our Sisters with Mademoiselle to nurse the poor Seigneur," said Mère St. George.

I am sure Doltaire saw the move. "A great kindness, holy Mother," he said politely, "and I will see they are well cared for. We will set forth at once. The Seigneur shall be brought to the Intendance, and he and his daughter shall have quarters there."

He stepped towards the door where we were. I fell back into position as he came. "Gabord," he said, "send your trusted fellow here to the General's camp, and have him fetch to the Intendance the Seigneur Duvarney, who has been wounded. Alive or dead, he must be brought," he added in a lower voice.

Then he turned back into the room. As he did so, Gabord looked at me inquiringly.

"If you go, you put your neck into the gin," said he; "some one in camp will know you."

"I will not leave my wife," I answered in a whisper. Thus were all plans altered on the instant. Gabord went to the outer door and called another soldier, to whom he gave this commission.

A few moments afterwards, Alixe, Doltaire, and the Sisters of Mercy were at the door ready to start. Doltaire turned and bowed with a well-assumed reverence to the holy Mother. "To-night's affairs here are sacred to ourselves, Mère St. George," he said.

She bowed, but made no reply. Alixe turned and kissed her hand. But as we stepped forth, the Mother said suddenly, pointing to me, "Let the soldier come back in an hour, and Mademoiselle's luggage shall go to her, your Excellency."

Doltaire nodded, glancing at me. "Surely he shall attend you, Mère St. George," he said, and then stepped on with Alixe, Gabord and the other soldier ahead, the two Sisters behind, and myself beside these. Going quietly through the disordered Upper Town, we came down Mountain Street and on to the Intendance. Here Doltaire had kept his quarters despite his growing quarrel with Bigot. As we entered he inquired of the servant where Bigot was, and was told he was gone to the Château St. Louis. Doltaire shrugged a shoulder and smiled—he knew that Bigot had had news of his deposition through the Governor. He gave orders for rooms to be prepared for the Seigneur and for the Sisters; Mademoiselle meanwhile to be taken to hers, which had, it appeared, been made ready. Then I heard him ask in an undertone if the Bishop had come, and he was answered that Monseigneur was at Charlesbourg, and could not be expected till the morning. I was in a most dangerous position, for, though I had escaped notice, any moment might betray me; Doltaire himself might see through my disguise.

We all accompanied Alixe to the door of her apartments, and there Doltaire with courtesy took leave of her, saying that he would return in a little time to see if she was comfortable, and to bring her any fresh news of her father. The Sisters were given apartments next her own, and they entered her room with her, at her own request.

When the door closed, Doltaire turned to Gabord, and said, "You shall come with me to bear letters to General Montcalm, and you shall send one of these fellows also for me to General Bougain-

ville at Cap Rouge." Then he spoke directly to me, and said, "You shall guard this passage till morning. No one but myself may pass into this room or out of it, save the Sisters of Mercy, on pain of death."

I saluted, but spoke no word.

"You understand me?" he repeated.

"Absolutely, monsieur," I answered in a rough peasant-like voice.

He turned and walked in a leisurely way through the passage, and disappeared, telling Gabord to join him in a moment. As he left, Gabord said to me in a low voice, "Get back to General Wolfe, or wife and life will both be lost."

I caught his hand and pressed it, and a minute afterwards I was alone before Alixe's door.

An hour later, knowing Alixe to be alone, I tapped on her door and entered. As I did so she rose from a priedieu where she had been kneeling. Two candles were burning on the mantel, but the room was much in shadow.

"What is 't you wish?" she asked, approaching.

I had off my hat; I looked her direct in the eyes and put my fingers on my lips. She stared painfully for a moment.

"Alixe," said I.

She gave a gasp, and stood transfixed, as though she had seen a ghost, and then in an instant she was in my arms, sobs shaking her. "Oh, Robert, Robert! dear, dear Robert!" she cried again and again. I calmed her, and presently she broke into a whirl of questions. I told her of all I had seen at the cathedral and at the convent, what my plans had been, and then I waited for her answer. Swiftly a new feeling took possession of her. She knew that there was one question at my lips which I dared not utter. She became very quiet, and a sweet, settled firmness came into her face.

"Robert," she said, "you must go

back to your army without me. I cannot leave my father now. Save yourself alone, and if — and if you take the city, and I am alive, then we shall be united. If you do not take the city, then, if my father lives or dies, I will come to you. Of this be sure, that I shall never live to be the wife of any other man — wife or aught else. You know me. You know all, you trust me, and, my love, my dear husband, we must part once more. Go, go, and save yourself, keep your life safe for my sake, and may God in heaven, may God” —

Here she broke off and started back from my embrace, staring hard a moment over my shoulder; then her face became deadly pale, and she fell back unconscious. Supporting her, I turned round, and there, inside the door, with his back to it, was Doltaire. There was a devilish smile on his face, as wicked a look as I ever saw on any man. I laid Alixe down on a sofa without a word, and faced him again.

“As many coats as Joseph’s coat had colors,” he said. “And for once disguised as an honest man — well, well!”

“Beast — I know you!” I hissed, and I whipped out my short sword.

“Not here,” he said, with a malicious laugh. “You forget your manners: familiarity” — he glanced towards the couch — “has bred” —

“Coward!” I cried. “I will kill you at her feet.”

“Come, then,” he answered, and stepped away from the door, drawing his sword, “since you will have it here. But if I kill you, as I intend” —

He smiled detestably, and motioned towards the couch, then turned to the door again as if to lock it. I stepped between, my sword at guard. At that the door opened. A woman came in quickly, and closed it behind her. She passed me, and faced Doltaire.

It was Madame Cournal. She was most pale, and there was a peculiar wildness in her eyes.

“You have deposed François Bigot,” she said.

“Stand back, madame; I have business with this fellow,” said Doltaire, waving his hand.

“My business comes first,” she replied. “You — you dare to depose François Bigot!”

“It needs no daring,” he said nonchalantly.

“You shall put him back in his place.”

“Come to me to-morrow morning, dear madame.”

“I tell you he must be put back, Monsieur Doltaire.”

“Once you called me Tinoir,” he said meaningly, mockingly.

Without a word she caught from her cloak a dagger and struck him in the breast, though he threw up his hand and partly diverted the blow. Without a cry he half swung round, and sank, face forward, against the couch where Alixe lay.

I saw him feebly, blindly, catch her hand and kiss it; then he fell back.

Stooping beside Doltaire, I felt his heart. He was alive. Madame Cournal now knelt beside him, staring at him as in a kind of dream. I left the room quickly, and met the Sisters of Mercy in the hall. They had heard the noise, and were coming to Alixe. I bade them care for her. Passing rapidly through the corridors, I told a servant of the household what had occurred, bade him send for Bigot, and then made for my own safety. Alixe was safe for a time, at least, — thank God, perhaps forever, — from the approaches of Monsieur Doltaire. As I sped through the streets, I could not help but think of how he had kissed her hand as he fell, and I knew by this act, at such a time, that in very truth he loved her after his fashion.

I came soon to the St. John’s Gate, for I had the countersign from Gabord, and, dressed as I was, I had no difficulty in passing. Outside I saw a small cavalcade arriving from Beauport way. I

drew back and let it pass me, and then I saw that it was soldiers bearing the Seigneur Duvarney to the Intendance.

An hour afterwards, having passed the sentries, I stood on a lonely point of the shore of Lower Town, and, seeing no one near, I slid into the water. As I did so I heard a challenge behind me, and when I made no answer there came a shot, another, and another; for it was

thought, I doubt not, that I was a deserter. I was hit in the shoulder, and had to swim with one arm; but though boats were put out, I managed to evade them and to get within hail of our fleet. Challenged there, I answered with my name. A boat shot out from among the ships, and soon I was hauled into it by Clark himself; and that night I rested safe upon the Terror of France.

Gilbert Parker.

THE FÊTE DE GAYANT.

As far as I have ever seen provincial France, it appears to be perpetually *en fête*. Religiously or patriotically, it is always celebrating something; and it does so in a splendid whole-hearted fashion, concentrating all the energy of a town into a few days or a few hours of ardent demonstration. *Les fêtes religieuses* are without doubt the most charming and picturesque; and the smaller the place, the more curious and time-honored the observances. It is wonderful, too, to note the resources of even the poorest community. Auray, with its few straggling streets, is little better than a village; yet here, on the Fête du Sacré Cœur, I saw a procession so beautiful and so admirably organized that it would have done credit to any city of France. Scores of clerics and hundreds of weather-beaten men and women moved slowly through the narrow lanes, or knelt before the rude altars that had been erected at every turning. Not a house in Auray that had not been hung with linen sheets; not a rood of ground that was not strewn with flowers and fresh green leaves. Bands of little girls, dressed in blue and white, surrounded the statue of the Madonna, and the crimson banner of the Sacred Heart was borne by tiny boys, with red sashes around their waists and wreaths of red

roses on their curly heads, looking absurdly like Bonfigli's flower-crowned angels. One solemn child personated the infant St. John. He wore a scanty goat-skin, and no more. A toy lamb, white and woolly, was tucked under his arm, and a slender cross grasped in his baby hand. By his side walked an equally youthful Jeanne d'Arc, attired in a blue spangled skirt and a steel breastplate, with a helmet, a nodding plume, a drawn sword, and a pair of gauzy wings, thus indicating that approaching beatification which is the ardent desire of every French Catholic.

"Notre mère, la France, est de Jeanne la fille,"

and she is to be congratulated on so blithely forgetting the unfilial nature of her conduct. At every altar benediction was given to the kneeling throng, and a regiment of boys beat their drums and sounded their trumpets shrilly to warn those who were too far away to see that the sacred moment had come. It seemed incredible that so small a place could have supplied so many people, until I remembered what an American is wont to forget,—that in Auray there were no two ways of thinking. Spectators, affected or disaffected, there were none. Everybody old enough and strong enough to walk joined in the procession; just

as everybody at Lourdes joined in the great procession of the Fête Dieu, when the hundreds were multiplied to thousands, when the mountain side at dusk seemed on fire with myriads of twinkling tapers, and the pilgrim chant, plaintive, monotonous, and unmusical, was borne by the night winds far away over the quiet valley of the Gave.

On these occasions I have been grateful to the happy accident, or design, that made me a participant in such scenes. But there have been other days when provincial towns en fête meant the acme of discomfort for wearied travelers. It was no especial grievance, indeed, that Compiègne should continue to celebrate the 14th of July long after it had merged into the 15th, by playing martial airs, and firing off guns directly under my bedroom window. I felt truly that I should have been but little better off elsewhere; for there is not a corner of France, nor a single French dependency, that does not go mad annually with delight because a rabble destroyed one of the finest fortresses in Europe. But it did seem hard that we should reach Amiens just when the combined attractions of the races and a fair had filled that quiet spot with tumult and commotion. Amiens is not a town that takes kindly to excitement. It is contemplative in character, and boisterous gayety sits uneasily upon its tranquil streets. Even the landlady of our very comfortable hotel appeared to recognize and deplore the incongruity of the situation. Her house was full to overflowing; her dining-room could not hold its famished guests; yet, instead of rejoicing, she bewailed the hungry crowds who had wrecked the harmony of her well-ordered inn.

"If madame had only come two days ago," she protested, "madame would then have seen Amiens at its best; and, moreover, she would have been properly waited on. My servants are trained, they are attentive, they are polite, they

would have taken care that madame had everything she required. But now! What, then, does madame think of this so sad disorder?"

Madame assured her she thought the servants were doing all that could be required of mortal men; and indeed, these nimble creatures fairly flew from guest to guest, and from room to room. I never saw one of them even lapse into a walk. I tried to describe to her the behavior of domestics in our own land, recalling to memory a sudden invasion of one of the Yellowstone Park hotels by a band of famished tourists, — their weary waiting, their humble attitude, their meek appeals for food, and the stolid indifference of the negro waiters to their most urgent needs. But this imperious little Frenchwoman merely held up her hands in horror at such anarchical conduct. A mob of communists engaged in demolishing the cathedral of Amiens would have seemed less terrible to her than a mob of servants refusing to wait swiftly upon hungry travelers. She was so serious in her anxiety for our comfort that her mind appeared visibly relieved when, on the second day, we decided that we too were weary of noise and excitement, and would move on that afternoon to Douai. There, at least, we told ourselves, we should find the drowsy quiet we desired. The image of the dull old town — which we had never seen — rose up alluringly before us. We pictured even the station, tranquil and empty like so many stations in rural France, with a leisurely little engine sauntering in occasionally, and a solitary porter roused from his nap, and coming forward, surprised but smiling, to handle our numerous bags. These pretty fancies soothed our nerves and beguiled our idleness until the three hours' trip was over, and Douai was reached at last. Douai! Yes; but Douai in a state of apparent frenzy, with a surging crowd whose uproar could be heard above our engine's shriek, — hundreds of people

rushing hither and thither, climbing into cars, clamoring over friends, laughing, shouting, blowing trumpets, and behaving generally in a fashion which made Amiens silent by comparison. For one moment we stood, stunned by the noise and confusion; and then the horrid truth forced itself upon our unwilling minds: Douai was en fête.

We made our way through the throng of people into the square outside the station, and took counsel briefly with one another. We were tired, we were hungry, and it was growing late; but should we ignore these melancholy conditions, and push bravely on for Lille? Lille, says Baedeker, has "two hundred thousand inhabitants," and cities of that size have grown too big for play. We thought of the discomforts which probably awaited us at Douai, in a meagre inn crowded with noisy *bourgeois*, and were turning resolutely back, when suddenly there came the sound of drums playing a gay and martial air, and in another minute, surrounded by a clamorous mob, the Sire de Gayant and his family moved slowly into sight.

Thirty feet high was the Sire de Gayant, and his nodding plumes overtopped the humble roofs by which he passed. His steel breastplate glittered in the evening sun; his mighty mace looked like a May-pole; his countenance was grave and stern. The human pygmies by his side betrayed their insignificance at every step. They ran backward and forward, making all the foolish noise they could. They rode on hobby-horses. They played ridiculous antics. They were but children, after all, gambling irresponsibly at the feet of their own Titanic toy. Behind the Sire de Gayant came his wife, in brocaded gown, with imposing farthingale and stomacher. Pearls wreathed her hair and fell upon her massive bosom. Earrings a handbreadth in size hung from her ears, and a fan as big as a fire-screen was held lightly by a silver chain. Like Lady Corysande,

"her approaching mien was full of majesty;" yet she looked affable and condescending, too, as befitted a dame of parts and noble birth. Her children manifested in their bearing more of pride and less of dignity. There was even something theatrical in the velvet cap and swinging cloak of her only son; and Mademoiselle Gayant held her head erect in conscious complacency, while her long brown ringlets fluttered in the breeze.

"Of course the village girls
Who envy me my curls,"

she seemed to murmur as she passed stiffly by.

Happily, however, there was still another member of this ancient family, more popular and more well beloved than all the rest, Mademoiselle Thérèse, "*la petite Binbin*," who for two hundred years has been the friend and idol of every child in Douai. A sprightly and attractive little girl was Mademoiselle Thérèse, barely eight feet high, and wearing a round cap and spotless pinafore. In her hand she carried a paper windmill, that antique Douai toy with which we see the angels and the Holy Innocents amusing themselves in Belle-gambe's beautiful old picture, the Altarpiece of Anchin. She ran hither and thither with uncertain footsteps, pausing now and then to curtsy prettily to some admiring friends in a doorway; and whenever the pressure of the crowd stopped her progress, the little children clamored to be held up in their fathers' arms to kiss her round, smooth cheeks. One by one they were lifted in the air, and one by one I saw them put their arms around *la Binbin's* neck, and embrace her so heartily that I wondered how she kept herself clean and uncrumpled amid these manifold caresses. As she went by, the last of that strange procession, we moved after her, without another thought of Lille and its comfortable hotels. Comfort, forsooth! Were we not back in the fifteenth century, when comfort had still to be invented?

Was that not the Song of Gayant which the drums were beating so gayly? And who yet ever turned their backs upon Douai when the famous Ranz des Douaisiens was ringing triumphantly in their ears?

For this little French town, smaller than many a ten-year-old city in the West, has an ancient and honorable past; and her martial deeds have been written down on more than one page of her country's history. The Fête de Gayant is old; so old that its origin has been lost in an obscurity which a number of industrious writers have tried in vain to penetrate.

"Ce que c'est que Gayant? Ma foi, je n'en sais rien.

Ce que c'est que Gayant? Nul ne le sait en Flandre."

The popular belief is that a knight of gigantic size fought valorously in behalf of Douai when the city, spent and crippled, made her splendid defense against Louis XI., and that his name is still preserved with gratitude by the people whom he helped to save. Certain it is that the fête dates from 1479, the year that Louis was repulsed; and whether or not a real Gayant ever stood upon the walls, there is little doubt that the procession celebrates that hard-won victory. But the Church has not been backward in claiming the hero for her own, and identifying him with St. Maurand, the blessed patron of Douai. St. Maurand, it is said, fought for the welfare of his town as St. Iago fought for the glory of Spain; and there is a charming legend to show how keenly he watched over the people who trusted to his care. In 1556, on the night following the feast of the Epiphany, Admiral Coligny planned to surprise the city, which, ignorant of its danger, lay sleeping at the mercy of its foe. But just as St. George, St. Mark, and St. Nicholas aroused the old fisherman, and went out into the storm to do battle with demons for the safety of Venice, so St. Maurand pre-

pared to defeat the crafty assailant of Douai. At midnight he appeared by the bedside of the monk whose duty it was to ring the great bells of St. Amé, and bade him arise and call the brethren to matins. The monk, failing to recognize the august character of his visitor, protested drowsily that it was too early, and that, after the fatigue and lengthy devotions of the feast, it would be but humanity to allow the monastery an extra hour of slumber. St. Maurand, however, insisted so sternly and so urgently that the poor lay brother, seeing no other way to rid himself of importunity, arose, stumbled into the belfry, and laid his hands upon the dangling ropes. But hardly had he given them the first faint pull when, with a mighty vibration, the bells swung to and fro, as though spirits were hurling them through the air. So furiously were they tossed that the brazen clangor of their tongues rang out into the night with an intensity of menace that awoke every man in Douai to a swift recognition of his peril. Soldiers sprang to arms; citizens swarmed out of their comfortable homes; and while the bells still pealed forth their terrible summons, those who were first at the defenses saw for one instant the blessed St. Maurand standing in shining armor on the ramparts, guarding the city of his adoption as St. Michael guards the hidden gates of paradise.

So the Church will have it that the knight Gayant is no other than the holy son of Adalbold; and as for Madame Gayant and her family, who seem like a questionable incumbrance upon sainthood, it is clearly proved that Gayant had neither wife nor child until 1665, when the good people of Douai abruptly ended his cheerful days of celibacy. Indeed, there are historians so lost to all sense of honor and propriety as to insist that this beloved Titan owes his origin neither to Flemish heroism nor to the guardianship of saints, but to the efforts made by the Spanish conquerors of

Douai to establish popular pastimes resembling those of Spain. According to these base-minded antiquarians, Gayant was an invention of Charles V., who added a variety of pageants to the yearly procession with which the city celebrated its victory over Louis XI.; and when the Spaniards were finally driven from the soil, the knight remained as a popular hero, vaguely associated with earlier deeds of arms. That he was an object of continual solicitude — and expense — is proven by a number of entries in the archives of Douai. In 1665 seven florins were paid to the five men who carried him through the streets, and twenty pastars to the two boys who danced before him, to say nothing of an additional outlay of six florins for the white dancing-shoes provided for them. Moreover, this being his wedding year, two hundred and eighty-three florins — a large sum for those days — were spent on Madame Gayant's gown, besides seventeen florins for her wig, and over forty florins for her jewels and other decorations. A wife is ever a costly luxury, but when she chances to be over twenty feet high her trousseau becomes a matter for much serious consideration. In 1715, the price of labor having risen and the knight's family having increased, it cost thirty-three florins to carry them in procession, Mademoiselle Thérèse, who was then too young to walk, being drawn in a wagon, probably for the first time. The repainting of faces, the repairing of armor, the replacing of lost pearls or broken fans, are all accounted for in these careful annals; and it is through them, also, that we learn how the Church occasionally withdrew her favor from the Sire de Gayant, and even went so far as to place him under a ban. M. Guy de Sève, Bishop of Arras in 1699, and M. Louis François Marc-Hilaire de Conzié, Bishop of Arras in 1770, were both of the opinion that the fête had grown too secular, not to say licentious in its character, and in spite of clamor-

ous discontent the procession was sternly prohibited. But French towns are notably wedded to their idols. Douai never ceased to love and venerate her gigantic knight; and after a time, perhaps through the good offices of St. Maurand, he overcame his enemies, reëstablished his character with the Church, and may be seen to-day, as we had the happiness of seeing him, carried in triumph through those ancient streets that welcomed him five hundred years ago.

The Fête de Gayant is not a brief affair, like Guy Fawkes day or the Fourth of July. It lasts from the 8th of July until the 11th, and is made the occasion of prolonged rejoicing and festivity. In the public square, boys are tilting like knights of old, or playing antiquated games that have descended to them from their forefathers. Greased poles hung with fluttering prizes tempt the unwary; tiny donkeys, harnessed and garlanded with flowers, are led around by children; and a discreet woman in spangled tights sits languidly on a trapeze, waiting for the sous to be collected before beginning her performance. From that post of vantage she spies us standing on the outskirts of the crowd, and sends her little son, a pretty child, brave in gilt and tinsel, to beg from us.

As it chances, I have given all my sous to earlier petitioners, and I open my collapsed pocket-book to show him how destitute I am. With a swift corresponding gesture he turns his little tin canister upside down, and shakes it plaintively, proving that it is even emptier than my purse. This appeal is irresistible. In the dearth of coppers a silver coin is found for him, which his mother promptly acknowledges by going conscientiously through the whole of her slender repertoire. Meanwhile, the child chatters fluently with us. He travels all the time, he tells us, and has been to Italy and Switzerland. His father can speak Italian and a little English. He likes the English people best of all, —

a compliment to our supposed nationality; they are the richest, most generous, most charming and beautiful ladies in the world. He says this, looking, not at my companions, who in some sort merit the eulogium, but straight at me, with a robust guile that is startling in its directness. I have given the franc. To me is due the praise. Poor little lad! It must be a precarious and slender income earned by that jaded mother, even in time of fête; for provincial France, though on pleasure bent, hath, like Mrs. Gilpin, a very frugal mind. She does not fling money about with British prodigality, nor consume gallons of beer with German thirst, nor sink her scanty savings in lottery tickets with Italian fatuity. No, she drinks her single glass of wine, or cider, or syrup and water, and looks placidly at all that may be seen for nothing, and experiences the joys of temperance. She knows that her strength lies in husbanding her resources, and that vast are the powers of thrift.

Meanwhile, each day brings its allotted diversions. Gayly decorated little boats are sailing on the Scarpe, and fancying themselves a regatta. A band of archers are contesting for prizes in the Place St. Amé, where, hundreds of years ago, their forefathers winged their heavy bolts. A *carrousel vélocipédique* is to be followed by a ball; carrier pigeons are being freed in the Place Carnot; a big balloon is to ascend from the esplanade; and excellent concerts are being played every afternoon in the pretty Jardin des Plantes. It is hard to make choice among so many attractions, especially as two days out of the four the Sire de Gayant and his family march through the streets, and draw us irresistibly after them. But we see the archers, and the pigeons, and the balloon, which takes three hours to get ready, and three minutes to be out of sight, carrying away in its car a grizzled aeronaut and an adventurous young woman, who embraces all her friends with

dramatic fervor, and unfurls the flag of France as she ascends, to the unutterable admiration of the crowd. We hear a concert, also, sitting comfortably in the shade, and thinking how pleasant it would be to have a glass of beer to help the music along. But the natural affinity, the close and enduring friendship between music and beer, which the Germans understand so well, the French have yet to discover. They are learning to drink this noble beverage — in small doses — and to forgive it its Teutonic flavor. I have seen half a dozen men sitting in front of a restaurant at Lille or at Rouen, each with a tiny glass of beer before him; but I have never beheld it poured generously out to the thunderous accompaniment of a band. Even at Marseilles, where, faithful to destiny, we encountered a musical fête so big and grand that three hotels rejected us, and the cabmen asked five francs an hour, — even amid this tumult of sweet sound, from which there was no escaping, we failed ignominiously when we sought to hearten ourselves to a proper state of receptivity with beer. At the Douai concerts no one dreamed of drinking anything. The townspeople sat in decorous little groups under the trees, talking furtively when the loudness of the clarionets permitted them, and reserving their enthusiastic applause for the Chant de Gayant, with which, as in honor bound, each entertainment came to a close. Young girls, charmingly dressed, lingered by their mothers' sides, never even lifting their dark eyes to note the fine self-appreciation of the men who passed them. If they spoke at all, it was in fluttering whispers to one another; if they looked at anything, it was at one another's gowns. They are seldom pretty, these sallow daughters of France; yet, like Gautier's Carmen, their ugliness has in it a grain of salt from that ocean out of which Venus rose. No girls in the whole wide world lead duller lives than theirs. They

have neither the pleasures of a large town nor the freedom of a little one. They may not walk with young companions even of their own sex. They may not so much as go to church alone. Novels, romances, poetry, plays, operas, all things that could stimulate their imaginations and lift them out of the monotonous routine of life, are sternly prohibited. Perpetual espionage forbids the healthy growth of character and faculty, which demand some freedom and solitude for development. The strict seclusion of a convent school is exchanged for a colorless routine of small duties and smaller pleasures. And yet these young girls, bound hand and foot by the narrowest conventionalities, are neither silly nor insipid. A dawning intelligence, finer than mere precocity can ever show, sits on each tranquil brow. When they speak, it is with propriety and grace. In the restrained alertness of their brown eyes, in their air of simplicity and self-command, in the instinctive elegance of their dress, one may read, plainly written, the subtle possibilities of the future.

That offensive and meaningless phrase, the woman problem, is seldom heard in France, where all problems solve themselves more readily than elsewhere. Midway between the affectionate subservience of German wives and daughters and the gay arrogance of our own, with more self-reliance than the English, and a clearer understanding of their position than all the other three have ever grasped, Frenchwomen find little need to wrangle for privileges which they may easily command. The resources of tact and good taste are well-nigh infinite, and to them is added a capacity for administration and affairs which makes the French gentleman respect his wife's judgment, and places the French shopkeeper at the mercy of his spouse. In whatever walk of life these young provincial girls are destined to tread, they will have no afflicting doubts as to the limits of their usefulness. They will probably never even pause to ask themselves what men would do without them, or to point a lesson vaingloriously from the curious fact that Douai gave Gayant a wife.

Agnes Repplier.

CLEOPATRA TO THE ASP.

"Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?"

LIE thou where Life hath lain,
And let thy swifter pain
His rival prove;
Till, like the fertile Nile,
Death buries, mile for mile,
This waste of Love.

Soft! Soft! A sweeter kiss
Than Antony's is this!
O regal Shade,
Luxurious as sleep
Upon thy bosom deep
My heart is laid.

John B. Tabb.

THE CHILDREN OF THE ROAD.

I.

THE real "road" is variously named and variously described. By the "ambulanter" it is called Gypsyland, by the tramp Hoboland; the fallen woman thinks it is the street, the thief that it means stealing and the penitentiary; even the little boy who reads dime novels and fights hitching-posts for desperadoes believes momentarily that he too is on the real road. All these are indeed branches of the main line. The road proper, or "the turf," as the people who toil along its stretches sometimes prefer to call it, is low life in general. It winds its way through dark alleys and courts to dives and slums, and wherever criminals, hoboes, outcast women, stray and truant children congregate; but it never leads to the smiling windows and doorways of a happy home, except for plunder and crime. There is not a town in the land that it does not touch, and there are but few hamlets that have not sent out at least one adventurer to explore its twists and turnings.

The travelers, as I have said, are of all kinds, conditions, and ages: some old and crippled, some still in their prime, and others just beginning life. To watch in thought the long and motley procession marching on is to see a panorama of all the sins, sorrows, and accidents known to human experience. Year after year they trudge on and on, and always on, seeking a goal which they never seem to find. Occasionally they halt for a while at some halfway house, where they have heard that there is a resting-place of their desire; but it invariably proves disappointing, and the tramp, tramp, tramp, begins afresh. Young and old, man and woman, boy and girl, all go on together; and as one dies or wearies of the march another steps into his

heel-tracks, and the ranks close up as solidly as ever.

The children of the road have always been to me its most pitiful investiture, and I have more than once had dreams and plans that looked to the rescue of these prematurely outcast beings. It needs skilled philanthropists and penologists, however, for such a work, and I must content myself with contributing experiences and facts which may perhaps aid in the formation of theory, and thus throw light upon the practical social tasks that are before us.

There are four distinct ways by which boys and girls get upon the road: some are born there, some are driven there, others are enticed there, and still others go there voluntarily.

Of those who are born on the road, perhaps the least known are the children of the ambulanter. The name is a tramp invention, and not popular among the ambulanter themselves. They prefer to be called gypsies, and try at times, especially when compelled by law to give some account of themselves, to trace their origin to Egypt; but the most of them, I fear, are degenerated Americans. How they have become so is a question which permits of much conjecture, and in giving my own explanation I do not want it to be taken as applicable to the entire class. I know only about fifty families, and not more than half of these at all familiarly; but those whom I do know seem to me to be the victims of a pure and simple laziness handed down from generation to generation until it has become a chronic family disease. From what they have told me confidentially about their natural history, I picture their forefathers as harmless village "do-nothings," who lounged in corner groceries, hung about taverns, and followed the fire-engine and the circus. The

second generation was probably too numerous for the home parish, and, inheriting the talent for loafing, started out to find roomier lounges. It must have wandered far and long, for upon the third generation, the one that I know, the love of roaming descended to such a degree that all North America is none too large for it. Go where one will, in the most dismal woods, the darkest lanes, or on the widest prairies, there the ambulanter may be found tenting with his large and unkempt family. He comes and goes as his restless spirit dictates, and the horse and wagon carry him from State to State.

It is in Illinois that I know his family best. Cavalier John, as he proudly called himself, I remember particularly. He gave me shelter one night in his wagon, as I was toiling along the highway south of Ottawa, and we became such good friends that I traveled with his caravan for three days. And what a caravan it was! A negro wife, five little mulattoes, a deformed white girl, three starved dogs, a sore-eyed cat, a blasphemous parrot, a squeaking squirrel, a bony horse, and a canvas-topped wagon, and all were headed "Texas way." John came from Maine originally, but he had picked up his wife in the West, and it was through their united efforts in trickery and clever trading that they had acquired their outfit. So far as I could learn, neither of them had ever done an honest stroke of business. The children ranged from three years to fourteen, and the deformed girl was nearly twenty. John found her among some other ambulancers in Ohio, and, thinking that he might make money out of her physical monstrosities at "side-shows," cruelly traded off an old fox for her. She ought to have been in an insane asylum, and I hope John has put her there long ago. The other "kidlets," as they were nicknamed, were as deformed morally as was the adopted girl physically. They had to beg in every town and vil-

lage they came to, and at night their father took the two oldest with him in his raids on the hen-roosts. It was at town and county fairs, however, that they were the most profitable. Three knew how to pick pockets, and the youngest two gave acrobatic exhibitions. None of them had ever been in school, none could read or write, and the only language they spoke was the one of their class. I have never been able to learn it well, but it is a mixture of Rom and tramp dialects with a dash of English slang.

On the journey we met another caravan, bound west by way of Chicago. There were two families, and the children numbered sixteen; the oldest ranging from fifteen to twenty, and the youngest had just appeared. We camped together in a wood for a night and a day, and seldom have I sojourned in such company. John had given me a place with him in the wagon, but now the woman with the babe was given the wagon, and John and I slept, or tried to, "in the open." In the other wagon, both sexes, young and old, were crowded into a space not much larger than the ordinary omnibus, and the vermin would have made sleep impossible to any other order of beings. The next day, being Sunday, was given over to play and revel, and the poor horses had a respite from their sorrows. The children invented a queer sort of game, something like "shinny," and used a dried-up cat's head as block. They kicked, pounded, scratched, and cursed one another; but when the play was over all was well again, and the block was tucked away in the wagon for further use. Late at night the journeys were taken up once more, one caravan moving on toward Dakota, and the other toward the Gulf.

"Salawakkee!"¹ cried John, as he drove away; and the strangers cried back, "Chalamu!"²

I wonder what has become of that little baby for whom I sat the night out?

¹ So long.

² Live well.

It is nearly ten years ago now, and he has probably long since been compelled to play his part in crime, and scratch and fight as his older brothers and sisters did on that autumn Sunday morning. Certainly there is nowhere in the world a more ferocious set of children than these of the ambulanter. From morning till night it is one continual snap and bite, and the depraved fathers and mothers look on and grin. They have not the faintest ideal of home, and their only outlook in life is to some day have a "rig" of their own and prowl throughout the land seeking whom they may devour. To tame them is a task requiring almost divine patience. I should not know how to get at them. They laugh at tenderness, never say "thank you," and obey their parents only when driven with boot and whip. I wish that I could suggest some gentle method by which they could be rescued from the road and made good men and women. It always seems harsh to apply strict law to delinquents so young and practically innocent, but it is the only remedy I can offer. They must be put under stiff rule and order, and trained long and hard. Although lacking gypsy blood they have acquired gypsy character, and it will take generations to get it out of them. Just how many children are born on the road is a question which even the ambulanter would find difficult to answer. They are scattered so widely and in such out-of-the-way places that a census is almost impossible. In the families that I have met there have never been less than four children. Gypsy Sam once told me that he believed there were at least two hundred ambulanter families in the United States, but this will strike every one as a low estimate; however, if this is true, and each family has as many boys and girls as those that I have met, then there must be at least a thousand of their kind.

Another kind of ragamuffin, also born on the road, and in many ways akin to

the ambulanter, although wanting such classification, is the one found so often in those families which every community supports, but relegates to its uttermost boundary lines. They are known as "the McCarthys," "the Night Hawks," or "the Holy Frights," as the case may be. I have found no town in the United States of twenty thousand inhabitants without some such little Whitechapel in its vicinity, and, like the famous original, it is often considered dangerous to enter unarmed. Speaking generally, there is a great deal of fiction afloat concerning these tabooed families, a number of them being simply poor or lazy people whom the boys of the vicinity have exaggerated into gangs of desperadoes. There are, however, some that are really very bad, and I have found them even in new little villages. They are not exactly out-and-out criminals whom the police can get hold of, but moral lepers who by public consent have been sentenced to live without the pale of civilization.

Some years ago I had occasion to visit one of these miniature Whitechapels. It was situated in a piece of woods not far from St. Paul, Minnesota, and belonged by right of appropriation to three families who were called "the Stansons." A tramp friend of mine had been taken sick in their camp, and I was in duty bound to go out to see him. I managed to find the settlement all right, but was stopped about a hundred yards from the log shanties by a bushy-bearded man, barefooted and clad only in trousers, who asked my errand. My story evidently satisfied him, for he led the way to the largest of the shanties, where I found my friend. He was lying in the middle of the floor on some straw, the only furniture in the room being a shaky table and a three-legged chair; all about him, some even lying in the straw beside him, were half-clothed children of both sexes, playing "craps" and eating hunks of bread well daubed with molasses. I counted nine in that shanty

alone, and about as many again in the other two. They belonged severally to six women who were apportioned after Mormon custom to three men. The tramp told me in his dialect that they really were Mormons and came from Utah. He was passing by their "hang-out," as he called it, when taken ill, and they hospitably lodged him. He said they had not been there long, having come up the river from Des Moines, Iowa, where they had also had a camp; but long enough, I discovered on my return to St. Paul, to acquire a reputation among the city lads for all kinds of "toughness." I suppose they were "tough" when considered from certain view-points, but, as the tramp said, it was the silliest kind he had known. They were not thieves, and only lukewarm beggars, but they did seem to love their outlandish existence. The children interested me especially, for they all spoke a queer jargon which they had invented themselves. It was something like the well-known "pig Latin" that all sorts of children like to play with, but much more complicated and difficult to understand. And, except the very youngest, who naturally cried a little, they were the jolliest children I have ever seen in such terrible circumstances. The mothers were the main bread-winners, and while I was there one of them started off to town on a begging trip, with a batch of children as "guy." The men sat around, smoked, and talked about the woods. The tramp told me later, however, that they occasionally raided a hen-roost. Since my visit to the Stansons I have seen three of the children in different places: one, a cripple, was begging at the World's Fair; another was knocking about the Bowery; and the third, a girl, was traveling with an ambulanter in the Mohawk Valley.

Not all of these families are like the Stansons. A number are simply rough-and-tumble people who haunt the outskirts of provincial towns, and live partly

by pilfering and partly from the municipal fund for the poor. Somehow or other the children always dodge the school commissioners, and grow up, I am sorry to say, very much like their usually unmarried parents. On the other hand, there are several well-known organized bands, and they thrive mainly, I think, in the South and West. Near New Orleans there used to be, and for aught I know they are still there, "the Jim Jams" and "the Rincheros;" near Cairo, Illinois, "the River Rats;" near Chicago, "the Dippers;" and not far from New York, in the Rapaho Mountains, I knew of "the Sliders," but they have since moved on to new fields. Each of these families, or collection of families, had its full quota of children. Very often the public becomes so enraged at their petty thefts that an investigation is ordered, and then there is a sudden packing of traps and quick departure to a different neighborhood, where a new name is invented. But the family itself never dies out entirely.

There are a few children who are born in Hoboland. Now and then, as one travels along the railway lines, he will come to a hastily improvised camp where a pale, haggard woman is lying, and beside her a puny infant, scarcely clothed, blinking with eyes of wonder upon the new world about him. I know of no sadder sight than this in all trampdom. Not even the accident of motherhood can make the woman anything but unhuman, and the child, if he lives, grows up in a world which I believe is unequaled for certain forms of wickedness. Fortunately, his little body usually tires of the life ere he comes to realize what it is, and his soul wanders back to regions of innocence, unsoiled and unscarred.

I wonder whether there are still men in Hoboland who remember that interesting little fellow called "the Cheyenne Baby"? Surely there are some who have not forgotten his grotesque

vocabulary, and his utterly overpowering way of using it? There are different stories concerning his origin, and they vary in truthfulness, I have heard, as one travels southward from the Northern Pacific to Santa Fé. I give the one told in Colorado. It may be only a "ghost story," and it may be true; all that I know is that it is not impossible. According to its teaching, his mother was once respectable and belonged to the politest society in the Indian Territory. When quite a young girl she carelessly fell in love with a handsome Indian chief, and, much to the disgust of her friends, married him and went away into his camp. It must have been a wild life that she led there, for within a year she was separated from him and living with another Indian. It is the same pitiful story for the next five years; she was knocked about from tent to tent, and camp to camp. Her enemies say that she liked that kind of life, but her friends know better, and claim that she was ashamed to go home. However it was, she went over to the cowboys after a while, and it was then that the baby was born, and she met the man, whoever he was, that introduced her into Hoboland. She appeared one night at a "hang-out" near Denver, and there was something so peculiarly forlorn about her that the men took pity on her and pressed her to stay. She did, and for some time traveled with the hoboes throughout the districts lying between Cheyenne and Santa Fé. The boy became a sort of "Mascot," and was probably the only child in Hoboland who was ever taught to be really good. The mother had stipulated with the men that they should never teach him anything bad, and the idea struck them as so comical that they fell in with it. Though they swore continually in his presence, they invariably gave him some respectable version of the conversation; and while about the only words he knew were curses, he was made to believe they signified the nicest things in the world. He

died just as unknowing as he had lived, but it was a cruel death. He and his mother, together with some companions, were caught one night in a wreck on the Union Pacific, and all that the survivors could find of him to bury was his right arm. But that was bravely honored, and, unless the coyotes have torn down the wooden slab, the grave can still be found on the prairies.

I cannot leave this division of my theme without saying something about that large army of unfathered children who, to my mind, are just as much born on the road as the less known types. True, many of them at birth are handed over to some family to support, but the great majority of these families are not one whit better than the ambulanters. They train the orphans put into their care, in sin and crime, quite as carefully as the hobo does his beggar boy. These are the children who make up the main body of the class I have been considering, and it seems to me that they increase from year to year. At present, the only legitimate career for them is that of the outcast, and into it they go. Few, indeed, succeed in gaining a foothold in polite society. Their little lives form the borderland of my second class, the children driven to the road.

II.

Concerning the children who are forced upon the road there is a great deal to be said, but I am not sure that much talk should not be directed against the popular belief that their number is legion. Socialists particularly think that hundreds upon hundreds of boys and girls are compelled by hunger to beg and steal for a living. In England, I once heard a labor agitator declare that there are a million of these juvenile "victims of capital" in the United States alone. I do not know where the man got his information, but if my finding counts for anything it is deplorably unsound. I cannot claim to have studied the

subject as carefully as is necessary to know it absolutely, but in most of our large cities I have given it close attention, and never have I found anything like the state of affairs which even the general public believes to exist. For every child forced by starvation to resort to the road I have met ten who were born there, and nearly the same number who were enticed there. In saying this, however, I do not want to draw emphasis or sympathy away from that certainly existing class of children who really have been driven into outlawry. But it is an injustice to our sober poor to say that they exist in those large numbers that are so often quoted. Not long ago I made it my especial business for a while to look into the condition of some of these compulsory little vagabonds in New York city. I picked out those children whom one sees so often pilfering slyly from the groceryman's sidewalk display. It is an old, old trick. The youngsters divide themselves into "watchers" and "snatchers;" the former keeping an eye on the police as well as the owners of the things coveted, and the latter grabbing when the wink is given. The crime itself is not a heavy one according to the calendar, but it is only a step from this to picking pockets, and only a half-step farther to highway robbery. I chose this particular class because I had often noticed the members of it in my walks through the city, and it had seemed to me the least necessary of all. Then, too, there was something in the pinched faces that made me anxious to know the children personally on grounds of charity. The great majority of youthful travelers on the road are comparatively well fed, to say the least, and, much as one pities their fate, he will seldom have cause to weep over their starved condition. But here was something different, and I fancied that I was to get a glimpse into the life of those people to whom the socialist points when asked for liv-

ing examples of human woe caused by inhuman capitalists.

It was not hard to "get in" with the children. Finding that I was willing to play with them at their games in the alleys and on the tops of their rickety tenement-houses, they nudged up to me, and we were soon pals. There was nothing particularly new in their life, but I was struck with the great interest they took in their petty thefts. In the midst of the most boisterous play they would gladly stop if some one suggested a clever plan by which even a can of preserves could be "swiped," as they called it, and the next instant they were trying to carry it to a finish. They were not what I could call instinctive criminals, — far from it; but a long intimacy with the practices of outlawry, though small in their way, had so deadened their moral sense that sneak-thieving came to them almost as naturally as it does to the kleptomaniac. Even in their games they cheated whenever it was possible, and it seemed to me that the main fun was seeing how cleverly and yet boldly they could do so without being detected. I recall distinctly one afternoon when we were playing "Hi spy." A little fellow called Jamie took me aside, and in the most friendly way advised me not to be so "goody-goody." I had been very unlucky in getting caught, and he said that it was because I gave in too quickly.

"When ye hear yer name," he continued, "jus' lie low, 'cause like as not the catcher ain't seen ye, 'n' if he has he can't prove it; so ye 'r' all right anyhow. Ye'll always be 'It' if ye don't do something like that; 'n' there ain't no fun in that, is there?" he added, winking his left eye in a truly professional manner.

So much for their native endowment. Their accomplishment in thieving, I have no doubt, kept them often from going hungry, notwithstanding the fact that there was honest industry at home, generally that of the mother, while the fa-

ther's earnings went almost bodily into the publican's till.

I found it much more difficult to make friends with the parents, but succeeded in several cases, — that is, with the mother; the father I usually found drunk at the saloon. I shall not try to give an account of the squalor and sorrow that I encountered; this has been done in other places by far more able pens than mine; but I cannot forbear making a note of one little woman whom I saw sewing her very life away, and thinking all the while that she was really supporting her hungry children. I shall never forget the picture she made as she sat there by the alley window, driving the needle with lightning-like rapidity through the cloth, — a veritable *Madonna of the Needle*. Her good cheer was something stupendous. Not once did she murmur, and when her brute of a husband returned, insanely intoxicated, she took care of him as if he were the best man in the world. I was careful that she did not hear from me about the tricks of her wayward children. Some day, however, I fear that one of them will be missing, and when she goes to the police station to make inquiries I should rather not confront her. The main reason why hungry boys and girls are found upon the road is drunken fathers.

There are also children who, instead of being forced to steal, are sent out into the streets by their parents to beg. From morning till night they trudge along the busy thoroughfares, dodging with catlike agility the lumbering wagons that bear down upon them, and accosting every person whom their trained eyes find at all likely to listen to their appeals. Late at night, if perchance they have had the necessary luck during the day, they crawl back to their hovels and hand over the winnings to their heavy-eyed fathers. Or, as often happens, if the day has been unsuccessful and the pennies are not numerous enough to satisfy their cruel masters, they take refuge

in some box or barrel, and pray to the beggar's Providence that the next day will go better.

They come, as a rule, from our foreign population. I have never found one with American-born parents, and in many instances the children themselves have emigrated from Europe, usually from Italy. There is no doubt that they have to beg to live; but when one looks a little farther into their cases, a lazy or dissipated parent is usually the one to blame. Then, too, mendicancy is not considered disgraceful among many of our immigrants, and they send their children into the streets of our cities quite as freely as they do at home. They also are mainly at fault for that awful institution which some of our large towns support, where babies are rented to grown-up beggars to excite the sympathy of the passers-by. I looked into one of these places in San Francisco, while traveling with the hoboes, and it was the very counterpart of an African slave-market. A French-Canadian woman, old enough to be the great-grandmother of all her wares, kept it. She rented the babies from poverty-stricken mothers, and re-rented them at a profit to the begging women of the town. There were two customers in the place when I entered, and the old wretch was trying in true peddler style to bring out the good points of four little bits of humanity cuddled together on a plank bed.

"Oh, he's just the kind you want," she said to one of the women; "never cries, and" — leaning over, she whispered in a Shylock voice — "he don't eat hardly anything; half a bottle o' milk does him the whole day."

The woman was satisfied, and, paying her deposit of two dollars, took the sickly thing in her arms and went out into the town. The other could find nothing that suited her, but promised to return the next day, when "a new batch" was expected.

Such are the main avenues by which

boys and girls are driven to the road in the United States. Hunger, I candidly admit, is the whip in many instances, but the wielder of it is more often than not the drunken father or mother. It is the hunger that comes of selfish indulgence, and not of ill-adjusted labor conditions.

III.

Of my third class, those who are enticed to the road, — and their number *is* legion, — I have been able to discover three different types. The old roadster knows them all. Wherever he goes they cross his path, and beg him to stop awhile and tell them of his travels. They seem to realize that they have been swindled, — that the road is, after all, only a tantalizing delusion; but they cannot understand why it appeals to so many of their elders, and it is in the hope that these will in the end put them on the right track for the fun they are seeking that they hail them, and cry, "What cheer?" It is a pitiful call, this, and even the "old stager" winces at times on hearing it, but he cannot bring himself to go back on "the profession," and, quickly conquering his emotion, he gives the tiny traveler fresh directions. The latter starts out anew, hoping against experience that he is at last on the right route, and plods on eagerly until stopped again at some troublesome cross-road where he does not know which turn to take. Once more he asks for directions, once more receives them, and so the ceaseless trudge goes on. It is mainly at the cross-roads that I have learned to know these children. Notwithstanding my alien position, they have hailed me too, and inquired for sign-posts. I have seldom been able to help them, even in the way that I most desired, but surely there are others who can. The children of this third class that one meets oftenest are what the older travelers call "worshippers of the tough." They have somehow got the idea into their heads that cowboy swagger and the criminal's lingo are the main features of

a manly man, and, having an abnormal desire to be such an one as quickly as possible, they go forth to acquire them. The hunt soon lures them to the road, and up and down its length they scamper, with faces so eager and intent that one is seldom at a loss to know what they are seeking. There are different explanations of the charm that this wild life has for them. A great many people believe that it is purely and simply the work of the devil on their evil-bent natures; others, that it is the result of bad training; and still others, that it is one form of the mimicry with which every child is endowed in larger or smaller degree. I favor the last opinion. In the bottom of their hearts they are no worse than the average boy and girl, but they have been unfortunate enough to see a picture or hear a story of some famous rascal, and it has lodged in their brains, until the temptation "to go and do likewise" has come upon them with such overwhelming force that they simply cannot resist. Each one has some particular pattern continually before his eyes, and only as he approaches it does he feel that he is becoming "tough." Now it is "Blinkey" Morgan that fascinates them, and, despite his terrible end, they strive to be like him; then it is "Wild Bill," whoever he may be; and not unfrequently it is a character that has existed only in dime novels, or not even so substantially as that.

I remember well a little fellow, about thirteen years old, who appeared in Indian-scout attire one night at a "hang-out" near McCook, Nebraska. He dropped in while the tramps were cooking their coffee, and seldom has there been such a laugh on the "Q" railway as they gave on seeing him. It was impolite, and they begged his pardon later, but even his guardian angel would have smiled. He was dressed from head to foot in leather clothes, each piece made by himself, he said, and at his belt hung an enormous revolver, which some one had

been careful enough to make useless by taking out an important screw. It was in the hope of finding one at the camp that he visited it, but the men made so much of him that he remained until his story was told. It was not remarkably new, for all that he wanted was a chance to shoot Indians, but his hero was a little unusual, — Kalamazoo Chickamauka, he called him. When asked who he was and where he had lived, all that the youngster could say was that he had dreamed about him! I saw him again a week or so later, not far from Denver, tramping along over the railway ties with long strides far beyond his measure, and he hoped to be at "Deadtown," as he miscalled Deadwood, in a few days. He had not yet found a screw for his "gun," but he was sure that "Buffalo Charlie" would give him one.

Of course this is a unique case, in a way, for one does not meet many lads in such an outfit, but there are scores of others just as sincere and fully as innocent. If one could only get hold of them ere they reach the road, nearly all could be brought to reason. They are the most impressionable children in the world, and there must be a way by which this very quality may be turned to their advantage. What this way shall be can be determined only by those who know well the needs of each child, but there is one suggestion I cannot forbear making. Let everything possible be done to keep these sensitive boys and girls, but particularly the former, from familiarity with crime. Do not thrust desperadoism upon them from the shop windows through the picture-covered dime novels and the flaring faces of the Police Gazette. It is just such teaching by suggestion that starts many an honest but romantic boy off to the road, when a little cautious legislation might save him years of foolish wandering, and the state the expense of housing him in its reformatories later on. I write with feeling at this point, for I know from personal experience what tan-

talizing thoughts a dime novel will awaken in such a boy's mind. One of these thoughts will play more havoc with his youth than can be made good in his manhood, and lucky is he whom it does not lure on and on until the return path is forever lost.

Something like these children in temperament, but totally different in most other respects, are those lads that one meets so often on our railways, drifting about for a month or so from town to town, seldom stopping in any of them over a day, and then suddenly disappearing, no one knows where, to appear again, later, on another railway, frequently enough a thousand miles distant. Occasionally they are missed from the road for over a year, and there is absolutely no news of their whereabouts; but just as they are almost forgotten they come forward once more, make a few journeys on the freight trains, and vanish again. There are cases on record where they have kept this up for years, some of them coming and going with such regularity that their appearances may be calculated exactly. Out West, not very long ago, there was a little chap who "showed up" in this way, to use the expression that the brakemen applied to him, every six weeks for three years, but this was all that was known concerning him. When asked who he was and where he belonged, he gave such evasive answers that it was impossible to come to any trustworthy conclusion about him. He would have nothing to do with the people he met, and I have heard that he always rode alone in the box cars. In this last respect he was a notable exception, for, as a rule, these little nomads take great pleasure in talking with strangers, but they are careful not to say too much about themselves. They ask questions principally, and skip from one subject to another with a butterfly rapidity, but manage to pick up a great deal of knowledge of the road.

The tramp's theory of them is that

they are possessed of "the railroad fever," and I am inclined to agree with them, but I accept the expression in its broader sense of *Wanderlust*. They want to get out into the world, and at stated periods the desire is so strong and the road so handy that they simply cannot resist the temptation to explore it. A few weeks usually suffice to cool their ardor, and then they run home quite as summarily as they left, but they stay only until the next runaway mood seizes them. I have been successful in getting really well acquainted with several of these interesting wanderers, and in each case this has been the situation. They do not want to be "tough," and many of them could not be if they tried; but they have a passion for seeing things on their own hook, and if the mood for "a trip" comes it seems to them the most natural thing in the world to indulge it. If they had the means they would ride on Pullman cars and imagine themselves princes, but lacking the wherewithal they take to the road.

I knew in New York State a boy of this sort who had as nice a home as a child could wish, but he was cursed with this strange *Wanderlust*, and throughout his boyhood there was hardly a month that he did not run away. The queerest things enticed him to go. Sometimes the whistle of a railway engine was enough to make him wild with unrest, and again the sight of the tame but to him fascinating village street was sufficient to set him planning his route of travel. In every escapade it was his imagination that stampeded him. Many a time, when he was in the most docile of moods, some fanciful thought of the world at large, and what it held in waiting for him, would dance across his brain, and before he could analyze it, or detect the swindle, he was scampering off for "the depot." Now it was a wish to go West and play trapper and scout, and then it was the dream of American boyhood, — a life cramped but struggling,

and emerging in glorious success as candidate for the presidency. Garfield's biography, I remember, once started him on such a journey, and it took years to get the notion out of his head that simply living and striving as Garfield did was not sure to bring the same results. Frequently his wanderings ended several hundred miles from home, but much oftener in some distracting vagabond's "hang-out" in a neighboring city. Fortunately the fever burned itself out ere he had learned to like the road for its own sake, and he lived to wonder how he had harbored or indulged such insane impulses. A large number of these truants, however, have no good homes and indulgent parents to return to, and after a while the repeated punishment seems to them so unjust and cruel that there comes "a trip" which never ends. The *Wanderlust* becomes chronic, and mainly because it was not treated properly in its intermittent stage. There is no use in whipping these children; they are not to blame; all that one can do is to busy their imaginations in wholesome ways, watch them carefully, and, if they must wander, direct their wanderings. In many cases this is possible, for the fever breaks out among children of the best birth as well as among those of the lowest; and in these instances, at least, the parents have much to answer for if the children reach the road. I look upon this fever as quite as much of a disease as the craze to steal which is found now and then in some child's character, and it deserves the same careful treatment. Punishment only aggravates it, and develops in the boy a feeling of hatred for all about him. I firmly believe that some day this trouble in so many boys' lives will be pathologically treated by medical men, and the sooner that day comes the better will it be for many unfortunate children.

It is a different story that I have to tell of the children decoyed into Hoboland. True, they also are, in a measure, seized with this same *Wanderlust*, and

without this it would be impossible for the tramp to influence them as he does ; but, on the other hand, without him to excite and direct this passion, very few of them would ever reach trampdom. He happens along at their very weakest moments, and, perceiving his advantage, cruelly fires their imagination with tales of adventure and travel, and before they discover their danger he has them in his clutches. It is really one of the wonders of the world, the power that this ugly, dissipated, tattered man has over the children he meets. In no other country that I have visited is there anything like it. He stops at a town for a few hours, collects the likely boys about him at his "hang-out," picks out the one that he thinks will serve him best, and then begins systematically to fascinate him. If he understands the art well (and it is a carefully studied art), he can almost always get the one he wants. Often enough his choice is some well-bred child, unaccustomed, outside his dreams, to any such life, but the man knows so perfectly how to piece out those dreams and make them seducingly real that in a moment of enthusiasm the youngster gives himself up to their bewitching influence and allows the wretch to lead him away. As a rule, however, his victims are the children of the poor, for they are the easiest to approach. A few hours of careful tactics, provided they are in the mood, and he has one of them riding away with him, not merely in the box car of a freight, but on the through train to Hoboland.

Watch him at his preliminary work. He is seated on the top of an ash-barrel in a filthy back alley. A crowd of gamins gaze up at him with admiring eyes. When he tells his ghost stories, each one thinks that he is being talked to just as much as the rest, and yet somehow, little by little, there is a favorite who is getting more and more than his share of the winks and smiles ; soon the most exciting parts of the stories are gradually devoted to him alone, but in such an art-

ful way that he himself fails to notice it at first. It is not long, however, before he feels his importance. He begins to wink, too, but just as slyly as his charmer, and his little mouth curls into a return smile when the others are not looking. "I'm his favorite, I am," he thinks. "He'll take me with him, he will, and show me things."

He is what the hobo calls "peetrified," which means, as much as anything else, hypnotized. The stories that he has heard amount to very little in themselves, but the way they are told, the happy-go-lucky manner, the subtle partiality, the winning voice, and the sensitiveness of the boy's nature to things of wonder, all combine to turn his head. Then his own parents cannot control him as can this slouching wizard.

In Hoboland the boy's life may be likened to that of a voluntary slave. He is forced to do exactly what his "jocker" commands, and disobedience, willful or innocent, brings down upon him a most cruel wrath. Besides being kicked, slapped, and generally maltreated, he is also loaned, traded, and even sold, if his master sees money in the bargain. There are, of course, exceptions, for I have myself known some jockers to be almost as kind as fathers to their boys, but they are such rarities that one can never count upon them. When a lad enters trampdom he must be prepared for all kinds of brutal treatment, and the sooner he forgets home gentleness the better will it be for him. In payment for all this suffering and rough handling, he is told throughout his apprenticeship that some day he too will be able to "snare" a boy, and make him beg and slave for him as he has slaved for others. This is the one reward that tramps hold out to their "prushuns," and the little fellows cherish it so long that, when their emancipation finally comes, nearly all start off to do the very same thing that was done to them when they were children.

West of the Mississippi River there is a regular gang of these "ex-kids," as they are termed in the vernacular, and all are supposed to be looking for revenge. Until they get it there is still something of the prushun about them which makes them unwelcome in the "old stager" class. So they prowl about the community from place to place, looking eagerly for some weak lad whom they can decoy and show to the fraternity as evidence of their full membership. They never seem to realize what an awful thing they are doing. If you remonstrate with them, they reply, "W'y, ye don't think we've been slavin' all this while fer nothin', do ye? It's our turn to play jocker now," and, with a fiendish look in their eyes, they turn and stalk away. Ten years and more of tramp life have killed their better natures, and all that they can think of is vengeance, unscrupulous and sure. In this way the number of boys in Hoboland is always kept up to a certain standard. Every year a number are graduated from the prushun class, and go out into the world immediately to find younger children to take the places they have left. In time these do the same thing, and so on, until to-day there is no line of outlawry so sure of recruits as vagabondage. Each beggar is a propagandist, and his brethren expect of him at least one convert.

IV.

There is not much that I can say of the children who go to the road voluntarily. I am sure that there are such, for I have traveled with them, but it has been impossible for me to get into their life intimately enough to speak of it intelligently. Even the men constantly in their company can say but little about them. When asked for an explanation, they shake their heads and call them "little devils;" but why they are so, what it is that they are seeking, and where they come from are questions to which they are unable to give

any satisfactory replies. I know about twenty, all told, and, as far as I have been successful in observing them, they seem to me to belong to that class of children which the criminologist Lombroso finds morally delinquent at birth. Certainly it would be hard to account for their abnormal criminal sense on any other ground. They take to the road as to their normal element, and are on it but a short time ere they know almost as much as the oldest travelers. Their minds seem bent toward crime and vagabondage, and their intuitive powers almost uncanny. To hear them talk makes one think, if he shuts his eyes, that he is in the presence of trained criminal artists, and I have sometimes imagined that they were not children, but dwarfed men born out of due time. They undertake successfully some of the most dangerous robberies in the world, and come off scot-free, so that old and experienced thieves simply stare and wonder. The temptation is to think that they are accidents, but they recur so frequently as to demand a theory of origin and existence. They are, I do not doubt, the product of criminal breeding, and are just as much admired in the criminal world as are the feats of some *Wunderkind*, for instance, among musicians. Watch the scene in an outcast's den when one of these queer little creatures comes in, and you may see the very same thing that goes on in the "artist's box" at some concert where a prodigy is performing. The people swarm around him, pet him, make him laugh and talk, till the proprietor finds him a valuable drawing card for the establishment. The child himself seldom realizes his importance, and, when off duty, plays at games in keeping with his age. The instant business is suggested, however, his countenance assumes a most serious air, and it is then that one wonders whether he is not, after all, some skillful old soul traveling back through life in a fresh young body. Indeed, there is so much in his case that appeals to my

sense of wonder that I simply cannot study him for what he is; but there are those who can do this, and I promise them a most interesting field of observation. I know enough about it to believe that if it can be thoroughly explored there will be a great change in the punishment of criminals. These boys have in them in largest measure what the entire body of moral delinquents possesses in some degree; and when these baffling characteristics have been definitely analyzed and placed, penology will start on a fresh course.

It may be worth while to say what I can about their physical appearance. The most of them have seemed to me to have fairly well-formed bodies, but something out of the ordinary in their eyes, and in a few cases in the entire face. Sometimes the left eye has drooped very noticeably, and one boy that I recall had something akin to a description I once heard of "the evil eye." It was a gypsy who explained it to me; and if he was right, that "a little curtain," capable of falling over the eyeball at will, is the main curiosity, then this boy had the evil eye. He could throw a film over his eye in the most distressing fashion, and delighted in the power to do so; indeed, it was his main way of teasing people. He knew that it was not a pleasant sight, and if he had a petty grudge to gratify he chose this very effective torment. Concerning the faces, it is difficult to explain just what was the matter. They were not exactly deformed, but there was a peculiar depravity about them that one could but notice instantly. At times I fancied that it was in the arrangement of features rather than acquired expression of the life; but there were cases where the effects of evil environment and cruel abuse were plain to see. I have sometimes taken the pains to look up the parents of a child who thus interested me, but I could not discover any similarity of depravity in their countenances. There was depravity

there, to be sure, but of a different kind. I believe that the parents of these children, and especially the mothers, could tell a great deal concerning them, and the theorists in criminology will never be thoroughly equipped for their work till all this evidence has been heard.

The foregoing is but a partial summary of several years' experience with the children of the road. It is far from being what I should like to write about them, but perhaps enough has been said to forestate the problem as it appears to one who has traveled with these children and learned to know them "in the open." Surely there is kindness and ingenuity enough in the world to devise a plan or a system by which they may be snatched from the road and restored to their better selves. Surely, too, these little epitomes of Wanderlust, and even of crime, are not to baffle philanthropy and science forever. I feel sure that whatever may be the answer to the thousand questions which centre in this problem, one thing can be done, and done at once. Wherever law is able to deal with these children, let it be done on the basis of an intelligent classification. In punishing them for their misdemeanors and crimes, let them not be tumbled indiscriminately into massive reform institutions, officered by political appointment and managed with an eye to the immediate interests of the taxpayer instead of the welfare of the inmates. The one practical resource that lies nearest to our hand as philanthropic sociologists is the reform of the reformatories. We may not hope to reach in many generations the last sources of juvenile crime, but we are deserving of a far worse punishment than these moral delinquents if, as well born and well bred, we do not set ourselves resolutely to the bettering of penal conditions once imposed.

First of all, we must have a humane and scientific separation of the inmates in all these reformatories. Sex, age,

height, and weight are not the only things to be taken into consideration when dealing with erring children. Birth, temperament, habits, education, and experience are questions of far more vital importance, and it is no unreasonable demand upon the state that careful attention to each of these points be required in the scheme of such institutions. Put an ambulanter's child with a simple runaway boy, and there will be two ambulancers; associate a youngster with the passion to be "tough" with a companion innately criminal, and the latter will be the leader. The law of the survival of the fittest is just as operative in low life as in any other. In such spheres the worst natures are the fittest, and the partially good must yield to them unless zealously defended by outside help. It is suicidal to put them together, and wherever this is done, especially among children, there need be no surprise if criminals, and not citizens, are developed.

Second, the management of reformatories should be in scientific hands; and just here I am constrained to plead for the training of young men and women for the rare usefulness that awaits them in such institutions. It is to these places that the children I have been describing will have to go, and, with all respect to the officials now in charge, I believe that there are apt and gifted young men and women in this country who could bring

to them invaluable assistance, if they could only be persuaded to train for it and to offer it. I do not know why it is, but for some reason these institutions do not yet appeal to any large number of students who intend taking service in the ranks of Reform. The University Settlement attracts many, and this is one of the finest manifestations of that universal brotherhood which I believe is drawing on. Meanwhile, there is a moral hospital service to be carried on in penal and reformatory houses. Shall it be done by raw, untrained hands, or by selfish quacks, or by careful, scientific students? Must the moral nurse and physician be chosen for his ability to control votes, or to treat his patients with skilled attention and consideration? If the treatment of physical disease offers attractions that call thousands upon thousands of young men and women into the nursing and medical professions, here may be offered a field even more fascinating to the student, and so full of opportunity and interesting employment that it will be a matter of wonder if the supply does not speedily exceed the demand.

There is one thing more. Reformatories, planned, officered, and conducted according to the principles of scientific philanthropy, should be stationed, not at the end of the road, but at the junction of every by-path that leads into it.

Josiah Flynt.

THE AWAKENING.

DARKNESS — silence — scarce a breath:

Love is lying marble-still.

Is it sleep, or is it death?

Can the full heart pause at will?

She who loves sits desolate,

Whelmed in midnight cold and deep;

While her very pulses wait,

Asking, Is it death or sleep?

(Still thee, Soul! Whate'er it be,
 Quell the passion in thy breast.
 Questioned, Love must rise and flee:
 Keep thy vigil; let him rest.
 Stir not, while he slumbers on,
 Till he sigh and softly rise:
 Then shalt thou, who deemed him gone,
 Feel his kiss upon thine eyes!)

Darkness! But her gasping breath
 Cuts the silence like a cry;
 She will know if this be death,
 Though her trembling gladness fly!
 On her lamp's rim breaks a spark,
 Waxes to a slender flame;
 And her white face, 'gainst the dark,
 Shows, a mask of fear and shame.

Slowly moves the fiery blot
 Over flower-traced wall and floor.
 (Wake him not, — ah, wake him not!
 Love awakened dreams no more!)
 Slips the light, at her command,
 O'er the fair extended form,
 O'er the listless, curving hand,
 O'er the pure lips, breathing warm.

Is it sleep, or is it death?
 Ah, she knows! The white lids rise,
 Now unveiling, in a breath,
 All the glory of his eyes!
 Love upsprings beneath her gaze,
 Fleeting, flashing through the night, —
 Leaving all the air ablaze
 With the radiance of his flight!

L'ENVOI.

Keep thy vigil, doubting Soul;
 Still thee, till Love's sleep be o'er;
 Wait thy doom of joy or dole:
 Love, so roused, is thine no more!

Marion Couthouy Smith.

PIRATE GOLD.

IN THREE PARTS. PART ONE: DISCOVERY.

I.

It consisted of a few hundred new American double-eagles and a few times as many Spanish doubloons; for pirates like good broad pieces, fit to skim flat-spun across the waves, or play pitch-and-toss with for men's lives or women's loves. They give five-dollar pieces or thin British guineas to the boy who brings them drink, and silver to their bootblacks, priests, or beggars.

It was contained—the gold—in an old canvas bag, a little rotten and very brown and mouldy, but tied at the neck by a piece of stout and tarnished braid of gold. It had no name or card upon it nor letters on its side, and it lay for nearly thirty years high on a shelf, in an old chest, behind three tiers of tins of papers, in the deepest corner of the vault of the old building of the Old Colony Bank.

Yet this money was passed to no one's credit on the bank's books, nor was it carried as part of the bank's reserve. When the old concern took out its national charter, in 1863, it did not venture or did not remember to claim this specie as part of the reality behind its greenback circulation. It was never merged in other funds, nor converted, nor put at interest. The bag lay there intact, with one brown stain of blood upon it, where Romolo de Soto had grasped it while a cutlass gash was fresh across his hand. And so it was carried, in specie, in its original package: "Four hundred and twenty-three American twenty-dollar gold pieces, and fifteen hundred and fifty-six Spanish doubloons; deposited by—De Soto, June twenty-fourth, eighteen hundred and twenty-nine; *for the benefit of whom it may concern.*"

And it concerned very much two people with whom our narration has to do: one, James McMurtagh, our hero; the other, Mr. James Bowdoin, then called Mr. James, member of the firm of James Bowdoin's Sons. For De Soto, having escaped with his neck, took good pains never to call for his money.

II.

A very real pirate was De Soto. None of your Captain Kidds, who make one voyage or so before they are hanged, and even then find time to bury kegs of gold in every marshy and uncomfortable spot from Maine to Florida. No, no. De Soto had better uses for his gold than that. Commonly he traveled with it; and thus he even brought it to Boston with him on that unlucky voyage in 1829, when Mr. James Bowdoin was kind enough to take charge of it for him. One wonders what he meant to do with a bag of gold in Boston in 1829.

This happened on Thursday, the 24th of June. It was the day after Mr. James Bowdoin's (or Mr. James's, as Jamie McMurtagh and others in the bank always called him; it was his father who was properly Mr. James Bowdoin, and his grandfather who was Mr. Bowdoin)—after Mr. James's Commencement Day; and it was the day after Mr. James's engagement as junior clerk in the counting-room; and it was the day after Mr. James's engagement to be married; and it was the day but one after Mr. James's class's supper at Mr. Porter's tavern in North Cambridge. Ah, they did things quickly in those days; *ils savoient vivre.*

They had made him a Bachelor of Arts, and a Master of Arts he had made himself by paying for that dignity, and

all this while the class punch was fresher in his memory than Latin quantities; for these parchment honors were a bit overwhelming to one who had gone through his college course *non clam, sed vi et precario*, as his tutor courteously phrased it. And then he had gotten out of his college gown into a beautiful blue frock coat and white duck trousers, and driven into town and sought for other favors, more of flesh and blood, carried his other degree with a rush — and Miss Abigail Dowse off to drive with him. And that evening Mr. James Bowdoin had said to him, “James!”

“Yes, sir,” said Mr. James.

“Now you’ve had your four years at college, and I think it’s time you should be learning something.”

“Yes, sir,” said Mr. James.

“So I wish you to come down to the counting-room at nine o’clock and sort the letters.”

“Yes, sir,” said Mr. James.

Mr. James Bowdoin looked at him suspiciously over his spectacles. “At eight o’clock; do you hear?”

“I hear, sir,” said Mr. James.

Mr. James Bowdoin lost his temper at once. “Oh, you do, do you?” said he. “You don’t want to go to Paris, to Rome, — to make the grand tour like a gentleman, in short, as I did long before I was your age?”

“No, sir,” said Mr. James.

“Then, sir, by gad,” said Mr. James Bowdoin, “you may come down at half past seven — and — and — sweep out the office!”

III.

So it happened that Mr. James was in the counting-room that day; but that he happened also to be alone requires further explanation. Two glasses of the old Governor Bowdoin white port had been left untasted on the dinner-table the night before: the one, that meant for Mr. James Bowdoin, who had him-

self swept out of the room as he made that last remark about sweeping out the office; the other, that of his son, Mr. James, who had instantly gone out by the other door, and betaken himself for sympathy to the home of Miss Abigail Dowse, which stood on Fort Hill, close by, where the sea-breezes blew fresh through the white June roses, and Mr. James found her walking in the garden-path.

“You must tell him,” said Miss Dowse, when Mr. James had recounted his late conversation to her, after such preliminary ceremonies as were proper — under the circumstances.

So Mr. James walked down to the head of India Wharf the next morning, determined to make a clean breast of his engagement. The ocean air came straight in from the clear, blue bay, spice-laden as it swept along the great rows of warehouses, and a big white ship, topgallant sails still set, came bulging up the harbor, not sixty minutes from deep water. Mr. James found McMurtagh already in the office and the mail well sorted, but he insisted on McMurtagh finding him a broom, and, wielding that implement on the second pair of stairs (for the counting-room of James Bowdoin’s Sons was really a loft, two flights up in the old granite building), was discovered there shortly after by Mr. James Bowdoin. The staircase had not been swept in some years, and the young man’s father made his way up through a cloud of aromatic dust that Mr. James had raised. He could with difficulty see the door of his counting-room. This slammed behind him as he entered; and a few seconds after, Mr. James received a summons through McMurtagh that Mr. James Bowdoin wished to see him.

“An’ don’t ye mind if Mr. James Bowdoin is a bit sharp-set the morn,” said Jamie McMurtagh.

Mr. James nodded; then he went in to his father.

"So, sir, it was you kicking up that devil of a dust outside there, was it?"

"Yes, sir," says Mr. James. (I have this story from McMurtagh.) "You told me to sweep out the counting-room."

"Precisely so, sir. I am glad your memory is better than your intelligence. I told you to sweep *it out*, and not all outdoors in."

Mr. James bowed, and wondered how he was to speak of Miss Dowse at this moment. The old gentleman chuckled for some minutes; then he said, "And now, James, it's time you got married."

Mr. James started. "I — I only graduated yesterday, sir," says he.

"Well, sir," answers the old gentleman testily, "you may consider yourself devilish lucky that you were n't married before! I have got a house for you" —

"Perhaps, sir, you have even got me a wife?"

"Of course I have; and a devilish fine girl she is, too, I can tell you!"

"But, sir," says Mr. James, "I — I have made other arrangements."

"The devil you have! Then damme, sir, not a house shall you have from me, — not a house, sir, not a shingle, — nor the girl, either, by gad! I'll — I'll!"

"Perhaps, sir," says Mr. James, "you'll wait and marry her yourself?"

"Perhaps I will, sir; and if I do, what of it? Older men than I have married, I take it! Insolent young dog!"

"May I tell my mother, sir?"

Now, Mrs. James Bowdoin was an august person; and here McMurtagh's anxiety led him to interfere at any cost. An ill-favored, slight man was he, stooping of habit; and he came in rubbing his hands and looking anxiously, one eye on the father, the other on the son, as his oddly protuberant eyes almost enabled him to do.

"There is a ship coming up the harbor, sir, full-laden, and I think she flies the signal of James Bowdoin's Sons."

"Damn James Bowdoin's Sons, sir!" says Mr. James Bowdoin. "And as for

you, sir, not a stick or shingle shall you have" —

"If you'll only take the girl, you're welcome to the house, sir," says Mr. James.

"Oh, I am, am I? Then, by gad, sir, I'll take both houses, and Sam Dowse's daughter'll live in one, and your mother and I in the other!"

"Sam Dowse's daughter?"

"Yes, sir, Miss Abby Dowse. Have you any objections?"

"Why, she — she's the other arrangement," says Mr. James.

"Oh, she is, is she?"

Mr. James Bowdoin hesitated a moment, as if in search of some withering reply, but failed to find it.

"Humph! I thought it was time you came to your senses. Now, here's the keys, d'y'e see? And the house was old Judge Allerton's; it's too large for his daughter, and now that you'll marry the girl I've got for you, I'll let you have it."

"I shall marry what girl I like," says Mr. James; "and as for the house, damme if I'll take it, — not a stick, sir, not a shingle!"

Mr. James Bowdoin looked at his son for one moment, speechless; then he slammed out of the room. Mr. James put his foot on the desk and whistled. McMurtagh rubbed his hands.

IV.

The office in which Mr. James found himself was a small, square, sunny corner room with four windows, in the third story of the upper angle of the long block of granite warehouses that lined the wharf. Below him was the then principal commercial street of the city, full of bustle, noisy with drays; at the side was the slip of the dock itself, with its warm, green, swaying water, upon which a jostled crowd of various craft was rocking sleepily in the summer morning. The floor of the room was bare. Between

the windows, on one side, was an open, empty stove; on the other were two high desks, with stools. An eight-day clock ticked comfortably upon the wall, and on either side of it were two pictures, wood-cuts, eked out with rude splashes of red and blue by some primitive process of lithography: the one represented the Take of a Right Whale in Behring's Sea by the Good Adventure Barque out of New Bedford; the other, the Landing of H. M. Troops in Boston, His Majesty's Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England, 1766. In the latter picture, the vanes on the town steeples and the ships in the bay were represented very big, and the town itself very small; and the dull black and white of the wood-cut was relieved by one long stream of red, which was H. M. troops landing and marching up the Long Wharf, and by several splotches of the same, where the troops were standing, drawn up in line, upon each frigate, and waiting to be ferried.

A quiet little place the office would have seemed to us; and yet there was not a sea on earth, probably, that did not bear its bounding ship sent out from that small office. And if it was still, in there, it had a cosmopolitan, aromatic smell; for every strange letter or foreign sample with which the place was littered bespoke the business of the bright, blue world outside. From the street below came noise enough, and loud voices of sailors and shipmen in many a foreign tongue. For in those days we had freedom of the sea and dealings with the world, and had not yet been taught to cabin all our energies within the spindle-rooms of cotton-mills. As Mr. James looked out of the window he saw a full-rigged ship, whose generous lines and clipper rig bespoke the long-voyage liner, warping slowly up toward the dock, her fair white lower sails, still wet from the sea, hanging at the yards, the stiff salt sparkling in the sunlight.

Mr. James Bowdoin was already stand-

ing at the pier-head (for it was indeed their ship of which McMurtagh had been speaking), and Mr. James made bold to turn the key upon the counting-room and go to join his father. Here he was standing, side by side with him, swaying his body, with his thumbs in his waistcoat pocket, in some unconscious imitation of ownership, when his father caught sight of him and ordered him sharply back. "Yes, sir," said Mr. James, and moved to the other angle of the wharf, for he had caught the word "pirates;" and now, for some reason, the ship had cast her anchor, a hundred yards outside the dock, while to it from her side a double-manned yawl was rowing. And amid the blue jackets, above a dark mass of men that seemed to be bound together by an iron chain, was some strange rippling of long yellow hair, that the young man had been first to see. Yet not quite the first, for Jamie McMurtagh was beside him.

Then word was passed rapidly down the pier how this ship of pirates had been captured, red-handed, her own captain still on board,—the good ship *Alarm* having seen a redness in the sky, and heard some firing in the night before; and how Captain How had put it to his crew, Would they fight or not? And they had fought, rushing in before the pirate's long-range guns could get to work, in the early dawn, and boarding; so now there was talk of prize money.

Young James Bowdoin and McMurtagh were all eyes. The boat rowed up to the slippery wharf steps; in the bow were the two ringleaders and the ship's captain, in the waist of the boat the rowers, and in the stern the rank and file of the pirates, some eight or ten ill-looking fellows chained together. (The rest of them, the captain remarked casually, had been shot or lost in the battle; and not much was said about it.)

The boat was made fast, and the two leaders got up, with Captain How. The pirate captain, as Mr. James remarked, was a splendid-looking fellow. Captain

How said something to him as the boat stopped, and he looked up and caught Mr. James's eye; and Bowdoin had time to remark that it was blue and very keen to look upon. Young Bowdoin and McMurtagh were standing on the very verge of the wharf, and the crowd around had made a little space for them, as the owners of the ship; Mr. James Bowdoin was standing farther back with the captain of a file of soldiers. But the second of the pirates was a swarthy Spaniard, with as evil-flashing eyes as you would care to see. And it was he who held in his arms a little girl, almost a baby, whose long yellow hair had made that note of color in the boat.

They were marched up the steps matted with seaweed; for it was low tide, and only the barnacles made footing for them. And as the pirate captain passed young Bowdoin he said, in very good English, "You look like a gentleman," and rapidly drew from his breast, and placed in Bowdoin's hands, the bag of gold. So quickly was this done that the captain had passed and was closely surrounded by the file of soldiers before Bowdoin could reply; nor had he sought to do so, for, on looking to McMurtagh for advice, he saw him holding, and in awkward yet tender manner trying to caress and soothe, the little lady with the yellow hair. The second pirate had sought to hand her, too, to Bowdoin, but some caprice had made the little maiden shy, and she had run and buried her face in the arms of the young-old clerk.

V.

While young Bowdoin's father, with the file of soldiers, marched up State Street to a magistrate's office, Mr. James and clerk McMurtagh retired with their spoils to the counting-room. Here these novel consignments to the old house of James Bowdoin's Sons were safely deposited on the floor; and the clerk and

the young master, eased of their burdens, but not disembarassed, looked at one another. The old clock ticked with unruffled composure; the bag of gold lay gaping on the wooden floor, where young Bowdoin had untied its mouth to see; and the little maid had climbed upon McMurtagh's stool, and was playing with the leaves of the big ledger familiarly, as if pirates' maids and pirates' treasure were entered on the debit side of every page.

"What shall I do with the money?" asked Bowdoin.

"Count it," said McMurtagh, with a gasp, as if the words were wrung from him by force of habit.

"And when counted?"

"Enter it in the ledger, Mr. James," said McMurtagh, with another gasp.

"To whose account?"

"For account — of whom it may concern."

Bowdoin began to count it, and the clock went on ticking: one piece for each tick of the clock. He did not know many of the pieces; and McMurtagh, as they were held up to him, broke the silence only to answer arithmetically, "Doubloon, — value eight dollars two shillings, New England;" or, "Piece-of-eight, — value so much, free of agio." When they were all counted, McMurtagh opened a new page in the ledger, and a new account for the house: "June 24, 1829. To credit of Pirates, or Whom it may concern, twenty thousand nine hundred and eleven dollars;" and then he wrote underneath, in brackets, the memorandum which we quoted in the beginning.

"Pirates!" he muttered; "it's a new account for us to carry. I'll not be sorry the day we write it off."

Bowdoin, in the frivolity of youth, laughed.

"And now," said McMurtagh, "you must tie up the bag again and seal it, and I must take it up and put it in the vault of the bank."

"And the little girl?" asked Bowdoin. "We can hardly carry her upon the books."

"For the benefit of whom it may concern," said the clerk absently.

Bowdoin laughed again.

McMurtagh looked at her, and gasped, but this time silently. She had clambered down from the stool, and was gazing with delight at the old pictures of the ships; but as if she understood that she was being talked about, she turned around and looked at them with large round eyes.

"What is your name?" said he; and then, "Como se llama V.?" (for we all knew a little Spanish in those days.)

"Mercedes," said the child.

"I suppose," ventured Bowdoin, "there is some asylum" —

McMurtagh looked dubious; and the little maid, divining that the discussion of her was unfavorable, fell to tears, and then ran up and dried them on McMurtagh's business waistcoat.

"You take the gold," said he dryly; "I'll carry the child myself."

"Where?" inquired young Bowdoin, astonished.

"Home," said McMurtagh sharply.

McMurtagh was known to have an old mother and a bedridden father (a retired drayman, run over in the service of the firm), whom he lived with, and with some difficulty supported. Yet little could be said against the plan, as a temporary arrangement, if they were willing to assume the burden. At all events, before Mr. James could find speech for objection, McMurtagh was off with the child in his arms, seeking to soothe her with uncouth words of endearment, as he bore her carefully down the narrow stairs.

James Bowdoin laughed a little, and then grew silent. Finally, his glance falling on the yellow piles still lying on the floor, he shoveled them into the bag again and shouldered it up to the bank. There the deposit of specie was duly made, the money put in the old chest and sealed,

and he learned that the pirates had been committed to stand their trial. And he and his father talked it over, and decided that the child might as well stay with McMurtagh, for the present at any rate.

But that "present" was long in passing; for the pirates were duly tried, and all but one of them found guilty, sentenced to be hanged, and duly executed on an island in the harbor. There were no sentimentalists about in those days; and their gibbets were erected in the sand of that harbor island, and their bodies swung for many days (as these same sentimentalists might now put it) near the sea they had loved so well; being a due encouragement to other pirates to leave Boston ships alone. Pity the town has not kept up those tactics with its railways!

All the common seamen were executed, that is, and Manuel Silva, the second in command, who had left the little girl with McMurtagh. The captain, it was proved, had been polite to his two lady captives: the men safely disposed of, he had placed the best cabin at their command, and had even gone so far out of his way as to head the ship toward Boston, on their behalf; promising to place them on board some fishing-smack, not too far out. Silva had not agreed to this, and it had led to something like a mutiny on the part of the crew. It was owing to this, doubtless, that they were captured. De Soto, it was known, was a married man; moreover, he was new in command, and not used to pirate ways.

However, this conduct was deemed courteous by the administration at Washington, and, feminine influence being always potent with Andrew Jackson, De Soto's sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life; and shortly after, being taken to a quiet little country prison, he made interest with the jailer and escaped. It was reported that he shipped upon an African trader; and going down the harbor, past the figure of Manuel Silva elegantly outlined against the sky, he bowed sardonically to the swaying

schema of his ancient messmate. It excited some little comment on the African trader at the time ; but the usual professional *esprit de corps* keeps sailors from asking too many questions about the intimate professional conduct of their messmates in earlier voyages.

But that is why De Soto made no draft upon the credit side of his account at the Old Colony Bank ; and James Bowdoin's Sons continued to carry the deposit on their books "for the benefit of whom it may concern." And so McMurtagh, who had taken little Mercedes Silva home that day, continued to make a home for her there, his old mother and his father aiding and abetting him in the task ; and he carried her young life, in addition to his other burdens, "for the benefit of whom it may concern."

"Whom it may concern" is too old a story, in such cases, ever to be thought of by the actors in them.

VI.

James McMurtagh was one of that vast majority of men who live, function, work, in their appointed way, and are never heard from, like a good digestion. This is the grand division which separates them from those who, be it for good, or evil, or weakness even, will be protagonists. Countless multitudes of such men as Jamie must there be, to hold the fabric together and make possible the daring spins of you, my lords Lovelace, and you, Launcelots and Tristrams, and Miss Vivien here ; who weave your paradoxical cross-purposes of tinsel evil in the sober woof of good.

No one knew, or if he knew remembered, what was Jamie's age. When he was first taken in by the house, he described himself as a "lad ;" but others had not so described him, or else had taken the word as the Scotch, not for English youth, but for male humanity, — wide enough to include a sober under-

clerk of doubtful age. Jamie's father had been a drayman, in the employ of the house, as we have said, until his middle was bisected by that three-inch tire weighted with six puncheons of Jamaica rum.

Jamie had been brought over from Scotland when veritably young, — some months or so ; had then been finished in the new-fangled American free schools, and had come up in the counting-room, the day of the accident, equipped to feed his broken-backed father, with knowledge enough to be a bookkeeper, and little enough pride to be a messenger. Only, he had no spirit of adventure to fit him for a supercargo, — even that brushed too close upon the protagonist for him ; and so he stayed upon his office stool. While other clerks went away, promoted, he ticked off his life in alternation from the counting-room to the bank ; trustworthy on that well-taught street with any forms of other people's fortunes, only not to make his own, and even trustworthy, as we have seen it go unquestioned, with this little Spanish girl.

Jamie took her home to his parents, and for his sake they fell down and worshipped ; with them she lived. The father had had too much rum upon him to care much for the things remaining in this life ; after such excessive external application, who could blame him for using it internally more than most ? The mother's marital affection, naturally, was moderated by long practice of mixing him hot tumblers with two lumps of sugar, and of seeing the thing administered more dear to her spouse than the ministering angel. But the mother worshipped Jamie, and Jamie worshipped the little girl ; and the years went by.

It was pretty to see Jamie and his mother and the little girl walking to church of a Sunday ; and funny to hear Jamie's excuses for it afterward.

"'T is the women bodies need it," said he to Mr. James Bowdoin, who rallied him thereupon.

"But surely, Jamie," said Mr. James, "you who have read Hume until you've half convinced us all to be free-thinkers, you'd have your daughter as well educated as yourself?"

"Hersel'," said Jamie, meaning *himself*, — "hersel' may go to ta deevil if he wull; ta little lassie sall be a lady." (Jamie's Scotch always grew more Gaelic as he got excited.) It was evident that he regarded religion as a sort of ornament of superior breeding, that Mercedes must have, though he could do without it. And Mr. James Bowdoin looked in Jamie's eye, and held his peace. In those days deference was rigidly exacted in the divers relations of life: a disrespectful word would have caused McMurtagh's quick dismissal, and the Bowdoins, father and son, would have been made miserable thereby.

"The lad must have his way with the little girl," said Mr. Bowdoin (now promoted to that title by his father's recent death).

"It seems so," said Mr. James Bowdoin (our Mr. James), who by this time had his own little girls to look after.

"Bring the poor child down to Nahant next time you come to spend the day, and give her a chance to play with the children."

VII.

James McMurtagh, with "the old man" and "the mother," lived in a curious little house on Salem Stræet, at the North End. Probably they liked it because it might have been a little house in some provincial town at home. To its growing defects of neighborhood they were oblivious. It was a square two-story brick box: on the right of the entry, the parlor, never used before, but now set apart for Mercedes; behind, a larger square room, which was dining-room and kitchen combined, and where the McMurtaghs, father and son, were wont to sit in their shirt-sleeves, after

supper, and smoke their pipes; above were four tiny bedrooms.

Within the parlor, the little lady, as Jamie already called her, was given undisputed sway; and a strange transmutation there she made. The pink shells were collected from the mantel, and piled, with others she had got, to represent a grotto, in one corner of the room; the worked samplers were thought ugly, and banished upstairs. In another corner was a sort of bower, made of bright-colored pieces of stuff the child had begged from the neighbors, and called by her the "Witch's Cave;" here little Mercedes loved to sit and tell the fortunes of her friends. These were mostly Jamie's horny-handed friends; the women neighbors took no part in all these doings, and gave it out loudly that the child was being spoiled. She went, with other boys and girls, to a small dame-school on the other side of Bowdoin Square; for Jamie would not hear of a public school. Here she learned quickly to read, write, and do a little embroidering, and gained much knowledge of human nature.

One thing that they would not allow the child was her outlandish name: Mercy she was called, — Mercy McMurtagh. Perhaps we may venture still to call her Mercedes. The child's hair and eyes were getting darker, but it was easy to see she would be a *blonde d'Espagne*. Jamie secretly believed she had a strain of noble blood, though openly he would not have granted such a thing's existence. We, with our wider racial knowledge, might have recognized points that came from Gothic Spain, — the deep eyes of starlight blue, so near to black, and hair that was a brown with dust of gold. But her feet and hands were all of Andalusia. Jamie had hardly spoken to a woman in his life, — he used to think of himself as deformed. And now this little girl was all his own!

So for a year or two the child was happy. Then came that day, never to

be forgotten by her, of the visit to old Mr. Bowdoin at Nahant. They went down in a steamboat together: two little Bowdoin girls, younger than Mercedes, a boy, Harley, and a cousin, who was Dorothea Dowse. At first Mercedes did not think much of the Bowdoin children; they wore plain dresses, alike in color, while our heroine had on every ribbon that was hers. They went down under care of Jamie McMurtagh, dismissed at the wharf by Mr. James Bowdoin, who had a stick of candy for each. Business was doing even then; but old Mr. Bowdoin was not too busy to spend a summer's day at home with the children. His favorite son, James, had married to his mind; and money came so easy in those times!

Miss Dowse was fifteen, and she called her uncle's clerk Jamie; so she elevated her look when she came to our Mercedes. She wore gloves, and satin slippers with ribbons crossed at the ankle, and silk stockings. Mercedes had no silk stockings and no gloves. Miss Dowse had rejected the proffered stick of candy, and Mercedes sought a chance to give hers away, one end unsucked. There was this boy in the party, — Harleston Bowdoin, — so she made a favor of it, and gave it to him.

They were playing on the rail of the steamboat, and Jamie was sitting respectfully apart inside. The little Bowdoin girls were sucking at their candy contentedly; Mercedes was climbing with the Bowdoin boy upon the rail, and he called his cousin Dolly to join them.

"I can't; the sun would make my hands so brown if I took off my gloves," said that young lady. "Besides, it's so common, playing with the passengers."

There was a double sting in this; for Mercedes was not just "a passenger," but of their party. She walked into the cabin with what dignity she could maintain, and then burst out weeping angrily in Jamie's arms. That is, he sought to comfort her; but she pressed him aside

rudely. "Oh, Jamie," she sobbed (she was suffered to call him Jamie), "why did n't you give me gloves?"

Poor Jamie scratched his head. He had not thought of them; and that was all. He tried to caress the child, with a clumsy tenderness, but she stamped her little foot. Outside, they heard the voices of the other children. Miss Dowse was talking to Master Bowdoin of sights in the harbor; but — how early is a boy sensible to a child's prettiness! — he was asking after Mercedes. It was now Miss Dolly's turn to bite her lip. "She's in the cabin, crying, because she has no gloves."

Jamie felt Mercedes quiver; her sobs stopped, panting; in a moment she put her hand to her hair and went to the deck unconcernedly.

But no one ever made Mercedes cry again.

Poor Jamie went to a window where he could hear them talking. He took off his white straw hat, and rubbed his eyes with a red silk handkerchief; the tears were almost in them too. He had wild thoughts of trying to buy gloves at Nahant. He listened to hear if his child was merry again. She was laughing loudly, and pointing out the white column of Boston Light. "That is the way to sea!" she cried. "I came in that way from sea."

The other children had crept about her, interested. Even Miss Dowse had come over, and was standing with them.

"Did your father take you to sea?"

"I was at sea in my father's ship," said Mercedes proudly.

"Ah, I did n't know Jamie McMurtagh owned a ship," said Miss Dolly. Jamie leaned closer to the window.

"Jamie McMurtagh is not my father," said Mercedes. She said it almost scornfully; and McMurtagh slunk back into the cabin.

Perhaps it was the first time he had ever cried, himself. . . . He felt so sorry that he had not thought of gloves!

VIII.

When they came to the wharf, several carriages were waiting. Some were handsome equipages with silver-mounted harnesses (for nabobs then were in Nahant); others were the familiar New England carryalls. Mercedes looked for Mr. Bowdoin, hoping he had come to meet her in one of the former; but was disappointed, for that gentleman was seen running down the hill as if too late, his blue dress-coat tails streaming in the wind, his Panama hat in one hand, and a large brown paper bag, bursting with oranges, in the other. By accident or design, as he neared the wharf, the bag did burst, and all the oranges went rolling down the road.

"Pick 'em up, children, pick 'em up!" gasped Mr. Bowdoin. "Findings keepings, you know." And he broke into a chuckle as the two smaller girls precipitated themselves upon the rolling orange-spheres as if they were footballs, and Master Harley, in his anxiety to stop one that was rolling over the wharf, tripped upon the hawser, and was grabbed by a friendly sailor just as he himself was rolling after it into the sea.

"You don't seem to care for oranges, Miss Dolly," said Mr. Bowdoin, as Miss Dowse stood haughtily aloof; and he looked then at Mercedes, who was left quite alone, yet followed Miss Dowse's example of dignity; Jamie standing behind, not beside her, hat in hand.

"Ah, Ja— Mr. McMurtagh," said Mr. Bowdoin, doffing his own. "And so this is our Miss Mercy, again? Why don't you chase the oranges, my dear?"

Mercedes looked at the old gentleman a moment, then ran after the oranges.

Dolly still made excuses. "It is so hot, and I have clean gloves on."

Mr. Bowdoin cast a quick glance at the envied gloves, and then at Mercedes' brown hands. "Here, Dolly, chuck those gloves in the carriage there: they're not

allowed down here. McMurtagh, I'm glad to see your Mercy has more sense. Can't stay to luncheon? Well, remember me to Mr. James!"

Ah, the marvelous power of kindness that will give even an old merchant the perception of a woman, the tact of a diplomat! McMurtagh went back with a light heart, and Mercedes jumped with delight into the very finest of the carriages, and was given a seat ("as the greatest stranger") behind with Mr. Bowdoin, while the other three girls filled the seat in front, and Harley held the reins upon the box, a process Mr. Bowdoin affected not to see.

They drove through the little village in the train of other carriages; and Mercedes sat erect and answered artlessly to Mr. Bowdoin's questions. He asked her whether she was happy in her home, and she said she was. (In his kindness the simple-hearted old gentleman still knew no other way to make a woman tell the truth than by asking her questions!) Jamie was very good to her, she said, and grandpa most of all; grandma was cross sometimes. ("Jamie"! "grandpa"! Old Mr. Bowdoin made a mental note.) But she was very lonely: she had no children to play with.

Mr. Bowdoin's heart warmed at once. "You must come down here often, my dear!" he cried; thus again laying up a wiggling from his auguster spouse. But "Jamie"! "Why don't you call your kind friend father, since you call old McMurtagh grandpa?"

The child shook her head. "He has never asked me to," she said. "Besides, he is not my father. My father wore gold trimmings and a sword."

This sounded more like De Soto than Silva. "Do you remember him?"

"Not much, sir."

"What was his name?"

The child shook her head again. "I do not know, sir. He only called me Mercedes."

Mr. Bowdoin was fain to rummage

in his pocket, either for a handkerchief or for a lump of Salem "Gibraltars:" both came out together in a state of happy union. Mercedes took hers simply. Only Miss Dolly was too proud to eat candy in the carriage. The Salem Gibraltar is a hard and mouth-filling dainty; and by its administration little Ann and Jane, who had been chattering in front, were suddenly reduced to silence.

By this time they had come through to the outer cliff, and were driving on a turf road high above the sea. The old gentleman was watching the breakers far below, and Mercedes had a chance to look about her at the houses. They passed by a great hotel, and she saw many gayly dressed people on the piazza; she hoped they were going to stop there, but they drove on to a smallish house upon the very farthest point. It was not a pretentious place; but Mercedes was pleased with a fine stone terrace that was built into the very last reef of the sea, and with the pretty little lawn and the flowers.

As the children rushed into the hall, Ann and Jane struggling to keep on Mr. Bowdoin's shoulders, they were stopped by a maid, who told them Mrs. Bowdoin was taking a nap and must not be disturbed. So they were carried through to the back veranda, where Mr. Bowdoin dumped the little girls over the railing upon a steep grass slope, down which they rolled with shrieks of laughter that must have been most damaging to Mrs. Bowdoin's nerves. Dolly and Mercedes followed after; and the old gentleman settled himself on a roomy cane chair, his feet on the rail of the back piazza, a huge spy-glass at his side, and the Boston Daily Advertiser in his hand.

At the foot of the lawn was the cliff; and below, a lovely little pebble beach covered with the most wonderful shells. Never were such shells as abounded upon that beach! — tropical, exotic varieties, such as were found nowhere else. And

then — most ideal place of all for a child — there was a fascinating rocky island in the sea, connected by a neck of twenty yards of pebble covered hardly at high water; and on one side of this pebble isthmus was the full surf of the sea, and on the other the quiet ripple of the waters of the bay. But such an island! All their own to colonize and govern, and separated from home by just a breadth of danger.

All good children have some pirate blood; and I doubt if Mercedes enjoyed it more than Ann and Jane and even haughty Dolly did. And to the right was the wide Massachusetts Bay, and beyond it far blue mountains, hazy in the southern sun. Then there were bath-houses, and little swimming-suits ready for each, into which the other children quickly got, Mercedes following their example; and they waded on the quiet side; Mercedes rather timidly, the other children, who could swim a little, boldly. Old Mr. Bowdoin (who was looking on from above) shouted to them to know "if they had captured the island."

"Grapes grow on the island," said Ann and Jane.

Dolly was silent; Mercedes would have believed any fairy tale by now. And they started for it, Harley leading; but the tide was too high, and at the farther end of the little pebble isthmus the higher breakers actually came across and poured their foam into the clear stillness. Ann and Jane were afraid; even Dolly hesitated; as for Harley, he was stopped by discovering a beautiful new peg-top which had been cast up by the sea and was rolling around upon the outer beach.

"Discoverers must be brave!" shouted Mr. Bowdoin from above. And Mercedes shut her eyes and made a dash through the yard of deeper water as the breaker on the other side receded. She grasped the rock by the seaweed and pulled herself up to where it was hot

in the sun, and sat to look about her. There were numerous lovely little pink shells; and in the crevices above, some beautiful rock crystals, pink or white. Mercedes touched one, and found it came off easily. She put it to her lips.

"Why, it's rock candy!" she exclaimed.

There was an explosive chuckle from the old gentleman across the chasm; and the others swarmed across like Cabot and Pizarro after Columbus.

"Remember, children, she's queen of the island to-day, — she got there first!" shouted Mr. Bowdoin, and went back to his spy-glass and his armchair.

So that day Mercedes was queen; and her realm a real island, bounded by the real Atlantic, and Harley, at least, was her faithful subject. At the water's edge was great kelp, and barnacles, and jelly-fish, all pink and purple; and on the summit was a little grove of juniper and savin bushes, with some wild flowers; and on the cedar branches grew most beautiful bunches of hothouse grapes. To be sure, they were tied on by a string.

"T is grandpa's put them there," said Dolly, of superior knowledge already in the world's ways.

"Sh! how mean to tell!" cried Harley.

"And he puts rare shells upon the beach, and tops!"

But Mercedes only thought how nice it was to have such a gentleman for grandfather; and when she got back to the little house on Salem Street she acted out all the play to an admiring audience. Jamie met her at the wharf and walked home with her. It was hot and stuffy in the city streets, but the flush of pleasure lasted well after she got home. And she told what soft linen they had had at dinner, and pink bowls to rinse their hands, and a man in a red waistcoat to wait upon them.

"Is n't she wonderful! Just like a lady born," said Jamie.

John Hughson, a neighbor, took his

pipe from his mouth and nodded open-mouth assent.

"And she talks a little Spanish, and can dance!"

"It's time such little tots were in bed," said Mrs. Hughson, a large Yankee person, mother to John.

"Just one dance first, Mercy; show the lady," said old Mrs. McMurtagh.

But Mercedes was offended at being called a little tot, and pouted her lip.

"Come here, dearie," said Jamie.

She went to him; and while he held her with his left hand awkwardly, he pulled a tiny pair of gloves from his pocket. Mercedes seized them quickly, and kissed him for it.

"Well, I never! Jamie, ye'll spoil the lassie," said his mother.

But Jamie heeded not. "Now, dearie, dance that little Spanish dance for me, and you can wear the gloves next Sunday."

But Mercedes looked up at Mrs. Hughson sullenly; then broke away from Jamie's arms and ran upstairs. And the laugh was at poor Jamie's expense.

IX.

Perhaps of all divisions of humanity the most fundamental would be that into the class which demands and the class which serves. The English-speaking race, despite all its desire to "better its condition," seems able to bear enlightenment as to all this world may give its fortunate ones, and yet continue contentedly to serve. Upon the Latin races such training acts like heady wine: loath to acquire new ideas, supine in intellectual inquiry, yet give them once the virus of knowledge and no distance blocks their immediate demand. Mercedes, who was thus given a high-school education and some few of the lonely luxuries of life, passed quickly beyond the circulating libraries in her demands for more. Given through her intellect the

knowledge, her nature was quick to grasp. For kingdoms may be overthrown, declarations of independence be declared, legislatures legislate equality, and still — up to this time, at least — the children of democracy be educated, in free common schools, upon much the same plan that had been adopted by some Hannah More in bygone centuries for the only class that then was educated, daughters of the gentry, young ladies who aspired to be countesses, and to do it gracefully. Mercedes learned with her writing and reading, which are but edged tools, little of the art of using them. She was taught some figuring, which she never used in life; some English history, of which she assimilated but the meaning of titles and coronets; some mental philosophy, which her common sense rejected as inanely inapposite to the life at hand; some moral philosophy, which her very soul spewed forth; a little embroidery, music, and dancing; and a competent knowledge of reading French.

When we consider what education and training her life required, the White Knight in Wonderland's collection of curiosities at his saddle-bow becomes by comparison a practical equipment.

For guides in the practical conduct of life, she had been told to read two novels, *Mansfield Park* and *Clarissa*. Then there were Mrs. Susannah Rawson's tales, Miss Catherine Sedgwick's, and *The Coquette*. She had further privately endeavored to read the *Nouvelle Héloïse* in French; but this bored her, and — one regrets to say — the unambitious though immoral heroine impressed her as an idiot. As a more up-to-date romance she had acquired from a corner bookstore a lavishly pictured novel in octavo, entitled *The Ballet Girl's Revenge*. She could not sew, nor wash, nor cook, nor keep house or even accounts. Not one faint notion had she of supporting herself. Domestic service she thought degrading; and she looked with a lofty

scorn upon shop-girls. There were some dreadful women in a house close by; if Mercedes was conscious of their existence, it was as of women who were failures in that they played the right cards badly. She held her own pretty head the higher. For she soon discarded the ballet girl's biography. By the time she was fourteen, had made another visit to Nahant, and had once been asked to a Christmas party at the Boston house, she saw that aristocratic life could offer better things. She had an intense appreciation of the advantages so imperfectly exploited by these rich Bowdoins, her high acquaintance. And was it perhaps a justification of her way of education, after all, that little Harleston Bowdoin, like every male creature that she met, was fascinated, first by her face, then more by her manners, and most of all by what she said?

Miss Mercy was sent to the girls' high school, and brought up in all ways after the manner of New England. Her looks were not of New England, however; and her dresses would show an edge of trimming or a ribbon that had a Spanish color, despite all Jamie's mother's Presbyterian repression. Then, a few years after, the old drayman died; and a beautiful piano appeared in the McMurtaghs' modest lodging. Mr. James discovered that the expensive Signor Rotoli, who was instructor to his own daughters, went afterwards to give lessons to Miss Mercy. Father and son wagged their heads together at the wisdom of this step; and Mr. James was deputed a committee of one to suggest the subject to Jamie McMurtagh. Old Mr. Bowdoin had ideas of his own about educating young women above their station; but he was considerably more afraid of Jamie than was Mr. James.

The latter deemed it most politic to put the question on a basis of expense; but this was met by Jamie's allegation of a considerable saving in the family budget caused by old McMurtagh's decease and

consequent total abstinence. Mr. James was mildly incredulous that the old drayman could have drunk enough to pay for a grand piano, and Jamie grew rusty.

"Your father's stipeend is leebereal, young man, and I trust ye've deescovered nothing wrong in my accounts."

Mr. James fled: had the familiar address been overheard by the old gentleman, Jamie's discharge had followed instantly.

McMurtagh mopped his reddened face, and tried to enjoy his victory; but the ill-natured thrust about the accuracy of the accounts embittered many a sleepless night of his in after-years.

X.

Jamie McMurtagh still continued his rather sidelong gait as he walked twice daily up State Street to the Old Colony Bank, bearing in a rusty leathern wallet, anything, from nothing to a hundred thousand dollars, the daily notes and discounts of James Bowdoin's Sons. James Bowdoin and his father used to watch him occasionally from the window. There were certain pensioners, mostly undeserving, who knew old Mr. Bowdoin's hours better than he did himself. It was funny to see old McMurtagh elbow these aside as he sidelonged up the street. There was an old drunken longshoreman; and a wood-chopper who never chopped wood; and a retired choreman discharged for cause by Mr. Bowdoin's wife; and another shady party, suspected by Mr. James, not without cause, of keeping in his more prosperous moments a modest faro-bank, — all of whom were sure enough of their shilling could they catch old Mr. Bowdoin in the office alone. If they waylaid him in the street, it annoyed him a little, and he would give them only ninepence. It was currently believed by Mr. James and Jamie that there was a combination among these gentry not to give away the source

whence they derived this modest but assured income. Once there had been Homeric strife and outcry on the dusty wooden stairs; and Mr. James had rushed out only in time to see the longshoreman, in a moment of sober strength, ejecting with some violence a newcomer of appearance more needy than himself. It was suggested to Jamie by this that a similar but mutual exclusion might be effected, at least against the weaker couple of the primal four; but there was an honorable sense of property among these beggars, and they refused to fail in respect for each other's vested rights. But Jamie was most impatient of them, and would sometimes attempt to hold the counting-room by fraudulent devices, even after the old gentleman would get down town. It was after an attempt of this sort, ending in something like a row between Jamie and his master, that the two Bowdoins, father and son, stood now watching the clerk's progress up the street. A touch of sulkiness, left by his late down-putting, affected his gait, which was more crablike than usual.

"An invaluable fellow, after all," said Mr. Bowdoin; "a very Caleb."

"How Dickensy he is!" answered Mr. James, more familiar with the recent light literature, just appearing.

"A perfect bookkeeper! Not an error in twenty years!"

"Do you notice he's rather looking younger?"

"'T is that little child he's adopted," said the old gentleman. "The poor fellow's got something to love. All men need that — and even a few women," he chuckled. Mr. Bowdoin was addicted to portentous cynicism against the sex, which he wholly disbelieved in.

"The little child — yes," said Mr. James, more thoughtfully. "Do you know what he wants?"

"He wants?"

"She wants, I mean. Old Jamie came halting up to me yesterday, and

ventured to suggest his Mercy might be invited to the dancing-class Mrs. Bowdoin is having for the children."

"Whew!" said Mr. Bowdoin. "The old lady 'll never stand it."

"Never in the world," said Mr. James.

"Upon my word, I don't know why not, though!"

"I'm afraid she does, though!"

"I'll ask her, anyhow. And, James, if I don't get to the office to-morrow, I'll write you her answer."

"And have me tell poor Jamie," laughed Mr. James.

"Well," said Mr. Bowdoin hastily, "you can say it's my letter — I'm late at the bank" —

The old gentleman hurried off; but his prediction proved well founded. Whether Mrs. Bowdoin had noticed the effect of pretty Mercedes upon young Harley, her grandson, or whether the claims of the pirate's daughter to social equality with the descendants of Salem privateersmen were to be negated, she promptly replied that questions of social consideration rested with her alone. Mr. Bowdoin accepted the decision with no surprise; what pretty Miss Mercy said is unknown; but Jamie actually treated his employers for some weeks with an exaggerated deference in which there was almost a touch of sarcasm.

"Poor old Jamie!" said Mr. James to his father. "How he adores the child!"

McMurtagh was not five years older than himself, — he may have been forty at this period; but his little rosy face was prematurely wrinkled, and his gait was always so odd, and he had no young friends about town, nor seemed ever to have had any youth.

Meantime Miss Mercy went on with her piano. She was graduated from the high school the next year, and then had nothing else to do. The same year, Master Harley went to college. And there occurred a thing which gave rise to

much secret consultation among the Bowdoin.

For every morning, upon the appearance of Mr. James, or more usually upon the later advent of Mr. Bowdoin, old Jamie would get off his high stool, where for many minutes he had made no entries upon the books (indeed, the entries already were growing fewer every year), and come with visible determination into the main office. There, upon being asked by Mr. Bowdoin what he wanted, he would portentously clear his throat; then, on being asked a second time, he would suddenly fall to poking the fire, and finally respond with some business question, an obvious and laborious invention of the moment.

"It's either Mercy or his accounts," said Mr. James to his father.

"His accounts — are sure to be all right," said the old gentleman. "Try him on the little lady."

So the next day, to Jamie, Mr. James, just as his mouth was open about the last shipment from Bordeaux: —

"Well, what is it, Jamie? Something about Miss Mercedes?"

"It's na about the lassie, but I'm thinkin' young Master Harleston is aye coming to tha hoose abune his needs," said Jamie, taken off his guard, in broadest Scotch. And he mopped his face; the conflict between love and loyalty had been exhausting.

"Harley Bowdoin? Dear me!" cried Mr. James. "How far has it gone?"

"It canna go too far for the gude o' the young man," said Jamie testily. "But I was bound to tell ye; and I ha' done so."

"Does he go to your house, — Salem Street?"

Jamie nodded. "He's aye there tha Fridays."

"Dancing-class nights," muttered Mr. James. Then he remembered that Abby, his wife, had spoken of their nephew's absence. He was studying so hard, it had been said. "Thank you, Jamie.

I'll see to it. Thank you very much, Jamie."

Jamie turned to go.

"Has Miss Mercy — has Miss McMurtagh encouraged him?"

Jamie turned back angrily. "She'll forbid the lad tha hoose, an ye say so."

Mr. James seized his hat and fled precipitately, leaving Jamie glowering at the grate. On his way up the street he met his father, and took him into the old Ship tavern to have a glass of flip; and then he told the story.

Mr. Bowdoin took his hat off to rub his forehead with his old bandanna, thereby setting fluttering a pair of twenty-thousand-dollar notes he had just discounted. "Dear me! I'll tell Harley not to go there any more. Poor old Jamie!"

"Better ship the rascal to Bordeaux," said Mr. James, picking up the notes.

"And have him lose his course in college?"

"What good did that do us? We were rusticated most of the time, as he has just been" —

"Speak for yourself, young man!" cried Mr. Bowdoin.

"Have n't I a copy of the verses you addressed to Miss Sally White when you were rusticated under Parson White at Clapboard-trees?"

An allusion to Miss White always tickled the old gentleman; and father and son parted in high good humor. Only, Mr. James thought wise to inform Mrs. Harleston Bowdoin of what had happened. And some days after, Mr. James, coming to the office, found fair Miss Mercedes in full possession. The old gentleman was visibly embarrassed. The lady was quite at her ease.

"I've been telling this young lady she must not take to breaking hearts so soon," he explained. "Have n't I, my dear?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Mercedes demurely.

"And he does n't know his own mind

— and he has n't been to see her for — how long was it, Mercy?"

"A week, sir."

"For a week. And she'll not see him again — not until" —

"Not at all, if it's displeasing to you, sir."

"Displeasing to me? Dear me! you're a nice girl, I'm sure. Was n't it fair and square in the child to come down here? I wonder you were n't afraid!"

"I'm not afraid of anything, Mr. Bowdoin!"

"Dear me! not afraid of anything!" Mr. Bowdoin chuckled. "Now I'm afraid of Mrs. Harleston Bowdoin! Do you mean to say you'd walk into — into a bank all alone?"

"Yes, sir, if I had business there."

"Business! here's business for you!" and the old gentleman, still chuckling, scratched off a check. "Here, take this up to the Old Colony Bank, — you know, where your father goes every day, — and if you'll dare go in and present it for the money, it is yours! You've got some music or fal-lals to buy, I'll be bound. Does old Jamie give you an allowance? He ought to make a big allowance for your eyes! Now get off, my dear, before he sees you here." And Mercedes escaped, with one quick glance at Mr. James, who sank into a chair and looked at his father quizzically.

"Upon my word," said the old gentleman, rubbing his spectacles nervously, "she's a nice, well-mannered girl. I don't know why it would n't do."

"I guess Mrs. Harleston does," laughed Mr. James.

"We were all journeymen or countrymen a hundred years ago."

But when Mr. Harleston's mamma heard of these revolutionary sentiments, she put her foot down. And Master Harley (who had conveniently been dropped a year from Harvard) was sent to learn French bookkeeping in the simpler civilization of Bordeaux.

XI.

There were friends about Miss Mercy none too sorry to witness the discomfiture of this lofty aspirant. Poor Jamie, I fear, got some cross looks for his share in the matter; and tears, which were harder still to bear. John Hughson, who was a prosperous young teamster, began to come in again, and take his pipe of an evening with Jamie. He no longer sat in his shirt-sleeves, and was in other ways much improved. Mercedes was gracious to him evenings; indeed, it was her nature to be gracious to all men. She had a way of looking straight at them with kind eyes, her lips slightly parted, her smile just showing the edges of both upper and under teeth; so that you knew not whether it was sweeter to look at her eyes or her lips, and were lost in the effort to decide. So one day Hughson felt emboldened to ask if he might bear her company to church on Sunday. And Miss Sadie, — as now they called her, for she objected to the name of Mercy, and nothing but Sadie could her friends make out of Mercedes, — Sadie, to please McMurtagh, consented.

But when the Sunday came, poor Hughson, who looked well enough in week-day clothes, became, to her quick eye, impossible in black.

"You see, Sadie, I am bright and early, to be your beau."

There is a fine directness about courtship in Hughson's class, — it puts the dots upon the *i*'s; but Sadie must have preferred them dotless, for she said, "My name is not Sadie."

"Mercy."

"Nor Mercy."

"Mer— Mercedes, then."

"Nor Mercedes alone."

"Well, Miss McMurtagh, though I've known you from a child."

A shrug of Mercedes' pretty shoulders implied that this might be the last

passport to her acquaintance as a woman. "Mr. McMurtagh is not my father. My name is Silva."

"Oho! all the Italian fruit-dealers are named Silva!"

"If you're rude, I'll not go to church with you," said Miss Silva demurely.

Hughson was clumsily repentant. But the young lady would not go to the King's Chapel (where she had lately affected an interest; it was the Bowdoin's church), but led him to still older Christ Church, at the northern end of the town. Here, in those ante-Episcopalian days, were scarce a dozen worshipers; and you might have a square, docklike pew all to yourself, turn your back upon the minister, and gaze upon the painted angels blowing gilded trumpets in the gallery.

It must be confessed that Hughson had little conversation; and as they walked back, through Hanover Street, among crowds of young women, none so neatly dressed as she, and men less respectable than honest Hughson, Mercedes was conscious of a void within her life. In the afternoon she shut herself in her room and had a crying spell; at least so Jamie feared, as he tiptoed by her door, in apprehension of her sobs. Her piano had grown silent of late. What use was a piano among such as Hughson? So Jamie and the rising teamster sat in the kitchen and discussed the situation over pipes.

"The poor child ought to have some company," said Jamie.

Hughson felt this a reflection upon him, and answered but with harder puffs. "What she wants," said he at last, "is society. A good nice dancing-party, now?"

Jamie shook his head. "We've no acquaintance among gay people."

"Gay people?" Hughson elevated his brow. The phrase, with him, was synonymous with impropriety. "No; but there's my training-company ball, now; it's given in Union Street hall; gentlemen a dollar, ladies fifty cents. Each

gentleman can bring two ladies. Why not let me take her there ? ”

“ I ’ m sure it ’ s very kind of you, John,” said Jamie. He felt a pang that he too could not take Mercedes to balls.

“ It ’ s not like one o ’ them Tremont Street balls, you know,” said Hughson proudly. Secretly he thought it a very fine affair. The governor was to be there, and his aides-de-camp, in gold lace.

Mercedes went to the ball when the night came, but only stayed an hour. She knew very few of the other girls. Her dress was a yellow muslin, modestly open at the throat, and she could see them eying it. None of the other women wore low-necked gowns, but they wore more pretentious dresses, with more of ornament, and Mercedes felt they did not even know in how much better taste was she. But John Hughson was in a most impossible blue swallow-tail with brass buttons, — the sort of thing, indeed, that Webster had worn a few years before, only Hughson was not fitted for it. She suspected he had hired it for the evening, in the hope of pleasing her, for she saw that he had to bear some chaff about it from his friends. One of the colonels of the staff, with plumed hat and a sword, came and was introduced to her. In a sense she made a conquest of him, for he tried clumsily to pay his court to her, but not seriously. Nothing that yet had happened in her little life had enraged Miss Mercedes as did this. She inly vowed that some day she would remember the man, to cut him. And so she had Hughson take her home.

Poor Hughson felt that his evening had been a failure, and rashly ventured on some chances of rebuff from her as the two walked home, chances of which Miss Mercedes was cruel enough to avail herself to the full. The honest fellow was puzzled by it, for even he knew that Mercedes ’ only desire in going to the ball was to be admired, and admiration she had had. John was too simple to make fine discriminations in male de-

ference, but he judged more rightly the feminine opinion of her looks and manners than did Miss Mercedes herself. They had thought her too fine for them — as she had wished.

After all her democratic education, social consideration was the one ambition that had formed in pretty Mercedes ’ mind. Her desire for this was as real in the form it took with men as in the form it took with other women ; as clear the outcome of the books and reading given her as of the training given any upper servant in a London suburb, patterned on a lady mistress. Mercedes had no affections ; she was as careless of religion as a Yankee boy ; this desire alone she had, of self-esteem above her fellow-creatures, especially those of her own sex and age. Her education had not gone to the point of giving her higher enjoyment, — poetry, art, happiness of thought. Even her piano-playing was but an adornment. She never played for her own pleasure ; and what was the use of practicing now ?

This New World life has got reduced to about three motives, like the three primary colors ; one is rather surprised that so few can blend in so many shades of people. Money-getting, love of self, love, — is not that quite all ? Yet poor Jamie and Mercedes, who was nearest to him, did not happen in the same division. Hughson, perhaps, made even the third. Yet a woman who holds herself too fine for her world will get recognition, commonly, from it. To honest Hughson, lying unwontedly awake, and thinking of the evening ’ s chances and mischances, now in a hot fit, now in a cold fit, of something like to love, such a creature as Mercedes, as she lightly hung upon his arm that evening, had never yet appeared. She was an angel, a being apart, a fairy, — any crude simile that occurs to honest plodding men of such young girls. John took the *distract* look for dreamy thought ; her irresponsiveness for ethereal purity ; her moodiness for superiority of soul. She imposed herself on

him now, as she had done before on Jamie, as deserving a higher life than he could give her. This is what a man terms being in love, and then would wish, *quand même*, to drag his own life into hers!

One day, some weeks after this, Mr. James Bowdoin, on coming down to the little office on the wharf rather later than usual, went up the stairs, more than ever choky with that spicy dust that was the mummy-like odor of departed trade, and divined that the cause thereof was in the counting-room itself, whence issued sounds of much bumping and falling, as if a dozen children were playing leap-frog on the floor. Jamie McMurtagh was seated on the stool in the outer den that was called the bookkeeper's, biting his pen, with even a sourer face than usual.

"Good-morning, Jamie," said he cheerily.

"Good-morning, Mr. James." Jamie always greeted glumly, but there was a touch of tragedy in him this morning that was more than manner. James Bowdoin looked at him sharply.

"Can I — has anything?" — He was interrupted by a series of tremendous poundings that issued from the counting-room within. The entrance door was closed. Young Mr. Bowdoin cocked his thumb at it. "How many children has the governor got in there to-day?"

"One, sir," grunted Jamie.

"One child? Great heavens, who makes all that noise?"

"Mr. Bowdoin do the most of it, sir," said Jamie solemnly. "I have been waiting, sir, to see him mysel' since" — Jamie looked gravely at his watch — "since the half after twal'. But he does not suffer being interrupted."

James Bowdoin threw himself on a chair and laughed. "Who is it?"

"It'll be your Miss Abby, I'm thinkin'."

"The imp! I stopped her week's money for losing her hat this morning,

and she's got ahead of me and come down to get it of the governor."

There was a sudden and mysterious silence in the inner room. James Bowdoin looked at Jamie, and noted again his expression. "What's the matter, Jamie? Have you anything to tell me?"

"It's for Mr. Bowdoin's private ear, Mr. James," said Jamie testily.

"Oh, ah! in that case I'll go in and see." James threw the door open. Old Mr. Bowdoin was standing, still puffing, in front of the fire, evidently quite breathless. In the corner by the window, too rapt to notice her father's entrance, sat Miss Abby, intently gazing into a round glass crystal that, with a carved ebony frame, formed one of the Oriental ornaments of the counting-room.

"I trust we are not disturbing important business, sir?" said Mr. James the younger dryly.

"Sh, sh! Abby, my dear, don't take your eyes out of it for twenty minutes, and you'll see the soldiers." And the old gentleman winked at James and Jamie, and became still purpler with laughter that was struggling to be heard.

"As for that child of mine" —

"Psst! h'sh!" and Mr. Bowdoin snapped his fingers in desperation at his uncomprehending son. "Never mind them, dear!" he cried to the child. "Only look steady; don't take your eyes out of it for twenty minutes, and you're sure to see the armies fighting! The most marvelous idea, and all my own," he said, as he slammed the door behind him. "Crystal-gazing, for keeping children quiet, — nothing beats it!"

"I thought, sir, you were both in need of it. But Jamie here has something to say to you."

"What is it — Jamie? No more trouble about that ship *Maine Lady*? D—n the British collier tramps! and she as fine a clipper as ever left Bath Bay. Well, send her back in ballast; chessmen and India shawls, I suppose, as usual" —

"It's about Mercedes, sir."

"Oh, ah!" Mr. Bowdoin's brow grew grave.

"She will not marry John Hughson, sir."

"Now, Jamie, how the devil am I to make her?"

XII.

John Hughson took his rejection rather sullenly; and Mercedes was more than ever alone in the old house. She never had had intimate companions among the young women of the neighborhood, and now they put the stigma of exclusion upon her. They envied her rejection of a serious suitor such as John. It was rumored the latter was taking to liquor, and she was blamed for it. Women often like to have others say yes to the first man who comes, and not leave old love affairs to cumber the ground. And girls, however loving to their friends, have but a cold sympathy for their sex in general.

One person profited by it, and that was old Jamie. He urged Mercedes nearly every day to alter her decision; and she seemed to like him for it. Always, now, one saw her walking with him; he became her ally against a disapproving world.

The next thing that happened was, Jamie's mother fell very ill. He had to sit with her of nights; and she would look at him fondly (she was too old and weak to speak much), as if he had been any handsome heir. Mercedes would sit with them sometimes, and then go into her parlor, where she would try to play a little, and then, as they supposed, would read. But books, before these realities of life, failed her. What she really did I hardly know. She wrote one letter to young Harleston Bowdoin, and he answered it; and then a second, which was still unanswered.

One night "the mother" spoke to Jamie of the girl: "'T is a comely lass.

I suppose you're proud you were adopting her?"

Old Jamie's face was always red as a winter apple; but his eyes blushed. "Anybody'd 'a' done that, mither, — such a lady as she is!"

"What'll ye be doin' of her after I'm gone? The pirate father'll come a-claimin' of her."

Jamie looked as if the pirate captain then might meet his match.

"Jamie, my son — have ye never thought o' marryin' her your own sel'? I'd like to see you with a wife before I go."

There was no doubt that Jamie was blushing now.

"Do ye no love the lass enough?"

"I" — Jamie stopped himself. "I am too old, mither, and — and too queer."

"Too old! too queer! There's not a better son than my Jamie in all the town. I'd like to see a better, braver boy make claim! And if you seem old, it's through tending of your old forbears. Whatever would the lassie want, indeed!"

"Good heavens! I've never asked her, mither," said Jamie.

The old woman looked fondly at her boy. "Ask her, then, Jamie; ask her, and give her the chance. She's a daft creature, but bonny; and you love her, I see."

Jamie pinched up his rosy features and squirmed upon his chair. "Can I do anything for ye, mither? Then I think I'll go out and take a bit o' pipe in the streets with John Hughson."

"John Hughson, indeed!" snorted the old woman, and set her face to the wall.

But Jamie did not go near John Hughson. He rambled alone about the city streets; and it was late at night before he came back. Late as it was, there was a light behind Mercedes' window-shade, and he walked across the street and watched it, until a policeman, coming by, stopped and asked him who he

was. — But the virus took possession of him and spread.

The Bowdoin, father and son, noted that their old clerk's dress was sprucer. He was more than ever seen with Miss Mercedes; and she seemed to like him better than before. Women who are to all men fascinating must have a subtle instinct for perceiving it, a half-conscious liking for it. Else why do not they stop it sooner?

But Jamie had never admitted it to himself. Perhaps because he loved her better than himself. He judged his own pretensions solely from her interest. Marriages were fewer did all men so.

Still a year went by, and no other man seemed near Mercedes. Then the old mother died. To Mercedes life seemed always going into mourning for elderly people. They went on living, she and Jamie, as before. He had got to be so completely accepted as her adoptive father that to no one, not even the Bowdoin, had the situation raised a question; to Mercedes least of all. With such natures as hers there also goes instinctive knowledge of how far male natures, most widely different, may be trusted. But Jamie had thought it over many times.

Until one morning, James Bowdoin and his father, coming to the counting-room, found Jamie with a face of circumstance. He had on his newest clothes; his boots were polished; and his hair, already somewhat gray, was carefully brushed.

"What is it, Jamie? Have you come for a vacation?" said Mr. Bowdoin.

"Vacation!" sniffed Jamie. Once, many years before, he had been given a week off, and had gone to Nantasket; but his principal diversion had been to take the morning steamboat thence to the city, and gaze into the office windows from the wharf.

"It is something about pretty Miss Sadie, I'll be bound."

"You are always right, sir," said

Jamie quietly. His eyes were very bright; he was almost young-looking; and his manner had a certain dignity. "And I beg you, sir, for leave to ask your judgment."

Mr. Bowdoin motioned Jamie to a chair. And it marked his curious sense that he was treating as man to man that for the first and only time within that office Jamie took it.

"Mercedes." Jamie lingered lovingly over the name. "I have tried my best, sir. I have made her — nay, she was one — like a lady. You would not let her marry Master Harley."

"I never" — the old gentleman interrupted. Jamie waved his hand.

"They would not, I mean, sir. She will not marry John Hughson. You are a gentleman, sir, and could tell me if I — would be taking an unfair advantage — if I asked her — to marry — me. I am sure — I love her enough."

Jamie dropped his voice quickly on the last words, so that they were inaudible to Mr. James Bowdoin, who had suddenly laughed.

Old Mr. Bowdoin turned angrily upon his son.

But Jamie's face had turned to white. He rose respectfully. "Don't say anything, sir. I have had my answer."

"Forgive me, Mr. McMurtagh," said James Bowdoin the younger. "I'm sure she could not have a kinder husband. But" —

"Don't explain, Mr. James."

"But — after all, why not ask her?"

"Nay, nay," said Jamie, "I'll not ask the child. I would not have her make a mistake, as I see it would be."

"But, Jamie," said Mr. James kindly, "what will you do? She can hardly go on living in your home."

"Not in my home? Where else has the child a home?"

There are certain male natures that fight, crying. An enemy who looks straight at you, with tears in his eyes, is not to be contended with. And Jamie

stood there, blushing fiery red, with flashing eyes, and tears streaming down his cheeks.

"James Bowdoin, you're a d—d fool!" sputtered his irate sire. "You talk as your wife might talk. This is an affair of men. Jamie," he added very gently, "you are quite right. My boy's an ass." He put his hand on Jamie's shoulder. "You'll find some fine young fellow to marry her yet, and she'll bring you — grandchildren."

"I may — I need hardly ask you to forget this?" said Jamie timidly, and making hastily for the door.

"Of course; and she shall stay in her old home where she was bred from a child, and, d—n 'em, my grandchildren shall go to see her there" — But the door had closed.

"James Bowdoin, if my son, with his d—d snicker, were one half so good a gentleman as that old clerk, I'd trust him with — with an earl's daughter,"

said the old gentleman inconsequently, and violently rubbing a tingling nose.

"I think you're right, governor," said James Bowdoin. "Did you notice how spruced up and young the poor fellow was? I wish to goodness I had n't laughed, though. He might have married the girl. Why not? How old is he?"

"Why not? Ask her. He may be forty, more or less."

"What a strange thing to have come into the old fellow's life! And we thought it would give him something to care for! I never fancied he loved her that way."

"I don't believe now he loves her so much *that* way — as — as he loves her," said old Mr. Bowdoin, as if vaguely. "She is n't worth him."

"She's really quite beautiful. I never saw a Spanish girl before with hair of gold."

"Pirate gold," said old Mr. Bowdoin.

F. J. Stimson.

RECOMPENSE.

To Beauty and to Truth I heaped
My sacrificial fires.
I fed them hot with selfish thoughts
And many proud desires.

I stripped my days of dear delights
To cast them in the flame,
Till life seemed naked as a rock,
And pleasure but a name.

And still I sorrowed patiently,
And waited day and night,
Expecting Truth from very far,
And Beauty from her height.

Then laughter ran among the stars;
And suddenly I felt
That at my threshold stood the shrine
Where Truth and Beauty dwelt.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE POST-OFFICE.

THE order amending the civil service rules that was signed by the President on November 8, 1895, opens the way to the most important extension of the merit system that has yet been made; for it is an extension that has a many-sided significance. Without the need of legislation it will bring a large number of postmasters of smaller towns within the classified service by making their offices parts of larger or central offices where-with they will be consolidated. This change, as shown by the experiments already made, will give the postal service greater efficiency. Quite as important as the increase of efficiency is the change that will be wrought gradually and quietly by the elimination of these consolidated offices from the spoils of politics. Since the application of the merit system to the departmental service at Washington, whereby this service was lifted out of scandal and made respectable, the spoils system has had its greatest stronghold in the minor post-offices; and just as the shameful condition of the departmental service twenty-five years ago now seems to most persons incredible, so, if this new order be carried out, as complete a change will be accomplished in most of the fourth-class post-offices. We shall forget that after every presidential election the struggle for these offices used to send more men to Washington and take more of the time and the attention of members of Congress than any great measure — except possibly the tariff — with which Congress has had to do during this generation. There never has been in our life anything more grotesque or demoralizing than the struggle for minor postal appointments.

The text of the order is this: "And whenever, by order of the Postmaster-General, any post-office shall be consolidated with and made a part of another

post-office where free delivery is established, all the employees of the office thus consolidated whose names appear upon the roster of said office approved by the Post-Office Department, and including the postmaster thereof, shall, from the date of said order, be employees of said free delivery office, and the person holding on the date of said order the position of postmaster at the office thus consolidated with said free delivery office may be assigned to any position therein and given any appropriate designation under the classification act which the Postmaster-General may direct."

The Postmaster-General has absolute power given by law to abolish post-offices, to consolidate post-offices, or to make offices stations of other offices. By order of the President, of January 5, 1893, all free delivery offices were brought under the civil service rules. Since that date, whenever an office has become a free delivery office, or whenever an office has been consolidated with or made a part of a free delivery office, the employees, except the postmaster himself, have been brought into the classified service, and their successors, with certain very few exceptions, can now be appointed only after competitive examinations. By this last order of the President, therefore, every employee of every office consolidated with a free delivery office comes within the civil service rules, and the postmasters themselves of consolidated offices become clerks-in-charge and must be appointed as other clerks are.

This plan contemplates the selection of certain larger offices as nuclei and the consolidation of surrounding offices with these, the subsidiary offices reporting directly to the central office, and not to the department at Washington, as hitherto. In fact, twenty-eight offices

in the cities and towns around Boston have already been consolidated with the Boston office, and this consolidation has been in operation for some time with most satisfactory results. The experience gained there and at Chicago and at Philadelphia, where a like system has been introduced, has satisfied the Post-Office Department that it is susceptible of much wider application. It is not the intention to change the names of offices thus consolidated or made stations of other offices. People who now address letters to Cambridge or to Brookline, Massachusetts, do not know that those offices are parts of the Boston post-office, and that these large places near Boston have not postmasters, but only superintendents-in-charge. If this has been so successfully accomplished about Boston, why may not most of the post-offices of Massachusetts be made parts of three or four central offices, thus cheapening the administration, improving the service, and removing it from the evils of political pressure? It will be necessary, of course, to move with caution at the start, but the extension can be continued with increasing momentum. One great difficulty to be encountered arises from the fact that some postmasters, even at important offices, are not men of administrative ability and of the business qualifications that such service requires. The Post-Office Department will naturally be forced to begin by selecting central offices where the postmasters have proven their capacity to assume increased responsibility.

Some of the fourth-class offices, remote from large centres, or where the location of the office in a certain building owned by the postmaster is the main consideration, cannot yet be brought within the classified service, but some such method of appointment as is contemplated in the bills submitted to the last Congress, and in favor of a tenure during good behavior, will be adopted, it is hoped, so that the entire postal sys-

tem of the country may be put upon a sensible business basis. Bills were introduced in the last Congress providing for modes of appointment which should free postmasters from the spoils system. The bill introduced by Mr. Lodge in the Senate and by Mr. Everett in the House was intended to regulate only the appointment of fourth-class postmasters, and contained excellent provisions which, with some modifications curtailing the powers given to post-office inspectors, would work a needed reform. The bill introduced by Mr. DeForest in the House contained all the provisions of the previous bill with regard to fourth-class postmasters, with an additional important provision abolishing the four-year tenure of all postmasters, and providing that they should hold office during good behavior: "*Provided, however, that the President may at any time remove or suspend a postmaster of the first, second, or third class for cause, communicated in writing to the Senate at the next subsequent session of Congress after such removal, and that the Postmaster-General may at any time remove or suspend a postmaster of the fourth class for cause, communicated in letter of removal.*"

The number of appointments that will at once be brought within the classified service by this new order depends upon the rapidity with which the consolidations can be made. But it is interesting and encouraging to note how large the classified list has now come to be.

During the year ended June 30, 1895, by order of the President 8806 places were added to the classified service, and 2812 places were withdrawn from the excepted class and made competitive. Since that date, 828 additional places have been added to the list, making a total of 12,446 inclusions since June 30, 1894. The whole number of places now subject to competitive examination is more than 55,000. If it be too early yet to say that we are almost within

sight of the reformation of the whole federal service from the spoils system, except those higher offices which have to do with policies of administration, it is not too much to say that if this last order of the President be carried to its full application with courage and reasonable promptness, and if the movement for the application of the merit system to the consular service also be carried forward, then we are surely within sight of the complete reform. The new order is of the greater importance because the Postmaster-General, Mr. Wilson, is a civil service reformer of courage and conviction, who will extend the provisions of this rule as far as good and economic administration will admit.

In no department has the adoption of the civil service rules brought better practical results than in the postal service. The application of the rules to the free delivery offices and to the railway postal service has been productive of such marked improvement that no additional arguments are needed as to the advantages to be gained, both as a measure of economy in postal administration and in the improvement of public life, by removing post-offices entirely from politics and placing them on a business basis. In the railway mail service, the mistakes made in the distribution of mail matter prior to the placing of that branch under the civil service rules were so greatly in excess of those made since as to be worthy of special mention. The year before the extension of the rules, there was one error to every 3694 correct distributions of mail. The order went into effect May 1, 1889. For the

year ended June 30, 1895, the records show that there was only one error for every 8884 correct distributions of mail. With no other department of the government do the people come into such close and constant contact, and no other department so uniformly increases in volume with the growth of population and the increase of activity. During the past thirty years, the number of post-offices in the United States has increased from 20,000 to over 70,000, while the amount of mail matter handled has increased in a much larger proportion. The expenditures of the department are nearly \$90,000,000 a year, and it employs more than 100,000 persons. Of the first-class post-offices there are 149, the salaries of which range from \$3000 upwards; the second class includes 665 offices, with salaries from \$2000 to \$3000; the third class includes 2690 offices, with salaries from \$1000 to \$2000; and the fourth class includes 66,560 offices, with salaries less than \$1000.

The method of consolidating post-offices has a significance of another kind. The Post-Office Department thus ignores municipal boundaries, not indeed in its service, but as political units; and there could be no better or more logical way devised utterly to dispel from the popular mind the grotesque notion that could have been born only of the spoils system, — that the proper sending or bringing of one's letters has any logical connection with anybody's opinion of a high tariff or a low tariff, or of the coinage of the precious metals, or of the proper attitude of our government to foreign nations.

John R. Procter.

A CONGRESS OUT OF DATE.

THE people of the United States pride themselves upon their direct and businesslike methods of managing their own affairs. They manifest these national characteristics in the conduct of their state governments; but in the union of the States for the regulation of federal matters they maintain from generation to generation a most inconvenient, irresponsible, and incoherent system of administration.

On the 2d of December, 1895, opened the first session of the Fifty-Fourth Congress. The members of the House of Representatives who took the oath of office at that time were elected to their positions on the 4th of November, 1894, thirteen months, lacking only two days, before they occupied their seats. On the 4th of December, 1896, the same Congress, in the natural course of things, will meet for its second and last session. No matter how large the volume of business that urgently demands attention may then be, this session must expire on the 4th of March, 1897, only three months later. One of these months is the shortest of the twelve, and two weeks of this session will be given to a holiday recess.

Here are twin absurdities. The people choose Representatives to execute their will in national legislation. According to tradition, custom, and law, these Representatives do not take the first step toward discharging the duties thus laid upon them by the electors until a year and a month later. They then find that fully six months are required for the work of a session. But when they assemble for the second time, in the usual course, the Constitution prevents their having more than three months, and this brief period is shortened by a fortnight's recess. Under the most favorable circumstances so uneconomical a system must work vast harm. A year is lost in

beginning the operations of every new Congress. The more important the issue that decided the election of its members, and the more widespread the consequences of its possible action, the greater the harm done by this delay in the enactment of the laws that the Representatives were chosen to frame.

The election of Mr. Cleveland and a Democratic House in November, 1892, with the knowledge that the Senate would become Democratic in the following March, assured the country that radical changes would be made in the tariff, but left the business world in doubt as to what those changes would be. This uncertainty greatly aggravated the unfavorable financial conditions due to other causes. Even with the gain from the appointment of the ways and means committee at the extraordinary session convened in August, 1893, the revision of the tariff was delayed nearly a year longer than a rational system of legislation would have required.

A public servant who seeks reflection to an office which he has filled for one term is supposed to stand upon the record which he has made during this term. One of the many absurdities of our congressional system is found in the fact that a Representative who seeks reflection has, under ordinary conditions, sat for only one of the two sessions, and that the second session will not begin until after the seat has been filled by the voters for the next term. Indeed, under the custom of long campaigns in many States, the canvass for the nomination of a Representative in the next Congress begins not long after the opening of the first session of the existing Congress; and all the nominations are sometimes made before the end of this first session. A verdict upon the complete record of a Representative is thus rendered impossible.

Another consequence of this system is a lack of responsibility to the people during the second term of a Congress on the part of those Representatives who have not been reëlected, especially such of them as belong to the party which is dominant in the existing Congress, if a "tidal wave" has swept that party into the minority in the next Congress. The Republicans, for example, controlled the Fifty-First Congress, and had 176 Representatives when the election occurred in November, 1890. When the second session of this Congress opened, in December, only 52 of these 176 had been reëlected. The people had already passed upon their record, and the 124 who had been rejected had nothing to gain or to lose by their fidelity or treachery to their obligations as public servants during the remaining three months of their official existence. No fear of popular censure, therefore, could restrain them from favoring any reckless or extravagant scheme; while the Democratic minority might regard such folly with composure because the responsibility for it would attach to an already discredited party.

A more serious result is the possibility that a party which has just been overwhelmingly beaten at the polls, and which logically should have no further control over legislation, may exercise the power which, by an unjustifiable anachronism, it still possesses for three months, to impose upon the people a law against which they have protested. The country actually had a narrow escape from the perpetration of such an outrage only five years ago this winter. While the tariff was undoubtedly the controlling issue in the congressional elections of 1890, the Republicans sustaining and the Democrats opposing the then recently passed McKinley act, another feature of the Republican policy was submitted to the judgment of the people. There had passed the House at the first session, and was to come before the Senate at the second session, the so-called Force Bill, in-

volving a large extension of the power of the federal government over elections in the States, with a view to its especial exercise in the South. During the canvass the Republicans defended this policy, and the Democrats opposed it; and the issue indisputably helped the Democrats to carry the elections. Under normal conditions, this popular verdict should have disposed of the matter so far as passing the pending bill was concerned. The people had pronounced against it, and that should have been the end of it, unless the time should afterwards come when the party which favored the policy could elect a Congress pledged to carry it out. But the President, in his message of December, 1890, urged the Senate to pass the bill, and the leaders of the Republican majority in that body made desperate attempts to follow this advice, which failed only because the Southern Democrats were at last able to make an effective alliance for mutual benefit with some Republicans from the silver States, by which the bill was shelved. Nor was this an isolated case. Attempts have repeatedly been made by a party which had been defeated in the congressional elections to pass a law that would be rejected outright by the Representatives whom the people had just chosen. Sixteen years before the winter of 1890-91, a Republican Congress met for its second session a month after the country had elected a large Democratic majority to the next House. General Butler, who had himself been beaten for reëlection, set out to carry through a radical measure regarding the South, which was also called a force bill; and he would have succeeded if a more liberal element in the Republican party had not made a strenuous opposition, which delayed its inevitable passage by the lower branch so long that the small Democratic minority in the Senate was able to prevent a vote upon it before the expiration of the session.

A similar misuse of power for partisan

purposes, and against the clear expression of the popular will at the polls, is possible in the case of the executive, through the system which keeps the President as well as Congress in office until the 4th of March, four months after the people have chosen the next President and House of Representatives. Only the patriotism of President Harrison prevented an abuse of the appointing power three years ago which would have been as inexcusable as the enactment of the Force Bill. In November, 1892, the people indicated by an overwhelming majority their desire that Mr. Cleveland, and not Mr. Harrison, should be their President. This implied that a Democratic executive should make the appointments to high offices during the next four years, with the expectation that he would fill any vacancies which might occur on the bench with members of his own party, as the Republicans had a great preponderance of the judges of every court. A few weeks after the election Justice Lamar of the Supreme Court died. He had been appointed by Mr. Cleveland during his first administration, and was the first Southern Democrat who for thirty-five years had been elevated to the highest bench. Every consideration of fairness dictated the choice of another Democrat from the South as his successor. But the appointing power was still held by a Republican President, and the power of confirmation by a Republican Senate. Mr. Harrison was thus legally able to fill this vacancy with a Republican, who would be in no sense a representative of the section which had so strong a claim to the position. But Mr. Harrison did not take partisan advantage of such a situation, and he showed his breadth and fairness by appointing another Southern Democrat.

The worst feature of the existing system is the fact that we have only such a display of fairness, upon which we can never count, as a protection of the people from partisan abuses and national

misfortunes at the hands of discredited executives and legislators, kept in possession of power after a vote of lack of confidence has been recorded at the polls.

The first essential of representative government is that it shall represent. Our system of inaugurating Presidents and convening Congresses makes the federal government constantly unrepresentative, and leaves us to be saved from gross partisan outrages only by good luck or by some unexpected display of patriotism. The greatest absurdity of all is the fact that the forty-five States of the Union (for we might as well begin to count Utah now) maintain in their federal relations a system which not one of them would endure in the government of its own affairs. About half of the States elected governors and legislatures on the same day, in the autumn of 1894, when they voted for members of Congress. In every case the state executives and law-makers thus chosen in November were inducted into office early in the following January. In no State of the Union would it be possible for a legislature which had been rejected at the polls to go on making laws for another session, or for a Republican governor to appoint a member of his party to a life office after the people had voted to replace him with a Democratic executive.

How does it happen that people who conduct their state business sensibly in every commonwealth muddle the administration of their national affairs so badly? The anomaly is due to the haphazard manner in which the machinery of the federal government got started, and to the tremendous power of tradition and habit. The provisions regarding the election of a governor and legislature, and the time when they shall assume office, are everywhere the result of a careful consideration of the public convenience and interest, and are embodied in the constitutions of the States in the most explicit terms. But the time which shall elapse between the election of a new

President and Congress for seventy millions of people and their accession to power, and the period during which they shall retain power after the choice of their successors, are the result, not of deliberate design, but of a combination of circumstances that occurred at the end of the Revolutionary struggle. The Constitution provided that the President "shall hold his office during the term of four years," but it specified no date upon which the first President's four years should begin. The Constitution provided that the House of Representatives should be "composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several States," and the upper branch of two Senators from each State, "chosen by the legislature thereof for six years;" but the times, places, and manner of holding elections for both houses were left to be "prescribed in each State by the legislature thereof," save that Congress might by law make or alter such regulations, except as to the place of choosing Senators. No time was set when the terms of the first Senators and Representatives should begin. No limit was fixed as to the period which should elapse between the election of a House of Representatives and its assembling. The one reference to any month is found in the provision that "the Congress shall assemble at least once in every year, and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall by law appoint a different day."

It was by chance that the terms of the first President, Senators, and Representatives began on the 4th of March instead of the 1st of January or the first Monday in December; not because the framers of the Constitution thought the opening of spring the best time for inauguration day. The date was actually fixed by the old Congress of the Confederation just before its expiration. Ratifications of the Constitution came so slowly that over nine months after its signature on the 17th of September,

1787, had elapsed before New Hampshire, in the summer of 1788, furnished the ninth, which sufficed for its establishment. The conditions now existed under which the Continental Congress had been authorized by the Constitutional Convention to make arrangements for the choice of the President, and to "fix the time and place for commencing proceedings." If the Congress had acted promptly, the 1st of January, 1789, might have been taken as the time, and in that case the terms of all later Presidents, Senators, and Representatives would have begun at the opening of a year. But two full months were wasted in a dreary wrangle as to the place for the seat of government; and when a decision upon New York was finally reached, it seemed necessary to select a later date, and the first Wednesday of March was chosen instead of the corresponding day in January.

The accident which made George Washington's first term as President begin on the 4th of March, 1789, has required the inauguration of every one of his successors on the same day of the year, in order that he might "hold his office during the term of four years." The tendency toward uniformity of elections has operated to cause the choice of all the Representatives in a new Congress (save the few from Maine, Vermont, and Oregon) one month before the second session of the existing Congress, and thirteen months before the new Congress will meet.

The framers of the federal Constitution never contemplated such an incoherent system of representation as that under which their descendants are now living. No student of governmental methods can see any rational argument for the maintenance of the system. Neither political party has anything to gain or lose by perpetuating it. Everybody would be glad to see a radical reform instituted. Such a reform, moreover, is practicable.

The Tuesday after the first Monday in November is evidently to remain the day for the choice of presidential electors and Representatives in Congress. The greater convenience of this season for voting has become so manifest that during the past quarter of a century many States which formerly chose their officials at other times in the year have changed to November.

What is needed is, not a change of election day, but the application of some method by which the President and the Representatives in Congress chosen early in November may come into office early in the following January, at the same time as the governors and the legislators chosen on the same day. Then the will of the people can be executed as promptly and surely in federal as in state legislation; the voters, when called upon to choose a new House, can pass upon the complete record of their Congressmen during the two sessions; a defeated party will have neither temptation nor opportunity to pass laws which have just been demonstrated to be obnoxious to the people; and a President whose claims for a second term have been rejected will not be able, with the help of a Senate in which a change of party may have been decreed, to fill life offices with representatives of political principles against which the country has pronounced.

An amendment to the federal Constitution will be necessary to bring about the required changes. In order that the terms of a certain President and Congress may begin early in January, the terms of their predecessors in the executive and legislative departments, which would regularly run until the 4th of the following March, must be shortened by two months. No such alteration in the workings of the government machinery can be made offhand. The President who will be elected in November, 1896, must hold his office for four years from the 4th of March, 1897. But the Constitution may be so amended as to provide

that the President who will be elected in November, 1900, and inaugurated March 4, 1901, shall retire on the 1st of January, 1905; and that thereafter the four-year term shall run from the beginning of the year instead of from the first week in March. At the same time, provision should be made that the House of Representatives elected in 1902 should have its official existence curtailed to the same extent, and that the last two months should be subtracted from the term of Senators who would regularly sit until March 4, 1905. The Fifty-Ninth Congress might then assemble for its first session at the inauguration of the President on the 1st of January, 1905 (or the first Wednesday of January, if an invariable day of the week be preferred). The Fifty-Eighth Congress could hold its two sessions during the twenty-two months of its existence by meeting the first time on the 4th of March, 1903, and the second time on the 1st of January, 1904.

The desired change is thus seen to be entirely feasible. To carry it out would involve only the adoption by the forty-five States of precisely the same policy that was followed by one of the forty-five regarding its governor and legislature twenty years ago. Connecticut formerly elected state officers and members of both branches of the Assembly annually in April, to serve one year from the following May. The people concluded to adopt the biennial system of elections, and to change the time of choosing and installing officials to November and January respectively. On the 4th of October, 1875, therefore, they adopted an amendment to their constitution, providing that "the persons who shall be severally elected to the state offices and General Assembly on the first Monday of April, 1876, shall hold such offices only until the Wednesday after the first Monday of January, 1877;" that future elections should be held in November, beginning with that month

in 1876; that the officials then chosen should come into office in January, 1877; and that the terms of officials should thereafter run from January instead of from May.

All that is required to bring about such a change in the federal Constitution is organized work to overcome the *vis inertiae*, to push the required amendment through both branches of Congress, and to secure its ratification by the necessary number of States. No opposition is to be feared, beyond possibly some faint protest from people who consider the 4th of March a better season than the 1st of January for the ceremonial display which has become incident (though not essential) to a presidential inauguration; and the well-remembered bleakness of more than one inaugural March day during the last twenty-five years deprives this argument of weight. What is to be apprehended is the indifference of Senators, Representatives, and state legislators to a movement which will have no partisan force behind it, and which will lack evidence of popular support unless some organization shall educate public sentiment to perceive the advantages of the change and demand it, and shall then bring this sentiment to bear upon,

first Congress, and afterwards the legislatures of the various States.

Why should not the National Civil Service Reform League take up this work, and push it through its various subordinate associations? Certainly, the accomplishment of the needed change would work a great reform in the civil service by making both the executive and the legislative branches of the federal government far more responsive to the popular will, and far less liable to indulgence in partisan outrages. The rapid progress now making in the application of the merit system to the various branches of the civil service, municipal and state as well as federal, will enable the members of these associations to devote some of their time in future to other matters. The organization of such bodies of public-spirited men in all parts of the country seems to provide just the means required for effecting a change which can be achieved through a great deal of unselfish work, but in no other way. If the National Civil Service Reform League should take up this matter now, it might see the new system in running order within ten years, and it would establish a lasting claim upon the gratitude of the American people.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE AS A CENTRE.

IN a recent political contest, one of the symbols of party principles was a little red schoolhouse. A symbol is capable of a narrow, exclusive application, or of a comprehensive, suggestive one. If we give this one over to party and use it for inflammatory purposes, it may get burned up in the fire it kindles; but as a sign of national order and progress it may fairly be accepted by men of every race and tongue and creed. The common schoolhouse is in reality the

most obvious centre of national unity, and, with the growing custom of making it carry the American flag, it is likely to stand for a long time to come as the most conspicuous mark of a common American life.

It is an illustration of the formal remoteness of the American citizen from the central administration that the only officer of the government with whom he has much to do is the postmaster, who serves in the interest of keeping the peo-

ple in communication with one another. It is equally significant of the extent to which the people at large have absorbed one great governmental function that the local officer who comes closest to the life of all is the schoolmaster.

We are so accustomed to give history a political interpretation that very obvious and marked distinctions in national life get lost sight of or are underestimated. For example, so much attention has been paid to the genius of republican institutions as contrasted with that of monarchical that students of American history rarely remark on the contribution made to our national order by the existence of a great voluntary system of ecclesiasticism; for the significance is not so much in the separation of church from state as in the vitality shown by the church itself as a component part of national life. In like manner, we are so used to the flexible educational system of the country that we do not always consider how profoundly this system affects the men and women of the land in their responsibility for the well-being of the nation. While we have been discussing, with a certain irritation at the apparent futility of the discussion, the right of woman to the ballot, and taking some alarm at the logical consequence of giving the ballot to woman, to be found in having offices held by women, we have without question made the number of women who hold office under state laws vastly greater than the number of men; for if teaching is not a state office, the State has no office in its gift.

It is worth while to pause at this point to consider the effect of a more general recognition of the truth I have averred in the fact that a school-teacher is an officer of the State. In the extension of the civil service reform principle and its establishment as a fundamental doctrine, we are slowly erecting a class upon natural selection to take the place of a class upon an artificial and aristocratic basis. That is to say, when the minor offices of

nation, State, and city are to be secured by special training and open competition on the part of young men and women, and held by them during good behavior, we shall see such occupation acting as a determining force in the choice of a career. But although the members of the civil service will be connected formally with the administration of the government, federal, state, or municipal, it is most likely that what may be called the state-consciousness of these members will be faint as compared with the sense of a livelihood gained by their occupation; for their work will, for the most part, be purely executive, and only as it becomes in any sense directive and shaping will it result in a consciousness of an identification with government. Now, this erection of a stable civil service is the creation of administration working along well-defined lines; it is in a measure part of an elaborate mechanism. But the vocation of teaching is far more free and spontaneous. It represents self-determination of a higher sort. It has to do with personality in its fuller expression, and the consciousness which goes with it is capable of profounder relations. Given, therefore, the conception of teaching as an office of the State, and you at once ally the teacher with directive, shaping forces, and state-consciousness becomes capable of high development. We are in the midst of political movements which demand greater emphasis to be laid on the State; the State is to own and run railroads, to organize labor, and to do a great many things which our Anglo-American instincts and experience make us slow to grant; but these movements intimate a livelier sense of the solidarity of society, and all the while, without much spoken emphasis, in the actual evolution of the State, the function of teaching in the common schools is becoming a real part of the administration of state affairs. Just as steadily as the office becomes stable and draws to itself the best blood, this relation of the office to the

State will be dignified. In our separate commonwealths we are using, and growing yearly more familiar in the using, a great governmental power based upon the principle of local self-government, and we are exercising this power through the personal action of common-school teachers. Strengthen and improve teacher and position, and the whole tone of government is raised.

So absolutely is this function of government divorced from our national administration that the Bureau of Education at Washington was for several years barely recognized by Congress; it was looked upon with indifference, if not with suspicion; its powers were very closely circumscribed, and its office now is scarcely more than that of a medium for collecting and distributing information. The explanation is to be found not simply in the jealousy of a central power, but in the fact that through long usage the people have accustomed themselves to the direct exercise of the control of public education. Hamlet, village, town, city, county, and State, religious and educational organizations, private endowments, — through all these manifold agencies the people have kept their hand on this mighty engine, and the health of the country lies in the continuance of this great policy. So closely woven is the whole educational system of the country with the life of the people that the health of the one is the health of the other, the moral decay of the one the moral decay of the other.

So electric, also, is the communication of part with part that a successful movement in one locality passes swiftly into wider reaches. A few years ago, two resolute men in an insignificant Eastern town, one a member of the board of education, the other superintendent of schools, set to work upon a somewhat lifeless system, and imparted to it such energy through their own personality and their common-sense principles that it was not long before men and women

were hurrying from all parts of the country to see what was going on. The "Quincy method" became a familiar term, and not only gave an impetus to a great Illinois normal institute, but affected educational thought everywhere. The same thing must happen again and again. The more perfect a system the more it is liable to decay from within, and new necessities constantly arise for some man or woman of creative energy to breathe into it the breath of life.

Meanwhile, along with this exercise of local self-government there has grown up a system of voluntary association, and some of the most definite attempts at systematic reform have issued from organizations like Teachers' Associations, which are purely voluntary, and rely for the enforcement of their doctrine upon an educated public opinion. The organizing faculty is brought to higher development in the American mind, I suspect, than in any other members of the human race. The multitudinous forms of voluntary association in politics, religion, and business have resulted in an ease of organization which precludes the need of much solicitude on this score. In educational matters this organizing faculty has been constantly at work perfecting systems, and, though its energy has often been misspent on external things, there has been a tendency toward a solidarity which has been most interesting, because, at first sight a departure from democratic modes, it really intimates a greater intelligence on the part of the people. I refer to the rapid growth of the policy by which superintendents are appointed to take charge of the entire system of schools in counties, cities, and towns. This policy has been so developed that in Massachusetts, where the county system does not prevail, groups of towns lying within a convenient neighborhood form voluntary organizations for the maintenance of superintendents.

The importance of this introduction of the superintendent into the common-

school system can scarcely be overestimated. At first it was opposed, and it continues to be opposed in some quarters because it seems to withdraw the schools from immediate contact with the people as represented by their elected school committee. But the step has been taken for two general reasons: as society grows more complex, a purely democratic management of affairs yields to republican methods, and administration tends to centralization in delegated authority; more significantly, education is coming to be recognized as a special science, calling for training on the part of those who shall direct it, and the more intelligent members of a community have an increasing reluctance to assume a kind of responsibility for which they know themselves not to be qualified. It looks now as if the system would long prevail by which a school committee chosen by city or town will hold very much the relation toward superintendent and teachers now held by a board of trustees toward a president and faculty of a college, namely, a pretty direct supervision of the material concerns, and scarcely more than a confirmatory regulation of the interior administration and the schedule of studies. It is doubtful if any order of state inspectors is likely for some time to come to have more than advisory powers.

Within the school system itself the presence of the superintendent is the sign of a most important advance. It means nothing less than the creation of a profession of teaching combined with administration. It is in a measure an enormous multiplication of posts analogous to that of the college president. The superintendent's office holds out to the whole teaching guild a prize to be won, and the spirit already shown in the ranks of superintendents themselves indicates how keen an ambition for distinction is at work. The office represents a certain stability and permanence, so that a man may enter deliberately upon the career of a teacher with the knowledge that

he stands a chance of occupying a post where his fullest academic and experimental acquirements may have full play. Whatever serves to establish the profession of teaching tends to ennoble it. Heretofore, the only prize set before a teacher in the lower or secondary schools was a headmastership, or possibly a chair in some college. But the office of superintendent, with its more distinct administrative function, will appeal to many men with greater force, and the entire order of teachers will be inspired by the discrimination of this office.

Yet it is clear that, important as this reinforcement of the teaching profession is, much more is needed before the schools will have that place in American civilization which we believe they must have in view of the fact that they are the most emphatic exponents of that civilization. The absence of distinct contributory force in the profession is noticeable to any careful observer. The number of men and women who enter it for life is comparatively small. Many who remain in it indefinitely do so, not from choice, but from necessity; and no profession which does not carry with it the resolution, careful equipment, enthusiasm, and devotion of the greater part of its members can hope to be a constant force in the community. In a future number of this magazine an attempt will be made to analyze the causes of this instability. It is enough here to point out a few of the obvious explanations. By far the largest number of teachers below the college grade are women, and marriage is of right a very disturbing element. The social and minor political agencies at work interfere with freedom of action and permanence of position; the absence of a well-ordered system of promotion is a discouragement; most of all, the inadequate pecuniary reward of service deters the most spirited and active-minded from making it more than a stepping-stone to some other occupation or profession.

It is very possible that of late years a new distraction has entered to lessen the invitation of the school to intellectual men and women. The multiplication of town libraries has given rise to a new vocation, and one likely to offer to young women especially a more agreeable field than the schoolhouse affords. There is, moreover, at work here a subtle influence which lies very deep, — near the bottom, indeed, of the whole subject. The rank of any profession is determined by the money value of the average position, or by the traditional dignity it holds in the community, or by the prizes it offers, or by a combination of these. Now, a certain honor attaches to books as such which is communicated to those who have to do with them, and, independently of the character of the persons compared, we strongly suspect that in most communities a little more distinction is conferred upon the librarian than upon the school-teacher of the same grade, as measured by salary.

Be this as it may, the library furnishes an instructive parallel of comparison with the schoolhouse. As a comparative novelty, and coming into the life of the people full formed, it takes at once a position superior in some respects to the schoolhouse. It is in many instances an outright gift of some person who can carry out conceptions formed intelligently and upon high models. It is admitted at once that the house of books should be convenient, spacious if possible, and rightly beautiful. Its appointments are those of refinement, and it is treated with respect by those who make use of it. The village is proud of it, and the city which has been educated to the point of building a library is very likely to make it monumental in character, and to expend a wealth of architectural beauty and decoration upon it. Part of this feeling arises, no doubt, from the fact that the library is the resort of all, old and young, even if the young predominate, while the schoolhouse is a tempo-

rary refuge of that portion of the community which is supposed to be indifferent to its surroundings because so soon to leave them altogether.

The schoolhouse is more directly the product of the community itself. It is not often the gift of one citizen, and its character is somewhat expressive of the estimate in which the school is held by the community. It is rarely marked by any grace or beauty, and is on the whole a little inferior in appearance to other public buildings. But wherever, through the activity of public-spirited citizens or by special gift, it rises to anything like distinction, the pride of the people is evident, and a new conception of the dignity of the school is created. If the policy which prevails in the construction of libraries were practiced with schoolhouses, the effect upon the community and upon the occupants of the schoolhouses would be very marked. It is one of those cases where it is hard to distinguish between cause and effect. We may say, given a higher valuation to common-school education, and the people will pay higher salaries and build more beautiful schoolhouses; but it is scarcely less logical to say, induce the people to pay higher salaries and to take pride in their schoolhouses, and they will set a more worthy valuation on education.

At all events, the two movements of the mind are likely to go on pretty nearly together; and I suggest, as a practical course to be pursued by those persons in any town or village who are earnestly interested in the improvement of education there, that they give their energy to making the schoolhouse the most beautiful public building in the place. It should be spacious, and it should be well set. A garden, a common, about a schoolhouse would at once give it distinction. In a recent number of this magazine¹ some excellent observations

¹ See C. Howard Walker's paper in *The Atlantic* for December, 1894.

were made upon the architectural enrichment of schoolhouses; the considerations were perhaps more appropriately for city buildings, but the principles involved are more readily applicable in towns and villages where greater space may be given for the proper placing of a building. In like manner, though the town may have its library and its museum, it is of great consequence that books, pictures, casts, and mural decoration should render the interiors of school buildings something more than shelters for teachers and pupils. When it is considered that schools have deliberately or by compulsion of circumstance taken upon themselves many of the functions of domestic life, it becomes all the more important that every child should get in the schoolroom the best that any well-ordered house can give; there is a communistic duty of leveling which the school can perform better than any other institution. We look for the day when the schoolhouse shall have not only choice editions of good books on its shelves, reproductions of the best art on its walls, and a well-chosen neighborhood museum, but a conservatory, not for botanical uses, but for the pleasure to the eye, as it is in the homes of the rich; and if there is only one fountain in the village, it should be in the schoolhouse court or garden.

We are met, however, with the very natural objection that the schoolhouse, though concentrating the attention of the public, especially of the part that has children, can be only in a very limited sense the centre of the town life; that, as intimated, the library affords a positive distraction from this notion. Under present conditions, this is, no doubt, the case; and if we left the subject here, we should be forcing the note and attempting to make an artificial centre. Yet there is involved in the notion of the common school the germ, I believe, of a larger plant. It is only in a partial way that the high school supplements and carries forward the work of the com-

mon school. It is even open to question whether, upon leaving the lower grade, we are not entering a territory best occupied by voluntary organizations or endowed establishments; whether, in fact, we are not to see such a solidarity of secondary schools, colleges, and universities as will send back the people at large to a more exclusive regard for that fundamental part of the system which they can best control because they are nearest to it and most in relation to it. What I conceive as possible is such a liberalizing of the notion of education as will familiarize those who are constantly connected with the common schools with the conception of an expansion of the idea as a permanent element in town and village life, where the common school is a most distinct factor.

As we have laid emphasis upon the structure and appointment of the schoolhouse itself, so here we apply the same principle. I would have at least one schoolhouse in the town provided with a commodious hall. It has been the custom to connect these halls with libraries, or to make them a feature of the town office-building. If, however, the schoolhouse of the future, architecturally admirable and fair within, contained also a gathering-place for the people desirous of availing themselves of farther educational facilities, the transition from school to lecture or exhibition would be made with greater ease. The notion of university extension, though imported, has taken some root, but it is at present a little too dissociated from the notion of common-school education. The real junction between the higher institutions of learning and the schools of the people will come about when the schools themselves have become more distinctly an expression of the village or town life. In our cities, evening schools are performing something of this function of expanding common-school education, but rather as a repair of defects than as an enlargement of work already done. There is large op-

portunity for the organization of education upon common-school lines above and beyond the time now given to the common school. The question, How shall we preserve the spirit of learning which is or should be induced in the common school so as to make it operative beyond schooldays? is one of the great problems to be solved to-day. There are signs of experiments, especially in the West, which promise important developments. The reading circles, both of teachers and pupils, the many literary clubs which

demand study as well as discussion, the extension of the library idea into school use, all these are signs of a true awakening. It is for the wise and thoughtful in every community to guide these forces into great channels, and we are convinced that the common-school system, so flexible, so capable of enrichment, offers the natural, available medium for unlimited development. It holds the key to the situation in any problem we may encounter when considering the momentous subject of American civilization.

Horace E. Scudder.

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST MOVEMENT OF THE MIDDLE OF THE CENTURY.¹

WHAT was first called "Christian Socialism" in England, — a very different thing, I need hardly say, from that which now calls itself so in Germany or Austria, — although the name was not adopted till 1850, dates in fact, as a self-conscious effort, from what Mr. Maurice once called "that awful year 1848," which he said he should "always look upon as one of the great epochs in history."² Socialism — we should always take care not to narrow that word to the creed of this or that group of the day, which may arrogate to itself a special right to it — then burst out of obscurity as a power capable of upsetting thrones. The idea of working together instead of working against one another, of possessing together instead of possessing exclusively for one's self, had taken hold of the workers themselves more or less in all the capitals and great towns of Europe, but more especially in that capital which

then, much more than now, led the popular thought of the Continent, — Paris. Be it observed that the Socialism of those days was not the atheistic Socialism of the later German schools. All the Socialist leaders of the Continent were French, and, however far they might be from Christianity, not one of them professed or inculcated atheism. The earliest among them, a child of the first French revolution, Fourier, inveighed against atheism and materialism; and if, with the strangest irreverence, he ranked God as one of three first principles with Nature and Mathematics, he recognized Him as Creator, as the source of unity and distributive justice, as the universal Providence, and held that our social evils acted as a limit on his justice and goodness. St. Simon's last work was entitled *A Treatise on the New Christianity*, and professed to show the means of carrying out the law of

¹ The following pages embody an address delivered to a clerical meeting in London, October, 1895.

² Speech at a meeting of Working Men's Colleges at Manchester, 5 January, 1859, printed in the *Working Men's College Magazine*,

vol. i. p. 29, Supplement for February, 1859. Curiously enough, Mr. Maurice, as pointed out in a letter signed "Jonathan Dryasdust," and printed on pp. 72, 73 of the same volume, quite inverted on this occasion the sequence of events at the beginning of the movement.

God. Proudhon began his eccentric career by a prize essay on the Celebration of Sunday. Cabet, a pure Communist, of very inferior intellectual calibre to the men I have mentioned, called the work in which he set forth his social views True Christianity. Louis Blanc urged men to have "a brave enough trust in God's justice to struggle against the permanence of evil and its lying immortality." In one of his most remarkable works, that on Christianity and its Democratic Origin, Pierre Leroux wrote that "if Christianity be wholly a gross error of the human mind, the best thing to do is to doubt everything, and declare forever the human spirit incapable of establishing any moral truth on a solid basis." The most practical of all the French Socialist leaders, Buchez, was at once an ardent democrat and a convinced Roman Catholic. Even in England, if Robert Owen, in his celebrated address at the London Tavern, August 21, 1817, declared that "in all the religions which have been hitherto forced on the minds of men, deep, dangerous, and lamentable principles of disunion, division, and separation" had been "fast entwined with all their fundamental dogmas," yet so far was he from opposing Christianity as such that a few minutes before he had declared that "individualized man¹ and all that is truly valuable in Christianity are so separated as to be utterly incapable of union through all eternity. Let those," he said, "who are interested for the universal adoption of Christianity endeavor to understand this." Working altogether in the shade, the mystic Greaves, the "Sacred Socialist," taught that "all human laws not in accordance with divine laws are founded on error."

When I put all these utterances of

mid-century Socialism together, I feel, far more deeply even than I did in 1848 that, with whatever false and even immoral teaching they were mixed, they represented a passionate cry for a uniting Christ. To that cry the churches, without one single exception, were deaf. Instead of seeking to understand the movement, to distinguish in it between what was genuine, living, hopeful, and what was false, excessive, dangerous, they looked on bewildered, or joined with its opponents to hoot and crush the whole thing down. Only here and there a minister of religion heard that cry. On the Continent, I can really recall but one name at the time I speak of, that of Philippe Boucher, a minister of the French Calvinist Church, but he had no helpers.² The first clergyman to hear the cry in England was Frederick Denison Maurice, then professor of English literature and modern history and of theology at King's College, and chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. One of the most valuable amongst his published volumes, that on The Lord's Prayer, contained sermons preached between February 13 and April 9, 1848, and consequently covers the outbreak of the French revolution of February in that year. In the sermon of March 5, on the words "Thy will be done, as in heaven so in earth," the following passages may be noted: "How can one ever make it a charge against any people that they hope for a brotherhood upon earth? . . . Every hope points upwards; if it cannot find an object, it is in search of one; you cannot crush it without robbing your fellow-creature of a witness for God and an instrument of purification. . . . Christianity as a mere system of doctrines or practices will never make men brothers.

¹ That is, man separated from his fellows, reduced to a mere individual.

² I do not reckon Lamennais, who was already inhibited from preaching. It was not till years afterwards that Bishop Ketteler of Mainz began to express a guarded sympathy

with the movement in his work *The Labor Question and Christianity* (*Die Arbeiterfrage und das Christenthum*), 1864; carefully avoiding, however, if I recollect aright, even to mention Socialism by name.

By Christianity we must understand the reconciliation of mankind to God in Christ, we must understand the power and privilege of saying 'Our Father — Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.' . . . This prayer . . . does not treat the projects of men for universal societies, unbounded pantisocracies, as too large. It overreaches them all with these words, 'as in heaven.'" The whole spirit of Christian Socialism is in such passages, though the term was not used, as I have said, till two years later.

It would be affectation for me to seek to conceal the share which I may have had in leading Mr. Maurice to the expression of such views. Seven years later, in dedicating to me his volume on Learning and Working, he spoke of a letter which he had received from me early in the year 1848, when I had seen Paris immediately after the expulsion of the Orleans family, as having "had a very powerful effect" upon his thoughts at the time, and having "given a direction to them ever since." I had dear ones in Paris when the revolution took place; I had reached the city by the first train that entered it on the railway that I had chosen; I had spent much of my stay in the streets, which offered the most marvelous spectacle I have ever witnessed. The gagging of public opinion by the Louis-Philippist régime having suddenly ceased, the whole city seemed bubbling out into speech. A man brought a stool or a chair, got up on it, and began to speak on any conceivable subject. If two men spoke a little loudly together in the street, a group formed round them in two minutes. Well-nigh all Paris was from morning till night one Athenian *agora*; or, say, what the northeast corner of Hyde Park is to-day in London of a Sunday afternoon, except that what is now the routine of open-air speaking was then an eagerly sought novelty.

¹ Priests were sometimes asked to bless, and did bless, the planting of "trees of liberty."

And the keynote of all was that this was not a political but a social revolution, and the largest groups always indicated a speaker on some social subject. There was no hostility to religion and none to its outward manifestations, as there had been at the revolution of 1830, when I had been living in Paris: priests, instead of putting on civil dresses, passed in their clerical costumes unmolested through the streets; Sisters of Charity met with nothing but affectionate sympathy. I never saw a priest or a minister of any denomination address the crowd.¹ The conviction was forced upon me that Socialism must be Christianized, but that only a truly social Christianity could do the work. Such was the purport of the letter in question.

The state of things in England was different. The popular movement here was still mainly political, not social. Chartism was the chief disturbing force. And although there had latterly been a disposition among the Chartists to take up social questions, it must never be forgotten that the "six points" of the "People's Charter" — universal suffrage, annual parliaments, vote by ballot, equal electoral districts, payment of members, and no property qualification — dealt with no single subject which would now be called a social one. Still, the abortive Chartist meeting of the 10th April, 1848, was unquestionably the direct result of the French social revolution of February.

I have told elsewhere (Economic Review for October, 1893) — and the story is also told more or less in the Life of Maurice and that of Kingsley (not quite correctly in the latter) — how the accident of my not having cared to claim a special constable's truncheon brought me into contact and friendship with Charles Kingsley; how a placard by the latter addressed to the "Workmen of Eng- But I never witnessed this to me unmeaning ceremony.

land" was posted all over London; how the issue was decided on of a weekly periodical, *Politics for the People*, of which Mr. Maurice and I were joint editors. Properly speaking, that journal represents the beginning of the Christian Socialist movement in its application to political subjects; but we took the word "politics" in its broadest sense, since we claimed that not only "the rights of a man in the eyes of the law, and his functions, if any, in the business of government," but "the rate of his wages, and the interest he gets for his money, and the state of his dwelling, and the cut of his coat, and the print he stops to look at, and the tune he hums, and the books he reads, and the talk he has with his neighbors, and the love he bears to his wife and children and friends, and the blessing he asks of his God, — ay, and still more, the love which he does *not* bear to others, and the blessing he does *not* ask of his God, — are all political matters." The paper lasted three months only. But its results were not unimportant. Round a nucleus, at the centre of which was Mr. Maurice, consisting at first of Kingsley, his friend Charles Mansfield, and myself, it brought a band of young or middle-aged men from the educated classes, anxious to help their fellows, who began soon to meet one evening a week at Mr. Maurice's house. The extinction of *Politics for the People* only led to another kind of work, the setting-up of a free evening school, — at first only for men, but into which boys, too, soon forced their way, — in a yard off Great Ormond Street (nearly opposite what is now the Working Men's College), with a very rough population, which (in conjunction with a girls' school under a mistress paid by us) it ended by civilizing. A few months later, a series of weekly meetings commenced for reading the Bible under Mr. Maurice's guidance, a deeply interesting account of which, by one of the most valuable members of our little group,

Charles Mansfield, will be found in Mr. Maurice's *Life*. These were continued for several years, and I shall always say were the very heart of the movement while they lasted. Many of us, I may observe, were in the habit of attending the Sunday afternoon services at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, when the chaplain preached.

Moreover, in the very month of July, 1848, which was the last of *Politics for the People's* brief life, there had appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* the first part of *Yeast*; and though the ill health of its author brought the work to an untimely conclusion in December of that year, it had given unmistakable proof that we had in our little band a novelist of real genius, one who looked straight at the evils of the day and could speak plainly upon them. And we had another amongst us who, although none of us guessed it, was destined before many years were over to write a work of wide-spreading influence, under the guise of a mere novel for boys, the future author of *Tom Brown's School-Days*, who had joined us just when we were planning our free school in Little Ormond Yard. For a time, and indeed for years afterwards, we knew in "Tom Hughes" — as his honor Judge Hughes, Q. C., is still for all his old friends — only the most active of fellow-workers, the most genial of companions.

But we were still only feeling our way. To say nothing of our clerical fellow-workers, two or three of us laymen had taken part in parochial work, and had come into contact with working men. But not a single one of us knew any working man to whom he could go as a friend. Yet meanwhile, unconsciously to ourselves, we had opened up a way to what was needed. *Politics for the People* had had a few — a very few — working men readers, and two or three working men correspondents. They were attracted by the tone of the paper, and yet distrusted it. When it failed, they recognized

that it had been a genuine attempt to reach their class. One of these men was a tailor in Fetter Lane, a Scotchman, brought up in the narrowest Calvinism, but from whom all faith had dropped away, and who had become a lecturer upon Strauss, then the leading infidel teacher. A dear friend of mine, a Scripture reader with whom I had become connected in parochial work, directed my attention to this man, and, he having prepared the way, I called upon him. It was Walter Cooper, who for some years did excellent work with us, but, alas, eventually went to the bad altogether. Whilst perfectly courteous, he was very outspoken. Yet he admitted himself to have been struck by a new tone in Politics for the People, and was anxious to know more about the men connected with it. I persuaded him to go to hear Mr. Maurice. He went, and was at first perfectly bewildered, but went again and again, till he understood, and then became a regular attendant. I introduced him to Mr. Maurice, and to several other of our friends. He brought one or two of his own to Lincoln's Inn Chapel. He suggested that Mr. Maurice should meet the working men. This led to a series of conferences beginning in April, 1849, which brought Mr. Maurice and his friends into direct contact with all that was most thoughtful and most earnest in the London working class, together with a good deal that was merely frothy and unreal. It was clear after a few months that the questions which lay nearest to the hearts of these London working men were no longer political, but social ones. And a powerful stimulus in this direction was being afforded by the publication in the *Morning Chronicle*¹ of three series of letters on Labor and the Poor, by its own commissioners, which commenced while the conferences were going on, and were soon found to contain the most awful revelations as to the con-

dition of the working class, both in London and in the provinces.

That autumn I went over to Paris. It was the golden time of the *associations ouvrières*, — societies for productive coöperation. I say "golden time" in a moral sense, for if they were no longer persecuted by the government, as they had been after the insurrection of June, 1848 (although I was assured that, with scarcely any exceptions,² the men of not one of the associations had descended into the streets), still they were viewed with disfavor by the ruling *bourgeoisie*. But never before or since have I seen anything to equal the zeal, the self-devotion, the truly brotherly spirit which pervaded these coöperative workshops. It seemed to me that they offered the best material solution for the immediate difficulties of the labor question in England as well as in France. I told what I had seen to my friends, and they were all of opinion that funds should, if possible, be raised for setting up an association of working men in London on a basis similar to that adopted in Paris. The tailoring trade, Walter Cooper assured us, was ripe for the experiment. It was agreed to begin with this, he to be manager of the association. At the same time, Mr. Maurice took up again an idea which he had already entertained when Politics for the People was started, that of a series of tracts, which came out as Tracts on Christian Socialism. And if Little Ormond Yard school had given us T. Hughes for a fellow-worker, the setting up of a coöperative association brought us in time another most valuable recruit, Edward Vansittart Neale.

I have dwelt on these early days of the movement in order, if possible, to bring out its spirit. One often hears it said that the old Christian Socialism aimed only at setting up little associations of working men who should carry on trade

¹ Not the same journal as the present London Daily Chronicle.

² Chiefly among the associated cooks.

on their own account and share the profits. Nothing of the kind. From its earliest years the movement was political; it was educational; it was religious; I might add, it was sanitarian, for (not to speak of some excellent sanitary articles in *Politics for the People*, — for example, on the baking trade, by Dr. Guy, who, however, did not follow us later on) in the autumn of 1849 we carried on a little sanitarian crusade against a particular plague spot in Bermondsey, and projected a Health League with shilling subscriptions, but of this plan Mr. Maurice would not hear. At the very time when we were setting up our first little association, the volume of *Fraser's Magazine* for 1850 opened with an article (by myself) based upon the *Morning Chronicle* letters on Labor and the Poor, and under that title (reprinted in 1852 in a series of Tracts by Christian Socialists). In this will be found a good deal that many people think to be novelties of the present day. I have heard the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes speak at a meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber of the demand for a "living wage" as a new thing. I can only say that it was the claim of the working class before 1850, and that the article in question put forth the demand — granted within the last few years to a certain extent — that government contracts should be given only to "some fair-dealing man who shall pay his work people living wages" (the singular "wage" was not then an accepted term). If the article recommended (though in other language) coöperation both in production and in consumption, it warned its readers against putting their trust in any single panacea; recommended within certain limits emigration, the revision of the customs tariff, the finding of new employments for women, reforms in the prison and workhouse systems; suggested (what has since been carried out) government clothing workshops; above all, urged the Church to "put forth all

her strength to grapple with the hundred-headed evil;" declared that "the care of the sick, the reformation of the prisoner, the government of the adult pauper, the training of the pauper child, . . . required both a special and religious vocation in the individual, and the support and comfort of an organized fellowship," so that "we must have orders of nurses, orders of prison attendants, orders of workhouse masters, workhouse matrons, workhouse teachers, perhaps parish surgeons." But the article also proclaimed that the remedy for social evils lay, not "in any system or theory, not in any party cry or economical machinery, but in a thorough change of spirit. 'Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me,' must be the cry of this whole nation. We must feel that we are members of one society, having common profit and common loss; members of one church, many members under one Head; members, to use that most wonderful saying of the Apostle, members one of another." I do not mean to say that all the views thus expressed were shared by all my fellow-workers; some of them I may hold now only in a modified form. But they fairly show what subjects were being discussed amongst us, and prove, I think, that we were not mere men of a hobby, and had not any the slightest notion that coöperative productive associations were to be a cure for all social evils. But we did think them, and I do think them now, the best remedy — however difficult of application — as yet devised against the evils of the competitive system in trade, the anti-Christian system of "every man for himself, and devil take the hindmost."

Against that system a ringing blow was struck by Kingsley's *Cheap Clothes and Nasty*, which was founded mainly, like the article in *Fraser*, on the revelations of the *Morning Chronicle*. This came out almost simultaneously with the opening of the Working Tailors' Associa-

tion, selling largely from the first. It was not one of the actual Tracts on Christian Socialism, but was afterwards reprinted as the second of the Tracts by Christian Socialists. And already since early in 1849 (February) Kingsley had been at work on another novel, at first called *The Autobiography of a Cockney Poet*, but eventually published in August, 1850, as *Alton Locke*, and the success of which gave the publishers of *Fraser's Magazine* courage, in the following year, to reissue *Yeast* as a volume.

To the Tracts on Christian Socialism the title was given by Mr. Maurice himself, as being, he wrote, "the only title which will define our object, and will commit us at once to the conflict we must engage in sooner or later with the un-Social Christians and the un-Christian Socialists." The first of these Tracts, by himself, the *Dialogue between Somebody* (a person of respectability) and *Nobody* (the writer), contains that broad exposition of Socialism which can never be too often quoted against any who would force that great word into the narrow limits of their own creed or their own hate: "The watchword of the Socialist is Co-operation; the watchword of the anti-Socialist is Competition. Any one who recognizes the principle of coöperation as a stronger and truer principle than that of competition has a right to the honor or the disgrace of being called a Socialist." How little we thought of confining our Socialism to profit-sharing associations is shown by the fact that, out of the eight Tracts on Christian Socialism, one (the third) is entitled *What Christian Socialism has to do with the Question which is now agitating the Church* (referring to a late Privy Council decision on the subject of baptism); another is a *Dialogue between A and B, two Clergymen, on the Doctrine of Circumstances as it affects Priests and People*; and a third is *A Clergyman's Answer to the Question "On what grounds can you associate with men*

generally?" whilst the subsequent series of Tracts by Christian Socialists began with one on *English History* (all four being by Mr. Maurice).

Early in 1850, the starting of the first association of working tailors, with funds advanced by ourselves, having brought in applications from workmen in various other trades, the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations (a name afterwards changed, owing to legislation which I shall presently advert to, into that of Association for Promoting Industrial and Provident Societies) was established. It was divided into two branches: the Promoters, represented by a council, the second of whose functions was "to diffuse the principles of co-operation, as the practical application of Christianity to the purposes of trade and industry;" and the Associates, that is the members of the associations connected with the society, represented by a Central Board. In November, 1850, the *Christian Socialist*, a weekly paper, was started, and carried on till the end of 1851, to be succeeded for six months by the *Journal of Association*.¹

Into the story of the early associations I need not enter. They all failed. The first established one, that of the tailors, lasted longest, about nine years, and was then broken up through the dishonesty of the manager, that same Walter Cooper whom I have mentioned as our first working man ally, — a failure all the more painful as he had become somewhat prominently connected with the church, and vicar's churchwarden of All Saints, Margaret Street. Looking back, I am not in the least surprised at such failures. We had tried (and were, I still consider, right in trying) coöperation on its more difficult side, that of production (not that coöperation in consumption and distribution was entirely neglected, for two or three coöperative stores

¹ There is an existing *Christian Socialist* journal, but it has no connection with the *Christian Socialist* of 1850-51.

were established, and Vansittart Neale set up a Central Agency, which lasted many years, and prefigured the splendid Coöperative Wholesale societies of our day). We tried the experiment with men utterly new to the thing, and for the most part what the French would call the *déclassés* of the labor world, men of small or no resources and generally little skill. The trade-unions — themselves having no legal recognition — looked for the most part askance on coöperation. Moreover, when we started work, it was virtually impossible to obtain a legal constitution for our associations, unless under the then ruinous form of a company, and that only with unlimited liability. Hence much of our effort had to be devoted to the obtaining such a change of the law as would render coöperation legally practicable. We were able, fortunately, to lay the case of the working men fully before a House of Commons Committee on the Savings and Investments of the Middle and Working Classes, to interest several M. P.'s in the matter, and eventually to obtain the passing of the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, 1852, drawn by us, the first of a sequence which still continues. That act, however, still withheld limited liability from coöperative societies; nor was this granted till 1862, seven years after it had been given to companies. And without a limitation of liability, English working men will not associate together in any number.

Again, the Christian Socialist movement brought its promoters into connection with trade-unions, — of all forms of association the one still dearest to the bulk of the skilled workers of the United Kingdom. For, if the greater number of trade-unions, especially the smaller and less educated ones, looked askance upon coöperation, as I have said, we were sought after by that one which contains the very *élite* of the working class, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers; and to nothing in my life do I look back

with more satisfaction than to the endeavors I made — in conjunction with Vansittart Neale, T. Hughes, the present Marquis of Ripon, and other friends — towards obtaining a fair hearing for them during the great lockout of engineers in 1852. From the friendly relations then formed between members of the educated classes and the pick of the working class — relations which were extended and confirmed through the establishment of the Working Men's College — may be traced, I believe, by direct filiation, one of the latest and most promising social experiments of our day, the Industrial Union of Employers and Employed, established in June last; and one of the two chairmen of sections of this union was the secretary of the very society (the Amalgamated Society of Engineers) which it was the object of the lockout of 1852 to crush out of existence.

But even in reference to coöperation itself Christian Socialism did not die out. Before ceasing to direct the movement, our association provided for itself a substitute, calling together, in July, 1852, a Coöperative Conference, of delegates from coöperative bodies throughout the country, by which an executive committee was appointed, and similar conferences were called from year to year. To this body our association, in November, 1854, virtually resigned the direction of the movement. Those conferences, confined latterly to the societies of Lancashire and Yorkshire, were, I believe, continued without break till 1860, when the first Coöperative Congress was called in London, parent of an unbroken annual series which still continues. On the list of its convening committee, in 1860, appear the names of Charles Kingsley, T. Hughes, E. Vansittart Neale, my own, and those of three other members of our old body, besides those of various working men with whom we had been brought into contact; T. Hughes presided on the opening day. Later on, in 1879, it was two old Christian Socialists, T. Hughes

and Vansittart Neale, who were charged by the Coöperative Union, the outcome of these congresses, with the drawing up of a Manual for Coöperators. Scholarships at Oriel College have been founded by the coöperative body in their two names, and for many years Vansittart Neale held office with unwearied zeal and patience as the secretary of the Coöperative Union. Finally, at the holding, in August last, of an International Coöperative Congress, one of the old Christian Socialists remained to be asked to take the chair on one of the days of meeting, and another to hold it in his place. The breath of the older Christian Socialism is on English coöperation to this day.

Moreover, when our association abdicated, so far as coöperation was concerned, in favor of the committee appointed by the Coöperative Conference, it did not go out of existence; its energies were simply transferred in the main, with help from outside, to another field, which it had already opened up. For a twelvemonth we had held classes in various subjects in our Hall of Association, chiefly, but not exclusively, for working associates and their families, and Mr. Maurice's Bible class had been transferred to the hall, and was held on Sunday evenings instead of Saturdays. These classes were now expanded into the Working Men's College, of which Mr. Maurice became the principal. This still subsists and flourishes after forty-one years of existence, and is looked upon with singular affection by its students. From it, again, have grown other institutions, the most interesting of which is the South London Art Gallery and Library, established by a most remarkable man, the first student Fellow of the Working Men's College, W. Rossiter. The college, moreover, brought to us as teachers men who, without sharing our views in religious matters, it may be, were in turn brought thereby into contact with the working class, and learned to understand it and sympathize with it;

several of them have shown themselves its true friends. I speak of such men as Frederic Harrison and Sir Godfrey Lushington. Certainly, to the minority report of the late Lord Lichfield, F. Harrison, and T. Hughes, as members of the Trade-Union Commission appointed in 1867, is mainly due the Trade-Union Act of 1871 and all subsequent legislation on the subject.

I may seem to have been dwelling too much on what I may call external results; but the Christian Socialist movement was, above all things, a leaven, leavening the whole of English society. It is impossible to measure the effects of Kingsley's novels and poetry on the generation which grew up under their influence; and by their side came to place themselves Hughes's two novels, *Tom Brown* (first published in 1857) and *Tom Brown at Oxford*, the teaching of which, I believe, has gone deeper still. I can only say that, nowadays, I find boys fresh from school, girls from the governess's room, with minds at once better instructed and more open on social subjects than were those of their fathers and mothers thirty or forty years ago.

The name of our master, Maurice, may seem, in these recollections, to have dropped out of sight. A man whose sensitiveness was all but morbid, for many years he kept out of any active connection with the various movements directly springing from the Christian Socialist one; not from want of sympathy, which never failed on his part, but from fear of compromising them by his name and aid. But never in his teaching did he depart by one hair's breadth from the principles which he had sought to lay down. I find the whole spirit of Christian Socialism in the last pages of his last work, the *Lectures on Social Morality*: "We want for the establishment and rectification of our Social Morality not to dream ourselves into some imaginary past or some imaginary future, but to use that which we have, to

believe our own professions, to live as if all we utter when we seem to be most in earnest were not a lie. Then we may find that the principle and habit of self-sacrifice which is expressed in the most comprehensive human worship supplies the underground for national Equity, Freedom, Courage, for the courtesies of common intercourse, the homely virtues and graces which can be brought under no rules, but which constitute the chief charm of life, and tend most to abate its miseries. Then every tremendous struggle with ourselves, whether we shall degrade our fellow-creatures, men or women, or live to raise them,—struggles to which God is not indifferent, if we are,—may issue in a real belief that we are members one of another, and that every injury to one is an injury to the whole body. Then it will be found that refinement and grace are the property of no class, that they may be the inheritance of those who are as poor as Christ and his apostles were, because they are human. So will there be discovered beneath all the politics of the earth, sustaining the order of each country, upholding the charity of each household, a city which

has foundations, whose builder and maker is God. It must be for all kindreds and races; therefore, with the Sectarianism which rends Humanity asunder, with the Imperialism which would substitute for Universal Fellowship a Universal Death, must it wage implacable war. Against these we pray as often as we ask that God's will may be done on Earth as it is in Heaven."

In concluding, I may observe that I have not dwelt on those attacks that in the early years of which I have spoken, met us from all sides, and in the case of Mr. Maurice rose to bitter persecution. All parties in Church and State treated us alike as dangerous madmen. For some years, at least, I do not think there was any one of us who did not suffer more or less in his profession or prospects for having dared to call himself a Christian Socialist; and a few there were who, having put their hand to the plough, looked back. For myself, whilst thanking God for having granted me to take part in the Christian Socialist efforts of the mid-century, I can only feel ashamed that I did not do more and do better.

J. M. Ludlow.

SETTLERS IN THE CITY WILDERNESS.

IN a railroad train in Pennsylvania, one of the native Germans of the State was recently heard asking his companion if they were "on zis side of Norristown or ze oder side." An equal vagueness, so far as any accurate comparative study of the one half and "the other half" of the population of cities is concerned, has existed until almost the present time. It is evident enough that there has always been a hither and a yonder side of the point of division, but it is no less clear that the industrial conditions of city life have never before emphasized the divi-

sion as it is emphasized to-day. The fruits of this study of differences have come to what is known as "the reading public" mainly through the medium of fiction and the treatment of fact which pictures and the magazines render easily digestible. It would be interesting to know just how much of the popularity of tales like *Gallegher*, *Chimmie Fadden*, and *Julian Ralph's People We Pass* lies in the skill of the writers, and how much in a public curiosity concerning the type of humanity with which they deal. That they are widely, and on the

score of their cleverness not unreasonably liked, and that they are eminently of our own decade, there is not a shadow of doubt.

The public ear has also been reached by scattered words from and about the "settlements" of cultivated men and women in the poorest portions of great cities. Happily, the time is past when everybody need be told just what these enterprises are; yet the number of well-informed persons who contrive to maintain ignorance concerning them is often, at this late day, a matter of wonder to those who have followed their work. These wonderers should remember, however, that most of their own knowledge comes from reports, pamphlets, and the few books foreordained, as it were, to fall especially into their hands. The book which is to make the knowledge of the subject universal is still to be written, but from the volume before us¹ a very adequate conception of the work done by the American settlement which has probably had the widest opportunities and activities is to be gained.

Hull-House, in its definition of itself, differs from the other settlements in that the word "social" takes the place of the more familiar "college" or "university." It has the distinction, also, of counting among its residents both women and men. Women are in the majority, the total usually numbering about twenty. It is not to be supposed that all of these devote their entire time to the service of the House; but the Appendix at the end of the volume, giving an outline of the work that has grown up since two residents began it six years ago, is proof enough that many heads and hands are kept constantly busy. The House is situated at the heart of one of the most crowded, poor, and vicious city districts of the world. Into the daily life of this

community it has brought a train of civilizing influences too many even to name in completeness here. In forms adapted to the understanding of the people, it has given them books, music, and pictures, with every help to their fuller apprehension; it has brought about better sanitary conditions; it has entered with sympathy into the puzzling labor questions of its neighbors, showing the workers in the sewing trade, men and women, how their wretched state could be improved by organization, providing a meeting-place for young unions, giving sober counsel in times of strike, and even arbitrating successfully between employers and employed. Most important of all, it may be, in far-reaching results, it has taken to itself the children of the neighborhood, teaching them that there are other things to love than the streets, nourishing their starved imaginations, and filling their minds, by example quite as effectively as by precept, with images of a higher life than that into which the accident of birth has thrust them. The very beginnings of the settlement work were made in England only ten years ago, and until the children whom it has touched shall have grown to manhood and womanhood, and carried some leaven of the settlement influence into the lives of their cities, it is too early to count the full measure of its success. To illustrate the single point of stimulus to the imagination, — a point, as some will say, of lesser moment, — an incident may well be cited: "One club [of children] has had a consecutive course of legends and tales of chivalry. There is no doubt that the more imaginative children learn to look upon the House as a gateway into a magic land, and get a genuine taste of the delights of literature. One boy, after a winter of Charlemagne stories, flung himself, half cry-

¹ *Hull-House Maps and Papers. A Presentation of Nationalities and Wages in a Congested District of Chicago; Together with Comments and Essays on Problems growing out of the*

Social Conditions. By Residents of Hull-House, a Social Settlement, at 335 South Halstead St., Chicago, Ill. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1895.

ing, from the house, and said that 'there was no good in coming any more now that Prince Roland was dead.' "

The few pages describing the work of the House, however, were evidently intended by the compilers of the book to attract much less attention than the maps, the comments on them, and the separate papers of which the volume is made up. In every instance the writers have been residents of the House, and the papers represent the serious sociological study of the settlement, — a part of the work which the more noticeable social and humanizing elements are sometimes likely to obscure.

The two maps accompanying the book represent in a very vivid manner the nationalities and the wages of the people occupying the third of a square mile east of Hull-House. They were prepared in 1893 in connection with the work of Mrs. Florence Kelley, a resident of the House, acting at the time under government appointment as a Special Agent Expert, in A Special Investigation of the Slums of Great Cities, ordered by Congress and performed by the Department of Labor. The entire time of four men for more than four months was spent in a door-to-door inquiry into the condition of the district. At Hull-House the result of their labors was put into the graphic form which the maps modeled upon Mr. Charles Booth's famous map of East London have taken. The details of what they reveal must be seen upon the maps themselves. Concerning the divisions of the eighteen nationalities herded into this third of a mile, it is worth while to transcribe the following: "The Italians, the Russian and Polish Jews, and the Bohemians lead in numbers and importance. The Irish control the polls; while the Germans, although they make up more than a third of Chicago's population, are not very numerous in this neighborhood; and the Scandinavians, who fill north-west Chicago, are a mere handful. Sev-

eral Chinese in basement laundries, a dozen Arabians, about as many Greeks, a few Syrians, and seven Turks engaged in various occupations at the World's Fair give a cosmopolitan flavor to the region, but are comparatively inconsiderable in interest." As the abodes of members of each of these races are shown by separate colors or combinations of colors, the map of nationalities is more like a patchwork quilt than the sober checker-board which usually outlines a city's streets. The wage-map is a trifle less variegated; for, dealing with families, its colors represent only six grades of income, ranging from "\$5 a week and less" to "over \$20." The largest class in the district appears to be that receiving between \$5 and \$10. It is too much to expect absolute accuracy in maps such as these, especially when it is remembered that the population is constantly shifting. This exactness, indeed, is disclaimed; yet the maps render possible an easy apprehension of the nature and condition of the community in which Hull-House is doing its work. And for the higher spirit and purpose of the maps, the writer of the comments upon them speaks a word of wide application to all work for the poor: "Insistent probing into the lives of the poor would come with bad grace even from government officials, were the statistics obtained so inconsiderable as to afford no working basis for further improvement. The determination to turn on the search-light of inquiry must be steady and persistent to obtain definite results, and all spasmodic and sensational throbs of curious interest are ineffectual as well as unjustifiable. The painful nature of minute investigation and the personal impertinence of many of the questions asked would be unendurable, were it not for the conviction that the public conscience, when roused, must demand better surroundings for the most inert and long-suffering citizens of the commonwealth. Merely to state

symptoms, and go no farther, would be idle; but to state symptoms in order to ascertain the nature of the disease, and apply, it may be, its cure, is not only scientific, but in the highest sense humanitarian."

Having thus by the maps and the comments upon them shown with what sorts of people the House must deal, the book proceeds with papers on various topics affecting their interests. In their trade relations the sweating system presents the most distressing problems, and the report upon it by Mrs. Florence Kelley, State Inspector of Factories and Workshops for Illinois, gives a picture of the misery it entails, all the more tragic for the manifest, grim truthfulness of it all. Nor is the appeal for reform made to the more favored classes on humanitarian grounds alone. Perhaps it is as well that a motive of selfishness may enter into their endeavors for a change. "It is a fact," observes Mrs. Kelley, "of which the public has remained curiously ignorant, that the worst forms of danger to the wearers of garments are found in heavier proportion in the manufacture of expensive custom-made clothing than in the ready-made clothing trade. . . . A striking example may serve to illustrate the point. I have myself found on Bunker Street a brick tenement-house filled with Bohemian and Jewish tenants engaged in the tailoring trade and in peddling. In the ground floor, front flat, which was exceedingly clean, I found a tailor at work, one Sunday afternoon, upon a broad-cloth dress-coat belonging to an evening suit of the finest quality, such as sell for from \$70 to \$100. On a bed about five feet from the table at which the tailor was working, his son lay dying of typhoid fever. The boy died on the following day; and the coat, when finished, was returned to the merchant tailor, and delivered to the customer without fumigation or other precaution." It should be added that the words "exceedingly clean"

could not possibly be used in other instances which Mrs. Kelley relates. A paper on the Wage-Earning Children of Chicago, by Mrs. Kelley and an assistant inspector, gives an equally pitiful picture of a sad condition, and, like the preceding paper, makes intelligent suggestions for its betterment.

Three other articles, written, if there is anything in a name, respectively by a Jew, a Bohemian, and an Italian, have for their topics *The Chicago Ghetto*, *The Bohemian People in Chicago*, and *Remarks upon the Italian Colony in Chicago*. Not the least interesting portion of the paper on the Jews describes the work of the chosen people on its own behalf. The thoroughness of Hebrew charitable work has long been recognized, but the fact of its extension along all the lines of Gentile humanitarian endeavor must come to many readers with something of surprise. The foundation of the Maxwell Street settlement, where two young college-bred Hebrews have come to live in the midst of the Ghetto, is one of the more recent undertakings. The subjects of study in the classes which the settlement provides range from "George Eliot" to "bookkeeping;" and, among the independent literary clubs of the district, record is made of a society for the study of Hebrew literature, which listens to lectures in pure Hebrew, — not the Jüdisch jargon of the Jewish playhouses, — and keeps its minutes in the same undefiled tongue.

Americans, however, have grown somewhat familiar with the persistent individuality of Jewish life, whatever its surroundings may be, but they cannot all have realized that, in Chicago, they may boast of possessing the third largest city of Bohemians in the world, with a population from sixty to seventy thousand in number. If John Boyle O'Reilly were living to sing that there is no land like Bohemia, he would be forced to admit that there is a city, with a lake-front for its seacoast, very like it. The social,

religious, political, and trade life of the Bohemians is shown in its various distinctive aspects. The writer demonstrates their ability to rise out of insignificance into power by telling of their having served at various times in all the following posts of local distinction: alderman, county commissioner, school board, public library board, corporation counsel, assessor, and state legislature. It is certainly worthy of mention, also, that since 1874 the public library has had a Bohemian department, now numbering four thousand volumes.

The Italians of Chicago are, apparently, much like their countrymen of other cities, — for the most part voluntary exiles from their native land, working and waiting for return only until they have earned American dollars enough to supply their modest needs at home. The paper describing them is none the less a valuable contribution to sociological knowledge, and, like the other two studies of race characteristics, and indeed all the printed results of settlement work, gains a special significance from having been done "from the inside." The quality of sympathy which is thus attained shows itself again in the excellently written paper on The Cook County Charities, by Julia C. Lathrop, member of the Illinois State Board of Charities. One feels, in reading it, that the writer knows her people not only as "cases" and "wards of the State," but also as persons.

It remains to speak of the two concluding papers, Art and Labor, by Miss Ellen Gates Starr, and The Settlement as a Factor in the Labor Movement, by Miss Jane Addams, the head of Hull-House. As distinguished from the very practical bearing of the other essays in the book, these may be said to speak for the higher and larger aims of the settlement, its ideals. A thorough disciple of Ruskin, Miss Starr sees in the bringing of some spirit of joy into the lives of our workmen the only essential hope for raising their work above the dull, me-

chanic round which makes it what it is. A passage at the end of her paper speaks more than any relation of results for the feeling which informs the most enlightened work for poor and rich alike, and its length does not withhold us from quoting it: —

"The boy of our great cities, rich or poor (we are so far democratic), has this common inheritance. He sees from his earliest years the mart; not the *mercato vecchio* of Florence, where the angel faces of Della Robbia looked down above the greengrocer's wares in the open booth, from out wreaths of fruit and flowers that vied with those below, but our *mercato nuovo*. He sees there walls high and monotonous; windows all alike (which he who built had no pleasure in); piles of merchandise, not devised with curious interest and pleasant exercise of inventive faculty, but with stolid, mechanical indifference; garish wares, and faces too harassed and hurried to give back greeting. These belong to rich and poor alike. But here the lots diverge. The poor lad goes, not to his sheep, like Giotto, nor to keeping his feet warm, like Luca, in a basket of shavings, while he works cheerily at his art and saves fire: he goes home to the dreary tenement, not fireless, but with closed windows to keep its heat within, dingy plaster, steam of washing and odors of cooking, near discordant voices, loneliness of a crowded life without companionship or high ideals; and for view of hills and sky, the theatre bills on the walls across the street, and factory chimneys.

"The son of the rich man goes home to his father's house. Through plate glass and lace curtains he looks across at his neighbor's father's house, with its lace curtains, — perhaps a little less costly, perhaps a little more. Up and down the street, he compares the upholstery, the equipages, the number and formality of the servants belonging to the establishments which represent his social life.

He has flowers in a greenhouse ; he has fine clothes ; he has books ; he has pictures. Does he lead an artistic life ? Can we look to him for the great art of the future ? Alas ! 'The life of the poor is too painful, the life of the rich too vulgar !' Rather, is not the life of each both painful and vulgar to a degree which seems almost beyond hope ? 'The haggard despair of cotton-factory, coal-mine operatives in these days is painful to behold ; but not so painful, hideous to the inner sense, as that brutish, God-forgetting, Profit-and-Loss Philosophy and Life-Theory which we hear jangled on all sides of us, from the throats and pens and thoughts of all-but all men.' Happily, at least for art, there remains that 'all-but' modicum, — the tenaciously impractical and unbusinesslike, the incorrigibly unconvinced as to the supreme importance of 'selling cotton cheaper.' Else 'vacuum and the serene blue' would indeed 'be much handsomer' than this our civilization. For the children of the 'degraded poor,' and the degraded rich as well, in our present mode of life, there is no artistic hope outside of miracle."

It is to the new freed life, which shall give fresh strength not only to man's body, but also to his spirit, that Miss Starr looks for hope. If to some minds her words seem visionary, it may not be because those minds apprehend the whole truth. What Miss Starr has seen from the point of view of art, Miss Addams regards in its relations to the trades of the people about her ; and in her paper on the settlement's attitude towards the labor movement she puts the aim of trade-unionism on the highest possible plane, and shows how all may become gainers by the best applications of its principles.

The common remark that the greatest good of such work as that of Hull-House is through reaction upon the workers is shorn of half its effect by considering achievements and standards like those which the present volume sets forth. It is impossible to think of the contact between the lives which have produced the results here shown and the lives of the least favored citizens of Chicago without bringing up an image of actual, very positive good attained. The many sides on which the neighborhood life is touched, the sanity, the reasonableness, the human nearness of the work, the countless evidences of response and confidence from the people whom it reaches, — all these things have established the work already, wherever it is known, as unquestionably a good thing to do.

Such uprisings of the elements of disorder as the Chicago strike of 1893 may not unnaturally prompt the question, What is the use of such a little thing as a settlement, what is the use of any effort in the face of a counter-influence, of a power so vastly greater, against the social order ? It has never been claimed that the settlements could provide the final solution of any problem. It has only been hoped that, by gaining knowledge at first hand, they might enable men to see more clearly, to bring about a better understanding between each class and every other. This, it is believed with steadily growing confidence, they are doing ; and if the work of Hull-House may be taken as typical of what is best and most active in "the movement," the feeling of confidence and hope can only be strengthened by the knowledge that since 1889 twenty similar settlements have been established in America.

TWO RECENT THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

SEVERAL books published the past autumn afford gratifying evidence that theological scholarship and thinking are by no means either extinct or stationary among the descendants of the New England Puritans. If in any respect the sons fall behind the fathers, it is assuredly not in enthusiastic endeavor to reach fuller truth and clearer insight. Nor is it in the breadth of culture, the poetic imagination, and the literary charm that invest their pages. Indeed, in the two volumes of which we shall speak more particularly, many a reader, eager to reach solid foundations, would perhaps be content with fewer graces of style and less many-sided culture, if the loss were offset, at crucial points, by a clearer analysis and more old-fashioned definiteness of expression.

Dr. Gordon's work on *The Christ of To-Day*¹ consists of four chapters. The first is introductory. The fourth, on *The Place of Christ in the Pulpit of To-Day*, is primarily addressed to Christian preachers, but is of scarcely less interest and concern to congregations. At a time when so many ministers sink the preacher in the engineer of innumerable petty machineries, while of those who lay themselves out to preach not a few are ever on the watch for ear-tickling novelties, or at best produce moral discourses that have little that is distinctively Christian in them, it is refreshing to meet with an insistence on the worth and dignity of the pulpit as a means of bringing the minds of men into contact with the mind of Christ as the revealer of God. There is nothing in the chapter to limit the preacher's range of thought and speech, but it demands that the whole field and every part of it shall be

viewed in its relation to the thought and spirit of Christ. The heart of the book, however, lies in its second and third chapters. The former, entitled *Christ in the Faith of To-Day*, is in part a registration of the relative advances observable in current thought about Christ, and in part a vigorous and not unreasoned assertion of the insufficiency of the prevalent purely ethical conception of him, in so far as it does not include the recognition of his unique relation to God. "All intelligent thinking," writes Dr. Gordon, "must recognize in the Deity an eternal basis for the nature, the advent, the career and ideal of mankind. . . . Thinkers are everywhere converging upon the conclusion that in God there is the Eternal Pattern of our race. And what is this Eternal Pattern or Prototype but the Son of Man of the Synoptic Gospels, the Only Begotten of the Fourth Gospel, the Mediator of the Pauline epistles?" etc. This is the central thought of the book, the all-sided significance of which, with reference to the prominent critical, theological, social, and philosophical theories of the day, is set forth in the third chapter. No one who knows the history of intellectual life in New England will be surprised to learn that the main part of the work might be characterized as a highly appreciative appraisal of what Unitarianism and modern scientific thinking have contributed toward a correct Christology, and wherein the result falls disastrously short of the truth. The perception of defectiveness leads, of course, to an effort to supply what is wanting; and it is the reasoning, or some of it, used in that effort that is likely to give pause to many readers, whether Unitarians or others. "The fundamental defect in current thought about Christ," adds Dr. Gordon, "is an overdone principle of identity.

¹ *The Christ of To-Day*. By GEORGE A. GORDON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

To-day, otherness in Christ to humanity counts for nothing." This declaration is clear enough, and its substance will be readily accepted by all adherents of the Nicene theology. But how demonstrate its truth to those who deny that the alleged defect is a defect? This task the author undertakes, in the first place, by a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*. "The denial of the possible supreme divinity of Jesus means the absolute destruction of all individuality." "If a particular man is completely understood through the concept man; if we have nothing more to say of an Aristotle, a Shakespeare, a Cromwell, or a Beethoven than that he is comprehended under the general notion of mankind, . . . we destroy the beautiful individualism of nature, we take no account of human genius," etc. But suppose the opponent replies, My concept man is not a description of what any individual man or class of men actually is or must be, but an ideal construction of human nature generally, derived from the widest possible study of what men can be and do. It includes diversity of development as well as fundamental identity of original constitution. So far is it from obliterating individuality, or from furnishing exhaustive knowledge of the individual, that it may be essentially modified in consequence of the completer understanding of an individual. How then does the view of Christ as no more than an ideal man destroy "the beautiful individualism of nature"? Besides, if there be any real difference between God and man, how can the "denial of the possible supreme divinity of Jesus" affect the concept man? The divine in Jesus must manifest itself either as unmistakably transcending the human, or in terms of the human, and consequently indistinguishable from the human. The need of the author's argument does not allow the assumption of the former alternative; the latter deprives it of all cogency. Nay, it turns it against itself; for so far as Jesus the

man, or the personality who manifests himself wholly as man, is superexcellent among men, he once for all vindicates for individuality its right to a place in the concept man. Another argument of Dr. Gordon, which does not seem quite as conclusive as might be desired, is, that the kinship between God and man, in which "faith exults in our time," is left without adequate support unless the presence of the Eternal and Absolute in Christ be recognized, and the fact be held fast that "his nature is rooted in the Deity, and is part of the nature of God." There can indeed be no question that belief in the consubstantiation (to use our author's word) of man with God has received immeasurable accessions of vividness, strength, and certainty from the life and work of Christ; but does it altogether stand or fall with the conception of his unique relation to God? Is it not already implied in the "image" of God in which, according to Genesis, man is created, and still more effectively, though perhaps less formally, in the thoughts of the Hebrew prophets concerning the relations between God and Israel? The truth seems to be that the very idea of the Incarnation, or rather its emergence in human thought, demands the previous vigorous existence of this belief.

Other criticisms might be made; but they pertain to points of no direct bearing on the purpose of the book. It is altogether more agreeable to bid it God-speed with a hearty acknowledgment of its real and great value. Its timely aim, its broad and sympathetic spirit, its contagious enthusiasm, and above all its manly loyalty to Christ should not fail to commend it to the several classes to whom the author inscribes it, — theological students, young ministers, and "the new generation of Christian laymen." No one will read it without benefit. It has a power far beyond any piece of flawlessly reasoned apologetics. It is a grand outburst of the Christian conscious-

ness, — a joyous utterance of Christian experience and spiritual intuition, immovably sure that the Christ whom it trusts is the maker and king of the universe.

The other book to be noted is Dr. Denison's *Christ's Idea of the Supernatural*.¹ Closely akin in spirit to that of Dr. Gordon, it has a wider scope and a more distinctly scientific purpose. Its title is not explicit enough to suggest either its method or its range. It is not a dry exposition of how Christ defined or might have defined the supernatural, but a most attractive study of what might be termed Christ's philosophy of the supernatural and its relations to the natural. Its primary aim is, not to convince the skeptic, but to solve the difficulties that beset thinking men, whether professed believers or agnostics, by inducting them into the thought of Christ. The best thing a reviewer, cramped for space, can do, is to say, Read it, and when you have read it study it. The author gives you neither preface nor index. The one is needed to place you at his point of view, the other to collect his scattered utterances on the same or related topics. The neglect is unpardonable, or would be in any except an English-speaking writer; but do not punish him by neglect of his book to your own loss and injury. You will find that his work — for it is not a mere book — is instinct with life. It breathes freshness and vigor from its first to its last page. The novel cast of its phraseology, however troublesome at first, will yield a clear meaning on acquaintance. You may not, after thorough study, believe all you read, — the present writer ventures to hope you will not; but one thing is certain: whether agnostic, liberal, or orthodox at the beginning, you will be a deeply interested student, intent on the great inspiring reality (or, if

you will, ideal) of a divine human universe, before you finish. It is a book of a thousand, — the product of living as well as thinking; and destined, one dares to hope, to be for many a guide out of the world of apparently discordant dualisms into the serene peace and harmony of a real unity.

Christianity, says Dr. Denison in substance, — the popular Christianity of the churches, — presents itself to modern thought with a certain air of unreasonableness. It demands belief in its revelations without furnishing demonstrative evidence of their truth. It presents the realm of spiritual things as a "supernatural" world, lying wholly outside of the category of natural forces, and therefore beyond the range of human experience. Consequently, a reasonable — perhaps it would be better to say a reasoned — faith in Christianity would require an ever recurrent miraculous attestation of its divine origin. And even then Christianity could have no real relationship with human life. It would come to men as something alien to themselves, accepted only because accredited by incontestable authority. It could never so seize the believer's mind as well as heart as to become the vital principle of his whole being. Such is the difficulty that bars the way to free and hearty belief for the well-informed, reasoning man of the day. But the Christianity that presents this obstacle cannot be the Christianity of Christ himself. It must have failed to understand his intellectual position. For had his logic been so open to assault, his quick-witted opponents would easily have vanquished him without going to the trouble of putting him to death. The starting-point of the popular error lies in the conception of the supernatural as something wholly unrelated to the natural, excluding it and excluded by it, whereas in Christ's thought the two are correlated parts, or rather forms, of the one universe. There is no such thing as the supernatural, in

¹ *Christ's Idea of the Supernatural*. By JOHN H. DENISON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

the ordinary obstacle-making sense of the word. The true supernatural is the spiritual. But this first mistake drew after it a second: popular Christianity obscured and relegated into the background that which in Christ's teaching formed the very central idea, — "the unity between the natural and spiritual worlds."

It is not practicable to follow the author step by step through the course of his work. Nor would the result be intelligible. It will be more serviceable to note the most important principles to which his study of Christ's teaching conducts him. The key that solves the problem of the universe, and that contains in germ the whole of Christianity, is "Christ's idea that man is the son of God." He is a partaker of the divine, in a high, real sense, yet so as to maintain in full force the sharp distinction between God the father, the self-existent fount of supernatural life, and man the child, an embryo supernatural, whose spiritual life and development depend on constant maintenance of right relations with the life of God. This unity between God and man throws light on the relation of the physical and material to the supernatural or spiritual. For as man, the child, is not spirit only, but also psyche, soul, or sensuous life, through which he is on every side correlated with matter and immanent in it, so there must be in the father, God, a corresponding organ of correlation with matter. (Spirit and psyche, it should be observed, are not to be conceived as two, but as the higher and lower sides or foci of the one being. In their functional relations they may be compared with soul and body, but they are forever inseparable. The destruction of the one would be that of the other. Spirit is the basic life force; psyche, the organ through which the spirit acts. The psyche is eternally connected with matter.) The psyche in God is the Logos, by which originally he formed, and ever since pervades, the

material universe. The dualism of spirit and matter is thus resolved into unity. Matter itself is penetrable by spiritual force. The divine, whether in God or in man, uses it for its own creative purposes. In short, God and man are the two centres of the universe; and as they are one, the worlds in which they move and rule, the higher or spiritual and the lower or natural, must also constitute a unity.

The cosmic process, the biography of the universe, carries the same conclusion, and others far beyond it. The whole universe is pervaded by forces, and all these forces are under law, which unifies them. The fundamental law is what our author calls the law of organic coördination. To begin with what we call nature: all its forces are correlated with one another. There is a kind of potential reciprocity between each and every other, which, however, is realized only through the action of some living organism, that coördinates them, harnesses them together for effective exertion. Thus, the soil below, the sunlit air above, and the chemical elements diffused through both, all contain potential reciprocities; but it is only the coming in of a kernel of grain, a vital organism, that coördinates them, harnesses them together, and sets them to work for a common end. This correlation of forces extends throughout the universe. It obtains not only between matter and matter, but also between matter and spirit. It takes in God himself. We have not two systems of law, one of the natural, and another of the spiritual or supernatural world, but only one. Whether we say that natural law extends into the spiritual world, or (what the author prefers, as probably better) that spiritual law takes in the natural world, the result is unity throughout the universe. Another great law of the cosmic process is that of development. There is constant evolution of higher out of lower forms; and by the marvelous law of co-

ordination every living organism secures, or can secure, for itself at every stage of its development the environment then best adapted to it. The final law of all cosmic movements is the development of spiritual life. For man this means the full realization of his divine sonship.

The advent of Christ was the entrance into the world of "the supreme organ of unity, the divine At-one-ment. In him God and man were coördinated. The oneness which had before been potential in him became organic." Not that before Christ men had been without consciousness of connection with God. Nature itself is revelatory; and the world was never without elect souls who could in part interpret its revelations to their fellows. The Hebrews in particular had their organic revelators from Abraham, through the law and the prophets, down to John the Baptist. But these were mediators of lower stages of development, with correspondingly inferior reciprocities of their own. Jesus, though he came in the humble guise of a Galilean peasant, embodied the life of God. The author, so far as we can see, does not account for him; but however accounted for, he is the perfect and complete organ of the Logos. Let us state here parenthetically that more than one reading of Dr. Denison's book has failed to produce a single passage in which he clearly asserts or implies the incarnation of the Logos in Jesus. For him, the historical Christ is not the Logos, but the organ of the Logos, and thereby, of course, the organ of God. "The question," he says on page 56, "whether Jesus had another and a higher form of unity with God [than that of "life and reciprocity"] is an entirely different affair, nor do I propose to take it up in this place." We cannot find that he takes it up in any other place. Nor do we see how, as consequent evolutionist, he could have occasion for taking it up, although silence on it comports badly with his strict adhesion to Scripture. The Logos, be it

remembered, is the psychic, creative, communicative side or nature of God. With this Jesus comes to coördinate men. Being full of the divine life himself, he seeks to impart the same to others. He is the vine, rooted in the life of God, and those who cling to him shall share that life as the branches share the life of the trunk. This is the great coördination which he seeks to accomplish. And the means he uses is the word of God, with which, as organ of the Logos, he is surcharged, and which he compares with seed. This word is not speech alone, but includes also whatever else manifests the spirit and radiates its force. For though the word originate in the spirit, it is uttered by the psyche, and partakes of the psychic affinity with matter.

Here we stop abruptly. Not the ideas of the book, but our space has come to an end. Only let us add that, from our author's conception of the psychic element in spirit and its affinity with matter, taken in connection with his idea of the universe as a unity, his opinions as to miracles, the resurrection of the dead, and kindred topics may be inferred. They all shed the form of prodigies. All fall within the lines of what we ordinarily call the natural, but it is the natural perfected by complete coördination with the spiritual.

Dr. Denison professes to give the thought of Christ translated into modern speech. Of the vast difficulties that beset this undertaking he is well aware. More than once he endeavors — and, to our mind, not very successfully — to meet the objection that he is reading modern thought into Christ's words. The athletic feats of which his exegesis is sometimes capable may be seen from the specimen on page 66, where John vi. 53 is thus paraphrased: "As the earth, by organic contact, devours the seed, and so gets the vitality out of it, thus must these [wolf-like] men devour my flesh and blood that they may find the vitality of God's spirit." Nevertheless, we are strongly

inclined to believe that he has seized the root-thoughts of Christ, and placed them in a light so strong and truth-like that no genuine grammatico-historical exegesis can avoid giving him most serious consideration. But whatever be the final verdict on that point, the book, considered simply as the outcome of its author's

own thinking, challenges admiration, and something deeper than admiration. It lifts us far above the trivialities of every form of sectarianism and ecclesiasticism into the serene heights of eternal verities. And even if it do not give us final truth, it surely indicates the road by which we must reach it.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. The Front Yard, and Other Italian Stories, by Constance Fenimore Woolson. (Harpers.) Miss Woolson was so much at home in Italy that she could write stories with the scenes laid there and not give one the sense that she was using Italian properties. As in other cases, her interest was in her characters, and a fine perception of delicate shades was kept warm and human by a generous humor. The art of these stories is so good, the breeding so high, that one would fain believe they have a greater enduring power than many more in the fashion of the hour. The same comment may be made on Miss Woolson's companion volume, Dorothy, and Other Italian Stories. (Harpers.) — An Imaginative Man, by Robert S. Hichens. (Appletons.) Henry Denison, pessimist, cynic, and egotist, is a self-constituted detective to discover the true character of the men and women he meets. Viewing them as enigmas, he is chronically bored by finding them all too easily solved, and the pretty, affectionate wife, whom he married because she baffled him for a time, proves so commonplace that a child could understand her. The pair go to Egypt, where Denison falls in love with the Sphinx, who alone remains a mystery, and finally, we infer, dashes his brains out against her, his morbid mental condition having developed into downright madness. Another study of an abnormal nature, and a peculiarly repellent one, is that of a boy of twenty, dying of consumption, and possessed by a feverish desire to see "life;" and, by accompanying him in this noble quest, the writer is enabled to give a vivid and audacious picture of night-life, in every

sense, in the vilest quarter of Cairo. The growth of Denison's mania, with its diseased self-consciousness, is forcibly drawn, and everywhere the book shows cleverness, but we do not think that Mr. Hichens has as yet found his real position as a novelist. At all events, we prefer to regard this tale as an experiment, and to believe the author capable of truer and more wholesome work. — A Modern Man, by Ella Macmahon. Iris Series. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) Why the unheroic hero of this tale should be called a modern man, except for the sake of a telling title, it is difficult to discover, as men capable of loving two (or more) women simultaneously are certainly not peculiar to the passing day. However, the question is of no great moment, as the gentleman's history, though easily readable, is of very ordinary quality, the measure of cleverness which the writer possesses having a tendency to degenerate into smartness or flippancy. Her women are better done than the man; the heroine, though a mere sketch, having a distinct and not unpleasing individuality. — Two late additions to the Keynotes Series (John Lane, London; Roberts, Boston) are, The Mountain Lovers, by Fiona Macleod, and A Woman Who Did Not, by Victoria Crosse. Miss Macleod's highly imaginative romance bears little or no kinship to the popular Scottish novels of the day. It is a purely Celtic idyl, tragic enough in some of its aspects, not lacking in genuine poetic sentiment, and showing throughout the feeling of the true Nature-lover. A Woman Who Did Not belongs to the ordinary class of what may be called Yellow-Book fiction. It is, of course, the

history of a woman, who, having an unsatisfactory husband, nobly refuses to accept the love of a man for whom she has conceived an ardent attachment; why, it is difficult to say, for the hero is always an unmitigated cad, and at times a brute. We find the atmosphere of the tale none the less malodorous because it is that to which numerous writers of the hour, mostly women, are strenuously endeavoring to accustom us. — *The Golden Age*, by Kenneth Grahame. (Stone & Kimball.) It is seldom that we have the happy fortune to find sketches of child-life at once so delightful and so true as those which make up this most readable book. It is a fragmentary chronicle of the lives of five parentless children, clever, healthy, and natural, who are physically well cared for by commonplace, uncomprehending relatives, the proper amount of mental pabulum being dispensed by an equally conventional governess. Thus the little folk exist for the most part in a world of their own, themselves their only confidants, — a world full of excitements and marvels of which their elders never dream. The author, we can hardly help saying the autobiographer, faithfully reproduces the child attitude of mind, and his work throughout shows the kindest insight and the keenest humorous perception. We can recommend the volume as a pleasant and efficacious alternative after a course of "modern" fiction. — *Joan Haste*, by H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.) Mr. Haggard's limitations become very apparent when he attempts to depict more or less every-day English folk dwelling in their own land. His remarkable inventive power — more truly inventive than imaginative — does not flag, but it is sadly hampered by working in civilized and familiar ways. It need not be said that the tale is always readable, but it is essentially melodramatic, and its unreality will probably be felt by even the least critical reader, who will be much more concerned with the involutions of Joan's sad history than with the hapless young woman herself. — *The Wish*, by Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Lily Henkel. (Appletons.) *The Wish*, one of Sudermann's shorter and earlier tales, is an undoubtedly powerful and also pitiless psychological study of a hidden sin, — an involuntary wish in a moment of strong excitement, bitterly repented of on the instant,

having no least result in deed, and finally expiated by the suicide of the criminal or victim. The interesting introduction by Elizabeth Lee is partly biographical, partly critical; the former element being drawn from information furnished by the author himself. — *The Village Watch-Tower*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton.) Though there are half a dozen stories in this volume, the author is justified in making the first give a title to the collection, for there is a unity of scene and character about the group which makes the rest read almost like continuations of the first. They are, in truth, scenes from *Our Village*, presented with a delicacy of characterization, a playfulness, a humane feeling, and a dramatic instinct which set the book apart from the ordinary group of short stories. — *Neighbors of Ours*, *Slum Stories of London*, by Henry W. Nevinnson. (Holt.) The narrator of these tales is an East End lad, with the excessive sharpness and severe limitations of his class. The sketches are very well done. The writer has insight and humor, and convinces us at once that he has much more than a superficial knowledge of the life he describes, while he seldom makes the mistake of confounding his own point of view with that of his hero. — *Kafir Stories*, by William Charles Scully. (Holt.) Mr. Scully has the true story-teller's gift; his faults are mainly those of inexperience. His sketches have vitality and force, and sometimes evince a good deal of descriptive power; perhaps the most striking of them being *The Quest of the Copper*, a tale of savage tyranny and warfare, and also of savage heroism and loyalty. Of course, things horrible and revolting must have a part in such narratives, but the author does not generally dwell on them unduly, though such a sketch as *Ghamba* makes us fear that a possible danger to him may lie in that direction. — *A Ringby Lass, and Other Stories*, by Mary Beaumont. Iris Series. (Macmillan.) The title-story, which fills half the book, is conventional enough in its love-interest, but displays cleverness in some Yorkshire character sketches. All the tales have the effect of immature work, and, so considered, show promise. — *The Honor of the Flag*, by W. Clark Russell. The Autonym Library. (Putnams.) The eight brief sea-stories in this little volume are all rather conventional, both in their tragedy

and comedy, and, comparing the author with himself, seem to be for the most part merely perfunctory bits of work. — Mr. William F. Apthorp has translated a half dozen of Zola's shorter tales, and the group is published in a pretty, Frenchy volume. (Copeland & Day, Boston.) The stories show Zola's vigorous hold of human life under what may be called sordid conditions: in one only, *The Attack on the Mill*, is there any stirring of the blood over high and honorable action; in the others, one is either spattered or about to be spattered with mud. Mr. Apthorp has translated his author with spirit, and does not hesitate to use slang when the idea is slangy. — *When Love is Done*, by Ethel Davis. (Estes & Lauriat.) A novel which will not appeal very strongly to the hardened reader of fiction. It has, however, very attractive qualities for a reader who objects to highly seasoned food. The heroine is admirably drawn, and there are faint *nuances* which are true to life and delicately perceived. The construction of the book is not of the best. The reader has the odd sensation of attacking what may be called a fiction essay; the writer has her story and characters well in her mind, and writes about them as if she were making a study of somebody's else novel, and reproducing the effects along with an explanation of the causes. It is a thoughtful book, if not very dramatic, and contains many shrewd reflections, but it is above all a very nice study in the character of a not easily understood girl. — *Some of the Tenement Tales of New York*, by Mr. J. W. Sullivan (Holt), make very vivid pictures of tenement life, told with an effort, not quite successful, at proper reserve. Mr. Sullivan seems to have tried to refrain from making a morbidly violent appeal to the reader's sympathies, but perhaps it is too much to expect any writer just now wholly to escape the professional poverty-studying tone that fills the air. His aim, however, has been artistic, and not philanthropic, and some of the adventures of his tenement heroes are narrated with considerable skill. — Mrs. Austin's *Standish* has been reissued in two volumes, with photogravures from admirable designs by Frank T. Merrill. It is a pleasure to see a story written after minute study of Old Colony history illustrated by an artist who has steeped himself in the same at-

mosphere. (Houghton.) — *A Chosen Few*, by Frank R. Stockton. (Scribners.) A delightful group of the author's characteristic stories, though doubtless each reader will miss one of his favorites. As an introduction to a fuller acquaintance with Stockton this pretty volume serves an excellent purpose. — Two other volumes now brought out in the charming Cameo Edition are Robert Grant's *The Reflections of a Married Man*, and *The Opinions of a Philosopher*, each with an etched frontispiece by W. H. Hyde. (Scribners.) — A one-volume edition of Crawford's *Katharine Lauderdale* has been published, uniform in style with the author's earlier works. (Macmillan.) — *The Delectable Duchy*, by "Q," and Crockett's *The Stickit Minister*, form the seventh and eighth volumes of Macmillan's *Novelists' Library*. — *No Proof*, by Lawrence L. Lynch. (Rand, McNally & Co.)

Books for the Young. *The Nimble Dollar, with Other Stories*, by C. M. Thompson. (Houghton.) These stories are frankly for boys to read, but they are so capitally told, and have so strong a constructive power, that we cannot think of a mature reader who would not read straight through the one he began. It is refreshing to find stories which are so devoid of subtlety on the one hand, and of commonplace on the other. — *The Horse Fair*, by James Baldwin. (Century Co.) In the usual convenient dream, the youthful hero of this tale is, under convoy of Cheiron, carried to the park of Morgan le Fay, where are exhibited the famous horses of myth and story, together with a few historic steeds. This of course gives an opportunity for the introduction of much entertaining lore regarding these renowned chargers, which is generally set forth in a spirited and readable fashion. — *Cricket*, by Elizabeth Westyn Timlow. (Estes & Lauriat.) A very brisk book recording the antics of a headlong, winning little girl. The two or three pages with which the book opens are a trifle misleading; they suggest a somewhat conventional juvenile; but the moment Miss Timlow falls upon the sketch of her child Cricket, she forgets the conventions of book-making, and writes with an abandon which is truly delightful. The naturalness of the scenes and of the speech used by the children, though now and then narrowly escaping the charge of slang, is healthy and

free ; an air of genuine domestic refinement pervades the book, and what little moral there is does not obtrude itself. We feel sure that when her boys and girls grow up they will be manly and well-mannered. — *The Young Pretenders*, by Edith Henrietta Fowler. (Longmans.) A tale that has nothing to do with Prince Charlie, but is only the history of a small boy and girl whose parents are in India. The children, thus left to servants and kinsfolk not always sympathetic, live mostly in an atmosphere of make-believe, which sometimes, to their bewilderment, mysteriously results in what the higher powers call naughtiness. The children are a lifelike little pair, and their haps and mishaps will interest many grown-up readers ; for, though the volume is evidently intended to be a child's book, it is distinctly a story of children rather than for them. Viewed in this light, it lacks neither insight nor humor, and is commendably free from sentimentality. — *The Kanter Girls*, by Mary L. B. Branch. With Pictures by Helen Maitland Armstrong. (Scribners.) A tolerably entertaining fairy tale of the old-fashioned sort, which continues a fairy tale to the very end, the more effective because its heroines are quite natural little girls, who meet with coolness and confidence the startling adventures which diversify their every-day life ; the most pleasing, perhaps, being their acquaintance with a dryad of their own age and their vain attempt to domesticate her. — *The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls*, by Florence K. Upton. Words by Bertha Upton. (Longmans.) As the title indicates, this oblong juvenile is a picture-book with accompaniment of verses. The verses are somewhat, machine-made ; the pictures are in colors, and are amusing copies of wooden-jointed dolls. The jest is a merry one to grown folk, but we are not quite so sure that there is not a bit of carelessness in thus turning the poor objects of children's imagination into ridicule. — *The Child's Garden of Song*, selected and arranged by William L. Tomlins. With Designs by Ella Ricketts. (McClurg.) A really admirable work of its kind. The music, good in quality and never beyond a child's range, will assuredly interest little singers, be readily learned, and not easily forgotten. The songs themselves are usually pleasing and childlike, and sometimes prettily fanciful as well, while the illumi-

nated pictorial borders will prove very attractive to young eyes. It does not need the sensible views expressed by the compiler in his preface to prove that he knows thoroughly what children can and should sing.

Literature. *Anima Poetæ*, Selections from the Unpublished Note-Books of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. (Houghton.) This volume will superficially connect itself with the renowned *Table-Talk*. Chronologically it precedes that collection, but in essence the two are quite distinct. *Anima Poetæ* presents Coleridge in his conversation with himself rather than with the world, so that one is admitted to more intimate companionship. The detached thoughts remind one of Joubert's *Pensées*, only the thought is richer and deeper, and of Amiel's *Journal*, without the morbidness and sadness of that book. It has also a literary value as giving one of the hidden links of transition between the old England of Locke and Addison, of Johnson and Pope, and the modern England of Tennyson and Carlyle and Browning. It is a book which needs re-reading and browsing over if one would get its full meaning. — *The Temple Shakespeare* (Dent, London ; Macmillan, New York) now includes *King Lear* and *Othello*, clearly printed from the Cambridge text, with concise introduction, glossary, and notes ; the former having an etched frontispiece of Shakespeare's cliff, the latter the Felton portrait. — Not unlike the *Temple Shakespeare* in form is a new Tennyson (Macmillan), of which two little volumes have reached us, *Juvenilia*, and *The Lady of Shalott and Other Poems*. There is no critical apparatus and no frontispiece ; the volumes have fewer pages, but the text is clear and agreeable. — *The Lyrical Poems of Sir Philip Sidney*, edited by Ernest Rhys, is one of the pretty series of *Lyric Poets*. There is an appreciative introduction, and the sonnets, poems from the *Arcadia*, and other verses are set forth in a tempting form. The conceits are not far away from pure fancy, and it is a pleasure to think that some will be found to read this gallant gentleman's lyrics for the first time. (Dent, London ; Macmillan, New York.) — *The Fortunate Mistress, or, A History of the Life of Mademoiselle de Belean*, known by the Name of the *Lady Roxana*, by Daniel Defoe. Two more volumes of the uniform

edition of Defoe's Romances and Narratives. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) It requires a great deal of adjustment of one's focus to the eighteenth century to see in the narrative anything more than a scandalous tale. It looks as if Defoe, by too close a love of realism, came to the same end as other realists, and could not distinguish dirt from matter out of place. — Sir Andrew Wylie of that ilk forms the third and fourth volumes of the attractive new edition of Galt's novels. (Roberts.) In this tale the author is sometimes at his best, and occasionally if not at his worst, exceedingly near it. When he is depicting the Scottish life of his younger days, he is, as always, one of the most admirably natural of artists, and we hardly need Mr. Crockett's assurances to convince us of the absolute veracity of his work; but romantic incidents, complexities of plot, and sketches of London society are not at all in his way; in these things he, with small success, endeavored to conform to passing fashions of his time. — A new edition of Holmes's *Over the Teacups* has been produced, uniform with the choice Birthday Edition of the Breakfast-Table Series. One may now take his literary meals morning and night off a very delicate service. (Houghton.) — Two more volumes have been issued in Messrs. Roberts' edition of Balzac in Miss Wormeley's always admirable translations, the seven tales contained in them forming part of the *Scenes from Private Life*, and for the most part ranking among the author's minor works. One volume gives us *A Start in Life*, *Vendetta*, *Study of a Woman*, and *The Message*; the other, *The Marriage Contract*, *A Double Life*, and *The Peace of a Home*. — The latest and handsomest reprint of Marryat's *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, a tale which after more than sixty years of life still possesses an almost youthful vitality, is Messrs. Putnam's Malta Edition in one large volume, liberally illustrated by R. F. Zogbaum. — A *Descriptive List of Books for the Young*, compiled by W. M. Griswold. (The Compiler, Cambridge, Mass.) Mr. Griswold again makes one of his convenient lists; and as he generally excludes insignificant and commonplace books, his selective — we really cannot write "selective" — principle enables him to keep his list within bounds and to make it genuinely useful, especially as he classifies the books

under history, geography, exploration, fiction, and the like. The unreformed reader must permit Mr. Griswold, however, to bite his letters off in a very consistent, very irritating fashion. Fortunately, the books he records are not printed in the spelling of what we hope is the invisible future. — Mr. Frederic Harrison's *The Choice of Books* is reissued in Macmillan's Miniature (paper) Series.

History and Biography. The publication of a new edition of Grant's *Personal Memoirs* is a distinct cause for congratulation, since the two volumes are not only presented in a readable and handy form, but Colonel Grant has annotated his father's work with marginal notes, which serve sometimes as indices, sometimes as compact biographical and historical references. The book has been read widely; it will now be studied more conveniently, and it is not likely that any change of fashion will diminish the interest attaching to so simple and vigorous a piece of narrative writing. Portraits, maps, and a full index complete the furnishing of this classic work. (Century Co.) — Oxford and her Colleges, a View from the Radcliffe Library, by Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. (Macmillan.) A history in outline of the University of Oxford and her colleges, an example of admirable and effective condensation, much being clearly and readably told in a brief space; for the narrative is compressed, not desiccated. It need not be said that the little book is written from abundant knowledge, and the author's hope that it may interest American visitors will probably be amply justified. The illustrations, reproduced from photographs, are usually very good, considering the small size to which they are necessarily reduced. — *Life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire*, by Anna L. Bicknell. (Century Co.) Some of the best known accounts of court life during the Second Empire have been collections of gossip, more or less idle, revamped and embellished newspaper cuttings, and the like, put together by writers without personal knowledge of the men and events described; in short, they have been notable specimens of a debased kind of journalism. Miss Bicknell's volume, as the work of an intelligent and clear-sighted gentlewoman recalling her own experiences, is of quite another class, and the fact that the writer is English makes her conclusions

more impartial than would be likely to be the case with a French looker-on, either friendly or the reverse. She writes in an easy, unpretentious style, and always with good taste, and her book is interesting throughout, though in the closing chapters it suffers somewhat from the loss of the personal element. Especially is the sketch of the Empress, her strength and weakness, her virtues and foibles, graphic and life-like. The impatience of this impulsive and willful lady under the restraints and exactions of her position would give new force, if it were needed, to the truism repeated by the author, that royalty is a profession that must be learned like any other. The volume is well illustrated, and pictorially, in one respect at least, vividly brings back its epoch,—in its many reproductions of the crude and generally unlovely *carte-de-visite* photograph of the sixties. — The provision for first-hand study of history among young people continues. Here, for example, is a series of American History Leaflets, Colonial and Constitutional, edited by Professors Hart and Channing, of Harvard. (A. Lovell & Co., New York.) A recent number contains The Stamp Act of 1765. The series of Old South Leaflets, also, published by the Directors of the Old South work at the Old South Meeting-House in Boston, besides a group of papers relating to English Puritanism and the Commonwealth, seven in all, gives President Monroe's message which is the text of the Monroe Doctrine. There can be no question of the stimulus which such publications afford teachers and intelligent pupils; yet one may not overlook the need of explicit, careful instruction of a dogmatic kind. It will not do to make young people arrogate to themselves the right to independent views.

Nature and Travel. Landscape Gardening in Japan, by Josiah Conder. With numerous illustrations. Supplement to Landscape Gardening in Japan, by Josiah Conder. With collotypes by K. Ogawa. (Imported by Scribners.) These beautiful volumes will attract and repay the attention not only of persons especially interested in landscape gardening, but of all who take delight in things Japanese, — and who does not? The art of designing a garden is just as solemn and mysterious as that of arranging a vase of flowers, and is even more complicated. These gardens, while

not at all formal (regularity in this as in other things being abhorred by the Japanese), are often extremely artificial, and a study of the art is necessary to a full appreciation of their beauty and meaning. No garden of any pretensions is complete without a lake containing islands, a river, hills, cascades, rocks, and trees, besides a well, stone lanterns, bridges, arbors, and stepping-stones; and as few of these things, and often none of them, are found on the spot, they are perforce made to order according to certain rules of art. The arrangement is in a style appropriate to the size and to the natural advantages, if any exist. Views famous for their beauty or of historic interest are often reproduced in full size or in miniature, and sometimes a purely abstract sentiment is suggested. Where water is unavailable, lakes and streams are made without it, cracked stones representing running water, and sand forming the surface of the lakes. The canons of the art are all based on æsthetic principles, but they are so enveloped in mystery and sanctity that, in the minds of the common people at least, their ethical importance is uppermost. The volumes are printed in Japan, and are excellent specimens of typography. The collotypes are sixty well-executed reproductions from photographs of the most famous and beautiful Japanese gardens. — North American Shore Birds, a History of the Snipes, Sandpipers, Plovers, and their Allies, by Daniel Giraud Elliot. (Francis P. Harper, New York.) Ornithologists, sportsmen, and observers will all rejoice that Mr. Elliot has turned aside from the preparation of his magnificent monographs long enough to write and publish these interesting biographies. Mr. Elliot is an ex-president of the American Ornithologists' Union, and though one of the older naturalists of this country he retains a very lively and practical interest in his chosen science, as is well shown by the present volume. Seventy-five species and subspecies are treated, and (with two unimportant exceptions) each is accompanied by an excellent portrait from the pencil of Mr. Edwin Sheppard. The book was written chiefly for sportsmen and bird-lovers, and the technicalities of the subject are reduced as far as practicable. A critical reading will bring few errors to light, but an occasional slip may be noticed, as when the author, apparently forgetful of the sev-

eral species which spend the summer in the United States, says that the sanderling "can almost always be found along the margin of the water during the season when any of the waders are present within our limits." Again, a straight bill can hardly be a good generic character in *Tringa*, as given on page 232, since on the next page two subdivisions of this genus are very properly said to have the bill considerably curved. We regret, too, that Mr. Elliot accepts July woodcock-shooting as a fact without a word against that unsportsmanlike sport. — *Frail Children of the Air, Excursions into the World of Butterflies*, by Samuel Hubbard Scudder. (Houghton.) These essays, selected from Dr. Scudder's monumental work, *The Butterflies of the Eastern United States and Canada*, are reprinted for the purpose of reaching a larger audience, and have been revised by the author when necessary. Every one interested in the popularization of natural science is glad to see books of this kind printed, — books written by specialists, who can speak with authority, and written in a manner to be "understood of the people." The essays bear such titles as *Butterflies in Disguise*, *Butterflies as Botanists*, *The White Mountains of New Hampshire as a Home for Butterflies*, *Butterfly Sounds*, *Nests and Other Structures made by Caterpillars*, *Psychological Peculiarities among our Butterflies*, *The Ways of Butterflies*. There are nine good plates. — *Notes in Japan*, by Alfred Parsons. With Illustrations by the Author. (Harpers.) Mr. Parsons was only an observer in Japan, and he pretends to nothing more. He made no extended study of its people or its art, and the modest title of his book prepares us for the modest and pleasantly told narrative of what he did and what he saw there. His eye for the quiet and peaceful aspects of nature's beauty enables him to show us in the illustrations a phase of Japan's picturesqueness which has hitherto been unfamiliar. His descriptions are those of the artist, too, and we are not surprised to note the interest he takes in the wild flowers of the country. What he says of the colors to be seen in Japanese landscape makes us wish for a sight of the original paintings from which the book is illustrated. — *Quaint Korea*, by Louise Jordan Miln (Imported by Scribners), is not as entertaining as the author's *When We Were Strolling Players in the*

East; but though the style is often too "scrappy," the reader will find parts of this book very interesting. The best chapters are those on Korean Women and Korean Art. Mrs. Miln handles the social question fearlessly and sensibly, though, if certain other writers are to be trusted, she wrongs the *geisha* girl in associating her with the *yoshiwara*. Like Mr. Landor, she finds the women of Korea not only comely, but beautiful. The national art, as in great measure the source of Japanese art, and the national religion, or rather irreligion, are treated of at some length. The last two chapters, on the late war, are written in a flippant and decidedly newspaper style, and are entirely out of place. As a traveler Mrs. Miln has the good sense to take things as she finds them. — *Cruising among the Caribbees, Summer Days in Winter Months*, by Charles Augustus Stoddard. (Scribners.) Dr. Stoddard is an experienced traveler, and he goes at his pleasure in a thoroughly systematic fashion. Unlike Mrs. Miln, he believes in studying beforehand rather than "going it blind" in a spirit of adventure. He thinks that adventures enough are bound to come in any long journey, especially if it be off the beaten track. The fact that the present journey was on a not entirely untraveled road will probably account for its lack of exciting incident; but though the reader is not thrilled with the account of any very startling haps or mishaps, we think he will agree with the author that a great deal of pleasure and profit may be obtained from a tour planned in Dr. Stoddard's way. After all, the question must, of course, be settled by every traveler according to his own tastes and temperament. Dr. Stoddard naturally makes the most of the historical associations along his route, and he gives us a deal of information about the scenery and the people to be met with from St. Thomas to Trinidad and back again. The book is illustrated from photographs.

Religion. The University Hymn Book, for Use in the Chapel of Harvard University. (Published by the University, Cambridge.) This collection is based upon the common needs of young men worshiping together, and agreeing to ignore points of difference in doctrinal belief. The result is the choice of many strong, noble hymns, and the absence of those fervid expressions of devo-

tion which made some of Charles Wesley's hymns almost passionate love-songs. We cannot help a mild regret that young men should miss this emotional outlet, yet the general effect is certainly one of dignity and of freedom from much subjective sentiment. There is, naturally enough, a tolerably strong representation of those half-stately, half-distant hymns which expressed the decorum and the measured reasonable praise of the local hymn-writers of the early part of the century; and indeed, the literary quality of the book is a noticeable element; there are several good religious poems. The editors have shown scrupulous care in respecting the rights of authors to their own form of words, and the music is in many instances a restoration of the original form. Altogether the book is one which serves well the purpose for which it was designed, and it ought to commend itself to many colleges. — We have before spoken of the admirable series of handbooks for guilds and Bible classes prepared by various eminent clergymen of the Church of Scotland, under the editorship of the Very Rev. Professor Charteris, D. D., of Edinburgh, and the Rev. J. A. McClymont, D. D., of Aberdeen. A late addition to these manuals is *Our Lord's Teaching*, by the Rev. James Robertson, D. D. (Black, London; A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.)

Politics. Adoption and Amendment of Constitutions, by Charles Borgeaud. Translated by C. D. Hagen, with an Introduction by J. M. Vincent. (Macmillan.) In three hundred and fifty-three pages Dr. Borgeaud undertakes to enumerate, classify, and analyze different methods of constitution making and altering, besides devoting some space to historical explanation and discussion of recent German theories in regard to the nature of constitutional law. The result of this is a compactness which, entirely proper in a prize essay, renders the book rather meagre for a reference work, and too dry for general reading. The most valuable parts are the author's analyses of French and especially Swiss constitutional development in the present century. The translation, not always elegant or even smooth, is generally clear.

Psychology. Apparitions and Thought-Transference, an Examination of the Evidence for Telepathy, by Frank Podmore.

(Imported by Scribners.) However skeptical Horatio may be, he can hardly read this book without being impressed anew with the inadequacy of his philosophy even in coping with purely earthly things. Heaven and hell are not in question here, and Mr. Podmore is no believer in ghosts. "Phantasms of the living" are another matter, however, and it must be confessed that the evidence presented in favor of these phenomena is very strong, though the author admits in his preface that it is "as yet hardly adequate to establish telepathy as a fact in nature, and leaves much to be desired for the elucidation of the laws under which it operates." This statement goes to show the careful conservatism with which students are approaching this subject, and the treatment throughout the volume is such as to give the reader confidence in the author's scientific spirit and methods.

Ethnology. The Government Printing Office has only recently issued the two valuable reports of the Bureau of Ethnology for 1890 and 1891, the first containing an exhaustive study of the cosmogony, the songs and myths of the Sia, pueblo Indians in the Rio Grande country, by Colonel James Stevenson, whose work was finished by his widow; the ethnology of the Ungava District in the Hudson Bay Territory, by Mr. Lucien M. Turner; and a study of the Siouan cults, by the Rev. J. O. Dorsey. The second report contains the voluminous record of the Bureau of its Mound Explorations. The explorers made excavations in more than two thousand mounds, extending over the territory from Florida to North Dakota. This report is, and doubtless will remain, the great storehouse of first-hand information on the subject. — A subsequent volume from the Government Printing Office contains the Dakota grammar, text (of myths and the like) and ethnography, by the late Stephen R. Riggs, edited by James O. Dorsey. — Dr. Walter James Hoffman, one of the investigators in the service of the Bureau, has put into popular form the results of his investigations into the pictography of the North American Indians, together with the results, briefly explained, of similar studies in other lands, thus making an elementary volume of the Anthropological Series, on *The Beginnings of Writing*. (Appleton.) — Similar in aim, but done with somewhat greater detail, is Dr.

Daniel G. Brinton's *Primer of Mayan Hieroglyphics* for the series of the University of Pennsylvania in Philology, Literature, and Archæology. (Ginn.) These books bear witness to the very rapidly increasing popular interest in a science about which a few years ago there was no public curiosity, and they give evidence of the good influence of the ethnological museums and of the Chicago Fair. — *The Origin of Inventions, a Study of Industry among Primitive Peoples*, by Otis T. Mason, with Illustrations (imported by Scribners), is an interesting summary of the observations of travelers and ethnologists on primitive industries of all kinds, including the making and using of tools and weapons, the production of fire, stone-working, pottery, hunting, fishing, the domestication of animals, house-building, the cultivation and use of plants, the textile industry, methods of transportation, etc. Dr. Mason, as curator of the Department of Ethnology in the United States National Museum, has had the very best opportunities for prosecuting his studies, and his book must be to a certain extent an authoritative one. He gives the word "invention" a comprehensive definition, and he holds that inventors — men of genius or "knack" — have always existed in all races and tribes, pointing out the fallacy of a common belief that all savages are merely imitators, and have borrowed their ideas from their natural surroundings. Evolution is the keynote of the book, and the author shows that the primitive inventions now used by savage and barbaric peoples are practically identical with those possessed by prehistoric man, so that by studying the habits of Eskimos and Polynesians we may learn something of the manner of life of our own progenitors.

Science. *A Theory of Development and Heredity*, by Henry B. Orr. (Macmillan.) In this latest contribution to the discussion of the origin of variations and the transmission of acquired characters, the

author attempts to show that evolution is to a great extent effected directly through the influence of environment, though he takes pains to deny any wish to discredit natural selection as an important auxiliary agent. Besides discussing the more familiar theory as to the direct action of environment on the tissues themselves — as in the case of light in the formation of pigments — he offers a good deal of evidence to prove that the nervous system is often the medium for a more indirect action. The fact that some acquired characters are transmitted while others are not is explained by the statement that only those changes which produce a marked impression or a severe shock on that system are sufficient to affect the germ-cells to such an extent as to influence the development of the offspring. — *A Hand-Book on Tuberculosis among Cattle, with Considerations of the Relation of the Disease to the Life and Health of the Human Family and of the Facts concerning the Use of Tuberculin as a Diagnostic Test*, compiled by Henry L. Shumway. (Roberts.) This book was prepared for the information of the public rather than the medical profession, and it presents in readable shape a startling array of testimony as to the danger of infection from the milk and flesh of tuberculous cattle, and shows the importance of vigorous measures in dealing with the disease. Incidentally it also shows how success in one direction may grow out of failure in another, Koch's Lymph, or, as it is now called, tuberculin, proving of inestimable value in accelerating and therefore revealing the disease which it was originally intended to cure. — *The Elements of Navigation*. A short and complete explanation of the standard methods of finding the position of a ship at sea and the course to be steered, designed for the Instruction of Beginners, by W. J. Henderson (Harpers), seems to be all its title implies, and is of a size suited to the pocket.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

State Summer-Evening
Open-Air
Schools.

IN time of peace prepare for war ; in winter make ready for summer ; and so in this wintry weather we may begin to speculate over our next summer pleasures and duties. What objection is there to roping off, on summer evenings, one or two spaces in the parks or open squares of our great cities, as is sometimes done for music in Hyde Park, London, and giving a stereopticon entertainment, instructive in character, and sometimes, perhaps, illustrated with music ?

Just as the stereopticon and its modifications allow of presenting text, diagrams, pictures, etc., on a scale so large that they can be perfectly seen at distances far beyond the reach of the human voice in speech, so the combined voices of ordinary singers can be heard at distances far beyond the reach of the human voice in distinct speech. Thus, not only concerted vocal music, but passages written for solos can, by ordinary voices singing in unison, be rendered, so that the melody can be heard distinctly at great distances. By having the words which are being sung thrown conspicuously on a screen or wall by the stereopticon and synchronously with the music, both words and music will be fully apprehended by persons beyond the reach of the human voice in speech, or of a single voice in song. Such assemblages are too numerous for most buildings ; but, in summer evenings, in the open air, such assemblages can, *at no expense for rent*, hear and see, as in the open-air entertainments of the ancients, and later in Italy and Spain, and now, in a modified form, in Paris and throughout Germany.

By the use of the stereopticon, electric light, scroll-played musical instruments, and combined ordinary voices, these audiences may be made to see the text and pictorial illustrations, and hear the music of all classical and modern works ; and the size of the audiences may be indefinitely increased without material additional expense.

The subjects suited to such instruction and entertainment are limited only by the limits of human knowledge ; we see this in the use of the stereopticon in the lecture

rooms of our colleges, for purposes of scientific demonstration and illustration. Thus is taught and illustrated : astronomy, geography, etc., by the Academies of Science ; geography by the Geographical Societies ; natural history by lectures at the Natural History Museums ; architecture and archaeology and the history of the fine arts by the schools of architecture and by popular lecturers. Thus, too, may be taught musical notation, thematic analysis of musical works, and the history of music. This last can embrace, at small cost, most of the vocal and much of the instrumental music of our time, and most of the similar works once famous, but now known only to certain skilled musicians. And so, also, a trial hearing can be given inexpensively to new operas and scenic cantatas and other vocal and instrumental works that lend themselves to illustration.

The inexpensiveness of singing by large bodies of ordinary singers is shown by the fact that the members of most of our Choral Societies are not paid to sing, but pay for the privilege of singing ; and skilled singers out of employment are often glad to sing for a mere pittance. Again, by a use of the stereopticon the cost of books for the singers can, when desirable, be obviated. Their music, whether the ordinary notation, or the tonic *sol fa*, or any other notation, can be thrown on the same or a separate screen.

Stereopticon slides used in one place one evening can be used in another place another evening ; and, being in themselves so small, at small expense for carriage. The one or two men who work the stereopticon can, if desirable, go with the slides, so that all mistakes or delays in the working of the lanterns can be avoided.

The programme of each evening might be divided into portions with short intermissions between, allowing for the exit and entrance of any of the audience who did not wish to sit out a whole evening. Each portion could be devoted to a single subject ; or a varied programme could be given, embracing musical works, views of travel, scientific instruction, and the like. As in concert programmes, the same work could

be presented either once or oftener, as found advisable. Instruction in the arts of industry, which is one of the chief services rendered by World's Fairs, could thus also be quickly given.

As an illustration of the teaching of hygiene by stereopticon, we may take some diagrams given in a recent magazine. One diagram shows two parallelograms, one seven times larger than the other. The large one shows the proportion of the deaths from typhoid fever where isolation and disinfection are neglected; the small one shows the proportion of deaths from typhoid fever where isolation and disinfection are enforced. Such diagrams, if thrown on a screen forty feet high, and fully understood by a vast assembly, would be ineffaceably remembered and heeded by large numbers.

The instruction now given by the State is not limited as to subjects taught, except by custom, nor is there a limit to the age of those taught in our evening schools; nor need instruction be confined only to rooms or to certain months. Man never need stop learning. Nor is knowledge acquired by whatever means, or in whatever locality, and at whatever age, ever lost to the State. It is passed on, consciously or unconsciously, from each learner to those about him. No man can be uplifted by knowledge without more or less influencing, and so uplifting others.

Summer-evening out-door teaching may be done by private folk; but not so well as by the State, because private folk cannot so readily get the use of portions of parks and public places, nor so certainly avoid partisan or sectarian teaching and bias, nor so inexpensively command such facilities for gathering and presenting teaching matter, nor reach such large bodies of learners.

Our parks are established for the benefit of the public; nor, so long as they are preserved in their beauty and for their present uses uninjured, need their use be confined to the band concerts, games, swings, merry-go-rounds, refreshment places, riding, driving, and walking, and other uses to which they are now put. The assembling of a large body of people, standing, or seated in chairs, on the grass, would not injure the grass, provided it be covered, for the time, with cheap cocoa-matting. This would, as experience has shown, effectually prevent the cutting of the roots of the grass by the

heels of those assembled, or by the legs of their chairs. The weight of the audience would then, like the weight of a lawn roller, do the grass good. The chairs could be folded and removed, in a few moments, at the close of each evening's session, as is now often done at evening entertainments; and the matting could then be rolled up and removed as quickly. The grass would thus be covered by the matting only two or three hours out of twenty-four, and only on fair evenings, and only during the summer months.

In our country vast numbers spend the greater part of their evenings in reading, either for entertainment or for instruction. One can read in warmed and lighted rooms with comfort on most winter evenings. But on summer evenings the glare and heat of lighted rooms in houses or flats and tenements is often a discomfort. One must then either put up with this discomfort or give up the pleasure and profit of reading. Then, if one seeks in a city to spend an evening in the open air, he must either walk the streets, or sit idle on some doorstep or in the parks, or attend concerts in roof gardens or beer gardens which may suit neither his taste nor his purse. Especially is this hard on women and elderly people of both sexes, and it bears most hardly on those who possess refinement and a certain education, however limited they may be in purse.

Let any one imagine himself in such a case on a warm evening in July; and then imagine some one offering him a comfortable seat in the open air amid agreeable surroundings. And let him then imagine rising before him and those quietly seated about him the text and scenes of Siegfried, while is heard at the same time its wonderful music, though sung only by combined ordinary voices and to less than the full orchestral accompaniment. He may leave between the acts, if he choose, and return home. Or, if he prefer, he may go to some other square, where he may see, for instance, how as in an orrery the stars in their courses revolve around the sun, and may read the accompanying text that tells of the wonders of the revolving orbs. In different parts of the city, or at different points in the larger parks, such state teaching may be devoted, perhaps, here to music, there to science, or travel, or art; or else-

where again devoted to all these combined. People can then seek the entertainment or instruction most agreeable and profitable to them. There is no subject so prosaic and none so poetic, none so useful and none so elevating and beautiful, that it cannot be presented, in some measure, and often with a high degree of completeness, and inexpensively, in this way; and thus, through the conditions of the method, reach myriads of people. Let any one observe the throngs that stand watching the advertisements, varied by comic pictures, thrown upon the screen now in public squares, and it will be readily seen how this device can be made very serviceable to attract large crowds.

A small charge for entrance, such as in Paris and on the Continent is paid for the use of chairs in parks, would limit the audience to those who came to see and hear, and came prepared to remain through at least one act or division of the programme. A nickel-in-the-slot turnstile, at the entrance to a roped-off, matted, and seated inclosure, and three or four policemen to insure order and silence, would be the only expenses outside of the apparatus of instruction. This would consist of the usual stereopticon screen, lantern, light, slides, and operator; with, in some cases, singers and accompanists.

The matter of state summer-evening open-air stereopticon-taught assemblages is brought before the readers of *The Atlantic* to elicit objections, with a view to weigh them, prove their value, profit by them, and thus help to get the subject into shape to be advantageously laid before those having, now and in the future, charge of state schools and state teaching.

Amateur Doc. — It is well known that many men and most women who would shrink from the practice of divinity or law, or from that of medicine if they were paid for it, love to offer advice and even physic unasked and free. I crave the sympathy of the Contributors under the intrusion of one class of amateur doctors.

What one ought to wear in the New England climate is a puzzle; but it is safe to say that most men, by the time they are thirty-five, have found out each what he ought to wear. It seems to me that many of my neighbors wrap up too heavily, and make themselves tender by it; at least, that I am better with no "great coat," as

people used to say when I was a boy, a large part of the colder weather. But when I appear dressed *à la Vice-President Hamlin*, I am constantly assailed with this remark: "Don't you think it is imprudent to go without an overcoat?" Now I respectfully ask, what does this phrase mean, and what is the object of asking it? First, if a man has thought about his outer garment at all, must he not think his course is prudent? Are imprudence and thought compatible? Does not the question mean "Don't you think you're thoughtless?" The querist means, "I think you are imprudent;" but wishing to make his interference in another man's business polite, — which he cannot, — he puts it as above, and makes an absurdity of it. Secondly, is it likely that an adult male, often twice the age of his adviser, will be suddenly roused into prudence by this volunteered advice? Has he not probably been guilty of this imprudence, if it is one, a score of times, and run the gauntlet of a score of older and nearer acquaintances? How would the querist take similar advice? Most of my amateur doctors are consumers of tobacco; I am just as certain they are risking their health by cigars as they are that I am risking mine by exposure. Suppose I reply, "Don't you think you smoke too much?" they would scoff at the advice, and not dream of altering their conduct. But thirdly, when they give me this counsel I am generally about eight miles from home. What do they expect me to do? Go into the first ready-made clothier's and buy a garment in which I should look like a hall thief; or go to a custom tailor's and have one made "while you wait;" or break off whatever has brought me away from home, and hasten thither, to don the clothing, by their advice, which my own sense told me was needless?

I invite subscriptions to a Henry Wadsworth, Jr., Club, of which two mottoes are, "Look in and not out," and "Mind your own business."

Pictures and Hieroglyphs. — Our young friend Figliuolo was a most welcome Thanksgiving present. As an only child in the house, he was left, more than most boys are, to work out his own theories and methods in all things. The Christmas after he was three, there came into the home a Shakespeare calendar, upon which a prominent

feature was a large Arabic numeral for each day, the series running consecutively through the year. As the only person always wide awake when day began, the sole supporter, indeed, of regular habits generally in the household, Figliuolo naturally attended each morning to the duty of tearing off yesterday's leaflet. At the reading of the fresh sentiment thus exposed he "assisted" with dignified indifference. But though the very conception of written numbers, indeed of number itself above two, had been successfully kept out of his rather too active mind, he at once interested himself in the recurrence of the ten picturesque figures, first singly, then in groups of two, and finally of three.

Without seeking the slightest aid from alien wits, he quickly settled on a complete set of names for the cabalistic outlines. That 1 was a "straight," 0 a "round," 6 "round, tail goes up," 9 "round, tail goes down," was natural. "Two rounds over another" and "two crooked over another" stood no less plainly for 8 and 3. 4 was described as "straight and round ball," which seems to indicate that to "the eye of childhood" a small triangle and a circle coincide. When asked why 7 was a "pulling off," he explained clearly that the "straight" was like a flagpole, and the pennon was trying to pull itself off. Equally eager and confident explanation was offered for "walking off" (5) and "flying off" (2), but our duller senile vision and logic never quite grasped these finer details.

Though still without suspicion that these daily comrades stood for numbers, — indeed with utter indifference to any figurative significance in the pictures, — Figliuolo worked out fully, from observation, the true order of succession, and long before midsummer would announce: "Yes, this is a straight, straight 'n' round ball, tail goes up; next 'll be straight, walking off and round;" that is, after 149 would follow 150. That the turn of the decade was thus mastered was already noteworthy. When the third digit appeared, its slow change, once in a hundred days, did not prevent the scientific observer from noting that it followed the same law. We still remember the silent astonishment with which his remark upon 299 was greeted: "Now I think next it 'll be two crooked over another, 'n' two round balls; may n't I just peek and see

if it is n't?" This was the first sign of impatience, though that century must have passed as slowly for him as with a botanist whose sole devotion is centred upon the "Agave Americana." (Time, if it indeed be at all, is purely relative. "Prometheus was a naughty boy, that meddled with the fire, and was tied up on the rock, and kept there thirteen generations. 'How long is thirteen generations anyway? Is it more than twenty minutes?' " asks, interrupting himself, the glib-tongued child of the Greek professor.)

Outdoor life soon taught that the same signs reappeared regularly upon door-plates, locomotives, street cars, etc., *ad infinitum*. Many a conductor has started, as with an uneasy conscience, when a critical eye was fixed upon his cap's shining frontlet, and a piercing voice inquired: "Two crooked, straight, 'n' tail goes down: what's that, mamma?" For even into this guarded Eden the seed of the forbidden tree fell at last, and keen ears noted that elder folk, perversely ignoring the picturesque element, assigned to these familiar tokens a mere numerical value.

By the middle of his fifth year numeration, likewise self-taught and at first nowise connected with the favorite insignia, had also reached the thousand-point; and very soon Figliuolo himself could say readily: "Two rounds over another, pulling off, walking off: you call it 875;" a process of translation in which his Highness' chief adherents had long been, perforce, adepts. Under the influence of maturer children, and the unwise mirth of those seniors who were permitted to overhear, the older nomenclature finally passed out of use, and now has long since faded, like so many fair visions of the morning, into the light of common day.

The Dumas Lineage. — The project to set up a statue in memory of Napoleon's general, Alexandre Dumas, first of the name, has brought to light the curious account of his family origin written by Dumas the second, the novelist. The latter had the details at first hand from his father, the general, whose recollections in turn went back to his own no less fighting father, the Marquis de la Pailleterie, who married Louise Cessette Dumas, a "colored lady," in San Domingo. Such lives gave natural birth to the novel of adventure.

The marquis began his career of arms as first gentleman of the Prince de Conti. He was a comrade, at the siege of Philipsburg in 1738, of the famous Duc de Richelieu, who was the dean of the marshals of France fifty years later, just before the Revolution turned the gentlemen of France into *émigrés* or dashing soldiers of Bonaparte. The duke, who was fourteen years older than the young marquis, was a simple Vignerod by his father; but the title which came to him from his great-great-grandmother, the sister of the cardinal, had already allowed him to marry twice into the noblest families of the old régime, first a Noailles, and secondly Mademoiselle de Guise. The latter alliance connected him with the imperial house of Austria, and made him cousin of the princes of Pont and of Lixen, who were also taking part in the siege. The duke was no drawing-room soldier, and was one day returning, covered with sweat and mud, from working in the trenches, when he met the two princes airing along the highway the insolence of a race centuries older than his own. He saluted as he galloped past, but the Prince of Lixen called after him.

"So it's you, my cousin. Well, you're very dirty. But you're a little less so than you were before you married my cousin."

The duke at once got down from his horse, asked the marquis who was his companion to do the same, and approached the prince ceremoniously.

"Sir, you have done me the honor of addressing me?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Duc."

"I have, perhaps, ill understood what you have done me the honor of saying to me. Will you be pleased to repeat the same words without changing a syllable?"

The prince bowed and repeated what he had said before. There was but one thing to be done. The duke saluted and put his hand to his sword. The prince did the same. The marquis stood as second for his friend, and the Prince of Pont for his brother. In a minute's time the terrible duke had run his sword through the body of the luckless Prince of Lixen, who fell back dead in his brother's arms. The scandal of this summary vindication of the honor of new blood against the insolence of race did not prevent the steady advancement of one of whom France had need. The duke became the dreaded marshal,

but it was forty-five years before he could repay the marquis, in the person of his son, for the service rendered in this unforeseen duel. It was on the occasion of another duel, less bloody, but even more startling in its cause, which went back to the intervening existence of the father.

The Marquis de la Pailleterie had done little as a soldier, and he scarcely mended his fortunes by following the court. About 1760 he resolved to turn his back on France, and sold out all the property he could lay his hands on. It was a time of colonial speculation, and he used the proceeds to buy an immense tract of land near Cape Rose. There he married his colored wife, whom he seems to have loved sincerely. Although their son, the future general, is commonly set down as a mulatto, she can hardly have been a full-blooded negress. She certainly had the education and energy to take charge of all the details of the marquis's property; and when she died in 1772, he frankly recognized his own incapacity to continue without her. Doubtless, too, he regretted the brilliant society in which he had mingled at Versailles. Accordingly, in 1780, he leased his property for a steady income to be paid in France, and returned with his son, then eighteen years of age. The following year the Duc de Richelieu, who was eighty-five and senior marshal, was named president of the Tribunal of the *point d'honneur*, which is so characteristic of historic France. As such he was called, two years later still, to decide a comical as well as perplexing case. The solution he gave could have been expected only from the Maréchal de Richelieu.

Young Alexandre Davy de la Pailleterie (the future General Dumas) had made his way in the gay world during the four years he had been in France. His dark skin was rather an advantage to him than otherwise, as it set off the Creole elegance of his person. His bodily strength and address were prodigious, and he was first among the pupils of Laboissière, the most noted fencing-master of his time. He was the boon companion of other scions of the aristocracy, like La Fayette, Dillon, Lauzun. To his adventures there was no end. One evening he was at the theatre, in the box of a Creole lady, whose beauty and reputation were like what we know of the Empress Josephine at this period of her life. As he

was not in full dress, or perhaps to avoid notoriety, he stood well back in the shadow. A musketeer (the first of his kind to make acquaintance with a Dumas) recognized the lady from his place in the orchestra, had the attendant open the door of her box, and, without so much as asking leave, sat down beside her and began conversation.

The lady interrupted him on the spot. "Pardon, sir, but you do not seem to notice that I am not alone."

"With whom are you, then?" asked the musketeer.

The lady pointed to the dark-skinned Comte de la Pailleterie.

"Pardon me," said the young guardsman. "I took him for your lackey."

The insolent words were no sooner out of his mouth than he was seized and tossed over the railing of the box into the pit. There were no seats in the pit of theatres at that time, and the crowded auditors on whose heads he had been pitched by the mulatto count made a natural uproar. Alexandre left the box to await the expected challenge from his adversary in the corridor. Instead, an officer of the constable came up, touched him ceremoniously with the ivory knob of his ebony wand, and arrested him in the name of the marshals of France. Three days later, he was summoned before the Duc de Richelieu in that Pavillon de Hanovre of which an ornamental corner still remains on the Paris boulevard, and where the aged marshal and his friends received Cagliostro to invigorate them with his magic elixir of youth. The name of the offending count seemed to awake the fires of other days in the marshal's breast.

"Are you, by any chance, the son of an old friend of mine, the Marquis de la Pailleterie, who, during the siege of Philippsburg, was my second in the duel in which I had the misfortune to kill the Prince of Lixen?"

"Yes, monseigneur."

"Then, m'sieu'" (a Parisian contraction which was at that day noted as singular in a person of the duke's quality), "you are the son of a brave gentleman, and must be right. Tell me about it."

The marshal was struck by the similarity of the insolence to that which determined his own action a half century before.

"You must have reparation made you;

and if you will accept me as your second, I shall be delighted to render you the same service which your father did me so long ago."

The count, with all his amazement, hastened to accept, and the duel took place in the duke's garden. The young man did credit to his aged second by running his adversary through the shoulder with his sword.

The old marquis was next summoned to the marshal's pavillon, and the friendship of other days was renewed. It was agreed that the marshal should find a place in the army for Alexandre, who was somewhat spoiling in Paris. But the father, who had domestic fancies in love, suddenly married his housekeeper, and cut off the money supplies of his son. The latter thereupon announced his intention of enlisting as a simple soldier in the first regiment that would take him.

"Very well," said the father, who was an aristocrat of the old régime, in spite of his variegated marriages, "but I am the Marquis de la Pailleterie, a colonel and commissary general of artillery, and I do not mean that you shall drag my name through the lowest ranks of the army."

For some reason there was no more question of Marshal de Richelieu, and the young count enlisted under his mother's name as Alexandre Dumas in the regiment of the queen's dragoons. A certificate was signed by four notables of Saint-Germain that the said Dumas was well and truly the lawful son of the Marquis de la Pailleterie. The Revolution, following on the death of the marquis, finally detached this child of the West India negress from the aristocracy, and it was only long after his death that the certificate was found and presented to his own son, then at the height of his fame as the novelist of adventures, of which his family gave so many examples. It was left to the latter's child, the marvelous moralist in playwriting, to tell his own story as a "natural son."

"A Green Thought in a Green Shade." — Every one has some name which is an El Dorado to his imagination, some name which in an undefinable way suggests romance and vague loveliness. For me "Surrey" has always possessed this stimulating quality, so I readily yielded when Constance and Winifred asked me to go down to their cottage in the enchanted county of my "inward eye."

It is a cottage, not so old as the hills, but about as old as cottages ever are, set on the edge of a peaceful, unvisited, green common where ducks and geese patter and cackle by day, untroubled with any thought of steam or progress. At night they sleep, head under wing, on the surface of a pond, and the harvest moon comes up red and round through the spreading branches of an old walnut. By night the picture is rimmed with silver; by day it assumes the delicate greens and blues which make rural England like a water-color contrasted to the oil-painting depth and richness of southern Italy; but whether by day or by night, the place is equally still and secluded. Dunsfold's charm is too quiet and subtle to draw the many who throng to the more fashionable parts of Surrey, and Lyefold Cottage is lapped in peace. May it long be so! The sloping, mossy roof, with its broken-backed declivity peculiar to ancient cottages, has the brooding expression of a motherly old hen. The irregular casements, with their small leaded panes and rusty iron hasps, are a reproof to "endless imitation," and each day as I wake to soft English sunshine and gaze up at the snowy walls, criss-crossed by dark, oaken beams, a nameless flood of restfulness sweeps over me, a something of the time when repose was not a luxury of the few. Downstairs in the quaint kitchen is a fireplace of colossal proportions, with cosy cupboard-crannies for tobacco and whiskey hoards, and a niched seat where the story-teller may sit and weave endless yarns. The fire-dogs dated 1599 tell us we are not a thing of yesterday, and the heavy old leather-seated Cromwell chairs give a sense of sturdy dignity not to be put into words. A tall clock strikes the hours from one corner, and a big brass warming-pan, scoured until it shines like Luna herself, beams from an opposite wall.

It is an unwritten law that nothing modern shall intrude upon this nook of old world still-life. Only my stiff-necked blouse and sailor hat bring a wrong note where my gentle hostesses wear womanly, old-fashioned gowns of blue print, full and free, adapted to the concocting of chicken pie and gooseberry fool. When they sit down to supper I slip out among the nasturtiums and currant bushes to peep through the chintz-curtained casement, until my American joy in our picturesque antiquity moves them to sympathetic laughter. Each day lazy, fat Thomas, the pony, draws us through the steep, shady Surrey lanes, or we linger in sweet dalliance along the old mill-race, gathering bulrushes and leaves of russet and green to fill the jars at the cottage.

But we are here only for a season; the true owners of Lyefold cottage are other guests. It is a place of sojourn and rest for poor ladies who need a holiday. Constance and Winnie are always looking out for weary governesses and tired wage-earners to whom this green spot may bring refreshment. They loan the cottage to four or five ladies at a time, people often unknown to their hostesses, who live in London. If the guests can afford to, they pay the housekeeping expenses; if they cannot, everything is provided for them, and these two sisterly hearts contrive finds of extra jams and potted meats and dainty discoveries of conserves for their unseen guests.

English people are not so shy as we have become of the beautiful old Saxon word of "lady;" to them it represents a reality; and my friends have made this title the only qualification for those who would enjoy their charity, — a charity not buckramed with the pharisaic patronage often conveyed by the word, but instinct with the spirit which exhales from the New Version of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

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GLASSES.

I.

YES, I say to myself, pen in hand, I can keep hold of the thread, let it lead me back to the first impression. The little story is all there, I can touch it from point to point; for the thread, as I call it, is a row of colored beads on a string. None of the beads are missing, — at least I think they're not: that's exactly what I shall amuse myself with finding out.

I had been working hard all summer in town, and I had gone down to Folkestone for a blow. Art was long, I felt, and my holiday short; my mother was settled at Folkestone, and I paid her a visit when I could. I remember how, on this occasion, after weeks of my stuffy studio, with my nose on my palette, I sniffed in the clean salt air and cooled my eyes with the purple sea. The place was full of lodgings, and the lodgings were, at that season, full of people, people who had nothing to do but to stare at one another on the great flat down. There were thousands of little chairs, and almost as many little Jews; and there was music in an open rotunda, over which the little Jews wagged their big noses. We all strolled to and fro and took pennyworths of rest; the long, level cliff-top, edged in places with its iron rail, might have been the deck of a huge crowded ship. There were old folks in Bath chairs, and there was one dear chair, creeping to its last full stop, by the side of which I always walked.

There was, in fine weather, the coast of France to look at, and there were the usual things to say about it; there was also, in every state of the atmosphere, our friend Mrs. Meldrum, a subject of remark not less inveterate. The widow of an officer in the Engineers, she had settled, like many members of the military miscellany, well within sight of the hereditary enemy, who, however, had left her leisure to form, in spite of the difference of their years, a close alliance with my mother. She was the friendliest, the keenest, the ugliest of women, the least apologetic, the least morbid in her misfortune. She carried it high aloft, with loud sounds and free gestures, made it flutter in the breeze as if it had been the flag of her country. It consisted mainly of a big red face, indescribably out of drawing, from which she glared at you through gold-rimmed aids to vision, of such circumference, and so frequently displaced, that some one had vividly spoken of her as flattening her nose against the glass of her spectacles. She was extraordinarily near-sighted, and, whatever they did to other objects, they magnified immensely the kind eyes behind them. Blessed conveniences they were, in their hideous, honest potency, — they showed the good lady everything in the world but her own plainness. This element was enhanced by wild braveries of dress, reckless charges of color and stubborn resistances of cut, wondrous encounters in which the art of the toilet seemed to lay down its life. She had

the tread of a grenadier, and the voice of an angel.

In the course of a walk with her the day after my arrival, I found myself grabbing her arm with sudden and undue familiarity. I had been struck by the beauty of a face that approached us, and I was still more affected when I saw the face, at the sight of my companion, open like a window thrown wide. A smile fluttered out of it as brightly as a drapery dropped from a sill, quite as if the stuff had been shaken there in the sun, — shaken by the young lady, flanked by two young men, the wonderful young lady who, as we drew nearer, rushed up to Mrs. Meldrum and familiarly embraced her. My immediate impression of her had been that she was dressed in mourning, but during the few moments she stood talking with our friend I made more discoveries. The figure, from the neck down, was meagre, the stature insignificant, but the desire to please was at every point immense, as well as the air of infallibly knowing how, and of never, never missing it. This was a little person whom I would have made a high bid for a good chance to paint. The head, the features, the color, the whole facial oval and radiance, had a wonderful purity; the deep gray eyes — the most agreeable, I thought, that I had ever seen — brushed with a kind of wing-like grace every object they encountered. Their possessor was just back from Boulogne, where she had spent a week with dear Mrs. Floyd-Taylor: this accounted for the effusiveness of her reunion with dear Mrs. Meldrum. Her black garments were of the freshest and daintiest; she suggested a pink-and-white wreath at a showy funeral. She confounded us for three minutes with her presence; she was a beauty of the great conscious, public, responsible order. The young men, her companions, gazed at her and grinned: I could see there were very few moments of the day at which young men, these or others, would not

be so occupied. The people who approached took leave of their manners; every one seemed to linger and gape. When she brought her face close to Mrs. Meldrum's, — and she appeared to be always bringing it close to some one's, — it was a marvel that objects so dissimilar should express the same general identity, the unmistakable character of the English gentlewoman. Mrs. Meldrum sustained the comparison with her usual courage, but I wondered why she did not introduce me: I should have had no objection to the bringing of such a face close to mine. However, when the young lady moved on with her escort, she herself bequeathed me a sense that some such approximation might still occur. Was this by reason of the general frequency of encounters at Folkestone, or by reason of a subtle acknowledgment that she contrived to make of the rights, on the part of others, that such beauty as hers created? I was in a position to answer that question after Mrs. Meldrum had answered a few of mine.

II.

Flora Saunt, the only daughter of an old soldier, had lost both her parents, her mother within a few months. Mrs. Meldrum had known them, disapproved of them, considerably avoided them; she had watched the girl, off and on, from her early childhood. Flora, just twenty, was extraordinarily alone in the world, — so alone that she had no natural chaperon, no one to stay with but a mercenary stranger, Mrs. Hammond-Synge, the sister-in-law of one of the young men I had just seen. She had lots of friends, but none of them nice: she had picked up the most impossible people. The Floyd-Taylors, with whom she had been at Boulogne, were simply horrid. The Hammond-Synges were perhaps not so vulgar, but they had no conscience in their dealings with her.

"She knows what I think of them," said Mrs. Meldrum, "and indeed she knows what I think of most things!"

"She shares that privilege with most of your friends!" I replied, laughing.

"No doubt; but possibly to some of my friends it makes a little difference. That girl does n't care a button. She knows best of all what I think of Flora Saunt."

"And what may your opinion be?"

"Why, that she's not worth talking about, — an idiot too abysmal."

"Does n't she care for that?"

"Just enough, as you saw, to hug me till I cry out. She's too pleased with herself for anything else to matter."

"Surely, my dear friend," I rejoined, "she has a good deal to be pleased with!"

"So every one tells her, and so you would have told her if I had given you a chance. However, that does n't signify, either, for her vanity is beyond all making or mending. She believes in herself, and she's welcome, after all, poor dear, having only herself to look to. I've seldom met a young woman more completely at liberty to be silly. She has a clear course, — she'll make a showy finish."

"Well," I replied, "as she probably will reduce many persons to the same degraded state, her partaking of it won't show so much."

"If you mean that the world's full of drivellers, I quite agree with you!" cried Mrs. Meldrum, trumpeting her laugh half across the Channel.

I had, after this, to consider a little what she would call me, but I did n't let it prevent me from insisting on her making me acquainted with Flora Saunt; indeed, I took the bull by the horns, urging that she had drawn the portrait of a nature which common charity now demanded that she should put into relation with a character really fine. Such a frail creature was just an object of pity. This contention on my part had

at first, of course, been jocular; but, strange to say, it was quite the ground I found myself taking with regard to our young lady after I had begun to know her. I could n't have said what I felt about her except that she was undefended; from the first of my sitting with her there after dinner, under the stars, — that was a week, at Folkestone, of balmy nights and muffled tides and crowded chairs, — I became aware both that protection was wholly absent from her life, and that she was wholly indifferent to its absence. The odd thing was that she was not appealing; she was abjectly, divinely conceited, absurdly, fantastically happy. Her beauty was, as yet, all the world to her, a world she had plenty to do to live in. Mrs. Meldrum told me more about her, and there was nothing that, as the centre of a group of giggling, nudging spectators, she was n't ready to tell about herself. She held her little court in the crowd, upon the grass, playing her light over Jews and Gentiles, completely at ease in all promiscuities. It was an effect of these things that from the very first, with every one listening, I could mention that my main business with her would be just to have a go at her head, and to arrange, in that view, for an early sitting. It would have been as impossible, I think, to be impertinent to her as it would have been to throw a stone at a plate-glass window; so any talk that went forward on the basis of her loveliness was the most natural thing in the world, and immediately became the most general and sociable. It was when I saw all this that I judged how, though it was the last thing she asked for, what one would ever most have at her service was a curious compassion. That sentiment was colored by the vision of the dire exposure of a being whom vanity had put so off her guard. Hers was the only vanity I have ever known that made its possessor superlatively soft. Mrs. Meldrum's further information contributed, moreover,

to these indulgences, — her account of the girl's neglected childhood, her queer Continental relegations, with straying, squabbling, Monte-Carlo-haunting parents; and the more invidious picture, above all, of her pecuniary arrangement, still in force, with the Hammond-Synges, who really, though they never took her out, — practically she went out alone, — had their hands half the time in her pocket. She had to pay for everything, down to her share of the wine-bills and the horses' fodder, down to Bertie Hammond-Synges' fare in the "underground" when he went to the city for her. She had been left with just money enough to turn her head; and it had n't even been put in trust, nothing prudent or right had been done with it. She could spend her capital, and at the rate she was going, expensive, extravagant, and with a swarm of parasites to help, it certainly would n't last very long.

"Could n't *you* perhaps take her, independent, unincumbered as you are?" I asked of Mrs. Meldrum. "You're probably, with one exception, the sanest person she knows, and you at least would n't scandalously fleece her."

"How do you know what I would n't do?" my humorous friend demanded. "Of course I've thought how I can help her, — it has kept me awake at night. But I can't help her at all; she'll take nothing from me. You know what she does, — she hugs me and runs away. She has an instinct about me, she feels that I've one about *her*. And then she dislikes me for another reason that I'm not quite clear about, but that I'm well aware of and that I shall find out some day. So far as her settling with me goes, it would be impossible, moreover, here: she wants, naturally enough, a much wider field. She must live in London, — her game is there. So she takes the line of adoring me, of saying she can never forget that I was devoted to her mother, — which I would n't have been for the world, — and of giving

me a wide berth. I think she positively dislikes to look at me. It's all right; there's no obligation; though people in general can't take their eyes off me."

"I see that at this moment," I replied. "But what does it matter where or how, for the present, she lives? She'll marry infallibly, marry early, and everything will change."

"Whom will she marry?" my companion gloomily asked.

"Any one she likes. She's so pretty she can do anything. She'll fascinate some nabob or some prince."

"She'll fascinate him first, and bore him afterwards. Moreover, she's not so pretty as you make her out: she has a poor little figure."

"No doubt; but one does n't in the least notice it."

"Not now," said Mrs. Meldrum, "but one will when she's older."

"When she's older she'll be a princess, so it won't matter."

"She has other drawbacks," my companion went on. "Those wonderful eyes are good for nothing but to roll about. She can't use them."

"Use them? Why, she does nothing else."

"To make fools of young men, but not to read or write, not to do any sort of work. She never opens a book, and her maid writes her notes. You'll say that those who live in glass houses should n't throw stones. Of course I know that if I did n't wear my goggles I should n't be good for much."

"Do you mean that Miss Saunt ought to sport such things?" I exclaimed, with more horror than I meant to show.

"I don't prescribe for her; I don't know that they're what she requires."

"What's the matter with her eyes?" I asked after a moment.

"I don't exactly know; but I heard from her mother, years ago, that even as a child they had had for a while to put her into spectacles, and that, though she hated them and had been in a fury of

rage, she would always have to be very careful. I'm sure I hope she is!"

I echoed the hope, but I remember well the impression this made upon me, — my immediate pang of resentment, almost of disgust. I felt as if a great rare sapphire had split in my hand.

III.

This conversation occurred the night before I went back to town. I settled, on the morrow, to take a late train, so that I had still my morning to spend at Folkestone, where, during the greater part of it, I was out with my mother. Every one in the place was, as usual, out with some one else, and even had I been free to go and take leave of her I should have been sure that Flora Saunt would not be at home. Just where she was I presently discovered: she was at the far end of the cliff, the point at which it overhangs the pretty view of Sandgate and Hythe. Her back, however, was turned to this attraction; it rested, with the aid of her elbows, thrust slightly behind her, so that her scanty little shoulders were raised toward her ears, on the high rail that inclosed the down. Two gentlemen stood before her, whose faces we could n't see, but who, even as observed from the rear, were visibly absorbed in the charming figure-piece submitted to them. I was freshly struck with the fact that this meagre and defective little person, with the cock of her hat and the flutter of her crape, with her eternal idleness, her eternal happiness, her absence of moods and mysteries, and the pretty presentation of her feet, which, especially now, in the supported slope of her posture, occupied with their imperceptibility so much of the foreground, — I was reminded anew, I say, how our young lady dazzled by some art that the enumeration of her merits did n't explain and that the mention of her lapses did n't affect. Where she

was amiss nothing counted, and where she was right everything did. I say she was wanting in mystery, but that, after all, was her secret. This happened to be my first chance of introducing her to my mother, who had not much left in life but the quiet look, from under the hood of her chair, at the things which, after she should have quitted those she loved, she could still trust to make the world good for them. I wondered an instant how much she might be moved to trust Flora Saunt, and then, while the chair drew up and she waited, I went over and asked the girl to come and speak to her. In this way I saw that if one of Flora's attendants was the inevitable young Hammond-Synge, the master of ceremonies of her little court, always offering the use of a telescope and accepting that of a cigar, the other was a personage I had not yet encountered, a small pale youth in showy knickerbockers, the ends of whose little mustache were glued up into such points that they fairly drew up the corners of his eyes. I remember taking him at first for a foreigner and for something of a pretender: I scarcely know why, unless because of the motive I felt in the stare he fixed on me when I asked Miss Saunt to come away. He struck me a little as a young man practicing impertinence, but it did n't matter, for Flora came away with alacrity, bringing all her prettiness and pleasure, and gliding over the grass in that rustle of delicate mourning which made the endless variety of her garments, as a painter could take heed, strike one always as the same obscure elegance. She seated herself on the floor of my mother's chair, a little too much on her right instep, as I afterwards gathered, caressing her stiff hand, smiling up into her cold face, commending and approving her without a reserve and without a doubt. She told her immediately, as if it were something to hold on by, that she was soon to sit to me for her "likeness," and her words

gave me a chance to ask her if it would be her idea to present the picture, should I finish it, to the young man in the knickerbockers. Her lips, at this, parted in a stare; her eyes darkened to the purple of one of the shadow-patches on the sea. She showed the face, for the passing instant, of some splendid tragic mask, and I remembered, for the inconsequence of it, what Mrs. Meldrum had said about her sight. I had derived from this lady a worrying impulse to catechise her, but that did not seem exactly kind; so I substituted another question, inquired who the pretty young man in knickerbockers might happen to be.

"Oh, a gentleman I met at Boulogne. He has come over to see me." After a moment she added, "He's Lord Iffield."

I had never heard of Lord Iffield, but her mention of his having been at Boulogne helped me to give him a niche. Mrs. Meldrum had incidentally thrown a certain light on the manners of Mrs. Floyd-Taylor, Flora's recent hostess in that charming town, a lady who, it appeared, had a special vocation for directing the leisure of rich young men. She had always one or other in hand, and she had perhaps magnanimously diverted some of his lordship's spare hours to the use of the rare creature on the opposite coast. I had a vague idea that Boulogne was not a resort of the aristocracy; at the same time there might very well have been, even for one of the darlings of fortune, a strong attraction there. I could perfectly understand, in any case, that such a darling should be drawn to Folkestone by Flora Saunt. But it was not, in truth, of these things I was thinking; what was uppermost in my mind was a matter which, though it had no sort of congruity, insisted just then on coming out.

"Is it true, Miss Saunt," I suddenly demanded, "that you're so unfortunate as to have had some warning about your eyes?"

I was startled by the effect of my words; the girl threw back her head, changing color from brow to chin. "True? Who in the world says so?" I repented, in a flash, of my question; the way she took it made it seem cruel, and I saw that my mother looked at me in some surprise. I took care, in answer to Flora's challenge, not to incriminate Mrs. Meldrum. I answered that the rumor had reached me only in the vaguest form, and that if I had been moved to put it to the test my very real interest in her must be held responsible. Her blush died away, but a pair of still prettier tears glistened in its track. "If you ever hear such a thing said again, you can say it's a horrid lie!" I had brought on a commotion deeper than any I was prepared for; but it was explained in some degree by the next words she uttered: "I'm happy to say there's nothing the matter with any part of my body; not the least little thing!" She spoke with her habitual complacency, with triumphant assurance; she smiled again, and I could see that she was already sorry she had shown herself too disconcerted. She turned it off with a laugh. "I've good eyes, good teeth, a good digestion, and a good temper. I'm sound of wind and limb!" Nothing could have been more characteristic than her blush and her tears, nothing less acceptable to her than to be thought not perfect in every particular. She could not submit to the imputation of a flaw. I expressed my delight in what she told me, and assured her I should always do battle for her; and as if to rejoin her companions she got up from her place on my mother's toes. The young men presented their backs to us; they were leaning on the rail of the cliff. Our incident had produced a certain awkwardness, and, while I was thinking of what next to say, she exclaimed irrelevantly, "Don't you know? He'll be Lord Considine." At that moment the youth marked for this high destiny

turned round, and she went on, to my mother: "I'll introduce him to you, — he's charming." She signed to him, with her parasol, to approach; the movement struck me as taking everything for granted. I had heard of Lord Considine, and if I had not been able to place Lord Iffield it was because I did n't know the name of his eldest son. The young man made no response to Miss Saunt's appeal; he only stared a moment, and then, on her repeating it, quietly turned his back. She was an odd creature: she did n't blush at this; she only said to my mother apologetically, but with the frankest, sweetest amusement, "You don't mind, do you? He's a monster of shyness!" It was as if she were sorry for every one, — for Lord Iffield, the victim of a complaint so painful, and for my mother, the object of a trifling incivility. "I'm sure I don't want him!" said my mother; but Flora added some remark about the rebuke she would give him for slighting us. She would never explain anything by any failure of her own power. There rolled over me, while she took leave of us and floated back to her friends, a wave of tenderness, superstitious and silly. I seemed somehow to see her go forth to her fate; and yet what should fill out this orb of a high destiny if not such beauty and such joy? I had a dim idea that Lord Considine was a great proprietor, and though there mingled with it a faint impression that I should n't like his son, the result of the two images was a whimsical prayer that the girl might n't miss her possible fortune.

IV.

One day in the course of the following June there was ushered into my studio a gentleman whom I had not yet seen, but with whom I had been, very briefly, in correspondence. A letter from him, some days before, had expressed to me

his regret on learning that my "splendid portrait" of Miss Flora Louisa Saunt, whose full name, by her own wish, figured in the catalogue of the exhibition of the Academy, had found a purchaser before the close of the private view. He took the liberty of inquiring whether I might have at his disposal some other memorial of the same lovely head, some preliminary sketch, some study for the picture. I had replied that I had indeed painted Miss Saunt more than once, and that, if he were interested in my work, I should be happy to show him what I had done. Mr. Geoffrey Dawling, the person thus introduced to me, stumbled into my room with awkward movements and equivocal sounds, — a long, lean, confused, confusing young man, with a bad complexion and large, prominent teeth. He bore in its most indelible pressure the postmark, as it were, of Oxford, and as soon as he opened his mouth I perceived, in addition to a remarkable revelation of gums, that the text of the queer communication matched the registered envelope. He was full of refinements and angles and of a kind of generalized pedantry. Of his unconscious drollery his dress freely partook; it seemed, from the gold ring into which his red necktie was passed to the square toe-caps of his boots, to conform, with a high sense of modernness, to the fashion before the last. There were moments when his overdone urbanity, all suggestive stammers and interrogative quavers, made him scarcely intelligible; but I felt him to be a gentleman, and I liked the honesty of his errand and the expression of his good green eyes.

As a worshiper at the shrine of beauty, however, he needed explaining, especially when I found he had no acquaintance with my brilliant model; had merely, on the evidence of my picture, taken, as he said, a tremendous fancy to her face. I ought doubtless to have been humiliated by the simplicity of his judgment of it, a judgment for which the

treatment was lost in the subject, quite leaving out the element of art. He was like the innocent reader for whom the story is "really true" and the author a negligible quantity. He had come to me only because he wanted to purchase, and I remember being so amused at his attitude, which I had never seen equally marked in a person of education, that I asked him why, for the sort of enjoyment he desired, it would n't be more to the point to deal directly with the lady. He stared and blushed at this; I could see the idea frightened him. He was an extraordinary case, — personally so modest that I could see it had never occurred to him. He had fallen in love with a painted sign, and seemed content just to dream of what it stood for. He was the young prince in the legend or the comedy who loses his heart to the miniature of the outland princess. Until I knew him better this puzzled me much, — the link was so missing between his sensibility and his type. He was of course bewildered by my sketches, which implied in the beholder some sense of intention and quality; but for one of them, a comparative failure, he ended by conceiving a preference so arbitrary and so lively that, taking no second look at the others, he expressed the wish to possess it, and fell into the extremity of confusion over the question of the price. I simplified that problem, and he went off without having asked me a direct question about Miss Saunt, but with his acquisition under his arm. His delicacy was such that he evidently considered his rights to be limited: he had acquired none at all in regard to the original of the picture. There were others — for I was curious about him — that I wanted him to feel I conceded: I should have been glad of his carrying away a sense of ground left for coming back. To insure this I had probably only to invite him, and I perfectly recall the impulse that made me forbear. It operated suddenly, from within, while he hung about

the door, and in spite of the diffident appeal that blinked in his ugly smile. If he was smitten with Flora's ghost, what might n't be the direct force of the luminary that could cast such a shadow? This source of radiance, flooding my poor place, might very well happen to be present the next time he should turn up. The idea was sharp within me that there were complications it was no mission of mine to bring about. If they were to occur, they might occur by a logic of their own.

Let me say at once that they did occur, and that I perhaps, after all, had something to do with it. If Mr. Dawling had departed without a fresh appointment, he was to reappear six months later under protection no less adequate than that of our young lady herself. I had seen her repeatedly for months: she had grown to regard my studio as the very shrine of her loveliness. This attribute was frankly there the object of interest; in other places there were occasionally other objects. The freedom of her manners continued to be stupefying: there was nothing so extraordinary save the absence, in connection with it, of any catastrophe. She was kept innocent by her egotism, but she was helped also, though she had now put off her mourning, by the attitude of the lone orphan who had to be a law unto herself. It was as a lone orphan that she came and went, as a lone orphan that she was the centre of a crush. The neglect of the Hammond-Synges gave relief to this character, and she paid them handsomely to be shocking. Lord Iffield had gone to India to shoot tigers, but he returned in time for the private view: it was he who had snapped up, as Flora called it, the thing at the Academy. My hope for the girl's future had slipped ignominiously off his back, but after his purchase of the portrait I tried to cultivate a new faith. The girl's own faith was wonderful; it could n't, however, be contagious, with so visible a

weakness in her sense of what painters call values. Her colors were laid on like blankets on a cold night. How indeed could a person speak the truth who was always posturing and bragging? She was after all vulgar enough, and by the time I had mastered her profile and could almost do it, in a single line, with my eyes shut, I was decidedly tired of her. There grew to be something silly in the smoothness of that silhouette. One moved with her, moreover, among phenomena mismated and unrelated; nothing in her talk ever matched with anything out of it. Lord Iffield was dying of love for her, but his family was leading him a life. His mother, horrid woman, had told some one that she would rather he should be swallowed by a tiger than marry a girl not absolutely one of themselves. He had given his young friend unmistakable signs, but he was lying low, gaining time: it was in his father's power to be, both in personal and in pecuniary ways, excessively nasty to him. His father would n't last forever, — quite the contrary; and he knew how perfectly, in spite of her youth, her beauty, and the swarm of her admirers, some of them positively threatening in their passion, he could trust her to hold out. There were richer, cleverer men, there were greater personages, too, but she liked her "little viscount" just as he was, and liked to think that, bullied and persecuted, he had her there so luxuriously to rest upon. She came back to me with tale upon tale, and it all might be or might n't; I never met my pretty model in the world, — she moved, it appeared, in exalted circles, — and could only admire, in her wealth of illustration, the grandeur of her life and the freedom of her hand.

I had on the first opportunity spoken to her of Geoffrey Dawling, and she had listened to my story so far as she had the art of such patience, asking me indeed more questions about him than I could answer; then she had capped my

anecdote with others much more striking, revelations of effects produced in the most extraordinary quarters: on people who had followed her into railway carriages; guards and porters even who had literally stuck there; others who had spoken to her in shops and hung about her house-door; cabmen, upon her honor, in London, who, to gaze their fill at her, had found excuses to thrust their petrification through the very glasses of four-wheelers. She lost herself in these reminiscences, the moral of which was that poor Mr. Dawling was only one of a million. When, therefore, the next autumn, she flourished into my studio with her odd companion at her heels, her first care was to make clear to me that if he was now in servitude it was n't because she had run after him. Dawling hilariously explained that when one wished very much to get anything one usually ended by doing so, — a proposition which led me wholly to dissent, and our young lady to asseverate that she had not in the least wished to get Mr. Dawling. She might not have wished to get him, but she wished to show him, and I seemed to read that if she could treat him as a trophy her affairs were rather at the ebb. True there always hung from her belt a promiscuous fringe of scalps. Much, at any rate, would have come and gone since our separation in July. She had spent four months abroad, where, on Swiss and Italian lakes, in German cities, in Paris, many accidents might have happened.

V.

I had been again with my mother, but, except Mrs. Meldrum and the gleam of France, had not found at Folkestone my old objects of interest. Mrs. Meldrum, much edified by my report of the performances, as she called them, in my studio, had told me that, to her knowledge, Flora would soon be on the straw:

she had cut from her capital such fine fat slices that there was almost nothing more left to swallow. Perched on her breezy cliff, the good lady dazzled me, as usual, by her universal light: she knew so much more about everything and every one than I could ever squeeze out of my color-tubes. She knew that Flora was acting on system, and absolutely declined to be interfered with; her precious reasoning was that her money would last as long as she should need it, that a magnificent marriage would crown her charms before she should be really pinched. She had a sum put by for a liberal outfit; meanwhile, the proper use of the rest was to decorate her for the approaches to the altar, keep her afloat in the society in which she would most naturally meet her match. Lord Iffield had been seen with her at Lucerne, at Cadenabbia; but it was Mrs. Meldrum's conviction that nothing was to be expected of him but the most futile flirtation. The girl had a certain hold of him, but, with a great deal of swagger, he had n't the spirit of a sheep: he was in fear of his father, and would never commit himself in Lord Considine's lifetime. The most Flora might achieve would be that he would n't marry any one else. Geoffrey Dawling, to Mrs. Meldrum's knowledge (I had told her of the young man's visit), had attached himself, on the way back from Italy, to the Hammond-Synge party; and my informant was in a position to be definite about this dangler. She knew about his people; she had heard of him before. Had n't he been, at Oxford, a friend of one of her nephews? Had n't he spent the Christmas holidays, precisely three years before, at her brother-in-law's in Yorkshire, taking that occasion to get himself refused with derision by willful Betty, the second daughter of the house? Her sister, who liked the floundering youth, had written to her to complain of Betty, and that the young man should now turn up as an

appendage of Flora's was one of those often-cited proofs that the world is small and that there are not enough people to go round. His father had been something or other in the Treasury; his grandfather, on the mother's side, had been something or other in the Church. He had come into the paternal estate, two or three thousand a year, in Hampshire; but he had let the place advantageously, and was generous to four ugly sisters who lived at Bournemouth and adored him. The family was hideous all round, but the salt of the earth. He was supposed to be unspeakably clever; he was fond of London, fond of books, of intellectual society, and of the idea of a political career. That such a man should be at the same time fond of Flora Saunt attested, as the phrase in the first volume of Gibbon has it, the variety of his inclinations. I was soon to learn that he was fonder of her than of all the other things together. Betty, one of five, and with views above her station, was at any rate felt, at home, to have dished herself by her folly. Of course no one had looked at her since, and no one would ever look at her again. It would be eminently desirable that Flora should learn the lesson of Betty's fate.

I was not struck, I confess, with all this in my mind, by any symptoms on our young lady's part of that sort of meditation. The only moral she saw in anything was that of her incomparable countenance, which Mr. Dawling, smitten, even like the railway porters and the cabmen, by the doom-dealing gods, had followed from London to Venice, and from Venice back to London again. I afterwards learned that her version of this episode was profusely inexact: his personal acquaintance with her had been determined by an accident remarkable enough, I admit, in connection with what had gone before, — a coincidence at all events superficially striking. At Munich, returning from a tour in the Tyrol with two of his sisters, he had

found himself, at the *table d'hôte* of his inn, opposite to the living type of that face of which the mere clumsy copy had made him dream and desire. He had been tossed by it to a height so vertiginous as to involve a retreat from the table; but the next day he had dropped with a resounding thud at the very feet of his apparition. On the following, with an equal incoherence, a sacrifice even of his bewildered sisters, whom he left behind, he made an heroic effort to escape by flight from a fate of which he already felt the cold breath. That fate, in London, very little later, drove him straight before it, — drove him, one Sunday afternoon, in the rain, to the door of the Hammond-Synges. He marched, in other words, close up to the cannon that was to blow him to pieces. But three weeks, when he reappeared to me, had elapsed since then, yet (to vary my metaphor) the burden he was to carry for the rest of his days was firmly lashed to his back. I don't mean by this that Flora had been persuaded to contract her scope; I mean that he had been treated to the unconditional snub which, as the event was to show, could n't have been bettered as a means of securing him. She had n't calculated, but she had said "Never!" and that word had made a bed big enough for his long-legged patience. He became, from this moment, to my mind, the interesting figure in the piece.

Now that he had acted without my aid I was free to show him this, and having, on his own side, something to show me, he repeatedly knocked at my door. What he brought with him on these occasions was a simplicity so huge that, as I turn my ear to the past, I seem even now to hear it bumping up and down my stairs. That was really what I saw of him, in the light of his behavior. He had fallen in love as he might have broken his leg, and the fracture was of a sort that would make him permanently lame. It was the whole man

who limped and lurched, with nothing of him left in the same position as before. The tremendous cleverness, the literary society, the political ambition, the Bournemouth sisters, all seemed to flop with his every movement a little nearer to the floor. I had n't had an Oxford training, and I had never encountered the great man at whose feet poor Dawling had most preëminently sat and who had addressed to him his most destructive sniffs; but I remember asking myself if such privileges had been an indispensable preparation to the career on which my friend appeared now to have embarked. I remember, too, making up my mind about the cleverness, which had its uses, and I suppose, in impenetrable shades, even its critics, but from which the friction of mere personal intercourse was not the sort of process to extract a revealing spark. He accepted without a question both his fever and his chill, and the only thing he showed any subtlety about was this convenience of my friendship. He told me, doubtless, his simple story, but the matter comes back to me in a kind of sense of *my* being rather the mouth-piece, of my having had to thresh it out for him. He took it from me without a groan, and I gave it to him, as we used to say, pretty hot; he took it again and again, spending his odd half-hours with me as if for the very purpose of learning how idiotically he was in love. He told me I made him see things; to begin, I had first made him see Flora Saunt herself. I wanted him to give her up, and luminously informed him why, and he never protested nor contradicted, — never was even so alembicated as to declare, just for the sake of the drama, that he would n't. He simply and undramatically did n't, and when, at the end of three months, I asked him what was the use of talking with such a fellow, his nearest approach to a justification was to say that what made him want to help her was just the deficiencies

to which I called his attention. I could only reply, "Oh, if you're as sorry for her as that!" without pointing the moral. I was after all very nearly as sorry for her as that myself; but it only led me to be sorrier still for other victims of this compassion. With him, as with me, the compassion was at first in excess of any visible motive; so that when eventually the motive was supplied, each could to a certain extent compliment the other on the fineness of his foresight.

After Dawling had begun to haunt my studio, Miss Saunt quite gave it up. I learned later on that she accused me of conspiring with him to put pressure on her to marry him. She did n't know I would take it that way, else she would n't have brought him to see me. It was a part of the conspiracy, in her view, that, to show him a kindness, I asked him at last to sit to me. I dare say, moreover, she was disgusted to hear that I had ended by attempting almost as many sketches of his beauty as I had attempted of hers. What then was the value of tributes to beauty by a hand that luxuriated in ugliness? My relation to poor Dawling's want of modeling was simple enough. I was really digging in that sandy desert for the buried treasure of his soul.

VI.

It befell at this period, just before Christmas, that, on my having gone, under pressure of the season, into a great shop to buy a toy or two, my eye, fleeing from superfluity, lighted, at a distance, on the bright concretion of Flora Saunt, an exhibitability that held its own even against the most plausible pinkness of the most developed dolls. A huge quarter of the place, the biggest bazaar "on earth," was peopled with these and other effigies and fantasies, as well as with purchasers and venders, haggard alike, in the blaze of the gas, with hesitations. I was

just about to appeal to Flora to avert that stage of my errand, when I saw that she was accompanied by a gentleman whose identity, though more than a year had elapsed, came back to me from the Folkestone cliff. It had been associated in that place with showy knickerbockers; at present it overflowed more splendidly into a fur-trimmed overcoat. Lord Iffield's presence made me waver an instant before crossing over; and during that instant, Flora, blank and undistinguishing, as if she too were, after all, weary of alternatives, looked straight across at me. I was on the point of raising my hat to her when I observed that her face gave no sign. I was exactly in the line of her vision, but she either did n't see me or did n't recognize me, or else had a reason to pretend she did n't. Was her reason that I had displeased her and that she wished to punish me? I had always thought it one of her merits that she was n't a punishing person. She simply, at any rate, looked away; and at this moment one of the shop-girls, who had apparently gone off in search of it, bustled up to her with a small mechanical toy. It so happened that I followed closely what then took place, afterwards recognizing that I had been led to do so, led even through the crowd to press nearer for the purpose, by an impression of which, in the act, I was not fully conscious.

Flora, with the toy in her hand, looked round at her companion; then, seeing his attention had been solicited in another quarter, she moved away with the shop-girl, who had evidently offered to conduct her into the presence of more objects of the same sort. When she reached the indicated spot, I was in a position still to observe her. She had asked some question about the working of the toy, and the girl, taking it herself, began to explain the little secret. Flora bent her head over it, but she clearly did n't understand. I saw her, in a manner that quickened my curiosity, give a

glance back at the place from which she had come. Lord Iffield was talking with another shop-girl. She satisfied herself of this by the aid of a question addressed to the young person waiting on her. She then drew closer to the table near which she stood, and, turning her back to me, bent her head lower over the collection of toys, and more particularly over the small object the attendant had attempted to explain. She took it back from the girl, and, after a moment, with her face well averted, made an odd motion of her arms and a significant little duck of her head. These slight signs, singular as it may appear, produced in my bosom an agitation so great that I failed to notice Lord Iffield's whereabouts. He had rejoined her; he was close upon her before I knew it or before she knew it herself. I felt at that instant the strangest of all impulses; if it could have operated more rapidly, it would have caused me to dash between them in some such manner as to give Flora a warning. In fact, as it was, I think I could have done this in time, had I not been checked by a curiosity stronger still than my impulse. There were three seconds during which I saw the young man and yet let him come on. Had n't I a quick sense that if he did n't catch what Flora had done, I too might perhaps not catch it? She, at any rate, herself took the alarm. On perceiving her companion's nearness, she made, still averted, another duck of her head and a shuffle of her hands so precipitate that a little tin steamboat she had been holding escaped from them and rattled down to the floor with a sharpness that I hear at this hour. Lord Iffield had already seized her arm; with a violent jerk he brought her round toward him. Then it was that there met my eyes a quite distressing sight: this exquisite creature, blushing, glaring, exposed, with a pair of big black-rimmed eye-glasses, disfiguring her by their position, crookedly astride of her beautiful nose. She made a grab

at them with her free hand, and I turned confusedly away.

VII.

I don't remember how soon it was I spoke to Geoffrey Dawling; his sittings were irregular, but it was certainly the very next time he gave me one.

"Has any rumor ever reached you of Miss Saunt's having anything the matter with her eyes?" He stared with a candor that was a sufficient answer to my question, backing it up with a shocked and mystified "Never!" Then I asked him if he had observed in her any symptom, however disguised, of sight seriously defective; on which, after a moment's thought, he exclaimed, "Disguised?" as if my use of that word had vaguely awakened a train. "She's not a bit near-sighted," he said; "she does n't blink or contract her lids." I fully recognized this, and I mentioned that she altogether denied the impeachment; owing it to him, moreover, to explain the ground of my inquiry, I gave him a sketch of the incident that had taken place before me at the shop. He knew all about Lord Iffield. That nobleman had figured freely in our conversation as his preferred, his injurious rival. Poor Dawling's contention was that, if there had been a definite engagement between his lordship and the young lady, the sort of thing that was announced in *The Morning Post*, renunciation and retirement would be comparatively easy to him; but that, having waited in vain for any such assurance, he was entitled to act as if the door were not really closed, or were, at any rate, not cruelly locked. He was naturally much struck with my anecdote, and still more with my interpretation of it.

"There *is* something, there *is* something, — possibly something very grave, certainly something that requires she should make use of aids to vision. She

won't admit it publicly, because, with her idolatry of her beauty, the feeling she is all made up of, she sees in such aids nothing but the humiliation and the disfigurement. She has used them in secret, but that is evidently not enough, for the affection she suffers from, apparently some definite ailment, has lately grown much worse. She looked straight at me in the shop, which was violently lighted, without seeing it was I. At the same distance, at Folkestone, where, as you know, I first met her, where I heard this mystery hinted at, and where she indignantly denied the thing, she appeared easily enough to recognize people. Now she could n't really make out anything the shop-girl showed her. She has successfully concealed from the man I saw her with that she resorts, in private, to a *pince-nez*, and that she does so not only under the strictest orders from an oculist, but because literally the poor thing can't accomplish without such help half the business of life. Iffield, however, has suspected something, and his suspicions, whether expressed or kept to himself, have put him on the watch. I happened to have a glimpse of the movement at which he pounced on her and caught her in the act."

I had thought it all out; my idea explained many things; and Dawling turned pale as he listened to me.

"Was he rough with her?" he anxiously asked.

"How can I tell what passed between them? I fled from the place."

My companion stared at me in silence a moment. "Do you mean to say her eyesight's going?"

"Heaven forbid! In that case, how could she take life as she does?"

"How *does* she take life? That's the question!" Dawling sat there bewilderedly brooding; the tears had come into his eyes; they reminded me of those I had seen in Flora's the day I risked my inquiry. The question he had asked was one that, to my own sat-

isfaction, I was ready to answer, but I hesitated to let him hear as yet all that my reflections had suggested. I was, indeed, privately astonished at their ingenuity. For the present I only rejoined that it struck me she was playing a particular game; at which he went on as if he had n't heard me, suddenly haunted with a fear, lost in the dark possibility I had opened up: "Do you mean there's a danger of anything very bad?"

"My dear fellow, you must ask her oculist."

"Who in the world is her oculist?"

"I have n't a conception. But we must n't get too excited. My impression would be that she has only to observe a few ordinary rules, to exercise a little common sense."

Dawling jumped at this. "I see, — to stick to the *pince-nez*."

"To follow to the letter her oculist's prescription, whatever it is and at whatever cost to her prettiness. It's not a thing to be trifled with."

"Upon my honor, it *shan't* be trifled with!" he roundly declared; and he adjusted himself to his position again as if we had quite settled the business. After a considerable interval, while I botched away, he suddenly said, "Did they make a great difference?"

"A great difference?"

"Those things she had put on."

"Oh, the glasses, — in her beauty? She looked queer, of course, but it was partly because one was unaccustomed. There are women who look charming in nippers. What, at any rate, if she does look queer? She must be mad not to accept that alternative."

"She *is* mad," said Geoffrey Dawling.

"Mad to refuse you, I grant. Besides," I went on, "the *pince-nez*, which was a large and peculiar one, was all awry; she had half pulled it off, but it continued to stick, and she was crimson; she was angry."

"It must have been horrible!" my companion murmured.

"It *was* horrible. But it's still more horrible to defy all warnings; it's still more horrible to be landed in" — Without completing my phrase I disgustedly shrugged my shoulders.

After a glance at me, Dawling jerked round. "Then you do believe that she may be?"

I hesitated. "The thing would be to make *her* believe it. She only needs a good scare."

"But if that fellow is shocked at the precautions she does take?"

"Oh, who knows?" I rejoined, with small sincerity. "I don't suppose Iffield is absolutely a brute."

"I would take her with leather blinders, like a shying mare!" cried Geoffrey Dawling.

I had an impression that Iffield would n't, but I didn't communicate it, for I wanted to pacify my companion, whom I had discomposed too much for the purposes of my sitting. I recollect that I did some good work that morning, but it also comes back to me that, before we separated, Dawling had practically revealed to me that my anecdote, connecting itself in his mind with a series of observations at the time unconscious and unregistered, had covered with light the subject of our colloquy. He had had a formless perception of some secret that drove Miss Saunt to subterfuges, and the more he thought of it, the more he guessed this secret to be the practice of making believe she saw when she did n't, and of cleverly keeping people from finding out how little she saw. When one patched together things, it was astonishing what ground they covered. Just as he was going away, he asked me from what source, at Folkestone, the report I had mentioned to him had proceeded. When I had given him, as I saw no reason not to do, the name of Mrs. Meldrum, he exclaimed, "Oh, I know all about her; she's a friend of some friends of mine!" At this I remembered willful Betty, and said to myself

that I knew some one who would probably prove more willful still.

VIII.

A few days later I again heard Dawling on my stairs, and even before he passed my threshold I knew he had something to tell me.

"I've been down to Folkestone; it was necessary I should see her!" I forget whether he had come straight from the station; he was, at any rate, out of breath with his news, which it took me, however, a minute to interpret.

"You mean that you've been with Mrs. Meldrum?"

"Yes; to ask her what she knows and how she comes to know it. It worked upon me awfully, — I mean what you told me." He made a visible effort to seem quieter than he was, and it showed me sufficiently that he had not been reassured. I laid, to comfort him, and smiling at a venture, a friendly hand on his arm, and he dropped into my eyes, fixing them an instant, a strange, distended look which might have expressed the cold clearness of all that was to come. "I *know* — now!" he said, with an emphasis he rarely used.

"What then did Mrs. Meldrum tell you?"

"Only one thing that signified, for she has no real knowledge. But that one thing was everything."

"What is it, then?"

"Why, that she can't bear the sight of her." His pronouns required some arranging, but after I had successfully dealt with them I replied that I knew perfectly Miss Saunt had a trick of turning her back on the good lady of Folkestone. But what did that prove? "Have you never guessed? I guessed as soon as she spoke!" Dawling towered over me in dismal triumph. It was the first time in our acquaintance that, intellectually speaking, this had occurred; but

even so remarkable an incident still left me sufficiently at sea to cause him to continue: "Why, the effect of those spectacles!"

I seemed to catch the tail of his idea. "Mrs. Meldrum's?"

"They're so awfully ugly, and they increase so the dear woman's ugliness." This remark began to flash a light, and when he quickly added, "She sees herself, she sees her own fate!" my response was so immediate that I had almost taken the words out of his mouth. While I tried to fix this sudden image of Flora's face glazed in and cross-barred even as Mrs. Meldrum's was glazed and barred, he went on to assert that only the horror of that image, looming out at herself, could be the reason of her avoiding such a monitress. The fact he had encountered made everything hideously vivid, and more vivid than anything else that just such another pair of goggles was what would have been prescribed to Flora.

"I see — I see," I presently rejoined. "What would become of Lord Iffield if she were suddenly to come out in them? What indeed would become of every one, what would become of everything?" This was an inquiry that Dawling was evidently unprepared to meet, and I completed it by saying at last, "My dear fellow, for that matter, what would become of *you*?"

Once more he turned on me his good green eyes. "Oh, I should n't mind."

The tone of these words somehow made his ugly face beautiful, and I felt that there dated from that moment in my heart a confirmed affection for him. None the less, at the same time, perversely and rudely, I became aware of a certain drollery in our discussion of such alternatives. It made me laugh out, and made me say to him while I laughed, "You'd take her even with those things of Mrs. Meldrum's?"

He remained mournfully grave; I could see that he was surprised at my

rude mirth. But he summoned back a vision of the lady at Folkestone, and he conscientiously replied, "Even with those things of Mrs. Meldrum's." I begged him not to think my laughter in bad taste; it was only a practical recognition of the fact that we had built a monstrous castle in the air. Did n't he see on what flimsy ground the structure rested? The evidence was preposterously small. He believed the worst, but we were utterly ignorant.

"I shall find out the truth," he promptly replied.

"How can you? If you question her, you will simply drive her to perjure herself; and wherein, after all, does it concern you to know the truth? It's the girl's own affair."

"Then why did you tell me your story?"

I was a trifle embarrassed. "To warn you off," I returned, smiling. He took no more notice of these words than presently to remark that Lord Iffield had no serious intentions. "Very possibly," I said. "But you must n't speak as if Lord Iffield and you were her only alternatives."

Dawling thought a moment. "Would n't the people she has consulted give some information? She must have been to people; how else can she have been condemned?"

"Condemned to what? Condemned to perpetual nippers? Of course she has consulted some of the big specialists, but she has done it, you may be sure, in the most clandestine manner; and even if it were supposable that they would tell you anything, — which I altogether doubt, — you would have great difficulty in finding out which men they are. Therefore leave it alone; never show her what you suspect."

I even, before he quitted me, asked him to promise me this, and he said, gloomily enough, "All right, I promise." He was a lover who could tacitly grant the proposition that there was no

limit to the deceit his loved one was ready to practice; it made so remarkably little difference. I could see that from this moment he would be filled with a passionate pity, ever so little qualified by a sense of the girl's fatuity and folly. She was always accessible to him, — that I knew; for if she had told him he was an idiot to dream she could dream of him, she would have resented the imputation of having failed to make it clear that she would always be glad to regard him as a friend. What were most of her friends — what were all of them — but repudiated idiots? I was perfectly aware that, in her conversations and confidences, I myself, for instance, figured in the liberal list. As regards poor Dawling, I knew how often he still called on the Hammond-Synges. It was not there, but under the wing of the Floyd-Taylors, that her intimacy with Lord Iffield most flourished. At all events, when, one morning, a week after the visit I have just summarized, Flora's name was brought up to me, I jumped at the conclusion that Dawling had been with her, and even, I fear, briefly entertained the thought that he had broken his word.

IX.

She left me, after she had been introduced, in no suspense about her present motive; she was, on the contrary, in a visible fever to enlighten me; but I promptly learned that for the alarm with which she pitiably quivered our young man was not accountable. She had but one thought in the world, and that thought was for Lord Iffield. I had the strangest, saddest scene with her, and if it did me no other good, it at least made me at last completely understand why, insidiously, from the first, she had struck me as a creature of tragedy. In showing me the whole of her folly it showed me her misery. I don't know how much she meant to tell me when she came, —

I think she had had plans of elaborate misrepresentation; at any rate, she found it, at the end of ten minutes, the simplest way to break down and sob, to be wretched and true. When she had once begun to let herself go, the movement took her off her feet; the relief of it was like the cessation of a cramp. She shared, in a word, her long secret; she shifted her sharp pain. She brought, I confess, tears to my own eyes, tears of helpless tenderness for her helpless poverty. Her visit, however, was not quite so memorable in itself as in some of its consequences, the most immediate of which was that I went, that afternoon, to see Geoffrey Dawling, who had in those days rooms in Welbeck Street, where I presented myself at an hour late enough to warrant the supposition that he might have come in. He had not come in, but he was expected, and I was invited to enter and wait for him: a lady, I was informed, was already in his sitting-room. I hesitated, a little at a loss: it had wildly coursed through my brain that the lady was perhaps Flora Saunt. But when I asked if she were young and remarkably pretty, I received so significant a "No, sir!" that I risked an advance, and, after a minute, in this manner, found myself, to my astonishment, face to face with Mrs. Meldrum.

"Oh, you dear thing," she exclaimed, "I'm delighted to see you: you spare me another compromising *démarche*! But for this I should have called on you also. Know the worst at once: if you see me here, it's at least deliberate, — it's planned, plotted, shameless. I came up on purpose to see him, and upon my word, because I'm in love with him. Why, if you valued my peace of mind, did you let him, the other day at Folkestone, dawn upon my delighted eyes? I took there, in half an hour, the most extraordinary fancy to him: with a perfect sense of everything that can be urged against him, I find him, none the less, the very pearl of men. However,

I haven't come up to declare my passion: I've come to bring him news that will interest him much more. Above all, I've come to urge upon him to be careful."

"About Flora Saunt?"

"About what he says and does: he must be as still as a mouse! She's at last really engaged."

"But it's a tremendous secret!" I was moved to merriment.

"Precisely: she telegraphed me this noon, and spent another shilling to tell me that not a creature in the world is yet to know it."

"She had better have spent it to tell you that she had just passed an hour with the creature you see before you."

"She has just passed an hour with every one in the place!" Mrs. Meldrum cried. "They've vital reasons, she wired, for its not coming out for a month. Then it will be formally announced, but meanwhile her happiness is delirious. I dare say Mr. Dawling already knows, and he may, as it's nearly seven o'clock, have jumped off London Bridge; but an effect of the talk I had with him the other day was to make me, on receipt of my telegram, feel it to be my duty to warn him, in person, against taking action, as it were, on the horrid certitude which I could see he carried away with him. I had added somehow to that certitude. He told me what you had told him you had seen in that shop."

Mrs. Meldrum, I perceived, had come to Welbeck Street on an errand identical with my own, — a circumstance indicating her rare sagacity, inasmuch as her ground for undertaking it was a very different thing from what Flora's wonderful visit had made of mine. I remarked to her that what I had seen in the shop was sufficiently striking, but that I had seen a great deal more that morning in my studio. "In short," I said, "I've seen everything."

She was mystified. "Everything?"

"The poor creature is under the dark-

est of clouds. Oh, she came to triumph, but she remained to talk something approaching to sense! She put herself completely in my hands, — she does me the honor to intimate that of all her friends I'm the most disinterested. After she had announced to me that Lord Iffield was bound hands and feet, and that for the present I was absolutely the only person in the secret, she arrived at her real business. She had had a suspicion of me ever since the day, at Folkestone, I asked her for the truth about her eyes. The truth is what you and I both guessed, — she has no end of a row hanging over her."

"But from what cause? I, who by God's mercy have kept mine, know everything that can be known about eyes!" said Mrs. Meldrum.

"She might have kept hers if she had profited by God's mercy; if she had done in time, done years ago, what was imperatively ordered her; if she had n't, in fine, been cursed with the loveliness that was to make her behavior a thing of fable. She may keep them still, if she'll sacrifice — and after all, so little — that purely superficial charm. She must do as you've done; she must wear, dear lady, what you wear!"

What my companion wore glittered for the moment like a melon-frame in August. "Heaven forgive her! now I understand!" she exclaimed, turning pale.

But I was n't afraid of the effect on her good nature of her thus seeing, through her great goggles, why it had always been that Flora held her at such a distance. "I can't tell you," I said, "from what special affection, what state of the eye, her danger proceeds: that's the one thing she succeeded, this morning, in keeping from me. She knows, herself, perfectly, — she has had the best advice in Europe. 'It's a thing that's awful, — simply awful,' was the only account she would give me. Year before last, while she was at Boulogne, she

went for three days, with Mrs. Floyd-Taylor, to Paris. She there surreptitiously consulted the greatest man, — even Mrs. Floyd-Taylor does n't know. Last autumn, in Germany, she did the same. 'First put on peculiar spectacles, with a straight bar in the middle: then we'll talk,' — that's practically what they say. What *she* says is that she'll put on anything in nature when she's married, but that she must get married first. She has always meant to do everything as soon as she's married. Then, and then only, she'll be safe. How will any one ever look at her if she makes herself a fright? How could she ever have got engaged if she had made herself a fright from the first? It's no use to insist that, with her beauty, she can never *be* a fright. She said to me this morning, poor girl, the most characteristic, the most harrowing things. 'My face is all I have, — and *such* a face! I knew from the first I could do anything with it. But I needed it all, — I need it still, every exquisite inch of it. It is n't as if I had a figure, or anything else. Oh, if God had only given me a figure too, I don't say! Yes, with a figure, a really good one, like Fanny Floyd-Taylor's, who's hideous, I'd have risked plain glasses. But no one is perfect.' She says she still has money left, but I don't believe a word of it. She has been speculating on her impunity, on the idea that her danger would hold off; she has literally been running a race with it. Her theory has been, as you from the first so clearly saw, that she'd get in ahead. She swears to me that though the 'bar' is too cruel, she wears when she's alone what she has been ordered to wear. But when the deuce is she alone? It's herself, of course, that she has swindled worst; she has put herself off so insantly that even her vanity but half accounts for it, with little inadequate concessions, little false measures and preposterous evasions and childish hopes. Her great terror is now that

Iffield, who already has suspicions, who has found out her pince-nez, but whom she has beguiled with some unblushing hocus-pocus, should discover the dreadful facts; and the essence of what she wanted this morning was, in that interest, to square me, to get me to deny, indignantly and authoritatively (for is n't she my 'favorite sitter'?), that she has anything whatever the matter with any part of her. She sobbed, she 'went on,' she entreated; after we got talking her extraordinary nerve left her, and she showed me what she has been through, as well as all her terror of the harm I could do her. 'Wait till I'm married! wait till I'm married!' She took hold of me, she almost sank on her knees. It seems to me highly immoral, one's participation in her fraud; but there's no doubt that she *must* be married: I don't know what I don't see behind it. Therefore," I wound up, "Dawling must keep his hands off."

Mrs. Meldrum had quite hung on my lips; she exhaled a long moan, as if she had been holding her breath. "Well, that's exactly what I came here to tell him."

"Then here he is." Our unconscious host had just opened the door. Immensely startled at finding us, he turned a frightened look from one to the other, as if to guess what disaster we were there to announce or avert.

Mrs. Meldrum, on the spot, was all gayety. "I've come to return your sweet visit. Ah," she laughed, "I mean to keep up the acquaintance!"

"Do — do," he murmured mechanically and absently, continuing to look at us. Then, abruptly, he broke out, "He's going to marry her."

I was surprised. "You already know?"

He had had in his hand an evening newspaper; he tossed it down on the table. "It's in that."

"Published — already?" I was still more surprised.

"Oh, Flora can't keep a secret!" Mrs. Meldrum humorously declared. She went up to poor Dawling and laid a motherly hand upon him. "It's all right, — it's just as it ought to be: don't think about her ever any more." Then, as he met this adjuration with a dismal stare in which the thought of her was as abnormally vivid as the color of the pupil, the excellent woman put up her funny face and tenderly kissed him on the cheek.

X.

I have spoken of these reminiscences as of a row of colored beads, and I confess that, as I continue to straighten out my chaplet, I am rather proud of the comparison. The beads are all there, as I said, — they slip along the string in their small, smooth roundness. Geoffrey Dawling accepted like a gentleman the event his evening paper had ushered in; in view of which I snatched a moment to murmur him a hint to offer Mrs. Meldrum his hand. He returned me a heavy head-shake, and I judged that marriage would henceforth strike him very much as the traffic of the street may strike some poor incurable at the window of a hospital. Circumstances arising at this time promptly led to my making an absence from England, and circumstances already existing offered him a solid basis for similar action. He had, after all, the usual resource of a Briton, — he could take to his boats. He started on a journey round the globe, and I was left with my nothing but inference as to what might have happened. Later observation, however, only confirmed my belief that if, at any time during the couple of months that followed Flora Saunt's brilliant engagement, he had made up, as they say, to the good lady of Folkestone, that good lady would not have pushed him over the cliff. Strange as she was to behold, I knew of cases in which she had been

obliged to administer that shove. I went to New York to paint a couple of portraits; but I found, once on the spot, I had counted without Chicago, where I was invited to blot out this harsh discrimination by the production of no less than ten. I spent a year in America, and should probably have spent a second had I not been summoned back to England by alarming news from my mother. Her strength had failed, and as soon as I reached London I hurried down to Folkestone, arriving just at the moment to offer a welcome to some slight symptoms of a rally. She had been much worse, but she was now a little better; and though I found nothing but satisfaction in having come to her, I saw after a few hours that my London studio, where arrears of work had already met me, would be my place to await whatever might next occur. Before returning to town, however, I had every reason to sally forth in search of Mrs. Meldrum, from whom, in so many months, I had not had a line, and my view of whom, with the adjacent objects, as I had left them, had been intercepted by a luxuriant foreground.

Before I had gained her house, I met her, as I supposed, coming toward me across the down, greeting me from afar with the familiar twinkle of her great vitreous badge; and as it was late in the autumn and the esplanade was a blank, I was free to acknowledge this signal by cutting a caper on the grass. My enthusiasm dropped indeed the next moment, for it had taken me but a few seconds to perceive that the person thus provoked had by no means the figure of my martial friend. I felt a shock much greater than any I should have thought possible, as, on this person's drawing near, I identified her as poor little Flora Saunt. At what moment Flora had recognized me belonged to an order of mysteries over which, it quickly came home to me, one would never linger again; I could intensely reflect that,

once we were face to face, it chiefly mattered that I should succeed in looking still more intensely unastonished. All I saw at first was the big gold bar that crossed each of her lenses, and over which something convex and grotesque, like the eyes of a large insect, something that now represented her whole personality, seemed, as out of the orifice of a prison, to strain forward and press. The face had shrunk away; it looked smaller, appeared even to look plain; it was, at all events, so far as the effect on a spectator was concerned, wholly sacrificed to this huge apparatus of sight. There was no smile in it, and she made no motion to take my offered hand. I exclaimed, "I had no idea you were down here!" and wondered whether she did n't know me at all, or knew me only by my voice.

"You thought I was Mrs. Meldrum," she very quietly remarked.

It was the quietness itself that made me feel the necessity of an answer almost violently gay. "Oh yes," I laughed, "you have a tremendous deal in common with Mrs. Meldrum! I've just returned to England after a long absence, and I'm on my way to see her. Won't you come with me?" It struck me that her old reason for keeping clear of our friend was well disposed of now.

"I've just left her; I'm staying with her." She stood solemnly fixing me with her goggles. "Would you like to paint me *now*?" she asked, with the same gravity.

There was nothing to do but to treat the question with the same exuberance. "It would be a fascinating little artistic problem!" That something was wrong it was not difficult to perceive; but a good deal more than met the eye might be presumed to be wrong if Flora was under Mrs. Meldrum's roof. I had not, for a year, had much time to think of her, but my imagination had had sufficient warrant for lodging her in more gilded halls. One of the last things I

had heard, before leaving England, was that, in commemoration of the new relationship, she had gone to stay with Lady Considine. This had made me take everything else for granted, and the noisy American world had deafened my ears to possible contradictions. Her spectacles were at present a direct contradiction; they seemed a negation not only of new relationships, but of every old one as well. I remember, nevertheless, that when, after a moment, she walked beside me on the grass, I found myself nervously hoping she would n't as yet, at any rate, tell me anything very dreadful; so that to stave off this danger I hurried her with questions about Mrs. Meldrum, and, without waiting for replies, became profuse on the subject of my own doings. My companion was completely silent, and I felt both as if she were watching my nervousness with a sort of sinister irony and as if I were talking to some different, strange person. Flora plain and obscure and soundless was no Flora at all. At Mrs. Meldrum's door she turned off, with the observation that as there was certainly a great deal I should have to say to our friend, she had better not go in with me. I looked at her again, — I had been keeping my eyes away from her, — but only to meet her magnified stare. I greatly desired, in fact, to see Mrs. Meldrum alone, but there was something so pitiful in the girl's predicament that I hesitated to fall in with this idea of dropping her. Yet one could n't express a compassion without seeming to take too much wretchedness for granted. I reflected that I must really figure to her as a fool, which was an entertainment I had never expected to give her. It rolled over me there for the first time — it has come back to me since — that there is, strangely, in very deep misfortune, a dignity finer even than in the most inveterate habit of being all right. I could n't have the manner, to her, of treating it as a mere detail that I was face to face

with a part of what, at our last meeting, we had had such a scene about; but while I was trying to think of some manner that I *could* have, she said, quite colorlessly, yet somehow as if she might never see me again, "Good-by. I'm going to take my walk."

"All alone?"

She looked round the great bleak cliff-top. "With whom should I go? Besides, I like to be alone—for the present."

This gave me the glimmer of a vision that she regarded her disfigurement as temporary, and the confidence came to me that she would never, for her happiness, cease to be a creature of illusions. It enabled me to exclaim, smiling brightly and feeling indeed idiotic, "Oh, I shall see you again! But I hope you will have a very pleasant walk."

"All my walks are very pleasant, thank you,—they do me such a lot of good." She was as quiet as a mouse, and her words seemed to me stupendous in their wisdom. "I take several a day," she continued. She might have been a village maiden responding with humility, at the church door, to the patronage of the parson. "The more I take, the better I feel; I'm ordered by the doctors to keep all the while in the air and go in for plenty of exercise. It keeps up my general health, you know, and if that goes on improving, as it has lately done, everything will soon be all right. All that was the matter with me before—and always: it was too reckless!—was that I neglected my general health. It acts directly on the state of the particular organ. So I'm going three miles."

I grinned at her from the doorstep while Mrs. Meldrum's maid stood there to admit me. "Oh, I'm so glad," I said, looking at her as she paced away with the pretty flutter she had kept, and remembering the day when, while she rejoined Lord Iffield, I had indulged in the same observation. Her air of as-

surance was on this occasion not less than it had been on that; but I recalled that she had then struck me as marching off to her doom. Was she really now marching away from it?

XI.

As soon as I saw Mrs. Meldrum I broke out to her: "Is there anything in it? Is her general health?"—

Mrs. Meldrum interrupted me with her great amused blare: "You've already seen her and she has told you her wondrous tale? What's 'in it' is what has been in everything she has ever done,—the most comical, tragical belief in herself. She thinks she's doing a 'cure.'"

"And what does her husband think?"

"Her husband? What husband?"

"Has n't she then married Lord Iffield?"

"Vous-en-êtes là?" cried my hostess.

"He behaved like a regular beast."

"How should I know? You never wrote to me."

Mrs. Meldrum hesitated, covering me with what poor Flora called the particular organ. "No, I did n't write to you; and I abstained on purpose. If I did n't, I thought you might n't, over there, hear what had happened. If you should hear, I was afraid you would stir up Mr. Dawling."

"Stir him up?"

"Urge him to fly to the rescue; write out to him that there was another chance for him."

"I would n't have done it," I said.

"Well," Mrs. Meldrum replied, "it was not my business to give you an opportunity."

"In short, you were afraid of it."

Again she hesitated, and, though it may have been only my fancy, I thought she considerably reddened. At any rate, she laughed out; then she answered very honestly, "I was afraid of it!"

"But does n't he know? Has he given no sign?"

"Every sign in life, — he came straight back to her. He did everything to get her to listen to him; but she has not the smallest idea of it."

"Has he seen her as she is now?" I presently and just a trifle awkwardly inquired.

"Indeed he has, and borne it like a hero. He told me all about it."

"How much you've all been through!" I ventured to ejaculate. "Then what has become of him?"

"He's at home, in Hampshire. He has got back his old place, and, I believe, by this time, his old sisters. It's not half a bad little place."

"Yet its attractions say nothing to Flora?"

"Oh, Flora's by no means on her back!" my interlocutress laughed.

"She's not on her back because she's on yours! Have you got her for the rest of your life?"

Once more my hostess genially glared at me. "Did she tell you how much the Hammond-Synges have kindly left her to live on? Not quite eighty pounds a year."

"That's a good deal, but it won't pay her oculist. What was it that at last induced her to submit to him?"

"Her general collapse after that brute of an Iffield's rupture. She cried her eyes out, — she passed through a horror of black darkness. Then came a gleam of light, and the light appears to have broadened. She went into goggles as repentant Magdalens go into the Catholic Church."

"Yet you don't think she'll be saved?"

"She thinks she will, — that's all I can tell you. There's no doubt that when once she brought herself to accept her real remedy, as she calls it, she began to enjoy a relief that she had never known. That feeling, very new, and, in spite of what she pays for it, most refreshing, has given her something to hold

on by, begotten in her foolish little mind a belief that, as she says, she's on the mend, and that in the course of time, if she leads a tremendously healthy life, she'll be able to take off her mask and be seen again at parties. It keeps her going."

"And what keeps *you*? You're good until the parties begin again."

"Oh, she does n't object to me now!" smiled Mrs. Meldrum. "I'm going to take her abroad; we shall be a pretty pair." I was struck with this energy, and after a moment I inquired the reason of it. "It's to divert her mind," my friend replied, reddening again, I thought, a little. "We shall go next week: I've only waited, to start, to see how your mother would be." I expressed to her hereupon my sense of her extraordinary merit, and also that of the inconceivability of Flora's fancying herself still in a situation not to jump at the chance of marrying a man like Dawling. "She says he's too ugly; she says he's too dreary; she says, in fact, he's 'nobody,'" Mrs. Meldrum pursued; "she says, above all, that he's not 'her sort.' She does n't deny that he's good, but she insists on the fact that he's grotesque. He's quite the last person she would ever dream of." I was almost disposed, on hearing this, to protest that if the girl had so little nice feeling her noble suitor had perhaps served her right; but after a while my curiosity as to just how her noble suitor *had* served her got the better of that emotion, and I asked a question or two which led my companion again to apply to him the invidious epithet I have already quoted. What had happened was simply that Flora had, at the eleventh hour, broken down in the attempt to put him off with an uncandid account of her infirmity, and that his lordship's interest in her had not been proof against the discovery of the way she had practiced on him. Her dissimulation, he was obliged to recognize, had been infernally deep. The

future, in short, assumed a new complexion for him when looked at through the grim glasses of a bride who, as he had said to some one, could n't really, when you came to find out, see her hand before her face. He had conducted himself like any other jockeyed customer, — he had returned the animal as unsound. He had backed out in his own way, giving the business, by some sharp shuffle, such a turn as to make the rupture ostensibly Flora's, but he had none the less remorselessly and basely backed out. He had cared for her lovely face, cared for it in the amused and haunted way it had been her poor little delusive gift to make men care; and her lovely face, damn it, with the monstrous gear she had begun to rig upon it, was just what had let him in. He had done, in the judgment of his family, everything that could be expected of him; he had made — Mrs. Meldrum had herself seen the letter — a “handsome” offer of pecuniary compensation. Oh, if Flora, with her incredible buoyancy, was in a manner on her feet again now, it was not that she had not, for weeks and weeks, been prone in the dust. Strange were the humiliations, the prostrations, it was given to some natures to survive. That Flora had survived was perhaps, after all, a sort of sign that she was reserved for some mercy. “But she has been in the depths, at any rate,” said Mrs. Meldrum, “and I really don't think I can tell you what pulled her through.”

“I think I can tell *you*,” I said. “What in the world but Mrs. Meldrum?”

When, at the end of an hour, Flora had not come in, I was obliged to announce that I should have but time to reach the station, where, in charge of my mother's servant, I was to find my luggage. Mrs. Meldrum put before me the question of waiting till a later train, so as not to lose our young lady; but I confess I gave this alternative a consideration less profound than I pretended.

Somehow I did n't care if I did lose our young lady. Now that I knew the worst that had befallen her, it struck me still less as possible to meet her on the ground of condolence; and, with the melancholy aspect she wore to me, what other ground was left? I lost her, but I caught my train. In truth, she was so changed that one hated to see it; and now that she was in charitable hands one did n't feel compelled to make great efforts. I had studied her face for a particular beauty; I had lived with that beauty and reproduced it; but I knew what belonged to my trade well enough to be sure it was gone forever.

XII.

I was soon called back to Folkestone; but Mrs. Meldrum and her young friend had already left England, finding, to that end, every convenience on the spot, and not having had to come up to town. My thoughts, however, were so painfully engaged there that I should in any case have had little attention for them: the event occurred that was to bring my series of visits to a close. When this high tide had ebbed, I returned to America and to my interrupted work, which had opened out on such a scale that, with a deep plunge into a great chance, I was three good years in rising again to the surface. There are nymphs and naiads, moreover, in the American depths; they may have had something to do with the duration of my dive. I mention them, at any rate, to account for a grave misdemeanor, — the fact that, after the first year, I rudely neglected Mrs. Meldrum. She had written to me, from Florence, after my mother's death, and had mentioned in a postscript that in our young lady's calculations the lowest figures were now Italian counts. This was a good omen, and if, in subsequent letters, there was no news of a sequel, I was content to accept small things, and to

believe that grave tidings, should there be any, would come to me in due course. The gravity of what might happen to a featherweight became, indeed, with time and distance, less appreciable, and I was not without an impression that Mrs. Meldrum, whose sense of proportion was not the least of her merits, had no idea of boring the world with the ups and downs of her pensioner. The poor girl grew dusky and dim, a small fitful memory, and a regret tempered by the comfortable consciousness of how kind Mrs. Meldrum would always be to her. I was professionally more preoccupied than I had ever been, and I had swarms of pretty faces in my eyes and a chorus of high voices in my ears. Geoffrey Dawling, on his return to England, had written me two or three letters; his last information had been that he was going into the statistics of rural illiteracy. I was delighted to receive it, and had no doubt that if he should go into statistics they would, as they are said to be able to prove anything, prove at least that my advice was sound and that he had wasted time enough. This quickened, on my part, another hope, a hope suggested by some roundabout rumor—I forget how it reached me—that he was engaged to a girl down in Hampshire. He turned out not to be, but I felt sure that if only he went into statistics deep enough he would become, among the girls down in Hampshire or elsewhere, one of those numerous prizes of battle whose defenses are practically not on the scale of their provocations. I nursed, in short, the thought that it was probably open to him to become one of the types as to which, as the years go on, frivolous and superficial spectators lose themselves in the wonder that they ever succeeded in winning even the least winsome mates. He never alluded to Flora Saunt; and there was in his silence about her, quite as in Mrs. Meldrum's, an element of instinctive tact, a brief implication that if you did n't happen to have

been in love with her she was after all not an inevitable topic.

Within a week after my return to London I went to the opera, of which I had always been much of a devotee. I arrived too late for the first act of *Lohengrin*, but the second was just beginning; I gave myself up to it, with no more than a glance at the house. When it was over, I treated myself, with my glass, from my place in the stalls, to a general survey of the boxes, making, doubtless, on their contents, the reflections, pointed by comparison, that are most familiar, in London, to the restored wanderer. There was a certain proportion of pretty women, but I suddenly became aware that one of these was far prettier than the others. This lady, alone in one of the smaller receptacles of the grand tier, and already the aim of fifty tentative glasses, which she sustained with admirable serenity,—this single exquisite figure, placed in the quarter farthest removed from my stall, was a person, I immediately felt, to cause one's scrutiny to linger. Dressed in white, with diamonds in her hair and pearls on her neck, she had a pale radiance of beauty which, even at that distance, made her a distinguished presence, and, with the air that easily attaches to lonely loveliness in public places, an agreeable mystery. A mystery, however, she remained to me only for a minute after I had leveled my glass at her: I feel to this moment the thrill of wonder, the shock almost of joy, with which I suddenly encountered in her vague brightness a rich revival of Flora Saunt. I say a revival, because, to put it crudely, I had on that last occasion left poor Flora for dead. She was now perfectly alive again, and altered only, as it were, by resurrection. A little older, a little quieter, a little finer, and a good deal fairer, she was simply transfigured by recovery. Sustained by the reflection that even recovery would n't enable her to distinguish me in the crowd, I was

free to look at her well. Then it was it came home to me that my vision of her in her great goggles had been cruelly final. As her beauty was all there was of her, that machinery had extinguished her, and so far as I had thought of her in the interval I had thought of her as buried in the tomb her stern specialist had built. With the sense that she had escaped from it came a lively wish to return to her; and if I did not straightway leave my place and rush round the theatre and up to her box, it was because I was fixed to the spot some moments longer by the simple inability to cease looking at her.

She had been, from the first of my seeing her, practically motionless, leaning back in her chair with a kind of thoughtful grace, and with her eyes vaguely directed, as it seemed to me, to one of the boxes on my side of the house, and consequently over my head and out of my sight. The only movement she made for some time was to finger with an ungloved hand, and as if with the habit of fondness, the row of pearls on her neck, which my glass showed me to be large and splendid. Her diamonds and pearls, in her solitude, mystified me, making me, as she had had no such brave jewels in the days of the Hammond-Synges, wonder what undreamt-of improvement had taken place in her fortunes. The ghost of a question hovered there a moment: Could anything so prodigious have happened as that, on her tested and proved amendment, Lord Iffield had taken her back? This could not have occurred without my hearing of it; and moreover, if she had become a person of such fashion, where was the little court one would naturally see at her elbow? Her isolation was puzzling, though it could easily suggest that she was but momentarily alone. If she had come with Mrs. Meldrum, Mrs. Meldrum would have taken advantage of the interval to pay a visit to some other box, — doubtless the box at which Flora had

just been looking. Mrs. Meldrum did not account for the jewels, but the refreshment of Flora's beauty accounted for anything. She presently moved her eyes over the house, and I felt them brush me again like the wings of a dove. I don't know what quick pleasure flickered into the hope that she would at last see me. She did see me! she suddenly bent forward to take up the little double-barreled ivory glass that rested on the edge of the box, and, to all appearance, fix me with it. I smiled, from my place, straight up at the searching lenses, and after an instant she dropped them and smiled as straight back at me. Oh, her smile! it was her old smile, her young smile, her peculiar smile, made perfect. I instantly left my stall and hurried off for a nearer view of it; quite flushed, I remember, as I went, with the annoyance of having happened to think of the idiotic way I had tried to paint her. Poor Iffield, with his sample of that error, and still poorer Dawling, in particular, with *his*! I had n't touched her, I was professionally humiliated, and as the attendant in the lobby opened her box for me I felt that the very first thing I should have to say to her would be that she must absolutely sit to me again.

XIII.

She gave me the smile once more as she turned her face to me, over her shoulder, from her chair. "Here you are again!" she exclaimed, with her disglowed hand put up for me, a little backward, to take. I dropped into a chair just behind her, and, having taken it, and noted that one of the curtains of the box would make the demonstration sufficiently private, bent my lips over it and impressed them on its finger-tips. It was given me, however, to my astonishment, to feel next that all the privacy in the world could n't have sufficed to mitigate the start with which she greeted

this free application of my mustache: the blood had jumped to her face, she quickly recovered her hand, and jerked at me, twisting herself round, a vacant, challenging stare. During the next few instants several extraordinary things happened, the first of which was that, now I was close to them, the eyes of loveliness I had come up to look into did n't show at all the conscious light I had just been pleased to see them flash across the house; they showed, on the contrary, to my confusion, a strange, sweet blankness, an expression I failed to give a meaning to until, without delay, I felt on my arm, directed to it as if instantly to efface the effect of her start, the grasp of the hand she had impulsively snatched from me. It was the irrepressible question in this touch that stopped on my lips all sound of salutation. She had mistaken my entrance for that of another person, a pair of lips without a mustache. She was feeling me to see who I was! With the perception of this and of her not seeing me, I sat gaping at her and at the wild word that did n't come, the right word to express or to disguise my stupefaction. What *was* the right word to commemorate one's sudden discovery, at the very moment, too, at which one had been most encouraged to count on better things, that one's dear old friend had gone blind? Before the answer to this question dropped upon me — and the moving moments, though few, seemed many — I heard, with the sound of voices, the click of the attendant's key on the other side of the door. Poor Flora heard, also, and with the hearing, and still with her hand on my arm, she brightened again as I had, a minute since, seen her brighten across the house: she had the sense of the return of the person she had taken me for, — the person with the right pair of lips, as to whom I was, for that matter, much more in the dark than she. I gasped, but my word had come: if she had lost her sight, it was in this very loss

that she had found again her beauty. I managed to speak while we were still alone, before her companion had appeared. "You're lovelier at this day than you have ever been in your life." At the sound of my voice and that of the opening of the door, her excitement broke into audible joy. She sprang up, recognizing me, always holding me, and gleefully cried to a gentleman who was arrested in the doorway by the sight of me, "He has come back, he has come back, and you should have heard what he says of me!" The gentleman was Geoffrey Dawling, and I thought it best to let him hear on the spot. "How beautiful she is, my dear man — but how extraordinarily beautiful! More beautiful at this hour than ever, ever before!"

It gave them almost equal pleasure, and made Dawling blush up to his eyes; while this in turn produced, in spite of deepened astonishment, a blessed snap of the strain that I had been under for some moments. I wanted to embrace them both, and while the opening bars of another scene rose from the orchestra I almost did embrace Dawling, whose first emotion, on beholding me, had visibly, and ever so oddly, been a consciousness of guilt. I had caught him somehow in the act, though that was as yet all I knew; but by the time we had sunk noiselessly into our chairs again (for the music was supreme, Wagner passed first) my demonstration ought pretty well to have given him the limit of the criticism he had to fear. I myself, indeed, while the opera blazed, was only too afraid he might divine, in our silent closeness, the very moral of my optimism, which was simply the comfort I had gathered from seeing that if our companion's beauty lived again, her vanity partook of its life. I had hit on the right note, — that was what eased me off; it drew all pain, for the next half-hour, from the sense of the deep darkness in which the stricken woman sat there with us. If the music, in that

darkness, happily soared and swelled for her, it beat its wings in unison with those of a gratified passion. A great deal came and went between us without profaning the occasion, so that I could feel, at the end of twenty minutes, as if I knew almost everything he might in kindness have to tell me; knew even why Flora, while I stared at her from the stalls, had misled me by the use of her pretty aid to vision and by appearing to recognize me and smile. She leaned back in her chair in luxurious ease; I had from the first become aware that the way she fingered her pearls was a sharp image of the wedded state. Nothing of old had seemed wanting to her assurance; but I had not then dreamed of the art with which she would wear that assurance as a married woman. She had taken him when everything had failed; he had taken her when she herself had done so. His embarrassed eyes confessed it all, and confessed the deep peace he found in it. They only did not tell me why he had not written to me, nor clear up as yet a minor obscurity. Flora, after a while, again lifted the glass from the ledge of the box and elegantly swept the house with it. Then, by the mere instinct of her grace, a motion but half conscious, she inclined her head into the void, in a sweet salute, and produced, I had no doubt, a perfect imitation of a response to some homage. Dawling and I looked at each other again; the tears came into his eyes. She was playing at perfection still, and her misfortune only simplified the process.

I recognized that this was as near as I should ever come, certainly as I should come that night, to pressing on her misfortune. Neither of us would phrase it more than we were doing then, and Flora would never phrase it at all. Little by little I perceived that what had occurred was, strange as it might appear, the best thing for her happiness. The question was now only of her beauty and her being seen and marveled at;

with Dawling to do everything in life for her, her activity was limited to that. Such an activity was all within her scope; it asked nothing of her that she could not splendidly give. As from time to time, in our delicate communion, she turned her face to me with the parody of a look, I lost none of the signs of its strange new glory. The expression of the eyes was a bit of pastel put in by a master's thumb; the whole head, stamped with a sort of showy suffering, had gained a fineness from what she had passed through. Yes, Flora was settled for life, and nothing could hurt her further. I foresaw the particular praise she would mostly incur, — she would be incomparably "interesting." She would charm with her pathos more even than she had charmed with her pleasure. For herself, above all, she was fixed forever, rescued from all change and ransomed from all doubt. Her old certainties, her old vanities, were justified and sanctified, and in the darkness that had closed upon her one object remained clear. That object, as unfading as a mosaic mask, was, fortunately, the loveliest she could possibly look upon. The greatest blessing of all was of course that Dawling thought so. Her future was ruled with the straightest line, and so, for that matter, was his. There were two facts to which, before I left my friends, I gave time to sink into my spirit. One of them was that he had changed by some process as effective as Flora's change; had been simplified, somehow, into service, as she had been simplified into success. He was such a picture of inspired intervention as I had never yet encountered: he would exist henceforth for the sole purpose of rendering unnecessary, or rather impossible, any reference, even on her own part, to his wife's infirmity. Oh yes, how little desire he would ever give me to refer to it! He principally made me feel, after a while, — and this was my second lesson, — that, good-natured as he was, my being there to see it

all oppressed him ; so that by the time the act ended I recognized that I too had filled out my hour. Dawling remembered things ; he caught, I think, in my very face the irony of old judgments ; they made him thresh about in his chair. I said to Flora, as I took leave of her, that I would come to see her ; but I may mention that I never went. I'll go to-morrow, if I hear she wants me ; but what in the world can she ever want ? As I quitted them, I laid my hand on Dawling's arm and drew him for a moment into the lobby.

"Why did you never write to me of your marriage ?"

He smiled uncomfortably, showing his long yellow teeth and something more. "I don't know — the whole thing gave me such a tremendous lot to do."

This was the first dishonest speech I had heard him make ; he really had n't written to me because he had an idea I would think him a still bigger fool than before. I did n't insist, but I tried there, in the lobby, so far as a pressure of his hand could serve me, to give him a notion of what I thought him. "I can't at any rate make out," I said, "why I did n't hear from Mrs. Meldrum."

"She did n't write to you ?"

"Never a word. What has become of her ?"

"I think she's at Folkestone," Daw-

ling said ; "but I'm sorry to say that, practically, she has ceased to see us."

"You have n't quarreled with her ?"

"How *could* we ? Think of all we owe her. At the time of our marriage, and for months before, she did everything for us : I don't know how we should have managed without her. But since then she has never been near us, and has given us rather markedly little encouragement to try and keep up our relations with her."

I was struck with this, though of course, I admit, I am struck with all sorts of things. "Well," I said after a moment, "even if I could imagine a reason for that attitude, it would n't explain why she should n't have taken account of *my* natural interest."

"Just so." Dawling's face was a windowless wall. He could contribute nothing to the mystery, and, quitting him, I carried it away. It was not till I went down to see Mrs. Meldrum that it was really dispelled. She did n't want to hear of them or to talk of them, not a bit, and it was just in the same spirit that she had n't wanted to write of them. She had done everything in the world for them, but now, thank Heaven, the hard business was over. After I had taken this in, which I was quick to do, we literally avoided the subject. She simply could n't bear it.

Henry James.

SOME MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE.

I.

HAWTHORNE'S English Note-Books, as well as the elaborated papers that make up *Our Old Home*, disclose something of his daily life in England during his consulship ; but it was in the rapid, familiar letters of my mother to her family that his life was most freely narrated. I have

preserved these letters, and shall give extracts from them in the pages that follow, prefacing and interpolating a few girlish memories of my father and of the places in which I saw him, although they are trivial and meagre in incident. He died the day before my thirteenth birth-

day, and as my existence had begun at a time when his quiet life was invaded (if we may use that term in connection with a welcome guest) by fame, with its attendant activity in the outside world, my intercourse with him was both juvenile and brief. In England, he mingled more than ever before with the members of literary and fashionable society. I, who in 1853 was but two years old, had to be satisfied with a glance and a smile, which were so much less than he had been able to give to my brother and sister in their happier childhood days, for they had enjoyed hours of his companionship as a constant pastime. I was, moreover, much younger than the others, and was never allowed to grow, as I wished, out of the appellations of Rosebud, Baby, and Bub (as my father always called me), and all the infantine thought which those pet names imply. I longed myself to hear the splendidly grotesque fairy tales, sprung from his delicious jollity of imagination, which Una and Julian had reveled in when our father had been at leisure in Lenox and Concord; and the various frolics about which I received appetizing hints as I grew into girlhood made me seem to myself a stranger who had come too late. But a stranger at Hawthorne's side could be very happy, and, whatever my losses, I knew myself to be rich.

In the early years of our stay in England his personality was most radiant. His face was sunny, his aspect that of shining elegance. There was the perpetual gleam of a glad smile on his mouth and in his eyes. His eyes were either a light gray or a violet blue, according to his mood. His hair was brown and waved loosely (I take it very hard when people ask me if it was at all red!), and his complexion was as clear and luminous as his mother's, who was the most beautiful woman some people have ever seen. He was tall, and with as little superfluous flesh and as much sturdy vigor as a young athlete; for his mode of life

was always athletic, simple, and abstemious. He leaned his head a little to one side, often, in a position indicating alert rest, such as we find in many Greek statues, — so different from the straight, dogged pose of a Roman emperor. He was very apt to make an assent with an upward movement of the head, a comfortable h'm-m, and a half-smile. Sympathetic he was, indeed, and warm with the fire that never goes out in great natures. He had much dignity; so much that persons in his own country sometimes thought him shy and reticent to the verge of morbidness. But it was merely the gentlemanliness of the man, who was jocund with no one but his intimate friends, and never fierce except with rascals, as I observed on one or two occasions. Those who thought him too silent were bores whom he desired not to attract. Those who thought him unphilosophical (and some philosophers thought that) were not artists, and could not analyze his work. Those who knew him for a man and a friend were manly and salubrious of soul themselves. Perhaps the testimony of old George Mullet, of Salem, who was often with my father in the Custom House, will serve as an example of the good-fellowship of a nature which could be so silent at will: —

“Captain Stephen Burchmore was the ‘Veteran Ship-Master’ spoken of in the introduction to *The Scarlet Letter*, whose stories stirred Hawthorne ‘to laughter and admiration.’ The stories themselves were generally extravagant and grotesque; it was ‘the marvelous gift’ of narration that carried people away. I have known the company present to roar with laughter, and not one more convulsed than Mr. Hawthorne. . . . For nearly four years I was brought into almost daily proximity to him, either officially or casually. His port, his placidity, his hours of abstraction, his mild, pleasant voice (no sweeter ever uttered by mortal lips), are all readily recalled even now.”

He was usually reserved, but he was ready for action all the time. His full, smooth lips, sensitive as a child's, would tell a student of facial lines how vivid was his life, though absolutely under his cool command. He was a delightful companion even when little was said, because his eyes spoke with a sort of apprehension of your thought, so that you felt that your expression of face was a clear record for him, and that words would have been a sort of anticlimax. His companionship was exquisitely restful, since it was instinctively sympathetic. He did not need to exert himself to know you deeply, and he saw all the good in you there was to know; and the weakness and the wrong of any heart he weighed as nicely in the balance of tender mercy as we could do in pity for ourselves. I always felt a great awe of him, a tremendous sense of his power. His large eyes, liquid with blue and white light and deep with dark shadows, told me even when I was very young that he was in some respects different from other people. He could be most tender in outward action, but he never threw such action away. He knew swine under the cleverest disguise. I speak of outward acts of tenderness. As for his spirit, it was always arousing mine, or any one's, and acting towards one's spiritual being invisibly and silently, but with gentle earnestness. He evinced by it either a sternly sweet dignity of tolerance, or a generous approbation, or a sadly glanced, adverse comment that lashed one's inner consciousness with remorse. He was meditative, as all those are who care that the world is full of sorrow and sin, but cheerful, as those are who have the character and genius to see the finite beauty and perfection in the world, which are sent to the true-hearted as indications of heaven. He could be full of cheer, and at the same time never lose the solemnity of a perception of the Infinite, — that familiar fact which we, so many of us, have ceased to fear, but which the greatest men so remember and rever-

ence. He never became wholly merged in fun, however gay the games in which he joined with us children; just as a man of refinement who has been in war never quite throws aside the dignity of the sorrow which he has seen. He might seem, at a superficial glance, to be the merriest of us all, but on second thoughts he was not. Of course, there were times when it was very evident to me that my father was as comfortable and happy as he cared to be. When he stood upon the hearth-rug, before the snapping, blushing English fire (always poked into a blaze towards evening, as he was about to enter the parlor), — when he stood there with his hands clasped behind him, swaying from side to side in a way peculiar to him, and which recalled the many sea-swayed ancestors of his who had kept their feet on rolling decks, then he was a picture of benevolent pleasure. Perhaps, for this moment, the soldier from the battlefields of the soul ceased to remember scenes of cruelty and agony. He swayed from side to side, and raised himself on his toes, and creaked his slippered heels jocosely, and smiled upon me, and lost himself in agreeable musings. He was very courteous, entirely sincere, and quiet with fixed principles as a great machine with consistent movement. He treated children handsomely; harshness was not in him to be subdued, and scorn of anything that was honestly developing would have seemed to him blasphemy. He stooped to my intelligence, and rejoiced it. We were usually a silent couple when off for a walk together, or when we met by chance in the household. I suppose that we were seeing which could outdo the other at "holding the tongue." But still, our intercourse, as I remarked before, might be complete. I knew him very well indeed, — his power, his supremacy of honesty, his wealth of refinement. And he, I was fully aware, could see through me as easily as if I were a soul in one of his own books.

His aspect avoided, as did that of his art, which exactly reproduced his character, anything like self-conscious picturesqueness. It is pleasant to have the object of our regard unconscious of himself. He had a way of ignoring, while observing automatically, all accessories, which reminded us that his soul was ever awake, and waiting to be made free of earthly things and common ideas. During our European life he frequently wore a soft brown felt hat and a brown talma of finest broadcloth, whose Greek-like folds and double-decked effect were artistic, but did not tempt him to pose or remember his material self. He was as forgetful of his appearance as an Irishman of the true quality, who may have heard something about his coat or his hair, but has let slip from his mind what it was, and cares not, so long as the song of his comrades is tender and the laughter generous. In some such downright way, I was convinced, my father regarded the beauty and stateliness which were his, and for which he had been praised all through his existence. He forgot himself in high aims, which are greater than things seen, no matter how fine soever.

We made a very happy family group as we gladly followed and looked upon him when he took ship to start for the Liverpool Consulate; and of this journey and the new experiences which ensued my mother writes to Dr. Peabody as follows:—

STEAMER NIAGARA, ATLANTIC OCEAN,
July 7, 1853.

MY DEAREST FATHER, — It is early morning. Wrapped in furs and blanket shawl, in the sun and close against the vast scarlet cylinder of scalding hot steam, I have seated myself to greet you from Halifax, where we shall arrive to-night. I was glad to leave the sight of you while you were talking with Mr. Fields, whose cheerful face (and words, no doubt) caused you to smile. I was so glad to leave you smiling happily. Then came the cannonade, which was very

long. And why do you suppose it was so long? Mr. Ticknor says that always they give a salute of two guns; but that yesterday so many were thundered off because Mr. Hawthorne, the distinguished United States consul and author, was leaving the shore, and honoring her Majesty's steamship with his presence. While they were stabbing me with their noise I was ignorant of this. Perhaps my wifely pride would have enabled me to bear it better if I had known that the steamer were trembling with honor rendered to my husband. After this we were quiet enough, for we were moving magically over a sea like a vast pearl, almost white with peace. I never saw anything so fair and lovely as the whole aspect of the mighty ocean. Off on the horizon a celestial blue seemed to meet the sky. Julian sat absorbed. He did not turn his head, but gazed and gazed on this, to him, new and wondrous picture. Seeing a point of land running out, he said, "That, I suppose, is the end of America! I do not think America reaches very far!" I managed to change his beaver and plume for his great straw Fayal hat, but he would not turn his head for it. It was excessively hot. An awning was spread at the stern, and then it was very comfortable. I heard that the British minister was on board, and I searched round to find him out. I decided upon a fine-looking elderly gentleman who was asleep near the helm-house. Afterwards the mail-agent came to Mr. Hawthorne and said the minister wished to make his acquaintance; and behold, here was my minister, a stately, handsome person, with an air noble and of great simplicity and charm of manner. Mr. Hawthorne introduced me, but I had no conversation then. Later, I had a very delightful interview. . . . Near by stood a gentleman whom I supposed his attaché; and with him I had a very long and interesting conversation. We had a nice talk about art and Rome, and America and

England, and architecture. I do not yet know his name, but only that his brother was joint executor with Sir Robert Peel on the estate of Hadley, the artist. This unknown told me that the minister was an exquisite amateur artist, and his portfolio was full of the finest sketches. This accounted for the serene expression of his eyes, that rest contemplatively upon all objects. Mr. Silsbee looks so thin and pale that I fear for him; but I will take good care of him. At table, Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne have the seats of honor, on either hand of the captain. He is a very remarkable man. The minister told me that he sailed with him five years ago, when the captain was very young, and he was then astonished at his skill and power of command; that the captains of these great English steamers are picked men, trained in the navy, and eminent for ability and accomplishment, and that Captain Leitch is remarkable among the best. It was good to see his assured military air, as he walked back and forth while we moved out of the beautiful harbor. He made motions with his hand with such an air of majesty and conscious power. His smile is charming, and his voice fine. The enunciation of Mr. Crampton, the minister, is also wonderfully fine. Mr. Crampton says that these steamers have run for seventeen years, and that not one accident has happened, and not a man been lost, except that *once* a steamer was lost in a fog, but all the passengers and crew were safely got off. Una enjoys herself very much, and reads the Tanglewood Tales, and walks and races on the upper deck with Julian, this fine cold morning. It is glorious, glorious, — this blue surrounding sea, and no land.

Your affectionate daughter,

SOPHIA.

WATERLOO HOUSE, LIVERPOOL,
July 17, 1853, Sunday Morning.

Here we are, dear father, in England; and I cannot realize it, because a mo-

ment ago we were in Boston Harbor, and how can I be three thousand miles afar? If we had had more difficulty, storms, and danger, I could realize it better; but it seems like a pleasure excursion on a lake. I sit in a parlor, with one great, broad window from ceiling to floor, a casement opening upon a balcony, which commands a handsome street. It does not look like Boston, and, Mr. Hawthorne says, not like New York, but — like Liverpool. People are going to church, and the bells are chiming in a pleasant jangle. Every gentleman has an umbrella under his arm, for it is bright sunshine one moment, and a merry little shower the next.

I spoke in my note from Halifax of Mr. Crampton, and a gentleman whom I thought his attaché. Mr. Crampton we lost at Halifax, but the supposed attaché remained; and I was glad, for he was the most interesting person in the steamer. We in vain tried to discover his name, but at last found it to be Field Talfourd, brother of Sir Thomas Talfourd, author of *Ion*. I had very charming conversations with him. He was a perfect gentleman, with an ease of manner so fascinating and rare, showing high breeding, and a voice rich and full. Whenever he spoke, his words came out clear from the surrounding babble and all the noise of the ship, so that I could always tell where he was. He is one of the primitive men, in contradistinction to the derivative (as Sarah Clarke once divided people). He seemed never at a loss on any subject so ever; and when the passengers were trying feats of skill and physical prowess to pass the time, I saw Mr. Talfourd exhibit marvelous power as a gymnast in performing a feat which no one else would even attempt. His education was all-sided, body and mind, apparently; and, with all, this charm of gentlemanliness, — not *very* often met with in America. It seems to require more leisure and a deeper culture than we

Americans have yet, to produce such a lovely flower. . . .

19th July. We all have colds now, except Mr. Hawthorne, with whom earth's maladies have nothing to do. Julian and Una are homesick for broad fields and hilltops. Julian, in this narrow, high room, is very much like an eagle crowded into a canary-bird's cage! They shall go to Prince's Park as soon as I can find the way; and there they will see water and green grass and trees. They think of the dear Wayside with despair. As soon as possible we shall go into the country. Yesterday the waning Consul, Mr. Crittendon, called. Mr. Hawthorne likes him much.

21st July. An Oxford graduate, who went to see Mr. Hawthorne in Concord, called to see him, and brought his father, a fine-looking gentleman. Their name is Bright. Mary Herne thought the son was Eustace Bright himself! To-day the father came to invite us all out to West Derby to tea on Saturday, and the son is coming for us. There the children will see swans and gardens and green grass, and they are in raptures. Young Henry Bright is a very enthusiastic young gentleman, full of life and emotion; and he very politely brought me from his gardens a radiant bouquet of flowers, among which the heliotrope and moss-roses and all other roses and mignonette make delicious fragrance. Yesterday Miss Lynch sent me a bunch of moss-rose buds, — *nine*! Just think of seeing together *nine* moss-rose buds! Henry Bright brought the Westminster Review to Mr. Hawthorne, and said he should bring him all the new books. Mrs. Train called to see me before she went to town [London], and Mr. Hawthorne and I went back with her to the Adelphi, and walked on to see a very magnificent stone building, called St. George's Hall. It is not quite finished; and as far as the mist would allow me to see, it was sumptuous. . . . We have strawberries as large as small peaches, one being

quite a feast, and fine raspberries. The head of the Waterloo House, Mr. Lynn, is a venerable-looking person, resembling one's idea of an ancient duke, — dressing with elaborate elegance, and with the finest ruffled bosoms. Out of peculiar respect to the Consul of the United States, he comes in at the serving of the soup, and holds each plate while I pour the soup, and then, with great state, presents it to the waiter to place before each person. After this ceremony he retires with a respectful obeisance. This homage diverts Mr. Hawthorne so much that I am afraid he will smile some day. The gravity of the servants is imperturbable. One, Mr. Hawthorne calls our Methodist preacher. The service is absolutely perfect.

Your affectionate child,

SOPHIA.

The Brights, especially Henry Bright, appear frequently in the Note-Books, and their names occur very often in my mother's letters. The young Oxford graduate I remember most distinctly. He was thin, and so tall that he waved like a reed, and so shining-eyed that his eyes seemed like icebergs; they were very prominent. His nose was one of your English masterpieces, — a mountainous range of aristocratic formation; and his far-sweeping eyebrows of delicate brown, his red, red lips and white doglike teeth, and his deeply cleft British chin were a source of fathomless study. In England a man can be extraordinarily ordinary and material; but the men of culture are, as a rule, remarkably forcible in unique and deep-cut characteristics, both of face and of mind, with a prevailing freedom from self-analysis — except privately, no doubt.

Henry Bright and my father would sit on opposite sides of the fire; Mr. Bright with a staring, frosty gaze directed unmeltingly at the sunny glow of the coals as he talked, his slender long fingers propping up his charming head (over which

his delicately brown hair fell in close-gliding waves) as he leaned on the arm of his easy-chair. Sometimes he held a book of Tennyson's poetry to his near-sighted, prominent eyes, as closely as two materials could remain and not blend into one. He recited *The Brook* in a fine fury of appreciation, and with a sure movement that suggested well the down-tumbling of the frolicking element, with its undercurrent of sympathizing pathos, the life-blood of the stream. "For men may come, and men may go, but I go on for *ever*!" rang in my empty little head for years, and summed up, as I guessed, all of Egyptian wisdom and spiritual perpetuity in a single suggestive fact. Mr. Bright had a way of laughing that I could never cease to enjoy, even in the faint echo of retrospect. It always ended in a whispered snort from the great mountain range of his nose. He laughed often, at his own and my father's remarks, and at the close of the tumbling diction of *The Brook*; and he therefore frequently snorted in this sweeping-of-the-wind fashion. I listened, spellbound. He also very gently and breezily expressed his touched sensibility, after some recitation of his of rare lines from other poems, but in the same odd manner. My father stirred this beloved friend with judicious, thought-developing opposition of opinion concerning all sorts of polite subjects, but principally, when I overheard, concerning the respective worth of writers. The small volume of Tennyson which Mr. Bright held in his two hands caressingly, with that Anglo-literary filliping of the leaves which is so great a compliment to any book, contained for him a large share of Great Britain's greatness. His brave heart beat for Tennyson; I think my father's did not, though his head applauded. My mother, for her part, was entranced by the goldsmith's work of the noble poet, and by the gems enclasped in its perfection of formative art, — perfections within the pale of convention

and fashion and romantic beauty which make lovely Tennyson's baronial domain. Henry Bright wrote verses, too; and he was beginning to be successful in a certain profound interest which customarily absorbs young men of genuine feeling who are not yet married; and therefore it was worth while to stir the young lover up, and hear what he could say for *The Princess* and *The Lord of Burleigh*. My mother, in a letter written six months after we had reached England, and when he was established as a household friend, draws a graphic picture of his lively personality: —

ROCK PARK, December 8, 1853.

. . . We had a charming visit from Henry Bright a fortnight ago. He stayed all night, and he talks — I was going to say, like a storm; but it is more like a breeze, for he is very gentle. He is extremely interesting, sincere, earnest, independent, warm and generous hearted; not at all dogmatic; full of questions, and with ready answers. He is highly cultivated, and writes for the *Westminster*. . . Eustace Bright, as described in the *Wonder-Book*, is so much like him in certain things that it is really curious: "Slender, pale, yet of a healthy aspect, and as light and active as if he had wings to his shoes." He is also near-sighted, though he does not wear spectacles. His eyes are large, bright, and prominent, rather, indicating great facility of language, which he has. He is an Oxford scholar, and has decided literary tastes. He is delicately strung, and is as transparent-minded and pure-hearted as a child, with great enthusiasm and earnestness of character; and though a Liberal, very loyal to his Queen and very admiring of the aristocracy. This comes partly by blood, as his mother has noble blood in her veins from various directions, even the Percys and Stanleys, and is therefore a native aristocrat. He enjoyed his visit to America extremely, and says Boston is the Mecca of English

Unitarians, and Dr. Channing their patron saint. I like to talk with him: he can really converse. He goes to the Consulate a good deal, for he evidently loves Mr. Hawthorne dearly. I wish my husband could always have visitors so agreeable. The other day a woman went to him about a case in Chancery. Mr. Hawthorne thought she was crazy; and I believe all people are who have a suit in Chancery.

A few weeks after the date of the last letter, a visit was paid to the Brights at their family home, and my mother thus writes of it:—

ROCK PARK, *February 16, 1854.*

I returned yesterday from a visit to Sandhays, the domain of Mr. Bright. Mr. Bright has been urging all winter that we should go and dine and stay all night, and I have refused, till last week Mrs. Bright wrote a cordial note and invited Mr. Hawthorne and Una and me to go and meet Mr. and Mrs. James Martineau, and stay two nights. It seemed not possible to refuse without being uncivil, though I did not like to leave Julian and baby so long. Mr. Hawthorne, however, intended to stay but one night, and the next morning would come home and see Julian and Rose, and take Julian to spend the day at the Consulate with him; and we left King, that excellent butler, in the house. It was really safe enough; only, you know, mothers have, perhaps, unfounded alarms. We took a carriage at the Pier-head (Una and I), and drove to the Consulate, where we took up Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Henry Bright. . . . We arrived at about six o'clock, and Una and I had to dress for dinner after our arrival. It was a party of twelve. . . . Mrs. H. is a fashionable lady, who resides in London in season, and out of season at Norris Green. She was dressed in crimson velvet, with pearls and diamonds, and her neck and arms were very fair and

pretty. . . . Mr. Martineau . . . has a kind of apostolic dignity about him. . . . But the full dress of gentlemen now requiring a white muslin cravat and tie, they all looked ministerial to me, except the United States Consul, who *will* hold on to black satin, let the etiquette be what it may. He does not choose to do as the Romans do while in Rome. At least, he is not yet broken in. I suppose it is useless for me to say that he was by far the handsomest person present, and might have been taken for the king of them all. The chandelier that poured floods of light down on the heads beneath was very becoming to him; for the more light there is, the better he looks always. The dinner was exceedingly elegant, and the service as beautiful as silver, finest porcelain, and crystal could make it. And one of the attendants, the coachman, diverted me very much by the air with which he carried off his black satin breeches, white silk long hose, scarlet vest buttoned up with gold, and the antique-cut coat embroidered with silver. Not the autocrat of all the Russias feels grander than these livery servants. The butler, who is really above the livery servants in position, looked meek in his black suit and white vest and cravat, though he had a right to look down on the varlet in small-clothes. This last, however, was much the most imposing in figure, and fair round red cheeks, and splendid shining black hair. Dear me, what is man! At the sound of a bell, when the dessert was put upon the table, the children came in. They never dine with mamma and papa, . . . and all troop in at dessert, looking so pretty, in full dress, . . . thin white muslin or tulle, with short sleeves and low necks, and long streaming sashes. I found the next day that it was just the same when there was no great party at dinner. Little S. looked funny in his white vest and muslin cravat,—like a picture of the old régime. In the evening we had music, weaving

golden threads into our talk. Ellen Martineau played Mendelssohn's Songs without Words. Mrs. H. laid regular siege to Mr. Hawthorne, resolved to tease him into consent to go to her ball. Just imagine him in the clutches of a lady of fashion! But he always behaves so superbly under the most trying circumstances that I was exceedingly proud of him while I pitied him. . . . Finally she could not tell whether he would accept or not, and said she would leave the matter to me, with confidence that I would prevail. . . . Just after luncheon on Tuesday, Mrs. Bright's brother came to tell her that the Great Britain had come, and she would not believe it, because her husband had not telegraphed her about it, . . . that largest ship in the world, belonging to Mr. Bright. It had come back from Australia.

This family is very charming. Mrs. Bright is the lady of ladies; her children are all clever (in English sense), and one son a prodigy. . . . They are all good as well as clever; well educated, accomplished, and most entirely united. It is all peace and love and happiness there, and I cannot discover where the shadow is, — health, wealth, cultivation, and all the Christian graces and virtues. I cannot see the trail of the serpent anywhere in that Paradise. . . . Mrs. Bright and I had some nice little talks. She told me elaborately how she admired and loved Mr. Hawthorne's books; how she had found expressed in them what she had found nowhere else; with what rapture one of her sisters read, re-read, and read again the Wonder-Book; . . . how Mrs. H. thought him peerless, and so on. There is not the least extravagance about Mrs. Bright, but remarkable sobriety; and so what she said had double force.

Your loving child, SOPHIA.

The pride which my mother took in my father, and which appears in all her accounts of him, is shown when she re-

plies to an appeal from her father for a portrait of herself: —

"I never dreamed of putting myself into a picture, because I am not handsome enough. . . . But I will endeavor that you have Mr. Hawthorne and Rosebud, some time or other. Mr. Hawthorne looks supremely handsome here; handsomer than anybody I see. Every other face looks coarse, compared; and his air and bearing are far superior to those of any Englishman I have seen. The English say that they should suppose he were an *Englishman* — till he speaks. This is a high compliment from the *English*. They look at him as much as they can, covertly; as much as they can without being uncivil and staring as if they wanted to assure themselves that he really were so wondrous handsome. He does not observe this; but it is nuts to me, and I observe it. The lofty, sumptuous apartments become him very much. I always thought he was born for a palace, and he shows that he was."

I have disregarded a strict chronological order in these letters in order to bring together the scattered references to the Bright family. I now take up the narrative in my mother's letters. A few weeks after our arrival in Liverpool, the confinement of city life led to a removal across the Mersey to Rock Ferry.

"We have at last found a house," my mother writes to her father, "which we shall take for a year, at least. It is a great stone house, fashioned in castellated style, with grounds in perfect order, and surrounded by thick hedges. The rent first asked was £200; but they will take £160. It made a great deal of difference when the lady found it was the United States Consul who wanted the house, instead of Mr. Nobody, so much influence has any rank and title in dear old England. As for Mr. Hawthorne, the author, the lady did not seem to know about him. My husband wishes to escape from too constant invitations

to dinner in Liverpool, and by living here will always have a good excuse for refusing, when there is really no reason or *rhyme* in accepting; for the last steamer leaves Liverpool at ten in the evening. And I shall have a fair cause for keeping out of all company I do not very much covet. I have no particular fancy for Liverpool society, except the Rathbones and Brights. Mr. Hawthorne was obliged, the other day, to bury an American captain who died at his boarding-house. My husband paid for his funeral out of his private purse; though I believe he expects some brother captains will subscribe a part of the amount. Mr. Hawthorne was the whole funeral, and in one of those plumed carriages he followed the friendless captain. I am not very brisk. My husband is always well."

ROCK PARK, Sept. 29, 1853.

I wish you could be undeceived about the income of this Consulate. Mr. Hawthorne now knows actually everything about it. . . . He goes from us at nine, and we do not see him again till five!!! I only wish we could be pelted within an inch of our lives with a hailstorm of sovereigns, so as to satisfy every one's most gorgeous hopes; but I am afraid we shall have but a gentle shower, after all. . . . I am sorry I have had the expectation of so much, because I am rather disappointed to be so circumscribed. With my husband's present constant devotion to the duties of his office, he could no more write a syllable than he could build a cathedral. . . . He never writes by candle-light. . . . Mr. Crittendon tells Mr. Hawthorne that he thinks he may save five thousand dollars a year by *economy*. He himself, living in a very quiet manner, not going into society, has spent four thousand dollars a year. He thinks we must spend more. People will not let Mr. Hawthorne alone, as they have Mr. Crittendon, because they feel as if they had a right to him, and he cannot well forego their

claim. The *Scarlet Letter* seems to have placed him on a pinnacle of fame and love here. . . . It will give you pleasure, I think, to hear that Mr. Cecil read a volume of *The Scarlet Letter* the other day which was one of the thirty-fifth thousand of *one* publisher. Is it not provoking that the author should not have even *one* penny a volume? . . . He is perpetually at the Consulate, and attends to everything from ten to half past four. It is a terrible loss to us, as you may conceive. His time is much frittered by visits. His own office is within the clerk's office, and they do not let any one disturb him that they can help, but visits of ceremony they cannot prevent. . . . The head clerk is highly delighted when he is the bearer of a good heap of gold. He delivers to Mr. Hawthorne in the morning the receipts of the day before, and the old man's face shines with a ruddy benevolence when he lays down a good day's income. I have been to the office. It is in Brunswick Street, in a great white stone building, — a very unlovely part of the town. The Consul's sanctum is a gloomy room with two windows. Nothing worth looking at can be seen out of it, and there is nothing worth seeing inside of it, except my husband, and that gentleman Mr. Hawthorne cannot see. So I think he cannot enjoy himself much there. In the middle of the day he walks out, and sees strange sights in Liverpool.

Sept. 30th. I was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Ticknor from Chester. They had a fine excursion, and were so occupied in examining Old Chester that no time was left for Eaton Hall. Julian is quite well to-day, and has been parading round the garden this morning, blowing a trumpet which papa brought him from Chester, and dragging after him a portentous wooden cannon which would not help to gain the smallest battle. It is actually a sunny day! . . . A very great joy

it is to Rosebud to see the lovely little English robins come to pick up crumbs. They excite a peculiar love. They have great faith in man, and come close to the window without fear. They have told the linnets and thrushes of our hospitality, and the linnets actually come, though with dread and trembling, and they carry off the largest crumbs for their families and neighbors. The English robin is very dear. . . .

Mr. Ticknor has been to see De Quincey, and says he is a noble old man and eloquent, and wins hearts in personal intercourse. His three daughters, Margaret, Florence, and Emily, are also very attractive and cultivated, and they are all most impatient to see my husband. . . . From London an American traveler writes to Mr. Hawthorne, "A great day I spent with Sir William Hamilton, and two blessed evenings with De Quincey and his daughters. In De Quincey's house yours is the only portrait. They spoke of you with the greatest enthusiasm, and I was loved for even having seen you. Sir William Hamilton has seen you with admiration, and says your House of the Seven Gables is more powerful in description than *The Scarlet Letter*." Did I tell you once of an English lady who went to the Consulate to see Mr. Hawthorne, and introduced herself as a literary sister? She had never been in Liverpool before, and desired him to show her the lions, and he actually escorted her about. An American lady who knows this Englishwoman sent, the other day, a bit of a note, torn off, to my husband, and on this scrap the English lady says, "I admire Mr. Hawthorne *as a man and as an author* more than any other human being." I have diligently taken cold these four months, and now have a hard cough. It is very noisy and wearying. Mr. Hawthorne does not mind fog, chill, or rain. He has no colds, feels perfectly well, and is the only Phœbus that shines in England. I told you in my last of Lord

Dufferin's urgent invitation to him to go to his seat of Clandeboyne in Ireland, four or five hours from Liverpool. Mr. Hawthorne declined, and then came another note. The first was quite formal, but this begins, "My dear Mr. Hawthorne, . . . Mrs. Norton [his aunt, the Honorable Mrs. Norton] hopes . . . that you will allow her to have the pleasure of receiving you at her house in Chesterfield Street; and I trust you will always remember that I shall esteem it an honor to be allowed to receive you *here* whenever you may be disposed to pay this country a visit. Believe me, my dear Mr. Hawthorne, yours very truly, DUFFERIN."

Now have I not given you a fine feast of homage? "Flummery," my husband calls it.

December 8th.

Yesterday, who should come to see me but Mr. James Martineau [the brother of Harriet Martineau] and his wife. I have the greatest admiration for him as a divine, and I do not know what I expected to see in the outward man. But I was well pleased with his aspect as I found it. He is not tall, and he is pale, though not thin, with the most perfectly simple manners and beautiful expression. It seemed as if he had always been *my brother*; as if I could find in him counselor, friend, saint, and sage; and I have no doubt it is so, so potent is the aroma of character, without a word or sign. How worse than folly it is to imagine that character can either be cried up or cried down! No veil can conceal, no blazonry exalt, either the good or the evil. A man has only to come in and sit down, and there he is, for better, for worse. I, at least, am always, as it were, *hit* by a person's sphere; and either the music of the spheres or the contrary supervenes, and sometimes, also, nothing at all, if there is not much strength of character. Mr. Martineau did not say much; but his voice was very pleasant and sympathetic, and he won regard merely by his manner of being. Mrs.

Martineau sat with her back to the only dim light there was, and I could receive no impression from her face; but she seemed pleasant and friendly. She said she wished very much that we would go to her party on the 19th, which was their silver-wedding day. She said we should meet Mrs. Gaskell — the author of *Mary Barton*, *Ruth*, and *Cranford* — and several other friends. It is the greatest pity that we cannot go; but it would be madness to think of going out at night, in these solid fogs, with my cough. They live beyond Liverpool, in Prince's Park. Mrs. Martineau showed herself perfectly well bred by not being importunate. It was a delightful call; and I feel as if I had friends in deed and in need, just from that one interview. Mr. Martineau said Una would be homesick until she had some friends of her own age, and that he had a daughter, a little older, who might do for one of them. They wished to see Mr. Hawthorne, and came pretty near it, for they could not have got out of the lodge gate before he came home! Was not that a shame?

January 5, 1854.

. . . Perhaps you have heard of Miss Charlotte Cushman, the actress? The summer before we left America, she sent a note to Mr. Hawthorne, requesting him to sit to a lady for his miniature, which she wished to take to England. Mr. Hawthorne could not refuse, though you can imagine his repugnance on every account. He went and did penance, and was then introduced to Miss Cushman. He liked her for a very sensible person, with perfectly simple manners. The other day he met her in Liverpool, and she told him she had been intending to call on me ever since she had been at her sister's, at Rose Hill Hall, Woolton, seven miles from Liverpool. Mr. Hawthorne wished me to invite her to dine and pass the night. I invited her to dine on the 29th of December. She accepted, and came. I found her tall as her famous

character, Meg Merrilies, with a face of peculiar, square form, most amiable in expression, and so very untheatrical in manner and bearing that I should never suspect her to be an actress. She has left the stage now two years, and retires upon the fortune she has made; for she was a very great favorite on the English stage, and retired in the height of her fame. The children liked her prodigiously, and Rose was never weary of the treasures attached to her watch-chain. I could not recount to you the gems clustered there, such as a fairy tiny gold palette, with all the colors arranged; a tiny easel with a colored landscape quarter of an inch wide; a tragic and comic mask, just big enough for a gnome; a cross of the Legion of Honor; a wallet, opening with a spring, and disclosing compartments just of a size for the keeper of the privy purse of the fairy queen; a dagger for a pygmy; two minute daguerreotypes of friends, each as large as a small pea, in a gold case; an opera-glass; faith, hope, and charity, represented by a golden heart and anchor — and I forget what — a little harp. I cannot remember any more. These were all, I think, memorials of friends.

March 12, 1854.

. . . Mr. Hawthorne dined at Aigbarth, one of the suburbs of Liverpool, with Mr. Bramley Moore, an M. P. Mr. Moore took an effectual way to secure Mr. Hawthorne, for he went one day himself to his office, and asked him for the very same evening; thus bearding the lion in his den and clutching him. And Mrs. H. would not be discouraged. She could not get Mr. Hawthorne to go to her splendid fancy ball, to meet Lord and Lady Sefton and all the aristocracy of the county, . . . but wrote him a note, telling him that if he wished for her forgiveness he must agree with me upon a day when we would go and dine with her. He delayed, . . . and then she wrote me a note, appointing the

16th of March for us to go and meet the Martineaus and Brights, and remain all night. There was no evading this; so he is going, but I refused. Her husband is a mighty banker, and she is sister of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, W. E. Gladstone; and they are nobly connected all round. . . . Mr. Hawthorne does not want to go, and especially curses the hour when white muslin cravats became the *sine qua non* of a gentleman's full dress. Just think how reverend he must look! I believe he would even rather wear a sword and cocked hat; for he declares a white muslin cravat the last abomination, the chief enormity of fashion, and that all the natural feelings of a man cry out against it, and that it is alike abhorrent to taste and to sentiment. To all this I reply that he looks a great deal handsomer with white about his throat than with a stiff old black satin stock, which always to me looks like the stocks, and that it is habit only which makes him prefer it. . . .

March 16th. My dear father, Mr. Hawthorne has gone to West Derby to dine . . . and stay all night. He left me with a powerful anathema against all dinner-parties, declaring he did not believe anybody liked them, and therefore they were a malicious invention for destroying human comfort.

Mr. Bramley Moore again seized Mr. Hawthorne in the Consulate, the other day, and dragged him to Aigbarth to dine with Mr. Warren, the author of *Ten Thousand a Year* and *The Diary of a Physician*. Mr. Hawthorne liked him very well. Mr. Warren commenced to say something very complimentary to Mr. Hawthorne in a low tone, across an intermediate gentleman, when Mr. Bramley Moore requested that the company might have the benefit of it. So Mr. Warren spoke aloud; and then Mr. Hawthorne had to make a speech in return!

Hospitality was abundant in our first

English home, as many letters affirm. The delightful novelty to my small self of a peep at the glitter of little dinner-parties was as surprising to me as if I could have had a real consciousness of its contrast to all the former simplicity of my parents' life. Down the damask trooped the splendid silver covers, entrancingly catching a hundred reflections from candle-flame and cut glass, and my own face as I hovered for a moment upon the scene while the butler was gliding hither and thither to complete his artistic arrangements. On my father's side of the family there had been a distinct trait of material elegance, appearing in such evidences as an exquisite tea-service, brought from China by my grandfather, with the intricate monogram and dainty shapes and decoration of a hundred years ago; and in a few chairs and tables that could not be surpassed for graceful design and finish; and so on. As for my mother's traits of inborn refinement, they were marked enough, but she writes of herself to her sister at this time, "You cannot think how I cannot be in the least tonish, such is my indomitable simplicity of style." Her opinion of herself was always humble; and I can testify to the distinguished figure she made as she wore the first ball-dress I ever detected her in. I was supposed to be fast asleep, and she had come to look at me before going out to some social function, as she has told me she never failed to do when leaving the house for a party. Her superb brocade, pale-tinted, low-necked and short-sleeved, her happy, airy manner, her glowing though pale face, her dancing eyes, her ever-hovering smile of perfect kindness, all flashed upon me in the sudden light as I roused myself. I insisted upon gazing and admiring, yet I ended by indignantly weeping to find that my gentle little mother could be so splendid and wear so triumphant an expression. "She is frightened at my fine gown!" my mother exclaimed, with a changed

look of self-forgetting concern; and I never forgot how much more beautiful her noble glance was than her triumphant one. A faded bill has been preserved, for the humor of it, from Salem days, in which it is recorded that for the year 1841 she ordered ten pairs of number two kid slippers, — which was not precisely economical for a young lady who needed to earn money by painting, and who denied herself a multitude of pleasures and comforts which were enjoyed by relatives and friends.

In our early experience of English society my mother's suppressed fondness for the superb burst into fruition, and the remnants of such indulgence have turned up among severest humdrum for many years; but soon she re-

fused to permit herself even momentary extravagances. To those who will remember duty hosts of duties appeal, and it was not long before my father and mother began to save for their children's future the money which flowed in. Miss Cushman's vagary of an amusing watch-chain was exactly the sort of thing which they never imitated; they smiled at it as the saucy tyranny, over a great character, of great wealth. My father's rigid economy was perhaps more unbroken than my mother's. Still, she has written, "I never knew what charity meant till I knew my husband." There are many records of his having heard clearly the teaching that home duties are not so necessary or loving as duty towards the homeless.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

A TEAR BOTTLE.

GLASS, wherein a Greek girl's tears
Once were gathered as they fell,
After these two thousand years
Is there still no tale to tell?

Buried with her, in her mound
She is dust long since, but you
Only yesterday were found
Iridescent as the dew, —

Fashioned faultlessly, a form
Graceful as was hers whose cheek
Once against you made you warm
While you heard her sorrow speak.

At your lips I listen long
For some whispered word of her,
For some ghostly strain of song
In your haunted heart to stir.

But your crystal lips are dumb,
Hushed the music in your heart:
Ah, if she could only come
Back again and bid it start!

Long is Art, but Life how brief!
 And the end seems so unjust:
 This companion of her grief
 Here to-day, while she is dust!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

XXVIII.

My hurt proved more serious than I had looked for, and the day after my escape I was in a high fever. General Wolfe himself, having heard of my return, sent to inquire after me. He also was ill, and our forces were depressed in consequence; for he had a power to inspire them not given to any other of our accomplished and admirable generals. He forbore to question me concerning the state of the town and what I had seen, for which I was glad. My adventure had been of a private nature, and such I wished it to remain. The general desired me to come to him as soon as I was able, that I might proceed with him above the town to reconnoitre. But for many a day this was impossible, for my wound gave me much pain and I was confined to my bed. Yet we on the Terror of France served our good general, too; for one dark night, when the wind was fair, we piloted the remaining ships of Admiral Holmes's division above the town. This move was made on my constant assertion that there was a way by which Quebec might be taken from above; and when General Wolfe made known my representations to his general officers, they accepted it as a last resort, for otherwise what hope had they? At Montmorenci our troops had been repulsed, the mud flats of the Beauport shore and the St. Charles River

were as good as an army against us, the Upper Town and citadel were practically impregnable, and for eight miles west of the town to the cove and river at Cap Rouge there was one long precipice, broken in but one spot; and there, I was sure, men could come up with stiff climbing as I had done. Bougainville came to Cap Rouge now with three thousand men, for he thought that this was to be our point of attack. Along the shore from Cap Rouge to Cape Diamond small batteries were posted, such as that of Lancy's at Anse du Foulon; but they were careless, for no conjectures might seem so wild as that of bringing an army up where I had climbed.

"Tut, tut," said General Murray, when he came to me on the Terror of France, after having, at my suggestion, gone to the south shore opposite Anse du Foulon, and scanned the faint line that marked the narrow cleft on the cliff side, — "tut, tut, man," he said, "'t is the dream of a cat or a damned mathematician."

Once, after all was done, he said to me that cats and mathematicians were the only generals.

I cannot write with what pride Clark showed the way up the river one evening, the batteries of the town giving us plunging shots as we went, and ours at Point Levis answering gallantly. To me it was a good if most anxious time: good, in that I was having some sort of com-

pensation for my own sufferings in the town; anxious, because no single word came to me of Alixe or her father, and all the time we were pouring death into it. But this we knew from deserters, that Vaudreuil was Governor and Bigot Intendant still; by which it would seem that, on the momentous night when Doltaire was wounded by Madame Cournal, he gave back the governorship to Vaudreuil and reinstated Bigot. Presently, from an officer who had been captured as he was setting free a fire-raft upon the river to run among the boats of our fleet, I heard that Doltaire had been confined in the Intendance from a wound given by a stupid sentry. Thus the true story had been kept from the public. From him, too, I learned that nothing was known of the Seigneur Duvarney and his daughter; that they had suddenly disappeared from the Intendance, as if the earth had swallowed them; and that even Juste Duvarney knew nothing of them, and was, in consequence, much distressed.

This officer also said that now, when it might seem as if both the Seigneur and his daughter were dead, opinion had turned in Alixe's favor, and there had crept about the feeling, first among the common folk and afterwards among the people of the garrison, that she had been used harshly. This was due largely, he thought, to the constant advocacy of the Chevalier la Darante, whose nephew had married Mademoiselle Georgette Duvarney. This piece of news, in spite of the uncertainty of Alixe's fate, touched me, for the Chevalier had indeed kept his word to me.

At last all of Admiral Holmes's division was got above the town, with very little damage, and I never saw a man so elated, so profanely elated, as Clark over his share in the business. He was a daredevil, too; for the day that the last of the division was taken up the river, without my permission or the permission of the admiral or anybody else, he took the Terror of France almost up

to Bougainville's earthworks in the cove at Cap Rouge and insolently emptied his six swivels into them, and then came out and stood down the river. When I found what he was doing, — for I was now well enough to come on deck, — he said he was going to see how monkeys could throw nuts; when I pressed him, he said he had a will to hear the cats in the eaves; and when I became severe, he added that he would bring the Terror of France up past the batteries of the town in broad daylight, swearing that they could no more hit him than a woman could a bird on a flagstaff with a stone. I did not relish this foolish bravado, and I forbade it; but presently I consented, on condition that he take me to General Wolfe's camp at Montmorenci first, for now I felt strong enough to be again on active service. Indeed, I found myself far stronger than the general, who, wasted by disease, seemed like a man keeping himself alive for some last great effort, which done, or undone, the flame, for want of fuel, would go out forever.

Clark took the Terror of France up the river in midday, running perilously close to the batteries; and though they pounded at him petulantly, foolishly angry at his contemptuous defiance, he ran the gauntlet safely, and coming to the flag-ship, the Sutherland, saluted with his six swivels, to the laughter of the whole fleet and his own profane joy.

"Mr. Stobo," said General Wolfe, when I saw him, racked with pain, studying a chart of the river and town which his chief engineer had just brought him, "show me here this passage in the hill-side."

I did so, tracing the plains of Maitre Abraham, which I assured him would be good ground for a pitched battle. He nodded; then rose, and walked up and down for a time, thinking. Suddenly he stopped, and fixed his eyes upon me.

"Mr. Stobo," said he, "it would seem that you, angering La Pompadour,

brought down this war upon us." He paused, smiling in a dry way, as if the thought amused him, as if indeed he doubted it; but for that I cared not — it was an honor I could easily live with-out.

I bowed to his words, and said, "Mine was the last straw, sir."

Again he nodded, and replied, "Well, well, you got us into trouble; you must show us the way out," and he looked at the passage I had traced upon the chart. "You will remain with me until we meet our enemy on these heights." He pointed to the plains of Maître Abraham. Then he turned away, and began walking up and down again. "It is the last chance!" he said to himself in a tone despairing and yet heroic. "Please God, please God!" he added.

"You will speak nothing of these plans," he said to me at last, half mechanically. "We must make feints of landing at Cap Rouge — feints of landing everywhere save at the one possible place; confuse both Bougainville and Montcalm; tire out their armies with watchings and want of sleep; and then, on the auspicious night, make the great trial."

I had remained respectfully standing at a little distance from him. Now he suddenly came to me, and, pressing my hand, said quickly, "You have trouble, you have trouble, Mr. Stobo. I am sorry for you. But who can tell — maybe it is for better things to come."

I thanked him stumbingly, and a moment later left him, to serve him on the morrow, and so on through many days, till, in divers perils, the camp at Montmorenci was abandoned, the troops were got aboard the ships, and the general took up his quarters on the Sutherland; from which, one notable day, I sallied forth with him to a point at the south shore opposite the Anse du Foulon, where he saw the thin crack in the cliff side. From that moment instant and final attack was his purpose.

The great night came, starlit and serene. The camp-fires of two armies spotted the shores of the wide river, and the ships lay like wild fowl in convoys above the town from where the arrow of fate should be sped. Darkness upon the river, and fireflies upon the shore. At Beauport, an untiring general, who for a hundred days had snatched sleep, boot-ed and spurred, and in the ebb of a losing game, longed for his adored Candiac, grieved for a beloved daughter's death, sent cheerful messages to his aged mother and to his wife, and by the deeper protests of his love foreshadowed his own doom. At Cap Rouge, a dying commander, unperturbed and valiant, reached out a finger to trace the last movements in a desperate campaign of life that opened in Flanders at sixteen; the end began when he took from his bosom the portrait of his affianced wife, and said to his old schoolfellow, "Give this to her, Jervis, for we shall meet no more." Then, passing to the deck, silent and steady, no signs of pain upon his face, so had the calm come to him, as to nature and this beleaguered city, before the whirlwind, he looked out upon the clustered groups of boats filled with the flower of his army, settled in a menacing tranquillity. There lay the Light Infantry, Bragg's, Kennedy's, Lascelles's, Anstruther's Regiment, Fraser's Highlanders, and the much-loved, much-blamed, and impetuous Louisburg Grenadiers. Steady, indomitable, silent as cats, precise as mathematicians, he could trust them, as they loved his awkward pain-twisted body and ugly red hair. "Damme, Jack, didst thee ever take hell in tow before?" said a sailor from the Terror of France to his fellow once, as the marines grappled with a flotilla of French fire-ships, and dragged them, spitting destruction, clear of the fleet, to the shore. "Nay, but I've been in tow of Jimmy Wolfe's red head — that's hell fire, lad," was the reply.

From boat to boat the general's eye

passed, then shifted to the ships, — the Squirrel, the Leostaff, the Seahorse, and the rest, — and lastly to where the army of Bougainville lay. Then there came towards him an officer, who said quietly, "The tide has turned, sir." For reply the general made a swift motion towards the maintop shrouds, and almost instantly lanterns showed in them. In response the crowded boats began to cast away, and, immediately descending, the general passed into his own boat, drew to the front, and drifted in the current ahead of his gallant men, the ships following after.

It was two by the clock when the boats began to move, and slowly we ranged down the stream, carried by the current, silently steered. No paddle, no creaking oarlock, broke the stillness. I was in the next boat to the general's, for, with Clark and twenty-two other volunteers to the forlorn hope, I was to show the way up the heights, and we were near to his person for over two hours that night. No moon was shining, but I could see him plainly; and once, when our boats almost touched, he saw me, and said graciously, "If they get up, Mr. Stobo, you are free to serve yourself."

My heart was full of love of country then, and I answered, "I hope, sir, to serve you till your flag is hoisted in the citadel."

He turned to a young midshipman beside him, and said, "How old are you, sir?"

"Seventeen, sir," was the reply.

"It is the most lasting passion," he said, musing.

It seemed to me then, and I still think it, that the passion he meant was love of country. A moment afterwards I heard him recite to the officers about him, in a low clear tone, verses by Mr. Gray, the poet, which I had never then read, though I have prized them since. Under those frowning heights, and the smell from our roaring thirty-two-pounders in the air, I heard him say —

"The curfew tolls, the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

I have heard finer voices than his, — it was as tin beside Doltair's, — but something in it pierced me that night, and I felt the man, the perfect hero, when he said —

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Soon afterwards we neared the end of our quest, the tide carrying us in to shore; and down from the dark heights there came a challenge, satisfied by an officer who said we were provision-boats for Montcalm. Then came the batteries of Samos. Again we passed with the same excuse, and we rounded a headland, and the great work was begun.

The boats of the Light Infantry swung in to shore. No sentry challenged, but I knew that at the top Lancy's tents were set. When the Light Infantry had landed, we twenty-four volunteers stood still for a moment, and I pointed out the way. Before we started, we stooped beside a brook that leaped lightly down the ravine, and drank a little rum and water. Then I led the way, Clark at one side of me, and a soldier of the Light Infantry at the other. It was hard climbing, but, following in our careful steps as silently as they might, the good fellows came eagerly after. Once a rock broke loose and came tumbling down, but plunged into a thicket, where it stayed; else it might have done for us entirely. I breathed freely when it stopped. Once, too, a branch cracked loudly, and we lay still; but hearing nothing above, we pushed on, and, sweating greatly, came close to the top.

Here I drew back with Clark, for such honor as there might be in gaining the

heights first I wished to go to these soldiers who had trusted their lives to my guidance. I let six go by and reach the heights, and then I drew myself up. We did not stir till all twenty-four were up; then we made a dash for the tents of Lancy, which now showed in the first gray light of morning. We made a dash for them, were discovered, and shots greeted us; but we were on them instantly, and in a moment I had the pleasure of putting a bullet in Lancy's heel, and brought him down. Our cheers told the general the news, and soon hundreds of soldiers were climbing the hard way that we had come.

And now while an army climbed to the heights of Maître Abraham, Admiral Saunders in the gray dawn was bombarding Montcalm's encampment, and boats filled with marines and soldiers drew to the Beauport flats, as if to land there, while shots, bombs, shells, and carcasses were hurled from Levis upon the town, deceiving Montcalm; until at last, suspecting, he rode towards the town at six o'clock, and saw our scarlet ranks spread across the plains between him and Bougainville, and on the crest, nearer to him, eying us in amazement, the white-coated battalion of Guienne, which should the day before have occupied the very ground held by Lancy. A slight rain falling added to their gloom, but cheered us. It gave us a better light to fight by, for in the clear September air, the bright sun shining in our faces, they would have had us at advantage.

In another hour the gates of St. John and St. Louis emptied out upon this battlefield a warring flood of our foes. It was a handsome sight: the white uniforms of the brave regiments, Roussillon, La Sarre, Guienne, Languedoc, Béarn, mixed with the dark, excitable militia, the sturdy burghers of the town, a band of *coureurs de bois* in their rough hunter's costume, and whooping Indians, painted and furious, ready to eat us. At last here was to be a test of fighting

in open field, though the French had in their whole army twice the number of our men, a walled and provisioned city behind them, and field-pieces in great number to bring against us.

But there was bungling with them. Vaudreuil hung back or came tardily from Beauport; Bougainville had not yet arrived; and when they might have pitted twice our number against us, they had not many more than we. With Bougainville behind us and Montcalm in front, we might have been checked, though there was no man in all our army but believed that we should win the day. I could plainly see Montcalm, mounted on a dark horse, riding along the lines as they formed against us, waving his sword, a truly gallant figure, and he was answered by a roar of applause and greeting. On the left their Indians and burghers overlapped our second line, where Townsend with Amherst's and the Light Infantry, and Colonel Burton with the Royal Americans and Light Infantry, guarded our flank, prepared to meet Bougainville. In vain our foes tried to get between our right flank and the river; Otway's Regiment, thrown out, defeated that.

It was my hope that Doltaire was with Montcalm, and that we might meet and end our quarrel. I came to know afterwards that it was he who had induced Montcalm to send the battalion of Guienne to the heights above the Anse du Foulon, knowing well that I had seen the passage in the mountain, and that I would make our general acquainted with it. The battalion had not been moved till twenty-four hours after the order was given, or we should never have gained those heights: stones rolled from the cliff would have destroyed an army.

We waited, Clark and I, with the Louisburg Grenadiers while they formed. We made no noise, but stood steady and still, the bagpipes of the Highlanders shrilly challenging. At eight o'clock sharpshooters began firing on us from

the left, and skirmishers were thrown out to hold them in check, or dislodge them and drive them from the houses where they sheltered, from which they galled Townsend's men. Their field-pieces opened on us, too, and yet we did nothing, but at nine o'clock, being ordered, lay down and waited still. There was no restlessness, no anxiety, no show of doubt, for these men of ours were old fighters, and they trusted their leaders. From bushes, trees, coverts, and fields of grain there came that constant hail of fire, and there fell upon our ranks a doggedness, a quiet anger, which grew into a grisly patience. The only pleasure we had in ten long hours was in watching our two brass six-pounders play upon the irregular ranks of our foes, making confusion, and Townsend drive back a detachment of cavalry from Cap Rouge, which sought to break our left flank and reach Montcalm.

We had seen the stars go down, the cold, mottled light of dawn break over the battered city and the heights of Charlebourg; we had watched the sun come up, and then steal away behind slow-traveling clouds and hanging mist; we had looked across over unreaped cornfields and the dull, slovenly St. Charles, knowing that endless leagues of country, north and south, east and west, lay in the balance to-day. I believed that this day would see the last of the strife between England and France for dominion here, of La Pompadour's spite which I had roused to action against my country, of the struggle between Doltaire and myself. The public stake was worthy of our army — worthy of the dauntless soldier, who had begged his physicians to patch him up long enough to fight this fight, whereon he staked reputation, life, all that a man loves in the world; the private stake was more than worthy of my long sufferings. I thought that Montcalm would have waited for Vaudreuil, but no. At ten o'clock his three columns moved down upon us briskly, making a

wild rattle; two columns moving upon our right and one upon our left, firing obliquely and constantly as they marched. Then came the command to rise, and we stood up and waited, our muskets loaded with an extra ball. I could feel the stern malice in our ranks, as we stood there and took, without returning a shot, that damnable fire. Minute after minute passed; then came the sharp command to advance. We did so, and again halted, and yet no shot came from us. We stood there, a long palisade of red.

At last, from where I was I saw our general raise his sword, a command rang down the long line of battle, and, like one terrible cannon-shot, our muskets sang together with as perfect a precision as on a private field of exercise. Then, waiting for the smoke to clear a little, another volley came with almost the same precision; after which the firing came in choppy waves of sound, and again in a persistent clattering. Then a light breeze lifted the smoke and mist well away, and a wayward sunlight showed us our foe, like a long white wave retreating from a rocky shore, bending, crumpling, breaking, and, in a hundred little billows, fleeing seaward.

So, checked, confounded, the French army trembled and fell back. Then I heard the order to charge, and from near four thousand throats there came for the first time our exultant British cheer, and high over all rang the slogan of Fraser's Highlanders. To my left I saw the flashing broadswords of the clansmen, ahead of all the rest. Those sickles of death clove through and broke the battalions of La Sarre, and Lascelles scattered the good soldiers of Languedoc into flying columns. We on the right, led by Wolfe, charged the desperate and valiant men of Roussillon and Guienne and the impetuous sharpshooters of the militia. As we came on, I noted the general sway and push forward again, and then I lost sight of him, for I saw what gave the battle a new interest to me:

Doltaire, cool and deliberate, animating and encouraging the French troops.

I moved in a shaking hedge of bayonets, keeping my eye on him; and presently there was a hand-to-hand *mêlée*, out of which I fought to reach him. I was making for him, where he now sought to rally the retreating columns, when I observed not far away Gabord, mounted, and attacked by three Grenadiers. Looking back now, I see him, with his sabre cutting right and left, as he drove his horse at one Grenadier, who slipped and fell on the slippery ground, while the horse rode on him, battering him. Obliquely down swept the sabre, and drove through the cheek and chin of one foe; another sweep, and the bayonet of the other was struck aside; and another, which was turned aside as Gabord's horse came down, bayoneted by the fallen Grenadier. But Gabord was on his feet again, roaring like a bull, with a wild grin on his face, as he partly struck aside the bayonet of the last Grenadier. It caught him in the flesh of the left side. He grasped the musket-barrel, and struck home with fatal precision: the man's head dropped back like the lid of a pot, and he tumbled into a heap of the pretty goldenrod flower which spattered the field.

It was at this moment I saw making towards me Juste Duvarney, hatred and deadly purpose in his eyes. I had will enough to meet him, and to kill him too, yet I could not help but think of Alixe. Gabord saw him, also, and, being nearer, made for me as well. For that one act I cherish his memory. The thought was worthy of a gentleman of breeding; he had the true thing in his heart. He would save us two — brothers — from fighting, by fighting me himself. He reached me first, and with an "Au diable!" made a stroke at me. It was a matter of sword and sabre now. Clark met Juste Duvarney's rush; and there we were, at as fine a game of cross-purposes as you can think: Clark hunger-

ing for Gabord's life (Gabord had once been his jailer, too), and Juste Duvarney for mine, and the battle faring on ahead of us, for soon the two were clean cut off from the French army, and must fight to the death or surrender.

Juste Duvarney spoke only once, and then it was but the rancorous word "Renegade!" nor did I speak at all; but Clark was blasphemous, and Gabord, bleeding, fought with a sputtering relish.

"Fair fight and fowl for spitting, my dear," he said. . . . "Go home to heaven, dickey-bird." Between phrases of this kind we cut and thrust for life, an odd sort of fighting. There was no doubt what the end must be, and so I fought with a desperate alertness: and presently my sword passed through his body, drew out, and he fell where he stood, collapsing suddenly like a bag. I knelt beside him, and lifted up his head. His eyes were glazing fast.

"Gabord! Gabord!" I called, grief-stricken, for that work was the worst I ever did in this world.

He started, stared, and fumbled at his waistcoat. I quickly put my hand in, and drew out — one of Mathilde's wooden crosses. "To cheat — the devil — yet — aho!" he whispered, kissed the cross, and so was done with life.

When I turned from him, Clark stood beside me. Dazed as I was, I did not at first grasp the significance of that. I looked towards the town, and saw the French army hustling into the St. Louis Gate; saw the Highlanders charging the bushes at the Côte Ste. Genevieve, where the brave Canadians made their last stand; saw, not fifty feet away, the noblest soldier of our time, even General Wolfe, dead in the arms of Mr. Henderson, a volunteer in the Twenty-Second; and then, almost at my feet, stretched out as I had seen him lie in the Palace courtyard two years before, Juste Duvarney.

But now he was forever beyond all friendship or reconciliation.

XXIX.

The smell of unreaped harvest-fields was in the air, the bobolink was piping his evensong, the bells of some shattered church were calling to vespers, the sun was sinking behind the flaming autumn woods, as once more I entered the St. Louis Gate, with the Grenadiers and a detachment of artillery, the British colors hoisted on a gun-carriage. Till this hour I had ever entered and left this town a captive, a price set on my head, and in the very street where now I walked I had gone with a rope round my neck, abused and maltreated. I saw our flag replace the golden lilies of France on the citadel where Doltaire had baited me, and at the top of Mountain Street, near to the Bishop's palace, up which I had been carried, wounded, from the Intendence courtyard, our colors also flew.

Every step I took was familiar, yet unfamiliar too. It was a disfigured town, where a hungry, distracted people huddled among ruins, and begged for mercy and for food, and wept for their ruined homes and unhappy country, nor found time in the general overwhelming to think of the gallant Montcalm, lying in his shell-made grave at the chapel of the Ursulines, not fifty steps from where I had looked through the tapestry on Alixe and Doltaire. The convent was almost deserted now, and as I passed it, on my way to the cathedral, I took off my hat; for how knew I but that she I loved best lay there, too, as truly a heroine as the admirable Montcalm was hero, dying far from his olive vineyards at Candiac and the beloved olive branches of his home? A solitary bell was clanging on the chapel as I went by, and I saw three nuns steal past me with bowed heads. I longed to stop them and ask them of Alixe, for I felt sure that the Church knew where she was, living or dead, though none of all I asked knew aught of her, not even the Chevalier la Darante, who had come

to our camp the night before, accompanied by Joannes, the town major, with terms of surrender.

I came to the church of the Recollets as I wandered; for now, for a little time, I seemed bewildered and incapable, lost in a maze of dreadful imaginings. I entered the door of the church, and stumbled upon a body. Hearing footsteps ahead in the dusk, I passed up the aisle, and came upon a pile of débris. Looking up, I could see the stars shining through a hole in the roof, made by a shell. Hearing a noise beyond, I went on, and there, seated on the high altar, was the dwarf who had snatched the cup of rum out of the fire, the night that Mathilde had given the crosses to the revelers. He gave a low, wild laugh, and hugged a bottle to his breast. Almost at his feet, half naked, with her face on the lowest step of the altar, her feet touching the altar itself, was the girl — his sister — who had kept her drunken lover from assaulting him. The girl was dead — there was a knife-wound in her breast. Sick at the sight I left the place, and went on, almost mechanically, to Voban's house.

It was level with the ground, a crumpled heap of ruins. I passed Lancy's house, in front of which I had fought with Gabord; it too was broken to pieces. As I turned away I heard a loud noise, as of an explosion, and I supposed it to be some magazine. I thought of it no more at the time. Voban must be found — that was more important. I must know of Alixe first, and I felt sure that if any one knew of her whereabouts it would be he: she would have told him where she was going, if she had fled; if she were dead, who so likely to know, this secret, elusive, vengeful watcher? Of Doltaire I had heard nothing; I would seek him out when I knew of Alixe. He could not escape me now, in this walled town. I passed on for a time without direction, for I seemed not to know where I might

find him. Our sentries already patrolled the streets, and our bugles were calling on the heights, with answering calls from the fleet in the basin. Night came down quickly, the stars shone out in the perfect blue, and, as I walked, broken walls, shattered houses, solitary pillars, looked mystically strange. It was so quiet; as if a beaten people had crawled away into the holes our shot and shell had made, to hide their misery. Now and again a gaunt face looked out from a hiding-place, and drew back again in fear at sight of me. Once a drunken woman spat at me and cursed me; once I was fired at; and many times from dark corners I heard voices crying, "Sauvez-moi — ah, sauvez-moi, bon Dieu!" Once I stood for many minutes and watched our soldiers giving biscuits and their own share of rum to homeless French peasants hovering round the smouldering ruins of a house which carcasses had destroyed.

And now my wits came back to me, my purposes, the power to act, which for a couple of hours had seemed to be in abeyance. I hurried through narrow streets to the cathedral. There it stood, a shattered mass, its sides all broken, its roof gone, its tall octagonal tower alone substantial and unchanged. Coming to its rear, I found Babette's little house, with open door, and I went in. There sat the old grandfather in his corner, with a lighted candle on the table near him, across his knees Jean's coat that I had worn. He only babbled nonsense to my questioning, and, after calling aloud to Babette and getting no reply, I started for the Intendance.

I had scarcely left the house when I saw some French peasants coming towards me with a litter. A woman, walking behind the litter, carried a lantern, and one of our soldiers of artillery attended and directed. I ran forward, and discovered Voban, mortally hurt. The woman gave a cry, and spoke my name in a kind of surprise and relief;

and the soldier, recognizing me, saluted. I sent him for a surgeon, and came on with the hurt man to the little house. Soon I was alone with him save for Babette, and her I sent for a priest. As soon as I had seen Voban I guessed what had happened — he had tried for his revenge at last. After a little time he knew me, but at first he could not speak.

"What has happened — the Palace?" said I.

He nodded.

"You blew it up — with Bigot," they asked.

His reply was a whisper, and his face twitched with pain: "Not — with Bigot."

I gave him some cordial, which he was inclined to refuse. It revived him, but I saw he could live only a few hours. Presently he made an effort. "I will tell you," he whispered.

"Tell me first of my wife," said I. "Is she alive — is she alive?"

If a smile could have been upon his lips then, I saw one there — good Voban. I put my ear down, and my heart almost stopped beating, until I heard him say, "Find Mathilde," and then it took to pounding wildly.

"Do you know where?" I asked.

"In the Valdoche Hills," he answered, "where the Gray Monk lives — by the Tall Calvary." He gasped with pain; I let him rest awhile, and eased the bandages on him, and soon he said, "I am to be gone soon. For two years I have wait for the good time to kill him — Bigot — to send him and his Palace to hell. I cannot tell you how I work to do it. It is no matter — no. From an old cellar I mine, and at last I get the powder lay beneath him — his Palace. So. But he does not come to the Palace much this many months, and Madame Cournal is always with him, and it is hard to do the thing in other ways. But I laugh when the English come in the town, and when I see Bigot fly to his Palace alone to get his trea-

sure-chest I think it is my time. So I ask the valet, and he say he is in the private room that lead to the treasure-place. Then I come back quick to the secret place and fire my mine. In ten minutes all will be done. I go at once to his room again, alone. I pass through the one room, and come to the other. It is a room with one small barred window. If he is there, I will say a word to him that I have wait long to say, and shut the door on us both, for I am I have a life, and watch him and laugh at him till the end comes. If he is in the other room, then I have another way as sure" —

He paused, exhausted, and I waited till he could again go on. At last he made a great effort, and continued: "I go back to the first room, and he is not there. I pass soft to the treasure-room, and I see him kneel beside a chest, looking in. His back is to me. I hear him laugh to himself. I shut the door, turn the key, go to the window and throw it out, and look at him again. But now he stand and turn to me, and then I see — I see it is not Bigot, but — M'sieu' Doltaire!"

"I am sick when I see that, and at first I cannot speak, my tongue stick in my mouth so dry. 'Has Voban turn robber?' he say. I put out my hand and try to speak again, but no. 'What did you throw from the window?' he speak. 'And what's the matter, my Voban?' 'My God,' I say at him now, 'I thought you are Bigot!' I point to the floor. 'Powder!' I whisper. His eyes go like fire so terrible; he look to the window, take a quick angry step to me, but stand still. Then he point to the window. 'The key, Voban?' he say; and I answer, 'Yes.' He get pale; then he go and try the door, look close at the walls, try them — quick, quick, stop, for a panel, then try again, stand still, and lean against the table. It is no use to call; no one can hear, for it is all roar outside, and these walls are solid

and very thick. 'How long?' he say, and take out his watch. 'Five minutes — perhaps,' I answer. He put his watch on the table, and sit down on a bench by it, and for a little minute he do not speak, but look at me close, and not angry, as you would think. 'Voban,' he say in a low voice, 'Bigot was a thief.' He point to the chest. 'He stole from the King — my father. He stole your Mathilde from you! He should have died. We have both been blunderers, Voban, blunderers,' he say; 'things have gone wrong with us. We have lost all.' There is little time. 'Tell me one thing,' he go on. 'Is Mademoiselle Duvarney safe — do you know?' I tell him yes, and he smile, and take from his pocket something, and lay it against his lips, and then put it back in his breast. 'You are not afraid to die, Voban?' he ask. I answer no. 'Shake hands with me, my friend,' he speak, and I do so that. 'Ah, pardon, pardon, Monsieur,' I say. 'No, no, Voban; it was to be,' he answer. 'We shall meet again, comrade,' he say also, and he turn away from me and look to the sky through the window, and nod his head. Then he look at his watch, and get to his feet, and stand there still. I kiss my crucifix. He reach out and touch it, and bring his fingers to his lips. 'Who can tell?' he say. 'Perhaps.' For a little minute — ah, it seem like a year, and it is so still, so still — he stand there, and then he put his hand over the watch, lift it up, and shut his eyes, as if time is all done. While you can count ten it is so, and then the great crash come."

For a long time he lay silent again. I gave him more cordial, and he revived, and ended his tale. "I am a blunderer, as M'sieu' say," he went on, "for he is killed, not Bigot and me, and only a little part of the Palace go to pieces. And so they fetch me here, and I wish — my God, I wish I go with M'sieu' Doltaire."

Two hours after I went to the Intendance, and there I found that the

body of my enemy had been placed in the room where I had last seen him with Alixe. He lay on the same couch where she had lain. The flag of France covered his broken body, but his face was untouched — as it had been in life, haunting, fascinating, though the shifting lights were gone, the fine eyes closed. A noble peace hid all that was sardonic; not even Gabord would now have called him “Master Devil.” I covered up his face and left him there, — peasant and prince, — candles burning at his head and feet, and the star of Louis on his shattered breast; and I saw him no more.

All that night I walked the ramparts, thinking, remembering, hoping, waiting for the morning; and when I saw the light break over those far eastern parishes, wasted by fire and sword, I set out on a journey to the Valdoche Hills.

It was in the saffron light of early morning that I saw it, the Tall Calvary of the Valdoche Hills. The night before I had come up through a long valley, overhung with pines on one side and crimsoning maples on the other, and, traveling till nearly midnight, had lain down in the hollow of a bank, and listened to a little river leap over cascades, and, far below, go prattling on to the great river in the south. My eyes closed, but for long I did not sleep. I heard a night-hawk go by on a lonely mission, a beaver slide from a log into the water, and the delicate humming of the pine needles was a drowsy music, through which broke by and by the strange, sad crying of a loon from the water below. I was neither asleep nor awake, but steeped in this wide awe of night, the sweet smell of earth and running water in my nostrils. Once, too, in a slight breeze, the scent of some wild animal's nest near by came past, and I found it good. I lifted up a handful of loose earth and powdered leaves, and held it to my nose, — a good, brave smell,

— all in a sort of sleep; for I was resting, too, one part of me all still and happy. How good this rich earth was; how sweet a thing to lie close to Mother Nature, the true or careless or good-for-nothing head against her knee, even with the foolishness of the child who buries his hot face in the nest of cool sand that he has made!

As I mused, Doltaire's face passed before me as it was in life, and I heard him say again of the peasants, “These shall save the earth some day, for they are of it, and live close to it, and are kin to it.”

Then, all at once, there rushed before me that scene in the convent, when all the devil in him broke loose upon the woman I loved. But, turning on my homely bed, I looked up and saw the deep quiet of the skies, the stable peace of the stars, and I was a son of the good earth again, a sojourner in the tents of Home. I did not doubt that Alixe was alive or that I should find her. There was assurance in this benignant night. In that thought, dreaming that her cheek lay close to mine, her arm around my neck, I fell asleep. I waked to hear the squirrels stirring in the trees, the whirl of the partridge, and the first unvarying note of the oriole. Turning on my dry, leafy bed, I looked down, and saw in the dark haze of dawn the beavers at their house-building.

I was at the beginning of a deep gorge or valley, on one side of which was a steep sloping hill of grass and trees, and on the other a huge escarpment of mossed and jagged rocks. Then, farther up, the valley seemed to end in a huge promontory. On this great wedge grim shapes loomed in the mist, uncouth and shadowy and unnatural — a lonely, mysterious Brocken, impossible to human tenantry. Yet as I watched the mist slowly rise, there grew in me the feeling that there lay the end of my quest. I came down to the brook, bathed my face and hands, ate my frugal breakfast of

bread, with berries picked from the hillside, and, as the yellow light of the rising sun broke over the promontory, I saw the Tall Calvary upon a knoll, strange comrade to the huge rocks and monoliths — as it were vast playthings of the Mighty Men, the fabled ancestors of the Indian races of the land.

I started up the valley, and presently all the earth grew blithe, and the birds filled the woods and valleys with jocund noise. I was hopeful, ready for happiness, a deadly smother lifted from my heart.

It was near noon before I knew that my pilgrimage was over. Then, coming round a point of rock, I saw the Gray Monk, of whom strange legends had lately traveled to the city. I took off my hat to him reverently; but all at once he threw back his cowl, and I saw, no monk, but, much altered, the good chaplain who had married me to Alixe in the Château St. Louis. He had been hurt when he was fired upon in the water; had escaped, however, got to shore, and made his way into the woods. There he had met Mathilde, who led him to her lonely home in this hill. Seeing the Tall Calvary, he had conceived the idea of this disguise, and Mathilde had brought him the robe for the purpose.

In a secluded cave I found Alixe with her father, caring for him, for he was not yet wholly recovered from his hurt. There was no waiting now. The ban of Church did not hold her back, nor did her father do aught but smile when she came laughing and crying into my arms. The good Seigneur put out his hand to me beseechingly. I took it, clasped it.

"The city?" he asked.

"Is ours," I answered.

"And my son — my son?"

I told him how, the night that the city was taken, the Chevalier la Darante and I had gone a sad journey in a boat to the Island of Orleans, and there, in the chapel yard, near to his father's château, we had laid a brave and honest gentleman who died fighting for his country.

By and by, when their grief had a little abated, I took them out into the sunshine, a pleasant green valley lying to the north, and to the south, far off, the wall of rosy hills that hid the captured town. As we stood there, a scarlet figure came winding in and out among the giant stones, crosses hanging at her girdle. She approached us, and, seeing me, she said, "Hush! I know a place where all the lovers can hide." And she put a little wooden cross into my hand.

Gilbert Parker.

SOME TENNESSEE BIRD NOTES.

WHOEVER loves the music of English sparrows should live in Chattanooga; there is no place on the planet, it is to be hoped, where they are more numerous and pervasive. Mocking-birds are scarce. To the best of my recollection, I saw none in the city itself, and less than half a dozen in the surrounding country. A young gentleman whom I questioned upon the subject told me that they used to be common, and attributed

their present increasing rarity to the persecutions of boys, who find a profit in selling the young into captivity. Their place, in the city especially, is taken by catbirds; interesting, imitative, and in their own measure tuneful, but poor substitutes for mocking-birds. In fact, it is impossible to think of any bird as really filling that rôle. The brown thrush, it is true, sings quite in the mocking-bird's manner, and, to my ear, almost or quite

as well; but he possesses no gift as a mimic, and furthermore, without being exactly a bird of the forest or the wilderness, is instinctively and irreclaimably a recluse. It would be hard, even among human beings, to find a nature less touched with urbanity. In the mocking-bird the elements are more happily mixed. Not gregarious, intolerant of rivalry, and, as far as creatures of his own kind are concerned, a stickler for elbow-room, — sharing with his brown relative in this respect, — he is at the same time a born citizen and neighbor; as fond of gardens and dooryard trees as the thrasher is of scrublands and barberry bushes. "Man delights me," he might say, "and woman also." He likes to be listened to, it is pretty certain; and possibly he is dimly aware of the artistic value of appreciation, without which no artist ever did his best. Add to this endearing social quality the splendor and freedom of the mocker's vocal performances, multifarious, sensational, incomparable, by turns entrancing and amusing, and it is easy to understand how he has come to hold a place by himself in Southern sentiment and literature. A city without mocking-birds is only half Southern, though black faces be never so thick upon the sidewalks and mules never so common in the streets. If the boys have driven the great mimic away from Chattanooga, it is time the fathers took the boys in hand. Civic pride alone ought to bring this about, to say nothing of the possible effect upon real estate values of the abundant and familiar presence of this world-renowned, town-loving, town-charming songster.

From my window, on the side of Cameron Hill, I heard daily the singing of an orchard oriole — another fine and neighborly bird — and a golden warbler, with sometimes the *fidgety, fidgety* of a Maryland yellow-throat. What could *he* be fussing about in so unlikely a quarter? An adjoining yard presented the unnatural spectacle — unnatural, but, I am

sorry to say, not unprecedented — of a bird-house occupied in partnership by purple martins and English sparrows. They had finished their quarrels, if they had ever had any, — which can hardly be open to doubt, both native and foreigner being constitutionally belligerent, — and frequently sat side by side upon the ridge-pole, like the best of friends. The oftener I saw them there, the more indignant I became at the martins' un-American behavior. Such a disgraceful surrender of the Monroe Doctrine was too much even for a man of peace. I have never called myself a Jingo, but for once it would have done me good to see the lion's tail twisted.

With the exception of a few pairs of rough-wings on Missionary Ridge, the martins seemed to be the only swallows in the country at that time of the year; and though *Progne subis*, in spite of an occasional excess of good nature, is a most noble bird, it was impossible not to feel that by itself it constituted but a meagre representation of an entire family. Swallows are none too numerous in Massachusetts, in these days, and are pretty certainly growing fewer and fewer, what with the prevalence of the box-monopolizing European sparrow, and the passing of the big, old-fashioned, widely ventilated barn; for there is no member of the family, not even the sand martin, whose distribution does not depend in great degree upon human agency. Even yet, however, if a Massachusetts man will make a circuit of a few miles, he will usually meet with tree swallows, barn swallows, cliff swallows, sand martins, and purple martins. In other words, he need not go far to find all the species of eastern North America, with the single exception of the least attractive of the six; that is to say, the rough-wing. As compared with the people of eastern Tennessee, then, we are still pretty well favored. It is worth while to travel now and then, if only to find ourselves better off at home.

It might be easy to suggest plausible reasons for the general absence of swallows from a country like that about Chattanooga; but the extraordinary scarcity of hawks, while many persons — not ornithologists — would account it less of a calamity, is more of a puzzle. From Walden's Ridge I saw a single sparrow hawk and a single red-tail; in addition to which I remember three birds whose identity I could not determine. Five hawks in the course of three weeks spent entirely out of doors, in the neighborhood of mountains covered with old forest. Taken by itself, this unexpected showing might have been ascribed to some queer combination of accidents, or to a failure of observation. In fact, I was inclined so to explain it till I noticed that Mr. Brewster had chronicled a similar state of things in what is substantially the same piece of country. Writing of western North Carolina, he says:¹ "The general scarcity — one may almost say absence — of hawks in this region during the breeding season is simply unaccountable. Small birds and mammals, lizards, snakes, and other animals upon which the various species subsist are everywhere numerous, the country is wild and heavily forested, and, in short, all the necessary conditions of environment seem to be fulfilled." Certainly, so far as my ingenuity goes, the mystery is "unaccountable;" but of course, like every other mystery, it would open quickly enough if we could find the key.

Turkey vultures were moderately numerous, — much less abundant than in Florida, — and twice I saw a single black vulture, recognizable, almost as far as it could be seen (but I do not mean at a first glance, nor without due precaution against foreshortened effects), by its docked tail. Both are invaluable in their place, — useful, graceful, admirable, and disgusting. The vultures, the martins, and the swifts were the only

common aerial birds. The swifts, happily, were everywhere, — jovial souls in a sooty dress, — and had already begun nest-building. I saw them continually pulling up against the twigs of a partially dead tree near my window. In them nature has developed the bird idea to its extreme, — a pair of wings, with just body enough for ballast; like a racing-yacht, built for nothing but to carry sail and avoid resistance. Their flight is a good visual music, as Emerson might have said; but I love also their quick, eager notes, like the sounds of children at play. And while it has nothing to do with Tennessee, I am prompted to mention here a bird of this species that I once saw in northern New Hampshire on the 1st of October, — an extraordinarily late date, if my experience counts for anything. With a friend I had made an ascent of Mount Lafayette (one of the days of a man's life), and as we came near the Profile House, on our return to the valley, there passed overhead a single chimney-swift. What he could be doing there at that season was more than either of us could divine. It was impossible to feel any great concern about him, however. The afternoon was nearly done, but at the rate he was traveling it seemed as if he might be in Mexico before sunrise. And easily enough he may have been, if Mr. Gätke is right in his contention that birds of very moderate powers of wing are capable of flying all night at the rate of four miles a minute!

The comparative scarcity of crows about Chattanooga, and the amazing dearth of jays in the oak forests of Walden's Ridge, have been touched upon elsewhere. As for the jays, their absence must have been more apparent than real, I am bound to believe. It was their silent time, probably. Still another thing that I found surprising was the small number of woodpeckers. For the first four days I saw not a single representative of the family. It would

¹ The Auk, vol. iii. p. 103.

be next to impossible to be so much out of doors in Massachusetts at any season of the year with a like result. During my three weeks in Tennessee I saw eight flickers, seven hairy woodpeckers, two red-heads, and two or three red-cockaded woodpeckers, besides which I heard one downy and one "log-cock." The last-named bird, which is big enough for even the careless to notice, seemed to be well known to the inhabitants of Walden's Ridge, where I heard it. By what they told me, it should be fairly common, but I saw nothing of its "peck-holes." The first of my two red-headed woodpeckers was near the base of Missionary Ridge, wasting his time in exploring pole after pole along the railway. Did he mistake them for so many dead trees still standing on their own roots? Dry and seemingly undecayed, they appeared to me to offer small encouragement to a grub-seeker; but probably the fellow knew his own business best. On questions of economic entomology, I fear I should prove but a lame adviser for the most benighted woodpecker that ever drummed. And yet, being a man, I could not help feeling that this particular red-head was behaving uncommonly like a fool. Was there ever a man who did not take it as a matter of course that he should be wiser than the "lower animals"?

Humming-birds cut but a small figure in my daily notes till I went to Walden's Ridge. There, in the forest, they were noticeably abundant, — for humming-birds, that is to say. It seemed to be the time of pairing with them; more than once the two sexes were seen together, — an unusual occurrence, unless my observation has been unfortunate, after the nest is built, or even while it is building. One female piqued my curiosity by returning again and again to the bole of an oak, hovering before it as before a flower, and more than once clinging to its rough upright surface. At first I took it for granted that she

was picking off bits of lichen with which to embellish the outer wall of her nest; but after each browsing she alighted here or there on a leafless twig. If she had been gathering nest material, she would have flown away with it, I thought.

At another time, in a tangle of shrubbery, I witnessed a most lively encounter between two humming-birds; a case of fighting or love-making, — two things confusingly alike to an outsider, — in the midst of which one of the contestants suddenly displayed so dazzling a gorget that for an instant I mistook it for a scarlet flower. I did not "wipe my eye," not being a poet, nor even a "rash observer," but I admired anew the wonderful flashing jewel, now coal-black, now flaming red, with which, perhaps, the male ruby-throat blinds his long-suffering mate to all his shameful treatment of her in her season of watchfulness and motherly anxiety. Does she never remind him, I wonder, that there are some things whose price is far above rubies? I had never seen the humming-bird so much a forest-dweller as here, and gladly confessed that I had never seen him when he looked so romantically at home and in place. The tulip-trees, in particular, might have been made on purpose for him.

As the Chattanooga neighborhood was poorly supplied with hawks, woodpeckers, and swallows, so was it likewise with sparrows, though in a less marked degree. The common species — the only resident species that I met with, but my explorations were nothing like complete — were chippers, field sparrows, and Bachman sparrows; the first interesting for their familiarity, the other two for their musical gifts. In a comparison between eastern Tennessee — as I saw it — and eastern Massachusetts, the Bachman sparrow must be set against the song sparrow, the vesper sparrow, and the swamp sparrow. It is a brilliant and charming songster, one of the very finest; but it would be too costly a bargain

to buy its presence with loss of the song sparrow's abounding versatility and high spirits, and the vesper sparrow's unflinching sweetness, serenity, and charm.

So much for the sparrows, commonly so called. If we come to the family as a whole, the goodly family of sparrows and finches, we miss in Tennessee the rose-breasted grosbeak and the purple finch, two of our best esteemed Massachusetts birds, both for music and for beauty; to offset which we have the cardinal grosbeak, whose whistle is exquisite, but who can hardly be ranked as a singer above either the rose-breast or the linnet, to say nothing of the two combined.

At the season of my visit, — in the latter half of the vernal migration, — the preponderance of woodland birds, especially of the birds known as wood warblers, was very striking. Of ninety-three species observed, twenty-eight belonged to the warbler family. In this list it was curious to remark the absence of the Nashville and the Tennessee. The circumstance is significant of the comparative worthlessness — except from a historical point of view — of locality names as they are applied to American birds in general. Here were Maryland yellow-throats, Cape May warblers, Canada warblers, Kentucky warblers, prairie warblers, palm warblers, Acadian flycatchers, but not the two birds (the only two, as well as I remember) that bear Tennessee names.¹ The absence of the Nashville was a matter of wonderment to me. Dr. Rives, I have since noticed, records it as only a rare migrant in Virginia. Yet by some route it reaches eastern New England in decidedly handsome numbers. Its congener, the blue golden-wing, surprised me in an opposite direction, — by its commonness, both in the lower country near the river and on

Walden's Ridge. This, too, is a rare bird in Virginia; so much so that Dr. Rives has never met with it there. In certain places about Chattanooga it was as common as it is locally in the towns about Boston, where, to satisfy a skeptical friend, I once counted eleven males in song in the course of a morning's walk. That the Chattanooga birds were on their breeding grounds I had at the time no question, although I happened upon no proof of the fact.

In the same way, from the manner in which the oven-birds were scattered over Walden's Ridge in the middle of May, I assumed, rather hastily, that they were at home for the summer. Months afterward, however, happening to notice their southern breeding limits as given by excellent authorities, — "breeding from . . . Virginia northward," — I saw that I might easily have been in error. I wrote, therefore, to a Chattanooga gentleman, who pays attention to birds while disclaiming acquaintance with ornithology, and he replied that if the oven-bird summered in that country he did not know it. The case seemed to be going against me, but I bethought myself of Mr. Brewster's Ornithological Reconnaissance in Western North Carolina, and there I read,² "The open oak woodlands, so prevalent in this region, are in every way adapted to the requirements of the oven-bird, and throughout them it is one of the commonest and most characteristic summer birds." "Open oak woodlands" is exactly descriptive of the Walden's Ridge forest; and eastern Tennessee and western North Carolina being practically one, I resume my assured belief (personal and of no authority) that the birds I saw and heard were, as I first thought, natives of the mountain. Birds which are at home have, as a rule,

¹ Both these warblers — the Nashville and the Tennessee — were named by Wilson from the places where the original specimens were shot. Concerning the Tennessee warbler he sets down the opinion that "it is most probably a

native of a more southerly climate." It would be a pity for men to cease guessing, though the shrewdest are certain to be sometimes wrong.

² The Auk, vol. iii. p. 175.

an air of being at home; a certain manner hard to define, but felt, nevertheless, as a pretty strong kind of evidence — not proof — by a practiced observer.

Several of the more northern species of the warbler family manifested an almost exclusive preference for patches of evergreens. I have elsewhere detailed my experience in a grove of stunted pines on Lookout Mountain. A similar growth is found on Cameron Hill, — in the city of Chattanooga, — one side of which is occupied by dwellings, while the other drops to the river so precipitously as to be almost inaccessible, and is even yet, I was told, an abode of foxes. On the day after my arrival I strolled to the top of the hill toward evening, and in the pines found a few black-polls and yellow-rumps. I was in a listless mood, having already taken a fair day's exercise under an intolerable sun, but I waked up with a start when my glass fell on a bird which at a second glance showed the red cheeks of a Cape May warbler. For a moment I was almost in poor Susan's case, —

"I looked, and my heart was in heaven."

Then, all too soon, as happened to poor Susan, also, the vision faded. But I had seen it. Yes, here it was in Tennessee, the rarity for which, spring after spring, I had been so many years on the watch. I had come South to find it, after all, — a bird that breeds from the northern border of New England to Hudson's Bay!

It is of the nature of such excitements that, at the time, the subject of them has no thought of analyzing or justifying his emotions. He is better employed. Afterward, in some vacant mood, with no longer anything actively to enjoy, he may play with the past, and from an evil habit, or flattering himself with a show of intellectuality, may turn his former delight into a study; tickling his present conceit of himself by smiling at the man he used to be. How very wise he has grown, to be sure! All such refinements,

nevertheless, if he did but know it, are only a poorer kind of child's play; less spontaneous, infinitely less satisfying, and equally irrational. Ecstasy is not to be assayed by any test that the reason is competent to apply; nor does it need either defense or apology. It is its own end, and so, like beauty, its own excuse for being. That is one of the crowning felicities of this present order of things, — the world, as we call it. What dog would hunt if there were no excitement in overhauling the game? And how would elderly people live through long evenings if there were no exhilaration in the odd trick?

"What good does it do?" a prudent friend and adviser used to say to me, smiling at the fervor of my first ornithological enthusiasm. He thought he was asking me a poser; but I answered gayly, "It makes me happy;" and, taking things as they run, happiness is a pretty substantial "good." So was it now with the sight of this long-desired warbler. It taught me nothing; it put nothing into my pocket; but it made me happy, — happy enough to sing and shout, though I am ashamed to say I did neither. And even a sober son of the Puritans may be glad to find himself, in some unexpected hour, almost as ineffably delighted as he used to be with a new plaything in the time when he had not yet tasted of the tree of knowledge, and knew not that the relish for playthings could ever be outgrown. I cannot affirm that I went quite as wild over my first Cape May warbler as I did over my first sled (how well the rapture of that frosty midwinter morning is remembered, — a hard crust on the snow, and the sun not yet risen!), but I came as near to that state of heavenly felicity — to reënter which we must become as little children — as a person of my years is ever likely to do, perhaps.

It is one precious advantage of natural history studies that they afford endless opportunities for a man to enjoy

himself in this sweetly childish spirit, while at the same time his occupation is dignified by a certain scientific atmosphere and relationship. He is a collector of insects, let us say. Whether he goes to the Adirondacks for the summer, or to Florida for the winter, he is surrounded with nets and cyanide bottles. He travels with them as another travels with packs of cards. Every day's catch is part of the game; and once in a while, as happened to me on Cameron Hill, he gets a "great hand," and in imagination, at least, sweeps the board. Common-place people smile at him, no doubt; but that is only amusing, and he smiles in turn. He can tell many good stories under that head. He delights to be called a "crank." It is all because of people's ignorance. They have no idea that he is Mr. So-and-So, the entomologist; that he is in correspondence with learned men the country over; that he once discovered a new cockroach, and has had a grasshopper named after him; that he has written a book, or is going to write one. Happy man! a contributor to the world's knowledge, but a pleasure-seeker; a little of a savant, and very much of a child; a favorite of Heaven, whose work is play. No wonder it is commonly said that natural historians are a cheerful set.

For the supplying of rarities and surprises there are no birds like the warblers. Their pursuit is the very spice of American ornithology. The multitude of species (Mr. Chapman's *Handbook of the Birds of Eastern North America* enumerates forty-five species and sub-species) is of itself an incalculable blessing in this respect. No single observer is likely ever to come to the end of them. They do not warble, it must be owned, and few of them have much distinction as singers, the best that I know being the black-throated green and the Kentucky; but they are elegant and varied in their plumage, with no lack of bright tints, while their extreme activity and their largely arboreal habits render their

specific determination and their individual study a work most agreeably difficult and tantalizing. The ornithologist who has seen all the warblers of his own territory, say of New England, and knows them all by their notes, and has found all their nests, — well, he is himself a pretty rare specimen.

As for my experience with the family in Tennessee, I was glad, of course, to scrape acquaintance — or to renew it, as the case might be — with the more southern species, the Kentucky, the hooded, the cerulean, the blue-wing, and the yellow-throat: that was partly why I was here; but perhaps I enjoyed quite as keenly the sight of our own New England birds moving homeward; tarrying here and there for a day, but not to be tempted by all the allurements of this fine country; still pushing on, northward, and still northward, as if for them there were no place in the world but the woods where they were born. Of the southern species just named, the Kentucky was the most abundant, with the hooded not far behind. The prairie warbler seemed about as common here as in its favored Massachusetts haunts; but unless my ear was at fault its song went somewhat less trippingly: it sounded labored, — too much like the scarlet tanager's in the way of effort and jerkiness. Unlike the golden warbler, the prairie was found not only in the lower country, but — in less numbers — on Walden's Ridge. The two warblers that I listed every day, no matter where I went, were the chat and the black-and-white creeper.

When all is said, the Kentucky, with its beauty and its song, is the star of the family, as far as eastern Tennessee is concerned. I can hear it now, while Falling Water goes babbling past in the shade of laurel and rhododendron. As for the chat, it was omnipresent: in the valley, along the river, on Missionary Ridge, on Lookout Mountain, on Walden's Ridge, in the national cemetery, at Chickamauga, — everywhere, in short,

except within the city itself. In this regard it exceeded the white-eyed vireo, and even the indigo-bird, I think. Black-polls were seen daily up to May 13, after which they were missing altogether. The last Cape May and the last yellow-rump were noted on the 8th, the last redstart and the last palm warbler on the 11th, the last chestnut-side, magnolia, and Canadian warbler on the 12th. On the 12th, also, I saw my only Wilson's black-cap. In my last outing, on the 18th, on Walden's Ridge, I came upon two Blackburnians in widely separate places. At the time I assumed them to be migrants, in spite of the date. One of them was near the hotel, on ground over which I had passed almost daily. Why they should be so behind-hand was more than I could tell; but only the day before I had seen a thrush which was either a gray-cheek or an olive-back, and of course a bird of passage. "The flight of warblers did not pass entirely until May 19," says Mr. Jeffries, writing of what he saw in western North Carolina.¹

The length of time occupied by some species in accomplishing their semi-annual migration is well known to be very considerable, and is best observed — in spring, at least — at some southern point. It is admirably illustrated in Mr. Chapman's List of Birds seen at Gainesville, Florida.² Tree swallows, he tells us, were abundant up to May 6, a date at which Massachusetts tree swallows have been at home for nearly or quite a month. Song sparrows were noted March 31, two or three weeks after the grand irruption of song sparrows into Massachusetts usually occurs. Bobolinks, which reach Massachusetts by the 10th of May, or earlier, were still very abundant — both sexes — May 25! Such dates are not what we should have expected, I suppose, especially in the case of a bird like the bobolink, which has no very high northern range; but they

¹ The Auk, vol. vi. p. 120.

seem not to be exceptional, and are surprising only because we have not yet mastered the general subject. Nothing exists by itself, and therefore nothing can be understood by itself. One thing the most ignorant of us may see, — that the long period covered by the migratory journeys is a matter for ornithological thankfulness. In Massachusetts, for example, spring migrants begin to appear in late February or early March, and some of the most interesting members of the procession — notably the mourning warbler and the yellow-bellied fly-catcher — are to be looked for after the first of June. The autumnal movement is equally protracted; so that for at least half the year — leaving winter with its arctic possibilities out of consideration — we may be on the lookout for strangers.

One of the dearest pleasures of a southern trip in winter or early spring is the very thing at which I have just now hinted, the sight of one's home birds in strange surroundings. You leave New England in early February, for instance, and in two or three days are loitering in the sunny pine-lands about St. Augustine, with the trees full of robins, bluebirds, and pine warblers, and the savanna patches full of meadow larks. Myrtle warblers are everywhere. Phœbes salute you as you walk the city streets, and flocks of chippers and vesper sparrows enliven the fields along the country roads. In a piece of hammock just outside the town you find yourself all at once surrounded by a winter colony of summer birds. Here are solitary vireos, Maryland yellow-throats, black-and-white creepers, prairie warblers, red-poll warblers, hermit thrushes, red-eyed chewinks, thrashers, catbirds, cedar-birds, and many more. White-eyed vireos are practicing in the smilax thickets, — though they have small need of practice, — and white-bellied swallows go flashing and twittering overhead. The world is good, you say, and life is a festival.

² The Auk, vol. v. p. 267.

My vacation in Tennessee afforded less of contrast and surprise, for a twofold reason: it was near the end of April, instead of early in February, so that migrants had been arriving in Massachusetts for six or seven weeks before my departure; and Tennessee has nothing of the foreign, half-tropical look which Florida presents to Yankee eyes; but even so, it was no small pleasure to step suddenly into a world full of summer music. Such multitudes of birds as were singing on Missionary Ridge on that first bright forenoon! The number of species was not great when it came to counting them, — morning and afternoon together yielded but forty-two; but the whole country seemed alive with wings. And of the forty-two species, thirty-two were such as summer in Massachusetts or pass through it to their homes beyond. Here were already (April 27) the olive-backed thrush, and northern warblers like the black-poll, the bay-breast, and the Cape May, none of which would be due in Massachusetts for at least a fortnight. Here, too, were yellow-rumps and white-throated sparrows, though the advance guard of both species had reached New England before I left home. The white-throats lingered on Walden's Ridge on the 13th of May, a fact which surprised me more at the time than it does in the review.

One bird was seen on this first day, and not afterward. I had been into the woods north of the city, and was returning, when from the bridge over the Tennessee I caught sight of a small flock of black birds, which at first, even with the aid of my glass, I could not make out, the bridge being so high above the river and its banks. While I was watching them, however, they began to sing. They were bobolinks. Probably the species

is not common in eastern Tennessee, as the name is wanting in Dr. Fox's List of Birds found in Roane County, Tennessee, during April, 1884, and March and April, 1885.¹

I have ventured upon some slight ornithological comparison between southeastern Tennessee and Massachusetts, and, writing as a patriot (or a partisan), have seen to it that the scale inclined northward. To this end I have made as much as possible of the absence of robins, song sparrows, and vesper sparrows, and of the comparative dearth of swallows; but of course the loyal Tennessean is in no want of a ready answer. Robins, song sparrows, vesper sparrows, and swallows are *not* absent, except as breeding birds. He has them all in their season,² and probably hears them sing. On the whole, then, he may fairly retort, he has considerably the advantage of us Yankees: he sees our birds on their passage, and drinks his fill of their music before we have caught the first spring notes; while we, on the other hand, see nothing of his distinctively southern birds unless we come South for the purpose. Well, they are worth the journey. Bachman's finch alone — yes, the one dingy, shabbily clad little genius by the Chickamauga well — might almost have repaid me for my thousand miles on the rail.

It was a strange mingling of sensations that possessed me in Chattanooga. The city itself was like other cities of its age and size, with some appearance of a community that had been in haste to grow, — a trifle impatient, shall we say (impatience being one of the virtues of youth), to pull down its barns and build greater; just now a little checked in its ambition, as things looked; yet still enterprising, still fairly well satisfied with

¹ The Auk, vol. iii. p. 315. Of sixty-two species seen by me during the last four days of April, eleven are not given by Dr. Fox, namely, Wilson's thrush, black-poll warbler, bay-breasted warbler, Cape May warbler, black-

throated blue warbler, palm warbler, chestnut-sided warbler, blue golden-winged warbler, bobolink, Acadian flycatcher, yellow-billed cuckoo.

² See Dr. Fox's list.

itself, with no lack of energy and bustle. As it happened, there was a stir in local politics at the time of my visit (possibly there always is), and at the street corners all patriotic citizens were exhorted to do their duty. "Vote for Tom — for sheriff," said one placard. "Vote for Bob —," said another, in capitals equally importunate. In Tennessee, as everywhere else, the politician knows his trade. Familiarity, readiness with the hand, freedom with one's own name (Tom, not Thomas, if you please), and a happy knack at remembering the names of other people, — these are some of the preëlection tests of statesmanship.

All in all, then, between politics and business, the city was "very much alive," as the saying goes; but somehow it was not so often the people about me that occupied my thoughts as those who had been here thirty years before. Precious is the power of a first impression. Because I was newly in the country I was constantly under the feeling of its past. Hither and thither I went in the region round about, listening at every turn, spying into every bush at the stirring of a leaf or the chirp of a bird; yet I had always with me the men of '63, and felt always that I was on holy ground.

Bradford Torrey.

THE BIBLIOTAPH.

A PORTRAIT NOT WHOLLY IMAGINARY.

A POPULAR and fairly orthodox opinion concerning book-collectors is that their vices are many, their virtues of a negative sort, and their ways altogether past finding out. Yet the most hostile critic is bound to admit that the fraternity of bibliophiles is eminently picturesque. If their doings are inscrutable, they are also romantic; if their vices are numerous, the heinousness of those vices is mitigated by the fact that it is possible to sin humorously. Regard him how you will, the sayings and doings of the collector give life and color to the pages of those books which treat of books. He is amusing when he is purely an imaginary creature. For example, there was one Thomas Blinton. Every one who has ever read the volume called *Books and Bookmen* knows about Thomas Blinton. He was a man who wickedly adorned his volumes with morocco bindings, while his wife "sighed in vain for some old *point d'Alençon lace*." He was a man who was capable of bidding fifteen pounds

for a Foppens edition of the essays of Montaigne, though fifteen pounds happened to be "exactly the amount which he owed his plumber and gas-fitter, a worthy man with a large family." From this fictitious Thomas Blinton all the way back to Richard Heber, who was very real, and who piled up books as other men heap together vulgar riches, book-collectors have been a picturesque folk.

The name of Heber suggests the thought that all men who buy books are not bibliophiles. He alone is worthy the title who acquires his volumes with something like passion. One may buy books like a gentleman, and that is very well. One may buy books like a gentleman and a scholar, which counts for something more. But to be truly of the elect one must resemble Richard Heber, and buy books like a gentleman, a scholar, and a madman.

You may find an account of Heber in an old file of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. He began in his youth by mak-

ing a library of the classics. Then he became interested in rare English books, and collected them *con amore* for thirty years. He was very rich, and he had never given hostages to fortune; it was therefore possible for him to indulge his fine passion without stint. He bought only the best books, and he bought them by thousands and by tens of thousands. He would have held as foolishness that saying from the Greek which exhorts one to do nothing too much. According to Heber's theory, it is impossible to have too many good books. Usually one library is supposed to be enough for one man. Heber was satisfied only with eight libraries, and then he was hardly satisfied. He had a library in his house at Hodnet. "His residence in Pimlico, where he died, was filled, like Magliabechi's at Florence, with books from the top to the bottom; every chair, every table, every passage containing piles of erudition." He had a house in York Street which was crowded with books. He had a library in Oxford, one at Paris, one at Antwerp, one at Brussels, and one at Ghent. The most accurate estimate of his collections places the number at 146,827 volumes. Heber is believed to have spent half a million dollars for books. After his death the collections were dispersed. The catalogue was published in twelve parts, and the sales lasted over three years.

Heber had a witty way of explaining why he possessed so many copies of the same book. When taxed with the sin of buying duplicates he replied in this manner: "Why, you see, sir, no man can comfortably do without *three* copies of a book. One he must have for his show copy, and he will probably keep it at his country house; another he will require for his own use and reference; and unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must needs have a third at the service of his friends."

In the pursuit of a coveted volume

Heber was indefatigable. He was not of those Sybaritic buyers who sit in their offices while agents and dealers do the work. "On hearing of a curious book he has been known to put himself into the mail-coach, and travel three, four, or five hundred miles to obtain it, fearful to trust his commission to a letter." He knew the solid comfort to be had in reading a book catalogue. Dealers were in the habit of sending him the advance sheets of their lists. He ordered books from his death-bed, and for anything we know to the contrary died with a catalogue in his fingers.

A life devoted to such a passion is a stumbling-block to the practical man, and to the Philistine foolishness. Yet you may hear men praised because up to the day of death they were diligent in business, — business which added to life nothing more significant than that useful thing called money. Thoreau used to say that if a man spent half his time in the woods for the love of the woods he was in danger of being looked upon as a loafer; but if he spent all his time as a speculator, shearing off those woods and making Earth bald before her time, he was regarded as an upright and industrious citizen.

Heber had a genius for friendship as well as for gathering together choice books. Sir Walter Scott addressed verses to him. Professor Porson wrote emendations for him in his favorite copy of Athenæus. To him was inscribed Dr. Ferrier's poetical epistle on Bibliomania. His virtues were celebrated by Dibdin and by Burton. In brief, the sketch of Heber in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1834, contains a list of forty-six names, — all men of distinction by birth, learning, or genius, and all men who were proud to call Richard Heber friend. He was a mighty hunter of books. He was genial, scholarly, generous. Out-of-door men will be pleased to know that he was active physically. He was a tremendous walker, and en-

joyed tiring out his bailiff by an all-day tramp.

Of many good things said of him this is one of the best: "The learned and curious, whether rich or poor, have always free access to his library." Thus was it possible for Scott very truthfully to say to Heber, "Thy volumes open as thy heart."

No life of this Prince of Book-Hunters has been written, I believe. Some one with access to the material, and a sympathy with the love of books as books, should write a memoir of Heber the Magnificent. It ought not to be a large volume, but it might well be about the size of Henry Stevens's *Recollections of James Lenox*. And if it were equally readable it were a readable book indeed.

Dibdin thought that Heber's tastes were so catholic as to make it difficult to classify him among hunters of books. The implication is that most men can be classified. They have their specialties. What pleases one collector much pleases another but little or not at all. Collectors differ radically in the attitude they take with respect to their volumes. One man buys books to read, another buys them to gloat over, a third that he may fortify them behind glass doors and keep the key in his pocket. Therefore have learned words been devised to make apparent the varieties of motive and taste. These words begin with *biblio*; you may have a *biblio* almost anything.

Two interesting types of maniac are known respectively as the bibliotaph and the biblioclast. A biblioclast is one who indulges himself in the questionable pleasure of mutilating books in order more sumptuously to fit out a particular volume. The disease is English in origin, though some of the worst cases have been observed in America. Clergymen and presidents of colleges have been known to be seized with it. The victim becomes more or less irresponsible, and presently runs mad. Such an one was John Bag-

ford, of diabolical memory, who mutilated not less than ten thousand volumes to form his vast collection of title-pages. John Bagford died an unrepentant sinner, lamenting with one of his later breaths that he could not live long enough to get hold of a genuine Caxton and rip the initial page out of that.

The bibliotaph buries books; not literally, but sometimes with as much effect as if he had put his books underground. There are several varieties of him. The dog-in-the-manger bibliotaph is the worst; he uses his books but little himself, and allows others to use them not at all. On the other hand, a man may be a bibliotaph simply from inability to get at his books. He may be homeless, a bachelor, a denizen of boarding-houses, a wanderer upon the face of the earth. He may keep his books in storage or accumulate them in the country, against the day when he shall have a town house with proper library.

The most genial lover of books who has walked city streets for many a day was a bibliotaph. He accumulated books for years in the huge garret of a farmhouse standing upon the outskirts of a Westchester County village. A good relative "mothered" the books for him in his absence. When the collection outgrew the garret it was moved into a big village store. It was the wonder of the place. The country folk flattened their noses against the panes and tried to peer into the gloom beyond the half-drawn shades. The neighboring stores were in comparison miracles of business activity. On one side was a harness-shop; on the other a nondescript establishment at which one might buy anything, from sunbonnets and corsets to canned salmon and fresh eggs. Between these centres of village life stood the silent tomb for books. The stranger within the gates had this curiosity pointed out to him along with the new High School and the Soldiers' Monument.

By shading one's eyes to keep away

the glare of the light, it was possible to make out tall carved oaken cases with glass doors, which lined the walls. They gave distinction to the place. It was not difficult to understand the point of view of the dressmaker from across the way who stepped over to satisfy her curiosity concerning the stranger, and his concerning the books, and who said in a friendly manner as she peered through a rent in the adjoining shade, "It's almost like a cathedral, ain't it?"

To an inquiry about the owner of the books she replied that he was brought up in that county; that there were people around there who said that he had been an exhorter years ago; her impression was that now he was a "political revivalist," if I knew what that was.

The phrase seemed hopeless, but light was thrown upon it when, later, I learned that this man of many buried books gave addresses upon the responsibilities of citizenship, upon the higher politics, and upon themes of like character. They said that he was humorous. The farmers liked to hear him speak. But it was rumored that he went to colleges, too. The dressmaker thought that the buying of so many books was "wicked." "He goes from New York to Beersheba, and from Chicago to Dan, buying books. Never reads 'em because he hardly ever comes here."

It became possible to identify the Bibliotaph of the country store with a certain mature youth who some time since "gave his friends the slip, chose land-travel or seafaring," and has not returned to build the town house with proper library. They who observed him closely thought that he resembled Heber in certain ways. Perhaps this fact alone would justify an attempt at a verbal portrait. But the additional circumstance that, in days when people with the slightest excuse therefor have themselves regularly photographed, this old-fashioned youth refused to allow his "likeness" to be taken, — this circumstance must do what

it can to extenuate minuteness of detail in the picture, as well as over-attention to points of which a photograph would have taken no account.

You are to conceive of a man between thirty-eight and forty years of age, big-bodied, rapidly acquiring that rotund shape which is thought becoming to bishops, about six feet high though stooping a little, prodigiously active, walking with incredible rapidity, having large limbs, large feet, large though well-shaped and very white hands; in short, a huge fellow physically, as big of heart as of body, and, in the affectionate thought of those who know him best, as big of intellect as of heart.

His head might be described as leonine. It was a massive head, covered with a tremendous mane of brown hair. This was never worn long, but it was so thick and of such fine texture that it constituted a real beauty. He had no conceit of it, being innocent of that peculiar German type of vanity which runs to hair, yet he could not prevent people from commenting on his extraordinary hirsute adornment. Their occasional remarks excited his mirth. If they spoke of it again, he would protest. Once, among a small party of his closest friends, the conversation turned upon the subject of hair, and then upon the beauty of *his* hair; whereupon he cried out, "I am embarrassed by this unnecessary display of interest in my Samsonian assertiveness."

He loved to tease certain of his acquaintances who, though younger than himself, were rapidly losing their natural head-covering. He prodded them with ingeniously worded reflections upon their unhappy condition. He would take as a motto Erasmus's unkind salutation, "*Bene sit tibi cum tuo calvitio*," and multiply amusing variations upon it. He delighted in sending them prescriptions and advertisements clipped from newspapers and medical journals. He quoted at them the remark of a pale, bald, blond

young literary aspirant, who, seeing him, the Bibliotaph, passing by, exclaimed audibly and almost passionately, "Oh, I perfectly adore *hair*!"

Of his clothes it might be said that he did not wear them, but rather dwelt at large in them. They were made by high-priced tailors and were fashionably cut, but he lived in them so violently — that is, traveled so much, walked so much, sat so long and so hard, gestured so earnestly, and carried in his many pockets such an extraordinary collection of notebooks, indelible pencils, card-cases, stamp-boxes, penknives, gold tooth-picks, thermometers, and what not — that within twenty-four hours after he had donned new clothes all the artistic merits of the garments were obliterated; they were, from every point of view, hopelessly degenerate.

He was a scrupulously clean man, but there was a kind of civilized wildness in his appearance which astonished people; and in perverse moments he liked to terrify those who knew him but little by affirming that he was a near relative of Christopher Smart, and then explaining in mirth-provoking phrases that one of the arguments used for proving Smart's insanity was that he did not love clean linen.

His appetite was large, as became a large and active person. He was a very valiant trencher-man; and yet he could not have been said to love eating for eating's sake. He ate when he was hungry, and found no difficulty in being hungry three times a day. He should have been an Englishman, for he enjoyed a late supper. In the proper season this consisted of a bountiful serving of tomatoes, cucumbers, onions, with a glass of lemonade. As a variant upon the beverage he took milk. He was the only man I have known, whether book-hunter or layman, who could sleep peacefully upon a supper of cucumbers and milk.

There is probably no occult relation between first editions and onions. The

Bibliotaph was mightily pleased with both: the one, he said, appealed to him æsthetically, the other dietetically. He remarked of some particularly large Spanish onions that there was "a globular wholesomeness about them which was very gratifying;" and after eating one he observed expansively that he felt "as if he had swallowed the earth and the fullness thereof." His easy, good-humored exaggerations and his odd comments upon the viands made him a pleasant table companion: as when he described a Parker House Sultana Roll by saying that "it looked like the sanguinary output of the whole Crimean war."

High-priced restaurants did not please him as well as humbler and less obtrusive places. But it was all one, — Delmonico's, the Bellevue, a stool in the Twelfth Street Market, or a German café on Van Buren Street. The humors of certain eating-houses gave him infinite delight. He went frequently to the Diner's Own Home, the proprietor of which, being both cook and Christian, had hit upon the novel plan of giving Scriptural advice and practical suggestions by placards on the walls. The Bibliotaph enjoyed this juxtaposition of signs: the first read, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly;" the second, "Look out for your Hat and Coat."

The Bibliotaph had no home, and was reputed to live in his post-office box. He contributed to the support of at least three clubs, but was very little seen at any one of them. He enjoyed the large cities, and was contented in whichever one he happened to find himself. He was emphatically a city man, but what city was of less import. He knew them all, and was happy in each. He had his favorite hotel, his favorite bath, his work, bushels of newspapers and periodicals, friends who rejoiced in his coming as children in the near advent of Christmas, and finally book-shops in which to browse at his pleasure. It was interesting to hear him talk about city life. One of

his quaint mannerisms consisted in modifying a well-known quotation to suit his conversational needs. "Why, sir," he would remark, "Fleet Street has a very animated appearance, but I think the full tide of human existence is at the corner of Madison and State."

His knowledge of cities was both extensive and peculiar. I have heard him name in order all the hotels on Broadway, beginning at the lower end and coming up as far as hotels exist, branching off upon the parallel and cross streets where there were noted caravansaries, and connecting every name with an event of importance, or with the life and fortunes of some noted man who had been guest at that particular inn. This was knowledge more becoming in a guide, perhaps, but it will illustrate the encyclopædic fullness of his miscellaneous information.

As was natural and becoming in a man born within forty miles of the metropolis, he liked best the large cities of the East, and was least content in small Western cities. But this was the outcome of no illiberal prejudice, and there was a quizzical smile upon his lips and a teasing look in his eyes when he bantered a Westerner. "A man," he would sometimes say, "may come by the mystery of childbirth into Omaha or Kansas City and be content, but he can't come by Boston, New York, or Philadelphia." Then, a moment later, paraphrasing his remark, he would add, "To go to Omaha or Kansas City by way of New York and Philadelphia is like being translated heavenward with such violence that one *passes through* — into a less comfortable region!"

Strange to say, the conversation of this most omnivorous of book-collectors was less of books than of men. True he was deeply versed in bibliographical details and dangerously accurate in his talk about them, but, after all, the personality back of the book was the supremely interesting thing. He abounded in anecdote, and could describe graphically the

men he had met, the orators he had heard, the occasions of importance where he had been an interested spectator. His conversation was delightfully fresh and racy because of the vividness of the original impressions, the unusual force of the ideas which were the copies of these impressions, and the fine artistic sense which enabled him to determine at once what points should be omitted, and what words should be used most fittingly to express the ideas retained.

He had no pride in his conversational power. He was always modest, but never diffident. I have seen him sit, a respectful listener, absolutely silent, while some ordinary chatterer held the company's attention for an hour. Many good talkers are unhappy unless they have the privilege of exercising their gifts. Not so he. Sometimes he had almost to be compelled to begin. On such occasions one of his intimates was wont to quote from Boswell: "Leave him to me, sir; I'll make him rear."

The superficial parts of his talk were more easily retained. In mere banter, good-humored give-and-take, that froth and bubble of conversational intercourse, he was delightful. His hostess, the wife of a well-known comedian, apologized to him for having to move him out of the large guest-chamber into another one, smaller and higher up, — this because of an unexpected accession of visitors. He replied that it did not incommode him; and as for being up another flight of stairs, "it was a comfort to him to know that when he was in a state of somnolent helplessness he was as near heaven as it was possible to get in an actor's house." The same lady was taking him roundly to task on some minor point in which he had quite justly offended her; whereupon he turned to her husband and said, "Jane worships but little at the shrine of politeness because so much of her time is mortgaged to the shrine of truth."

When asked to suggest an appropriate

and brief cablegram to be sent to a gentleman who on the following day would become sixty years of age, and who had taken full measure of life's joys, he responded, "Send him this: '*You don't look it, but you've lived like it.*'"

His skill in witty retort often expressed itself by accepting a verbal attack as justified, and elaborating it in a way to throw into shadow the assault of the critic. At a small and familiar supper of bookish men, when there was general dissatisfaction over an expensive but ill-made salad, he alone ate with apparent relish. The host, who was of like mind with his guests, said, "The Bibliotaph does n't care for the quality of his food, if it has filling power." To which he at once responded, "You merely imply that I am like a robin: I eat cherries when I may, and worms when I must."

His inscriptions in books given to his friends were often singularly happy. He presented a copy of Lowell's Letters to a gentleman and his wife. The first volume was inscribed to the husband as follows: —

"To Mr. — — —, who is to the owner of the second volume of these Letters what this volume is to that: so delightful as to make one glad that there's another equally as good, if not better."

In volume two was the inscription to the wife, worded in this manner: —

"To Mrs. — — —, without whom the owner of the first volume of these Letters would be as that first volume without this one: interesting, but incomplete."

Perhaps this will illustrate his quickness to seize upon ever so minute an occasion for the exercise of his humor. A young woman whom he admired, being brought up among brothers, had received the nickname, half affectionately and half patronizingly bestowed, of "the Kid." Among her holiday gifts for a certain year was a book from the Bibliotaph, a copy of Old-Fashioned Roses, with this dedication: "To a Kid, had Abraham

possessed which, Isaac had been the burnt-offering."

It is as a buyer and burier of books that the subject of this paper showed himself in most interesting light. He said that the time to make a library was when one was young. He held the foolish notion that a man does not purchase books after he is fifty; I shall expect to see him ransacking the shops after he is seventy, if he shall survive his eccentricities of diet that long. He was an omnivorous buyer, picking up everything he could lay his hands upon. Yet he had a clearly defined motive for the acquisition of every volume. However absurd the purchase might seem to the bystander, he, at any rate, could have given six cogent reasons why he must have that particular book.

He bought according to the condition of his purse at a given time. If he had plenty of money, it would be expensive publications, like those issued by the Grolier Club. If he was financially depressed, he would hunt in the out-of-door shelves of well-known Philadelphia bookshops. It was marvelous to see what things, new and old, he was able to extract from a ten-cent alcove. Part of the secret lay in this idea: to be a good book-hunter one must not be too dainty; one must not be afraid of soiling one's hands. He who observes the clouds shall not reap, and he who thinks of his cuffs is likely to lose many a bookish treasure. Our Bibliotaph generally parted company with his cuffs when he began hunting for books. How many times have I seen those cuffs with the patent fasteners sticking up in the air, as if reaching out helplessly for their owner; the owner in the mean time standing high upon a ladder which creaked under his weight, humming to himself as he industriously examined every volume within reach. This ability to live without cuffs made him prone to reject altogether that orthodox bit of finish to a toilet. I have known him to spend an

entire day in New York between club, shops, and restaurant, with one cuff on, and the other cuff — its owner knew not where.

He differed from Heber in that he was not "a classical scholar of the old school," but there were many points in which he resembled the famous English collector. Heber would have acknowledged him as a son if only for his energy, his unquenchable enthusiasm, and the exactness of his knowledge concerning the books which he pretended to know at all. For not alone is it necessary that a collector should know precisely what book he wants; it is even more important that he should be able to know a book *as* the book he wants when he sees it. It is a lamentable thing to have fired in the dark, and then discover that you have shot a wandering mule, and not the noble game you were in pursuit of. One cannot take his reference library with him to the shops. The tests, the criteria, must be carried in the head. The last and most inappropriate moment for getting up bibliographical lore is that moment when the pressing question is, to buy or not to buy. Master Slender, in the play, learned the difficulties which beset a man whose knowledge is in a book, and whose book is at home upon a shelf. It is possible to sympathize with him when he exclaims, "I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here!" In making love there are other resources; all wooers are not as ill equipped as Slender was. But in hunting rare books the time will be sure to come when a man may well cry, "I had rather than forty dollars I had my list of first editions with me!"

The Bibliotaph carried much accurate information in his head, but he never traveled without a thesaurus in his valise. It was a small volume containing printed lists of the first editions of rare books. The volume was interleaved; the leaves were crowded with manuscript notes. An appendix contained a hun-

dred and more autograph letters from living authors, correcting, supplementing, or approving the printed bibliographies. Even these authors' own lists were accurately corrected. They needed it in not a few instances. For it is a wise author who knows his own first edition. Men may write remarkable books, and understand but little the virtues of their books from the collector's point of view. Men are seldom clever in more ways than one. Z. Jackson was a practical printer, and his knowledge as a printer enabled him to correct sundry errors in the first folio of Shakespeare. But Z. Jackson, as the Rev. George Dawson observes, "ventured beyond the composing-case, and, having corrected blunders made by the printers, corrected excellencies made by the poet."

It was amusing to discover, by means of these autograph letters, how seldom a good author was an equally good bibliographer. And this is as it should be. The author's business is, not to take account of first editions, but to make books of such virtue that bibliomaniacs shall be eager to possess the first editions thereof. It is proverbial* that a poet is able to show a farmer things new to him about his own farm. Turn a bibliographer loose upon a poet's works, and he will amaze the poet with an account of *his* own doings. The poet will straightway discover that while he supposed himself to be making "mere literature" he was in reality contributing to an elaborate and exact science.

The Bibliotaph was not a blind enthusiast on the subject of first editions. He was one of the few men who understood the exceeding great virtues of second editions. He declared that a man who was so fortunate as to secure a second edition of Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary was in better case than he who had bothered himself to obtain a first. When it fell in with his mood to argue against that which he himself most affected, he would quote the childish bit

of doggerel beginning "The first the worst, the second the same," and then grow eloquent over the dainty Templeman Hazlitts which are chiefly third editions. He thought it absurd to worry over a first issue of Carlyle's French Revolution if it were possible to buy at moderate price a copy of the third edition, which is a well-nigh perfect book, "good to the touch and grateful to the eye." But this lover of books grew fierce in his special mania if you hinted that it was also foolish to spend a large sum on an *editio princeps* of Paradise Lost or of Robinson Crusoe. There are certain authors concerning the desirability of whose first editions it must not be disputed.

The singular readiness with which bookish treasures fell into his way astonished less fortunate buyers. Rare Stevensons dropped into his hand like ripe fruit from a tree. The most inaccessible of pamphlets, fawned upon him begging to be purchased, just as the succulent little roast pigs in The New Paul and Virginia run about with knives and forks in their sides pleading to be eaten. The Bibliotaph said he did not despair of buying Poe's Tamerlane for twenty-five cents one of these days; and that a rarity he was sure to get sooner or later was a copy of that English newspaper which announced Shelley's death under the caption Now He Knows whether there is a Hell or Not.

He unconsciously followed Heber in that he disliked large-paper copies. Heber would none of them because they took up too much room; their ample borders encroached upon the rights of other books. Heber objected to this as Prosper Mérimée objected to the gigantic English hoopskirts of 1865, — there was space on Regent Street for but one woman at a time.

Original as the Bibliotaph was in appearance, manners, habits, he was less striking in what he did than in what he said. It is a pity that no record of his

talk exists. It is not surprising that there is no such record, for his habits of wandering precluded the possibility of his making a permanent impression. By the time people had fully awakened to the significance of his presence among them he was gone. So there grew up a legend concerning him, but no true biography. He was like a comet, very shaggy and very brilliant, but he stayed so brief a time in a place that it was impossible for one man to give either the days or the thought to the reproduction of his more serious and considered words. A greater difficulty was involved in the fact that the Bibliotaph had many socii, but no fidus Achates. Moreover, Achates, in this instance, would have needed the reportorial powers of a James Boswell that he might properly interpret genius to the public.

This particular genius illustrated the misfortune of having too great facility in establishing those relations which lie midway between acquaintance and friendship. To put the matter in the form of a paradox, he had so many *friends* that he had no *friend*. Perhaps this is unjust, but friendship has a touch of jealousy and exclusiveness in it. He was too large-natured to say to one of his admirers, "Thou shalt have no other gods save myself;" but there were those among the admirers who were quite prepared to say to him, "We prefer that thou shalt have no other worshipers in addition to us."

People wondered that he seemed to have no care for a conventional home life. He was taxed with want of sympathy with what makes even a humble home a centre of light and happiness. He denied it, and said to his accusers, "Can you not understand that after a stay in *your* home I go away with much the feeling that must possess a lusty young calf when his well-equipped mother tells him that henceforth he must find means of sustenance elsewhere?"

He professed to have been once in

love, but no one believed it. He used to say that his most remarkable experience as a bachelor was in noting the uniformity with which eligible young women passed him by on the other side of the way. And when a married friend offered condolence, with that sleek complacency of manner noteworthy in men who are conscious of being mated for life better than they deserve, the Bibliotaph said, with an admiring glance at the wife, "Your sympathy is supererogatory, sir, for I fully expect to become your residuary legatee."

It is most pleasing to think of this unique man "buffeting his books" in one of those temporary libraries which formed about him whenever he stopped four or five weeks in a place. The shops were rifled of not a few of their choicest possessions, and the spoils carried off to his room. It was a joy to see him display his treasures, a delight to hear him talk of them. He would disarm criticism with respect to the more eccentric purchases by saying, "You would n't approve of this, but *I* thought it was curious" — and then a torrent of facts, criticisms, quotations, all bearing upon

the particular volume which you were supposed not to like; and so on, hour after hour. There was no limit save that imposed by the receptive capacity of the guest. It reminded one of the word spoken concerning a "hard sitter at books" of the last century, that he was a literary giant "born to grapple with whole libraries." But the fine flavor of those hours spent in hearing him discourse upon books and men is not to be recovered. It is evanescent, spectral, now. This talk was like the improvisation of a musician who is profoundly learned, but has in him a vein of poetry too. The talk and the music strongly appeal to robust minds, and at the same time do not repel the sentimentalist.

It is not to be supposed that the Bibliotaph pleased every one with whom he came in contact. There were people whom his intellectual potency affected in a disagreeable way. They accused him of applying great mental force to inconsidered trifles. They said it was a misfortune that so much talent was going to waste. But there is no task so easy as criticising an able man's employment of his gifts.

Leon H. Vincent.

THE CARAVANSARY.

I KEEP a caravansary,
And, be it night or day,
I entertain such travelers
As chance to come my way:

Hafiz, maybe, or Sadi,
Who, singing songs divine,
Discovered heaven in taverns,
And holiness in wine!

Or Antar and his Arabs,
From burning sands afar,
So faint in love's sweet trances,
So resolute in war!

The Brahmin from the Ganges,
 The Tartar, Turcoman, —
 Savage hordes, with spears and swords,
 Who rode with Genghis Khan!

Or mummies from old Egypt,
 With priestly, kingly tread,
 Who, in their cerecloths, mutter
 The Ritual of the Dead!

Who keeps a caravansary
 Knows neither friend nor foe;
 His doors stand wide on every side
 For all to come and go.

The Koran, or the Bible,
 Or Veda, — which is best?
 The wise host asks no questions,
 But entertains his guest!

R. H. Stoddard.

A LITTLE DOMESTIC.

It was René who always carried my chair to the woods, resting the inverted seat on his flat cap. He was so constantly the farm-wife's shadow and helper that I thought him the young son of the house until she explained he was only a "p'tit domestique."

His elder brother, a larger image of himself, went out to the fields, and was to be seen only with the other laborers. In past summers he had probably taken his turn as madame's hand-boy, while René, too young for anything but a goose-herd, found employment nearer home. But René's satisfaction in his present degree of advancement shone all over his face. I heard madame scolding him in the milk cellar, particularly when her cheek was swollen diagonally out of shape with the toothache. The notice her lodger took of this affliction was deferentially received, and replied to with the resigned plaint, "*Je souff' martyre.*" At the little domestic, however, she let

loose the distorted jaw. And René minded it not a bit. His wide smile was unflinching. He took his scoldings as part of his rearing, which madame, doubtless, avoiding sentiment and sticking to her duty, intended them to be. You never heard his thin treble raised in excuse or self-defense. René belonged to a class of children — never seen in our New World — who are brought up in wholesome subjection.

His sabots squeaked with a peculiar wooden sound. He had tow hair, and very blue eyes, and small white teeth which daily lowered the pail of baked pears. He had an enormous patch, which reached almost from shoulder to heel, on his high blue trousers. Altogether, René had the look of a blond brownie, and his chores were those which were once believed to fall to the brownie's share.

Short conversations, chiefly on my side, occurred when we sallied out with chair and writing materials. René

thumped along, grinning shyly with amiable desire to please; but he was too well taught to open his mouth to his betters unless it became necessary to answer questions. Of himself he had nothing at all to tell. With pleased interest in the farm and his whole environment, though, he would tell me what caused the throbbing, rumbling noise in the stone stables: "La batterie; on bat le grâ'n." The little fellow seemed keen for each day's life as it grew out of the day's life preceding it.

René and his brother were sons of the convent man-servant, who had seven children. It is the custom in Marne, when a peasant has a large family of boys, to hire some of them out for the six spring and summer months. Each boy gets his food and lodging and forty francs for the entire season of his service. He thus earns half his year's living, and something to shoe and clothe himself with in winter, when he goes to school. Eight dollars might easily keep the most restless boy shod in wood and clad in coarse wool. In this way the overburdened father brings up good laborers; and their religious education is assured. As for general knowledge, they may pick up what they can. The French are great newspaper readers. Everywhere the *facteur* distributes mail. In the very depths of the country, or at shop doors, or on waiting cabs, you see newspapers in all sorts of hands. The *Petit Journal* is read much in the north. In Paris it is *Le Soleil* and *Figaro*, while many others are widespread.

A lad very unlike René, probably a vineyard worker, brown and lean, once came up from the valley and crossed the path through my outdoor study. He paused with a rabbit's questioning shyness as the parting boughs showed him a trespasser; but lifting his cap with a muttered "Bon jour," he bolted through as if he were the culprit.

In the still heats of noon you could hear the cawing of crows. The sultri-

ness which seems to melt human flesh under our own skies can never have been known in France. For there the cooling rain is constantly at hide-and-seek with the sun. Once a black storm shrouded the west side of the prairie while farmhouse and valley basked in sunshine.

Blackberry brambles and tall wild flowers followed the line of woods like a hedge. Wherever you looked the land was beautiful, except at the fortress-like front of *Les Buissons*. Cows tramped past the door, and a favorite scratching-place of chickens was the pear-strewn ground. The usual gush of bloom which adorns most French domiciles was missing here. Madame had her patch of inclosed garden where she raised salads and herbs. From my woods study I could see René or one of the men come out of the kitchen door and swing the wire salad basket, having been set by madame to wash and prepare lettuce for my dinner. But the only flowers about *Les Buissons* were volunteer ones in the hedges. I did not miss them when I sat outdoors, until there came days when they would have made brightness betwixt housed eyes and a lowering sky. Elsewhere in the world it may be as bleak in early September; but I am certain nothing drives heat out of the blood like a stone house centuries old. It was at this time that madame and I engaged in our stubborn struggle about the chimney. She lighted no fire, but she brought in to me a little iron thing with a handle and open scrolled lid, which she called a "couvert," full of glowing coals and ashes. She set it on the table for my hands, and then on the floor for my feet. In a tightly shut room it might have thrown off some charcoal gas, but it retained heat a long time, and she constantly opened the door to nod her triumphant head at me and take credit to herself because I was so well warmed. Spurts of chill rain drove in lines against the window. The world was utterly a

November world. The laborers were under shelter, and madame had a steaming kettle on her fire to regale them with hot soup, while I huddled over a couvert.

Before these depressing autumn days, which drove me untimely away from the farm, I often came in and found René keeping house alone in the kitchen. If no task of scouring tinware had been set for him, he carved baked pears with a pocket knife and distended himself with them. When such dignified labor as churning was to be done, a grown man turned the crank of the barrel churn, and madame measured out a drink of brandy for the service. So gentle and harmless are the people of Marne, there was no terror in finding one's self practically alone in a remote farmhouse. René, at such times, was deputed to fill the water-jug on my toilet-stand, which astonished madame by needing so many fillings, and to serve the déjeuner. He did it with conscientious cheerfulness, bringing the hot water for my tea, and standing by to serve. For galette, a kind of wheaten cake, split while hot, buttered, and eaten with cream, he had a yearning with which an American could hardly sympathize.

There were but two evident bedchambers in the house, the loft under the tiles being devoted to the storing of seed. René and his fellow-servants must have slept somewhere in the stables. The happy-go-lucky housing and feeding of peasants do not tend to divide man severely from his brethren the cattle. Whether the spring at the woods edge or the pit in the court furnished water for the ablutions of these people, it was impossible for a sojourner to determine. They had the clean look of the French, whom Heaven seems to excuse from much purifying of themselves. Englishmen have made their tubbing a by-word, and Americans consider no house fit to live in which is not piped with an abundant water supply; while a French-

man is said to warn all his friends ten days before he intends taking a bath, and to bid them farewell — and then to fail to take the bath. Yet he looks clean.

René's mother once slipped over from the convent about dusk, with a friend to bear her company, on pretext of bringing me letters which the facteur had misdelivered. When her errand was discharged she talked much with the patron's wife, perhaps adroitly creating good will for her lads, though she did not appear to seek them out to coddle them.

If René stabled with ploughman and shepherd, such neighbors did him no harm. Without doubt they had a crucifix hanging somewhere in sight, and such honest fellows would not set bad examples to a little boy not yet prepared for his first communion. He also had his brother to scuffle with, until the stamping of horses was lost on their sleepy ears.

The Marne peasant is a citizen of a republic, but he spends no time quarreling about politics. With a sense of social differences bred into his nature before America was discovered, he continues to respect his baron as much as an Englishman, and to be puzzled by the lack of titles in the New World.

"De — what?" madame inquired carefully, when she set my name down at the head of her "note" of supplies.

Children care little for a beautiful landscape if they cannot fellowship with and make it a playground. René let himself out when he was down with the stone-breaker or off with the shepherd's dog. Then he danced and flourished his arms, and a mighty barking and shouting would ring over the farm. An old woman, climbing a vineyard path leaning on her staff, once stopped to look at him and remember her childhood. She was bent half double, and the gnarled ugliness of her face expressed such suffering as seems the outgrowth of age and poverty in the Old World. It is as if centuries of pres-

sure had distorted these old peasants to hideousness.

One fact which interested the little domestic in himself was that he had been born on St. Alpin's fête-day. Therefore, in addition to the handful of names always generously poured on the head of a christened child in France, his saint's name of St. Alpin was given him to finish the list. French children do not have their own birthdays regarded; their patron saints' days are celebrated instead, with gifts and offerings.

At Les Buissons this day was called the fête of Villevenarde. Long custom had made it a season of family reunions, dancing, and general feasting. It was a movable festival, like Easter, falling sometimes on the first, sometimes on the second Sunday in September, but never on any day except Sunday.

It was less than two kilometres from Les Buissons past the hedges, across fields, through a wood, and down through the park to the abbey convent of the Assumption. It was much less than that from the convent, past the mill, along a level stretch of valley road, dipping through the abbey village of Andecy, and stretching around a wooded height to the old village of Baye. Long before Columbus, long before Alfred the Great, these stone houses were built on their winding street, and men drank wine and women washed, and the slow life of the provinces went on here. In such early days, if the château of Baye was not built in its hollow and hidden by a jungle of wood and walls as high as a fortress, the count or his prototype had some kind of castle, and rode clanking in chain mail or girt with leather thongs with his wild followers behind him.

St. Alpin was born at Baye, and he died there in the year A. D. 455. At that time the people of Gaul were not yet one united nation. Attila the Hun, with his fierce hordes, overran the country. The Roman Empire was not dead, and Romans and Visigoths joined with

the inhabitants to drive out the enemy. What kind of men and women walked the winding unpaved lane of Baye in that fifth century, and how was the seed of a gentle sainthood dropped there? St. Alpin, we are told, was born of rich parents; presumably of forbears who had enough to eat and to wear, a roof over them, a little grazing land and some forest, with geese and cattle. It is not said he came of any hereditary lord of Baye, or that anybody lorded it over Baye in the days of Attila. The presumption merely is that Alpin's up-bringers were not ravening like wolves in hunger and misery, but had something to give to others in the hamlet; and he, instead of digging, or joining some band of pillagers, had opportunity to turn his mind to religion. From the first he was a good boy. His parents sent him to be educated by the Bishop of Troyes, where he "copied the virtues of his master." Like a good shepherd, as he grew older, he went from village to village teaching the people. The gathering and restraining of barbarians in those times was no light task.

St. Alpin was elected Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne against his own will, for he preferred to go humbly around among the scattered flocks. "Having seen the invaders, commanded by Attila, menace the plains of Chalons," says the old record, "he addressed Heaven with fervor, and obtained by his prayers the deliverance of his flock." We know that the battle of Chalons broke the power of the Huns and drove them out of Gaul.

On his last round among the villages the bishop died at Baye, and was laid in the crypt of the little chapel there. The crypt remains to this day, and all the old chapel arches are preserved in the present church. The first outcry and wailing of bereavement over the good man passed to steady veneration of his coffined body. The crypt at Baye had two staircases, now walled up, down one of which the people could come to ven-

erate his remains, and pass up again by the opposite staircase. The body lay under a long, low arch. There are yet three steps leading up to its resting-place, much worn by the knees which ascended them in those early centuries. Opposite, under a window, is an altar. The people passed between the altar and the relics of St. Alpin.

In 860 A. D. his bones were taken from Baye to Chalons, where they now rest in the cathedral "*dans une chasse d'argent*," with the exception of one bone of his head which is in a particular reliquary. They are much visited, and are guarded in a chapel behind the grand altar; and on Pentecost Monday they are carried in procession.

It gives an American, whose saints are all in embryo yet, a peculiar sensation to wander around the birthplace of an actual miracle-worker, and feel his presence lingering in the customs of the inhabitants. All over that commune St. Alpin yet broods with loving care. A child who is frightened, a man who is in trouble, a woman burdened with grief, invokes the help of St. Alpin, certain that the good bishop is as open to their affairs as he was to the affairs of their ancestors fourteen hundred years ago.

There was one long walk in a piece of woods which ran from the valley far across the uplands, and once, when I lost myself in its windings and cross-tracks, I saw far ahead a garment appearing and disappearing, — cassock, or cloak, or woman's dress, or peasant's smock. You could not be sure of color or shape in those sylvan places, or of anything except a presence flying and not to be certainly fixed by the eye, so indiscernibly did the human figure melt amongst leaves and tree-boles. Maybe it was St. Alpin taking a century-old path through those ever-renewed woods down to Villevenarde. Why should not the guardian saint of a country sometimes betake himself again into his mortal guise and priestly cassock and his ancient paths?

René knew Christmas only as a holy day in the church calendar. The Assumption of the Virgin is a summer-day festival all over France, especially at René's native abbey, the country convent of the nuns of the Assumption. But a lad in that part of Marne could compare nothing else with the feast of St. Alpin.

René and I both looked forward to this *fête* of Villevenarde; which, I was told, did not necessarily begin with going down to the village to mass. No; madame had been recently confessed, and she would have enough to do on St. Alpin's morning without troubling herself about the religion he had so zealously spread. For a week beforehand the oven was daily heated, and tub-shaped loaves came out of it, hard enough to daunt anybody but a peasant. Madame told me she had made two dozen prune pies, all having the crust of butter. One of these seductive tarts, tasting like leather and unripe persimmons, was served as sweets with my dinner; and the slighting notice which such a rich preparation received madame probably credited to a palate depraved by coffee made with an egg. But the *fête* so deranged her affairs all the week that my food became a secondary consideration.

St. Alpin's birthday was actually on Friday, the 7th of September. On Sunday, however, "*tous mes parents*" would arrive at the farm, the peasant told me, and his wife pictured the lively scene. Oh, assuredly, Leah would be there, and a houseful of relatives would meet, would eat, sing, dance, tell contes. Then, added madame, drolly affixing business to the pleasures of the day, at four o'clock they would pull the cows; for was not that the hour every day "*pour tirer les vaches*," and could blessed St. Alpin have any desire to stop the order of nature?

But it fell out that I never saw the *fête* of Villevenarde, a sudden and important journey to the north of France pushing it into the background. The day happened to be raw and wet. A

storm tramped over Les Buissons and all that region. Even the white stone convent, which usually seemed to bask in the heart of sunshine, was chill as a white stone tomb as I drove away.

I hope the fête was kept in warmth and jollity before the kitchen fire at Les Buissons; that Leah and all the relations braved the weather and survived the pastry, danced, told contes, duly pulled the cows, and renewed all the ties of St. Alpin's day.

René took my parting franc with a chastened zest which foresaw that his elders would add it to the eight for the purchase of his winter clothing. To be chair-bearer for a flitting American was the least interesting of his experiences at Les Buissons. Of this I am certain: if the blossom of René's year was St. Alpin's day, he did not fail in some way to pluck the blossom and enjoy it.

During my stay at Les Buissons I did not see the little domestic with a book in his hand. It is true there were no books in sight, except the veterinary treatises of the absent Charles. And René, no doubt, associated the task of reading with his winter schooldays, his study for confirmation, the priest's reprimands and exhortations, and even with cuffs and tears.

His monotonous and simple life, so

full of gladness for himself, so unimportant even to his father and mother, who had children to spare, is a type of provincial France. In a dozen years we shall see him hulking about Paris in the ill-fitting uniform of a soldier serving his time, or crowded in third-rate railway compartments, still with that wide-mouthed look of joy in everything the world offers for his diversion. I have seen grown-up Renés standing in the Luxembourg Gallery in a trance before some picture. They are undersized fellows; you would think the French nation had an army of boys; and provincial is stamped on all their stolid faces. And a good thing for France it is that huge crops of them are constantly coming up in the provinces; little domestics, learning slowly the life of the soil, learning surely the morality and traditions of centuries. They ballast a state. A Marne boy, when his military service ends, comes back to Marne, and takes a wife and roots himself in the soil.

I think it likely that no picture will ever be finer to René than the valley behind Les Buissons, and no sight that Paris can offer him will quite equal the haystacks of Marne, thatched down to the eaves, under the projection of which he may measure his growth year by year.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

PIRATE GOLD.

IN THREE PARTS. PART TWO: ROBBERY.

XIII.

No plummet ever sank so deep as Jamie sank the thoughts of those few months. No oblivion more vast than where he buried it. No human will so strong as that he bent upon it, bound it down with. No sin absolved was ever so

forgotten. One wonders if Jamie, at the day of judgment even, will remember it. Perhaps 't will then be no more the sin he thought it. For Jamie's nature, like that of spiny plants, was sensitive, delicate within, as his outer side was bent and rough; and he fancied it, first, a selfishness; then, as his lonely fancy got

to brooding on it, an actual sin. James Bowdoin's unlucky laugh had taught him how it seemed to others; and was not inordinate affection, to the manifest injury of the object loved, a sin? Jamie felt it so: and he had the Prayer Book's authority therefor. "Inordinate and sinful affections," — that is the phrase; both are condemned.

But he kept it all the closer from Mercedes. It did not grow less; he had no heart to cease loving. Manlike, he was willing to face his God with the sin, but not her. He sought to change the nature of his love; perhaps, in time, succeeded. But all love has a mystic triple root; you cannot unravel the web, on earth at least. Religious, sexual, spiritual, — all are intertwined.

Jamie and Mercedes lived on in the little brick house, as he had promised. Only one thing the Bowdoin noticed: he now dressed and talked and acted like a man grown very old. His coats were different again; his manner was more eccentric than ever. His hair helped him a little, for it really grew quite white. He asked Mercedes now to call him father.

"Jamie is posing as a patriarch," said Mr. Bowdoin; he smiled, and then he sighed.

Old Mr. Bowdoin did not forget his promise to have his granddaughters call upon Mercedes. Now and then they sent her tickets for church fairs. But it takes more love than most women have for each other to give the tact, the self-abnegation, that such unequal relations, to be permanent, require. The momentary gush of sympathy that the Bowdoin girls felt upon their grandfather's account of Sadie's loneliness was chilled at the first haughty word Mercedes gave them. It takes an older nature, more humbled by living, than is an American young lady's, to meet the poor in money without patronizing, and the proud at heart without seeming rude. So this attempted intimacy faded.

Jamie gave his life to her. His manner at the office altered; he became proud and reserved. More wonderful still, he shortened his time of attendance; not that he was inattentive while there, but he no longer observed unnecessary hours, as he had been wont to do, after the bank closed; as soon as Mr. James Bowdoin left, he would lock up the office and go himself. His life was but waiting upon Mercedes.

When he was in the office he would sit twiddling his thumbs. The pretense at bookkeeping, unreal bookkeeping, he abandoned. The last old ship, the Maine Lady, had served him in good stead for many years; he had double-entered, ledgered, and balanced her simple debits and credits like a stage procession. But now he made no fiction about the vanished business.

It was characteristic of Jamie that still he did not hanker for more money. He recognized his adopted daughter's need for sympathy, for emotions, even for love, if you will; but yet it did not occur to him that he might earn more money. His salary was ample, and out of it he had made some savings. And Mercedes had that impatience of details, that *ennui* of money matters, that even worldly women show, who care for results, not processes.

It had always been the custom of the McMurtagh family to pass the summers, like the winters, in the little house on Salem Street; but this year Jamie rented a cottage at Nantasket. He told the Bowdoin nothing of this move until they asked him about it, observing that he regularly took the boat. To Jamie it was the next thing to Nahant, which was of course out of the question. But the queer old clerk was not fitted to shine in any society and Mercedes found it hard to make her way alone. They wandered about the beach, and occasionally to the great hotel when there was a hop, of evenings, and listened to the bands; but Mercedes' beauty was too striking and her

manners were too independent to inspire quick confidence in the Nantasket matrons; while Jamie missed his pipe and shirt-sleeves after supper. He had asked, and been forbidden, to invite John Hughson down to stay. Still less would Sadie have her girl acquaintances; and all Salem Street's kindest feelings were soured in consequence. There was an invitation from Nahant that summer, but it seemed, to Mercedes' quick sense, formal, and she would not go.

She had had her piano moved down "to the beach," at much expense; and for a week she played in the afternoons. But even this accomplishment brought her no notice. People would look at her, in passing, and then, more curiously, at her foster-father: that was all. Mercedes, in her youth, could not realize how social confidence is a plant of slow growth. The young girls of the place were content with saying she "was not in their set;" the young men who desired her acquaintance must seek it surreptitiously, and this Mercedes would not have. The people of the great hotel were a more mixed set, and among them our couple was much discussed. Something got to be known of Jamie: that he was confidential clerk to the well-known firm of Boston's older ship-owners, and that she was his adopted daughter. Soon the rumor grew that he was miserly and rich.

Poor Jamie! He thought more of all these things than Mercedes ever supposed. What could he do to give her friends of her own age? What could he do to find her lovers, a husband? McMurtagh slept not nights for thinking on these things. John Hughson he now saw to be impossible; Harley Bowdoin was out of the question; but were there not still genteel youths, clerks like himself, but younger, some class of life for his petted little lady? Jamie had half-thoughts of training some nice lad to be fit for her, — Jamie earned money amply; of training him, too, to take his place and earn his salary. Every dis-

contented look in Mercedes' lovely face went to Jamie's heartstrings.

One day, going home by the usual boat, he saw his dear girl waiting for him on the wharf. It always lightened Jamie's heart when she did this, and he hurried down to the gangplank, to be among the first ashore and save her waiting. But as he stepped upon it he saw that she was talking to a gentleman. There was a little heightened color in her cheeks; she was not watching the passengers in the boat. Jamie turned aside through the crowd to walk up the road alone. He looked over his shoulder, and saw that they were following. When nearly at their cottage, he turned about irresolutely and met them. Mercedes, with a word of reproach for walking home alone (at which Jamie's old eyes opened), introduced him: "Mr. David St. Clair — my father."

"I made Miss McMurtagh's acquaintance at the Rockland House last night, — she plays so beautifully." Then Jamie remembered that he had gone out to smoke his pipe upon the piazza.

He looked at the newcomer. St. Clair was dressed expensively, in what Jamie thought the highest fashion. He wore kid gloves and a high silk hat; he had a white waistcoat and a very black mustache. Mercedes had blushed again when she presented him, and suddenly there was a burst of envy in poor Jamie's heart.

XIV.

No girl, before she came to love, ever scrutinized a suitor so closely as old Jamie did St. Clair. The little old Scotch clerk was quicker far to see the first blossoms of love in her heart than Mercedes herself, than any mother could have been; for each one bore a pang for him; and he, who had renounced, and then set his heart to share each feeling with her, who had wanted but her confidence, wanted but to share with her as

some girl might her heart histories, now found himself far outstripping her in conscious knowledge. He did not realize the impossibility of the sympathy he dreamed. He had fondly thought his man's love a justification for that intimacy from which, in natures like Mercedes', even a mother's love is excluded.

All Jamie's judgment was against the man, and yet his heart was in touch with hers to feel its stirring for him. The one told him he was not respectable; the other that he was romantic. His career was shadowy, like his hair. In those days still a mustache bore with it some audacity, and gave a man who frankly lived outside the reputable callings something of the buccaneer. St. Clair called himself a gentleman, but did not pretend to be a clerk, and frankly avowed that he was not in trade. Jamie could not make him out at all. He hoped, indeed, he was a gentleman. Had he been in the old country, he could have credited it better; but gentlemen without visible means of support were, in those days, unusual in Boston.

Poor Jamie watched his daughter like any dowager, that summer. But the consciousness of his own sin (for so now he always thought of it) troubled him terribly. How could he urge his lady to repel the advances of this man without being open to the charge of selfishness, of jealousy? Jamie forgot that the girl had never known he loved her.

He made feeble attempts to egg on Hughson. The honest teamster was but a lukewarm lover. His point of view was that the girl looked down upon him, and this chilled his passion. He had come to own his teams now. He never drove them. He was a capitalist, an employer of labor; and, at Jamie's request, he came down one night, in black broadcloth and red-handed, to pass the night. But it did not work. When Mr. St. Clair called in the evening, he adopted a tone of treating both Jamie and Hughson as elderly pals, so that the latter lost his temper,

and, as Mercedes claimed, insulted his elegant rival.

Then Jamie bade Hughson to come no more, for his love for Mercedes was so true that he felt in his heart why St. Clair appealed more to hers.

But the summer was a long and anxious one, and he was glad when it was over and they were back in Salem Street. They had made no other acquaintance at Nantasket. "Society" to Jamie remained a sealed book. Clever Mercedes was not clever enough to see he knew she blamed him for it. St. Clair only laughed. "These people are nobody," said he; and he talked of fashionable and equipaged friends he had known in other places. Where? Jamie suspected, race-courses; his stories of them bore usually an equine flavor. But he was not a horse-dealer; his hands were too white for that.

Poor old Mr. Bowdoin had had a hand-dog feeling with old Jamie ever since that day his son had laughed. He had dared criticise nothing he noticed at the office, and Jamie grew more crusty and eccentric every day. James Bowdoin was less indulgent, and soon saw that something new was in the wind. But the last thing that both expected was a demand on Jamie's part for an increased salary. Jamie made it respectfully, with his hat off, twirling in his hand, and the Bowdoin eyed him.

"It isna that I'm discontented with the place or the salary in the past," said Jamie, "but our expenses are increasing. I have rented a house in Worcester Square."

"In Worcester Square? And the one in Salem Street?"

"Tis too small for me family needs," said Jamie. "I have sold it."

"Too small?"

"Me daughter is about to be married," said Jamie reluctantly.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Bowdoin in a breath. "May we congratulate her?"

"Ye may do as ye like," said Jamie.

"T is one Mr. David St. Clair, — a gentleman, as he tells me."

"Is he to live with you, then?"

"Yes, sir. He wants work — that is" — Jamie hesitated.

"He has no occupation?"

Jamie was visibly irritated. "If I bring the gentleman down, ye may ask him your ain sel'."

"No, no," said Mr. James. "That is, we should, of course, be glad to meet the gentleman any time. What is his name?"

"David St. Clair."

"David Sinclair," repeated the old gentleman.

"Mercedes Silva," said Mr. James musingly.

"McMurtagh, if you please," said Jamie.

"Jamie," said old Mr. Bowdoin, "our business is going away. The steamers will ruin it. For a long time there has not been enough to occupy a man of your talents. And the old bookkeeper at the bank — the Old Colony Bank — has got to resign. I've already asked the place for you. The salary is — more than we here can afford to pay you. In fact, we may close the counting-room."

Jamie rubbed his nose and shifted his feet. "Ta business is a goot business, and t' firm is a fine old firm." It was evident he was in the throes of unexpressed affection. In all his life he had never learned to express it. "Ye'll na be closing the old counting-room?"

"I may come down here every day or so, just to keep my trusts up. I'll use it for a writing-room; it's near the bank" —

"An' I'll come down an' kep' the books for you, sir," said Jamie; and the "sir" from his lips was like a caress from another man.

XV.

Jamie took his place on the high stool behind the great ledgers of the Old Colony Bank, and the house on Worcester

Square was even bought, with his savings and the price of the house on Salem Street. Only one thing Jamie flatly refused, and that was to permit Mercedes' marriage until St. Clair had some visible means of support. She pouted at this and was cruel; but for once the old clerk was inflexible, even to her. Mercedes would perhaps have married against his will; but Mr. St. Clair had his reason for submitting.

And that gentleman was particular in his choice of occupation, and Mercedes yet more particular for him. The class of which St. Clair came is a peculiar one; hardly known to the respectable world, less known then than now; and yet it has often money, kindness, reputability even, among its members; they marry and have children among their own class; they are not church-going, but yet they are not criminal. As actor families maintain themselves for many generations (not the stars, but the ordinary histrionic families; you will find most of the names on the playbills to-day that were there in the last century, neither above nor below their old position), so there are sporting families who live in a queer, not unprosperous world of their own, marry and bring up children, and leave money and friends behind them when they die. And Sinclair came of people such as these. "St. Clair" was his own invention. Of course Jamie did not know it, nor did Mercedes; and in fact he was honestly in love with her, to the point of changing his way of life to one of routine and drudgery.

But no place could be found (save indeed a retail grocer's clerkship), and Mercedes began to grow worried, and occasionally to cry. St. Clair spent his evenings at the house; and at such times Jamie would wander helplessly about the streets. St. Clair's one idea was to be employed about the bank, to become a banker. Had he been competent to keep the books, I doubt not Jamie would have given them up to him.

Great is the power of persuasion backed by love, even in a bent old Scotchman. Will it be believed, Jamie teased and schemed and promoted until he made a vacancy of the place of messenger, and got it for his son-in-law. Perhaps old Mr. Bowdoin had ever had a slight feeling of remorse since he had seen nipped in the bud that affair with young Harleston. He did not approve of the present match. Yet he fancied the bridegroom might be a safer spouse with a regular occupation and a coat more threadbare than he habitually wore.

Nothing now stood in the way of the marriage; and it took place with some *éclat*, — in King's Chapel, indeed, with all the Bowdoins, even to Mrs. Abby. Jamie gave the bride away. Hughson (to Mercedes' relief) took it a bit rusty and would not come. Then the pair went on a wedding journey to Niagara and Trenton Falls; and old Jamie, the day after the ceremony, came down looking happier than he had seemed for years. There was a light in his lonely old face; it comes rarely to us on earth, but, by one who sees it, it is not forgotten. Old Mr. Bowdoin saw it; and, remembering that interview scarce two years gone by, his nose tingled. It is rare that natures with such happy lives as his are so "dowered with the love of love." But when old Jamie looked at him, he but asked some business question; and Jamie marveled that the old gentleman blew his nose so hard and damned the weather so vigorously.

When the St. Clairs came back, Jamie moved to an upper back room, and gave them the rest of the new house. Mercedes was devotedly in love with her husband. She would have liked to meet people, if but to show him to them. But she knew no one worthy save the Bowdoins, and they did not get on with him. His own social acquaintance, of which he had boasted somewhat, appeared to be in other cities. And ennui (which causes more harm in the world than many a

more evil passion) began imperceptibly to take possession of him.

However, they continued to live on together. St. Clair was fairly regular at his work; and all went well for more than a year.

XVI.

No year, probably, of James McMurtagh's life had he been so happy. It delighted him to let St. Clair away early from the bank; and to sit alone over the ledgers, imagining St. Clair's hurrying home, and the greeting kiss, and the walk they got along the shells of the beach before supper, with the setting sun slanting to them over the wide bay from the Brookline hills. When they took the meal alone, it delighted Jamie to sit at Mercy's right and have her David help him; or, when they had "company," it pleased the old man almost as much to stay away and think proudly of them. Such times he would sit alone on the Common and smoke his pipe, and come home late and let himself in with his latch-key, and steal up quickly to his own bedroom at the top of the house.

Now that he was so happy, and had left his old friends the Bowdoins, a wave of unconscious affection for them spread over his soul. Under pretext of keeping their accounts straight — which now hardly needed balancing even once a month — old Jamie would edge down to the counting-room upon the wharf, after hours, or even for a few minutes at noon-time (perhaps sacrificing his lunch therefor), to catch old Mr. Bowdoin at his desk and chat with him (under plea of some omitted entry needing explanation), and tell him how well David was doing, and Mercedes so happy, and what company they had had to tea the night before. So that one day Mr. Bowdoin even ventured to give him a golden bracelet young Harleston Bowdoin had sent, soon after the wedding, from France;

and Jamie took it without a murmur. "Ah, 't is a pity, sir, ye din't keep the old house up, for the sake of the young gentlemen, if nothing more," said he; and "Ah, Jamie," was Mr. Bowdoin's reply, "it's all dirty coal-barges, now; the old house would not know its way about in steamers. We'll have to take to banking, like yourself and Sinclair there."

Jamie laughed with pleasure; and father and son went each to a window to watch him as he sidled up the street.

"Caroline never would have stood it," said the old man.

"Neither would Abby," said the younger one. "Yet you made me marry her;" and they both chuckled. It was the habit of the Bowdoin males to marry them to women without a sense of humor, and then to take a mutual delight in the consequences.

"You only married her to get a house," said the old man. (This was the inexhaustible joke they shared against Mrs. Abby that in nearly twenty years had never failed to rouse her serious indignation.) "I saw her coming out of that abolitionist meeting yesterday."

"That's cousin Wendell Phillips got her into that," said Mr. James. "Old Jamie was there, too."

"Old Jamie has got so much love to spare that it spills around," said Mr. Bowdoin, "even on comfortable niggers just decently clothed. That's not your wife's trouble." To which the son had no other repartee than "James!" drawled in the solemn bass of amazed indignation that his mother's voice assumed when goaded into speech by his father's sallies. It was his boast that "Abby" never yet had ventured to address him thus. And so this precious pair separated; the father going home to his grandchildren, and the son to the club for his afternoon rubber of whist. They still took life easy in the forties.

Why was it that old Jamie, who should by rights have had his heart broken, was

happier than fortunate David? Both loved the same woman; and no tenor hero ever loved so deeply as old Jamie, and he had lost her. But he came of the humble millions that build the structure of human happiness silently, by countless, uncounted little acts. David was of the ephemera, the pleasure-loving insects. Now these will settle for a time; but race will tell, and they are not the race of quiet labor.

One almost wonders, in these futureless times, that so many of the former still remain. For the profession of pleasure is so easy, so remunerative; even of money it often has no lack. St. Clair came of a family that from horse-racing, bar-keeping, betting, had found money easier to get than ever had Jamie's people, and (when they had chosen to invest it) had invested it in less reputable but more productive ways. One fears the spelling-books mislead in their promise of instant, adequate reward and punishment. The gods do not keep a dame-school for us here on earth, and their ways are less obvious than that. One hazards the suggestion, it is fortunate if our multitudes (in these socialistic, traditionless times) do not yet discover how comfortable, for hedonistic ends, their sons and daughters still may be without respectability and reputability.

St. Clair lived before them; and his mind was never analytic. The word "bore" had not yet been imported, nor the word "ennui" naturalized in a civilization whence two hundred years of Puritans had sought to banish it. But although Adam set the example of falling to the primal woman, it may be doubted whether Eve, at least, had not a foretaste of the modern evil. And more souls go now to the devil (if they could hope there were one!) for the being bored than any other cause.

David did not know what ailed him. He loved his wife (not too exclusively; that was not in his shallow nature); he had a fine house and the handling of

money. To his friends he was a banker. They were at first envious of his reputability, and that pleased him while it lasted. But it annoyed him that it had not dawned on their untutored minds that handling money was not synonymous with possession. A banker! At least he had the control of money; could lend it; might lend it to his friends.

There was, in those days, an outpost of Satan — overrated perhaps in importance by the college authorities, with proportionate overawing effect upon the students — on the riverside, over against Cambridge. Here “trials of speed,” trotting speed, were held; bar-rooms existed; it was rumored pools were sold. Hither the four hundred, the liberal four hundred, of Boston’s then existent vice were wont to repair and witness contests for “purses.” It was worth, in those days, a bank clerk’s position or an undergraduate’s degree ever to be seen there.

It may be imagined with what terror, a terror even transmuting itself to pity dictating a refusal on Mercedes’ part, old Jamie heard of a proposition, one holiday, that David should take his wife there. Mercedes would not go; and St. Clair laughed at her, in private, and went alone. She was forced to be the accomplice of his going.

The fact is, St. Clair, from the tip of his mustache to his patent-leather shoes, was bored with regular hours, respectability, and the assurance of an income adequate to his ordinary spending. Something must be done for joy of life. He gave a champagne supper to his old cronies, at a tavern by the wayside, and bore their chaff. Then he bet. Then he stayed away from home a day or two. A butterfly cares but for sunshine. His love for Mercedes was quite animal; he cared nothing for her mind; all poor Jamie’s expensive schooling was wasted, more unappreciated by him than it would have been by John Hughson. So, one day, St. Clair came home to find her crying; and his love for her then ended.

XVII.

Mercedes, remember, lived in the earlier half of this strange century, now so soon to go to judgment. In these last years, when women seek men’s rights in exchange for woman’s reason, reactionary males have criticised them as children swapping old lamps for new, fine instruments for coarser toys. As a poet has put it, why does

“a woman

Dowered by God with power of life or death
Now cry for coarser tools,”

and seek to exchange the ballot for Prospero’s wand? Like other savages, she would exchange fine gold for guns and hatchets. (Beads, trinkets, the men might pardon them!)

A woman of power once said she had rather reign than govern. But reigns, with male St. Clairs, so soon are over! Mercedes’ dynasty had ended. She knew it before St. Clair was conscious of it, and poor Jamie knew it when she did.

It was his custom to stay late at the bank, after hours. It closed at two o’clock; and in those days all merchants then went home to their dinner. Jamie, unknown to the cashier, would assume what he could of St. Clair’s work, to get him home the sooner to Mercedes. It is to be hoped he always went there.

As one looks back on the days of great events, one wonders that the morning of them was not consciously brightened or shadowed by the happening to come. For, after many years, that morning, — of the meeting, or the news, or whatever it was, — dull and gray as in fact it was, seems now all glorified in memory, illumined with the radiance it bore among its hours. Jamie never could remember what he did that morning or that day. It was close to half past four by the clock; the cashier, the other clerks, had gone; the charwoman was sweeping. He was mechanically counting over the cash in the cash drawer (it had been counted

over before by the teller, so Jamie's count was but excess of caution; he was separating the gold and silver and Massachusetts bills from the bills that came from banks of other States. (These never were credited until collected, and so not counted yet as cash, but credited to the collection account; in Jamie's eyes, bank-bills of other States were not so honest as Massachusetts issues, any more than their merchants were like James Bowdoin's Sons.) He was thinking, with a sadness not admitted to himself, of Mercedes; trying to believe his judgment a fancy; trying to see, in his mind's eye, David's arrival home (he had sent him off the half an hour before), hoping even for kisses by him for Mercedes (for he grudged him not her love, but wished his the greater). And now, with half his mind, he was adding up the long five columns of figures, as he could do almost unconsciously, thinking of other things. He had carried down the third figure, when suddenly there came that warm stirring at the roots of the hair that presages, to the slower brain, the heart's grasp of a coming disaster.

The figure was a 4 he carried down. His count of the cash had made it a 2.

Nonsense. He passed his hand to his quickened heart and made an effort to slow his breath. It was his mistake; he had been thinking of other things, of Mercedes. He leaned back against the high desk and rested. Besides, what foolish fear to jump at fault for error, at fault of David St. Clair! He had not been near the cash drawer.

It was the teller's mistake. And this time poor Jamie added up like a school-boy, totting each figure. No thought of his Mercedes now.

Fourteen thousand *four* hundred and twelve, sixty-four cents. The teller's addition was right.

Jamie looked at the cash again. There were two piles of bank-bills, one of gold and silver. Among the former was one packet of hundred-dollar bills in a belt,

marked "\$5000." This wrapper he had not (as he now remembered) verified when he had made his count. His heart stood still; prompting the head to remember that it was a package collected by the bank's messenger on a discount, by David St. Clair.

Poor Jamie tore off the band. He sat down, and counted the bills again with a shaking hand.

There were only forty-eight of them.

XVIII.

The packet was two hundred dollars short. And David had brought it in.

Two hundred dollars! Only two hundred dollars! In God's name, why did he not borrow it, ask me for it? thought poor Jamie. He must have known it would be at once discovered. And mixed curiously with Jamie's dismay was a business man's contempt for the childishness of the theft. And yet they called such men sharpers!

For never from that moment, from that time on, did poor Jamie doubt the sort of man Mercedes had married. Never for one moment did the idea occur to him that the robbery might be overlooked, the man reformed. Jamie's heart was as a little child's, but his head was hard enough. He had seen too much of human nature, of business methods and ways, to doubt what this thing meant or what it led to. He had been trying to look through Mercedes' eyes. He had known him for a gambler all along; and now it appeared that he was a man not to be trusted even with money. And he had given him Mercedes!

There had been Harley Bowdoin. She had liked him first; and but for them, his employers — But no; old Jamie could not blame his benefactor, even through his wife. It was not that. No one was at fault but he himself. If he had even loved her less, it had been better for her: 't was his fault, again his fault.

Sobbing, he went through the easy form of making good the theft; this with no thought of condoning the offense, but for his little girl's name. It was simple enough: it was but the drawing a check of his own to cover the loss. Oh, the fool the scoundrel had been!

Jamie drew the check, and canceled it, and added it to the teller's slip. Then he closed the heavy books, put the cash drawer back in the safe, closed the heavy iron doors, gave a turn of his wrist and a pull to the handle, said a word to the night watchman, and went out into the street. It was the soft, broad sunlight of a May afternoon; by the clock at the head of the street he saw that it was not yet six o'clock. But for once Jamie went straight home.

Mr. St. Clair had not come in, said the servant. (They now kept one servant.) Mrs. St. Clair was lying down. Jamie went into the parlor, contrary to his wont, and sat down awkwardly. It was furnished quite with elegance: Mercedes had been so proud of it! His little girl! And now he had married her to a thief! People might come to scorn her, his Mercedes.

They had tea alone together; and Jamie was very tender to her, so that she became frightened at his manner, and asked if anything was wrong with David.

"No," said Jamie. "Has he not been home? Do you not know where he is?"

"No," sighed the wife. "He has always told me before this."

Jamie touched her hand shyly. "Do you still love him, dear?"

But she flung away from him angrily, and went upstairs. And old Jamie waited. He dared not smoke his pipe in the parlor, nor even on the doorstep (which was a pleasant place; there was a little park, with trees, in front), for Mercedes thought it ungenteel. The present incongruity of this regard for appearances never struck Jamie, and he waited there. After eleven o'clock he fancied he might venture; the neighbors

were not likely to be up to notice it. So he lit his pipe and listened. There was still a light in her window; but David St. Clair did not come. Her window stood open, and Jamie listened hard to hear if she were crying. Shortly after midnight the birds in the square began to twitter, as if it were nearly dawn. Then they went to sleep again, but Jamie went on smoking.

It was daylight when St. Clair appeared, in a carriage. He had the look of one who has been up all night, and started nervously as he saw Jamie on the doorstep. Then he pulled himself together, buttoning his coat, and, giving the driver a bill, he turned to face the old clerk.

"Taking an early pipe, Mr. McMurtagh?"

"I know what ye ha' done," said Jamie simply. "I ha' made it guid; but ye must go."

St. Clair's bravado collapsed before Jamie's directness.

"Make what good?" he blustered.

"The two hundred dollars ye took," said Jamie.

"Two hundred dollars? I took? Old man, you're crazy."

"I tell ye I ha' made it guid," said Jamie.

"Made it good? I could do that myself, if—if"—

"Perhaps ye'll be having the money about ye now?" said Jamie. "Can ye give it me?"

St. Clair abandoned pretense. Perhaps curiosity overcame him, or his morning nerves were not so good as Jamie's. "Of course I'll get the money. I lent it to a friend. But how did you ever know the d—d business was short?"

Jamie looked at him sadly. This was the man he had hoped to make a man of business. "Mon, why did n't ye ask me for it? Do ye suppose they didna count their money the night?"

"You're so d—d mean!" swore St. Clair. "Have you told my wife?"

"Ye'll not be telling Mercy?" gasped Jamie, unmindful of the result. "I have told no one."

"I'll make it all right with the teller, then," said the other.

"Ye'll na be going back to the bank!" cried Jamie.

"Not go back? Do you suppose I can't be trusted with a matter of two hundred dollars?"

"Ye'll not be going back to the bank!" said Jamie firmly. "Ye'll be taking Mr. Bowdoin's money next."

"If it were n't for the teller — He's not a gentleman, and last week I was fool enough to tell him so. Did the teller find it out?"

"I found it out my own sel'."

"Then no one else knows it?"

"Ye canna go back."

"Then I'll tell Sadie it's all your fault," said David.

Poor Jamie knocked his pipe against the doorstep and sighed. The other went upstairs.

XIX.

It was some days after this that old Mr. Bowdoin came down town, one morning, in a particularly good humor. To begin with, he had effected with unusual success a practical joke on his auguster spouse. Then, he had gone home the night before with a bad cold; but (having given a family dinner in celebration of his wife's birthday and the return to Boston of his grandson Harley, and confined himself religiously to dry champagne) he had arisen quite cured. But at the counting-room he was met by son James with a face as long as the parting glass of whiskey and water he had sent him home with at eleven the previous evening. "James Bowdoin, at your time of life you should not take Scotch whiskey after madeira," said he.

"You seem fresh as a May morning," said Mr. James. "Did the old lady find out about the bronze Venus?"

Son and father chuckled. The old gentleman had purchased in his wife's name a nearly life-size Venus of Milo in bronze, and ordered it sent to the house, with the bill unreceipted, just before the dinner; so the entire family had used their efforts to the persuading old Mrs. Bowdoin that she had acquired the article herself, while shopping, and then forgotten all about it.

"Mrs. J. Bowdoin, Dr. To one Bronze Venus. One Thousand Dollars. Rec'd Paym't — blank!" roared Mr. Bowdoin. "I told her she must pay it out of her separate estate, — I could n't afford such luxuries!"

"Why, James!" mimicked the younger.

"I never went near the store," mimicked the older.

"And when we told her it was all a sell, she was madder than ever."

"Your mother never could see a joke," sighed Mr. Bowdoin. "She says the statue's improper, and she's trying to get it exchanged for chandeliers. She would n't speak to me when I went to bed; and I told her I'd a bad cold on my lungs, and she'd repent it when I was gone. But to-day she's madder yet."

Mr. James Bowdoin looked at his father inquiringly.

Mr. Bowdoin laughed aloud. "She had n't a good night, she says."

"Dear me," said the younger man, "I'm sorry."

"Yes. I'd a bad cold, and I spoke very hoarsely when I went to bed. And in the night she woke up and heard a croupy sound. It was this," and Mr. Bowdoin produced a compressible rubber ball with a squeak in it. "'James,' said she — you know how she says 'James'?"

Mr. James Bowdoin admitted he had heard the intonation described.

"James," says she, 'is that you?' I only squeaked the ball, which I had under the bedclothes. 'James, are you ill?' 'It's my chest,' I squeaked faintly, and

squeezed the ball again. 'I think I'm going to die,' said I, and I squeaked it every time I breathed." And Mr. Bowdoin gave audible demonstration of the squeak of his rubber toy. "Well, she was very remorseful, and she got up to send for the doctor; and faith, I had to get up and go downstairs after her and speak in my natural voice before she'd believe I was n't in the last gasp of a croup. But she won't speak, herself, this morning," added the old gentleman rather ruefully. "What's the matter here?"

"Jamie has been down; and he says his son-in-law has decided to leave the bank."

"Dear me! dear me!" The old gentleman's face grew grave again. "Nothing wrong in his accounts, I hope?"

"He says that he has decided to go to New York to live."

"Go to New York! What'll become of the new house?"

"He has friends there. They are to sell the house."

"What'll become of Jamie?"

"Jamie's going back to Salem Street."

The old gentleman gave a low whistle. "I must see him," and he took his hat again and started up the street.

But from Jamie he learned nothing. The old man gave no reason, save that his son-in-law "was going to New York, where he had friends." It cost much to the old clerk to withhold from Mr. Bowdoin anything that concerned his own affairs; particularly when the old gentleman urged that he be permitted to use his influence to reinstate David at the bank. Jamie grew churlish, as was the poor fellow's manner when he could not be kind, and tried even to carry it off jauntily, as if St. Clair were bettering himself. Old Mr. Bowdoin's penetration went behind that, or he might have gone off in a huff. As it was, he half suspected the truth, and forbore to question Jamie further.

But it was harder still for the poor old

clerk when he went home to Mercedes. For it was St. Clair who had sulked and refused to stay in Boston. He had hinted to his wife that it was due to Jamie's jealousy that he had lost his place at the bank. Mercedes did not believe this; but she had thought that Jamie, with his influence, might have kept him there. More, she had herself, and secretly, gone to the counting-room to see old Mr. Bowdoin, as she had done once before when a child, and asked that St. Clair might be taken back. "Do you know why he lost the place?"

She did not. Perhaps he had been irregular in his attendance; she knew, too, that he had been going to some horse-races.

"Jamie has not asked me to have him taken back," said Mr. Bowdoin.

And she had returned, angry as only a loving woman can be, to reproach poor Jamie. But he would never tell her of her husband's theft. St. Clair was sharp enough to see this. Jamie had settled the Worcester Street house on Mercedes when they were married; and now St. Clair got her to urge Jamie to sell it and let him invest the money in a business opening he had found in New York with some friends; stock-brokerage he said it was. This poor Jamie refused to do; and Mercedes forgave him not. But St. Clair insisted still on going. Perhaps he boasted to his New York friends of his banking experience; it was true that he had got some sort of an opening, with two young men of sporting tastes whom he had met.

Preparations for departure were made. The furniture was being taken out, and stored or sold; and each piece, as it was carried down the stairs, brought a pang to Jamie's heart. The house was offered for sale; Jamie drew up the advertisement in tears. He did not venture to sit with them now of evenings; it was Jamie, of the three, who had the guilty feeling.

The evening before their going came. St. Clair was out at a farewell dinner,

"tendered him," as he proudly announced, by his friends. Jamie, as he passed her door, heard Mercedes crying. He could not bear it; he went in.

"My darling, do not cry," the old man whispered. "Is it because you are going away? All I can do for you — all I have shall be yours!"

"What has David done? I know he has done something" —

"Nothing — nothing is wrong, dear; I assure you" —

"Then why are you so hard to him? Why will you not put the money in the business?"

Jamie was holding her hand. "My little Mercy," said he, "my little lady. Forgive me — do you forgive me?"

Mercedes looked at him, coldly, perhaps.

"For the love of God, do not look like that! In the world or out of it, there's none I care for but just you, dear." Then Mercedes began to cry again, and kissed him. "And as for the money, dear, he'll have it as soon as I find the business is a decent one."

XX.

Of course they had the money, and in some months the people at the bank began to hear fine accounts of St. Clair's doings in New York. Not so much, perhaps, from Jamie as from one or two other clerks to whom St. Clair had taken the trouble to write a letter or two. As for Jamie, he went back to live in the little house on Salem Street. He was too old, he said, to board, at his time of life.

All the same, he grew thin and older-looking. He did not pretend to take the same interest in his work. Many and grave were the talks the two Bowdoins, father and son, had about him. The first few weeks after the departure of the St. Clairs, they feared actually for his life. He seemed to waste away. Then, one week, he went on to New York himself, and after that grew better. This

was when he carried on to St. Clair the money coming from the sale of the house. Up to that time he had had no letter from Mercedes, though he wrote her every week.

He took care to place the money in Mercedes' name as special capital. But the other two men seemed to be active, progressive fellows. They reposed confidence in St. Clair, and they had always known him. After all, the old man tried to think, the qualities required to keep moneys separate were not those that went best to make it, and stock-broking was suited to a gambler as a business. For Jamie shared intensely the respectable prejudices against stock-broking of the elders of that day.

After this, he occasionally got letters from his Mercedes. They came addressed to the bank (as if she never liked to recognize that he was back in Salem Street), and it grew to be quite a joke among the other clerks to watch for them; for they had noticed their effect on Jamie, and they soon learned to identify the handwriting which made him beam so that half the wrinkles went, and the old healthy apple-color came back to his cheeks.

Sometimes when the letter came they would place it under his blotter, and if it was a Tuesday (and she generally wrote for Tuesday's arrival) old Jamie's face would lengthen as he turned his mail over, or fall if he saw his desk empty. Woe to the clerk who asked a favor in those moments! Then the clerk next him would slyly turn the blotting-paper over, and Jamie would grasp the letter and crowd it into his pocket, and his face would gleam again. He never knew they suspected it, but on such occasions the whole bank would combine to invent a pretext for getting Jamie out of the room, that he might read his letter undisturbed. Otherwise he let it go till lunch-time, and then, they felt sure, took no lunch; for he would never read her letters when any one was looking on.

They all knew who she was. It was the joke of years at the Old Colony Bank. They called Mercedes "old Jamie's foreign mail."

She never wrote regularly, however; and if she missed, poor McMurtagh would invent most elaborate schemes, extra presents (he always made her an allowance), for extorting letters from her. The sight of her handwriting at any time would make his heart beat. Harley Bowdoin had by this time been taken into the counting-room. He was studying law as a profession (there being little left of the business), and Jamie appeared to be strangely fond of him. Often, by the ancient custom, he would call Harleston "Mr. James," Mr. James Bowdoin having no sons. Mr. James himself spoke of this intimacy once to his father. "Don't you see, it's because the boy fell in love with his Mercedes?" said the old gentleman. Certain it is, the two were inseparable. One fancies Harleston heard more of Mrs. St. Clair than either of Jamie's older friends.

For Jamie, in her absence, grew to love all whom she had ever known, all who had ever seen her; how much more, then, this young fellow who had shown the grace to love her, too! Jamie was fond of walking to the places she had known, and he even took to going to church himself, to King's Chapel, where she had been so often. When his vacation came, the next summer, he went on to New York, and stayed at a cheap hotel on Fourth Avenue, and would go to see her; not too often, or when other people were there, for he was still modest, and only dared hope she might not hate him. It was all his fault, and perhaps he had been hard with her husband. But she suffered him now, and Jamie returned looking ten years younger. St. Clair seemed prosperous, and Jamie even mentioned his son-in-law to the other clerks, which was like a boast for Jamie.

Perhaps at no time had the two Bowdoin thought of him so much. He lived

now as if he were very poor, and they suspected him of sending all his salary to Mercedes. "It makes no difference raising it; 't would all go just the same," said Mr. Bowdoin. "Man alive, why did n't you let him take the money, that day down the wharf, and take the girl yourself? You used to be keen enough about girls before you got so bald," added the old gentleman, with a chuckle. He was rather proud of his own shock of soft white hair.

"That's why you were in such a haste to marry me, I suppose," growled Mr. James. "You had no trouble of that kind yourself."

"Trouble? It's only your mother protects me. I was going down town in a 'bus to-day, and there I saw your mother coming out of one of those abolition meetings of her cousin, Wendell Phillips, — I told her he'd be hanged some day, — and there opposite sat an old gentleman, older than I, sir, and he said to me, 'Married, sir? So am I, sir. Married again only last week. Been married fifty years, but this one's a great improvement on the first one, sir, I can assure you. *She brushes my hair!*' That's more than you can get a wife to do for you, James!"

The father and son chirruped in unison.

"Did you tell my mother of your resolve to try again, sir?"

"I did, I did, and that my next choice was no incendiary abolitionist, either. I told her I'd asked her already, to keep her disengaged, — old Miss Virginia Pyncheon, you know; and, egad! if your mother did n't cut her to-day in the street! But what do you think of old Jamie?"

"I don't know what to think. He certainly seems very ill."

"Ah, James," said the old man, "why did you laugh that day? If only the fairy stories about changing old clerks to fairy princes came true! She could not have married any one to love her like old Jamie."

XXI.

Jamie had had no letter for many weeks. The clerks talked about it. Day by day he would go through the pile of letters on his desk in regular order, but with trembling fingers; day by day he would lay them all aside, with notes for their answers. Then he would go for a moment into the great dark vault of the bank, where the bonds and stocks were kept, and come out rubbing his spectacles. The clerks would have forged a letter for him had they deemed it possible. There was talk even of sending a round-robin to Mrs. St. Clair.

It was a shorter walk from Salem Street than it had been from his daughter's mansion, and poor Jamie had not so much time each day to calculate the chances of a letter being there. Alas, a glance of the eye sufficed. Her notes were always on squarish white notepaper sealed in the middle (they still used no envelopes in those days), and were easy to see behind the pile of business letters and telegrams. And the five minutes of hope between breakfast and the bank were all old Jamie had to carry him through the day, for her letters never arrived in the afternoon.

But this foggy day Jamie came down conscious of a certain tremor of anticipation. It has been said that he had no religion, but he had ventured to pray the night before, — to pray that he might get a letter. He was wondering if it were not wrong to invoke the Deity for such selfish things. For the Deity (if there were one, indeed) seemed very far off and awful to Jamie. That there was anything trivial or foolish in the prayer did not occur to Jamie; it probably would have occurred to Mercedes.

But he got to the office at the usual time. The clerks were not looking at him (had he known it, a bad sign), and he cast his eye hastily over the pile. Then his face grew fixed once more. No

letter from her was there, and he began to go through them all in routine order, the telegrams first.

The next thing that happened, the nearest clerk heard a sound, and looked up, his finger on the column of figures and "carrying" 31 in his head. Old Jamie spoke to him. "I—I—must go out for an hour or two," he said. "I have a train to meet." His face was radiant, and all the clerks were looking up by this time. No one spoke, and Jamie went away.

"Did you see, he was positively blushing," said the teller.

There was a momentary cessation of all business at the bank. When old Mr. Bowdoin came in, on his way down to the wharf, he was struck at once with the atmosphere of the place.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "You look like you'd all had your salaries raised."

"Old Jamie's got his foreign mail," said the cashier.

But Jamie went out into the street to think of it undisturbed. It was a telegram: "Am coming on to-morrow. Meet me at five, Worcester depot. MERCEDES." She did not say anything about St. Clair, and Jamie felt sure he was not coming.

The fog had cleared away by this time, and he went mechanically down to the old counting-room on the wharf. Harlestone Bowdoin was there alone, and Jamie found himself facing the young man before he realized where his legs had carried him.

"What is it, Jamie?" said Harley.

"She's coming on to make me a visit," said Jamie simply. "Mercedes — Mrs. St. Clair, I mean." Then he wandered out, passing Mr. Bowdoin on the stairs. He did not tell him the news, and the old gentleman nearly choked in his desire to speak of it. As he entered the office, "Has he told you?" cried Harlestone.

"Has he told *you*?" echoed the old

gentleman. Harley told. Then Mr. Bowdoin turned and bolted up the street after Jamie.

"Old fellow, why don't you have a vacation, — just a few days? The bank can spare you, and you need rest." His hand was on the old clerk's shoulder.

"Master Harley wull ha' told ye? But I'm na one to neglect me affairs," said Jamie.

"Nonsense, nonsense. When is she coming?"

Jamie told him.

"Why don't you take the one-forty and meet her at Worcester? She may have to go back to-morrow."

Jamie started. It was clear he had not thought of this. As they entered the bank, Mr. Bowdoin cried out to Stanchion, the cashier, "I want to borrow McMurtagh for the day, on business of my own."

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Stanchion. Jamie went.

There is no happiness so great as happiness to come, for then it has not begun to go. If the streets of the celestial city are as bright to Jamie as those of Boston were that day, he should have hope of heaven. It was yet two hours before his train went, but he had no thought of food. He passed a florist's; then turned, and went in, blushing, to buy a bunch of roses. He was not anxious for the time to come, such pleasure lay in waiting. When at last the train started, the distance to Worcester never seemed so short. He was to come back over it with her!

In the car he got some water for his roses, but dared not smell of them lest their fragrance should be diminished. After reaching Worcester, he had half an hour to wait; then the New York train came trundling in. As the cars rolled by he strained his old eyes to each window; the day was hot, and at an opened one Jamie saw the face of his Mercedes.

XXII.

The next morning, old Mr. James Bowdoin got up even earlier than usual, with an undefined sense of pleasure. As was his wont, he walked across the street to sit half an hour before breakfast in the Common. The old crossing-sweeper was already there, to receive his penny; and the orange-woman, expectant, sold her apex orange to him for a silver thri-penny bit as his before-breakfast while awaiting the more dignified cunctation of his august spouse.

The old gentleman's mind was running on McMurtagh; and a robusiter grin than usual encouraged even others than his chartered pensioners to come up to him for largess. Mr. Bowdoin's eyes wandered from the orange-woman to the telescope-man, and thence to an old elm with one gaunt dead limb that stretched out over the dawn. It was very pleasant that summer morning, and he felt no hurry to go in to breakfast.

Love was the best thing in the world; then why did it make the misery of it? How irradiated old Jamie's face had been the day before! Yet Jamie would never have gone to meet her at Worcester, had he not given him the hint. Dear, dear, what could be done for St. Clair, as he called himself? Mr. Bowdoin half suspected there had been trouble at the bank. Mercedes such a pretty creature, too! Only, Abby really never would do for her what she might have done. Why were women so impatient of each other? Old Mr. Bowdoin felt vaguely that it was they who were responsible for the social platform; and he looked at his watch.

Heavens! five minutes past eight! Mr. Bowdoin got up hurriedly, and, nodding to the orange-woman, shuffled into his house. But it was too late; Mrs. Bowdoin sat rigid behind the coffee urn. Harley looked up with a twinkle in his eye.

"James, I should think, at your time of life, you'd stop rambling over the Common before breakfast,—in carpet slippers, too,—when you know I've been up so late the night before at a meeting in behalf of"—

A sudden twinkle flashed over the old gentleman's rosy face; then he became solemn, preternaturally solemn. Harley caught the expression and listened intently. Mrs. Bowdoin, pouring out cream as if it were coals of fire on his head, was not looking at him.

"There!" gasped old Mr. Bowdoin, dropping heavily into a chair. "Always said it would happen. I feel faint!"

"James?" said Mrs. Bowdoin.

"Always said it would happen—and there's your cousin, Wendell Phillips, out on the Common, hanging stark on the limb of an elm-tree."

"James!"

"Always said it would come to this. Perhaps you'd go out in carpet slippers, if you saw your wife's cousin hanged before your eyes"—

"JAMES!" cried Mrs. Bowdoin. But the old lady was equal to the occasion; she rose—"and no one there to cut him down!" interpolated the old gentleman feebly) and went to the door.

The two men got up and ran to the window. There was something of a crowd around the old elm-tree; and, pressing their noses against the pane, they could see the old lady crossing the street.

"I think, sir," said Mr. Harley to his grandfather, "it's about time to get down town." And they took their straw hats and sallied forth. But as they walked down the shady side of the street, old Mr. Bowdoin's progress became subject to impediments of laughter, which were less successfully suppressed as they got farther away, and in which the young man finally joined. "Though it's really too bad," he added, by way of protest, now laughing harder than his grandfather.

"I'm going to get her that carriage

to-day," said the elder deprecatingly. Then, as if to change the subject, "Did you see old Jamie after he left, yesterday?"

"I think I caught him in a florist's, buying flowers," answered Harley.

"Buying flowers!" The old gentleman burst into such a roar that the passers in the crowded street stopped there to look at him, and went down town the merrier for it. "At a florist's! But what were you doing?" he closed, with sudden gravity.

"All right, governor, quite all right. I was buying them for grandma's birthday. *That's* all over. Though I'm sorry for her, just the same. How does the man live, now?"

"Jamie says he's doing well," answered the other hurriedly. "By the way, stop at the bank and tell them to give old Jamie a holiday to-day. He'd never take it of himself."

"Are n't you coming down?" Harley spoke as he turned in by Court Square; a poor neighborhood then, and surrounded by the police lodging-houses and doubtful hotels.

"Not that way," said Mr. Bowdoin. "I hate to see the faces one meets about there, poor things. Hope the flowers will get up to your grandmother, Harley; she'll need 'em!" And the old man went off with a final chuckle. "Hanging on a tree! Well, 't would be a good thing for the country if he were." Of such mental inconsistencies were benevolent old gentlemen then capable.

But when Harley reached the bank, though it was late, Jamie had not yet arrived. Harley thought he knew the reason of this; but when old Mr. Bowdoin came, at noon, the clerk was still away; and the old gentleman, who had been merry all day, looked suddenly grave, and waited. At one Jamie came in, hurrying.

"I hoped you would have taken a holiday to-day," said Mr. Bowdoin.

"I have come down to close the books," replied Jamie, not sharply. Mr. Bowdoin looked at him.

"Mr. Stanchion could have done that. Stanchion!"

"The books are nearly done, sir," said that gentleman, hurrying to the window.

"I prefer to stay, sir, and close the books myself, if Mr. Stanchion will forgive me." He spoke calmly; he gave both men a sudden sense of sorrow. Mr. Bowdoin accompanied him behind the rail.

"Come, Jamie, you need the rest, and Mercedes" —

"She has gone back, sir — and I — have business in New York. I must ask for three days off, beginning to-morrow."

"You shall have it, Jamie, you shall have it. But why did you not go back with Mercedes?"

Jamie made no reply but to bury his face in the ledger, and the old gentleman went away. The bank closed at two o'clock; by that time Jamie had not half finished his figuring. The cashier went, and the teller; each with a "good-night," to which Jamie hardly responded. The messenger went, first asking, "Can I help you with the safe?" to which Jamie gave a gruff "I am not ready." The day watchman went, and the night watchman came, each with his greeting. Jamie nodded. "You are late to-day." "I had to be." Last of all, Harley Bowdoin came in (one suspects, at his grandfather's request), on his way home from the old counting-room on the wharves.

"Still working, Jamie?"

"I must work until I finish, Mr. Harley."

"It's late for me," said Harley, "but a ship came in."

"A ship!"

"Oh, only the *Maine Lady*. Well, good-night, Jamie."

"Good-night, Mr. Harley." Jamie had never used the "Mr." to Harley before, of all the Bowdoin's; and now it

seemed emphasized, even. The young man stopped.

"Tell me, Jamie, can I help you in anything?"

"No!" cried old Jamie; and Harley fled.

Left alone, Jamie laid down his pen. It seemed his figuring was done. But he continued to sit, motionless, upon his high stool. For Mercedes had told him, between Worcester and Boston, that her David would be in prison, perhaps for life, unless he could get him twenty thousand dollars within forty-eight hours.

She had pleaded with him all the way to Boston, all the way in the carriage down to the little house. His roses had been forgotten in the car. In vain he told her that he had no money.

She could not see that St. Clair had done anything wrong; it was a persecution of his partners, she said; the stock of a customer had been pledged for his own debt. Jamie understood the offense well enough. And then, in the evening, he had known that she was soon to have a child. But with this money all would be forgiven; and David would go back to New Orleans, where his friends urged him to return, "in his old profession." Could not Jamie borrow it, even? said Mercedes.

It was not then, but at the dawn, after a sleepless night, that Jamie had come to his decision. After all, what was his life, or his future, yes, or his honor worth to any one? His memory, when he died, what mattered it to any one but Mercedes herself? And she would not remember him long. Was it not a species of selfishness — like his presumption in loving her — to care so for his own good name? So he had told Mercedes that he "would arrange it." After her burst of tears and gratitude, she became anxious about David; she feared he might destroy himself. So Jamie had put her on the morning train, and promised to follow that night.

The clock struck six, and the watch-

man passed by on his rounds. "Still there?"

"I'm nearly done," said Jamie.

The cash drawer lay beside him; at a glance he saw the bills were there, sufficient for his purpose. He took up four rolls, each one labeled "\$5000" on the paper band. Then he laid them on the desk again. He opened the day-book to make the necessary false entry. Which account was least likely to be drawn upon? Jamie turned the leaves rapidly.

"James Bowdoin's Sons." Not that. "The Maine Lady." He took up the pen, started to make the entry; then dashed it to the floor, burying his face in his hands.

He *could* not do it. The old book-keeper's whole life cried out against a sin like that. To falsify the books! Closing the ledger, he took up the cash drawer and started for the safe. The watchman came in again.

"Done?" said he.

"Done," said Jamie.

The watchman went out, and Jamie entered the roomy old safe. He put the ledgers and the cash drawer in their places; but the sudden darkness blinded his eyes. In it he saw the face of his Mercedes, still sad but comforted, as he had left her at the train that morning.

He wiped the tears away and tried to think. He looked around the old vault,

where so much money, idle money, money of dead people, lay mouldering away; and not one dollar of it to save his little girl.

Then his eye fell on the old box on the upper shelf. A hanged pirate's money! He drew the box down; the key still was on his bunch; he opened the chest. There the gold pieces lay in their canvas bag; no one had thought of them for twenty years. Now, as a thought struck him, he took down some old ledgers, ledgers of the old firm of James Bowdoin's Sons, that had been placed there for safe-keeping. He opened one after another hurriedly; then, getting the right one, he came out into the light, and, finding the index, turned to the page containing this entry:—

Dr. Pirates.

June 24, 1829: To account of whom it may concern (pp. 8/8 & doubloons) \$20,911.00

He dipped his pen in ink, and with a firm hand wrote opposite:

Cr.

June 22, 1848. By money stolen by James McMurtagh, to be accounted for \$20,911.00

Then the old clerk drew a line across the account, returned the ledger to its place in the safe, and locked the heavy iron doors. The canvas bag was in his hands; the chest he had put back, empty.

F. J. Stimson.

UNCLAIMED ESTATES.

ONE of the most hopeless delusions prevalent in the United States, as alluring as the search for the philosopher's stone of the Middle Ages, and not confined to the illiterate classes, is the belief that there are in Europe estates innumerable, and of unlimited value, awaiting rightful heirs and claimants. In the mean time these estates are supposed to

be locked up in Probate or Chancery courts, in the Bank of England and similar institutions, or in the occupancy of fraudulent, or wrongful, if innocent, tenants.

Most of the claimants of these estates are probably ignorant how well founded their claims may be; the idea of their having any claim having been first sug-

gested to them by the advertisements, catalogues, or circulars of fraudulent and unscrupulous claim agents. The latter sometimes compile a list of names purporting to be those of persons who have been advertised for in proceedings in the Court of Chancery, and otherwise, to claim money and property; also the names of testators in cases in which heirs are not known, and of persons advertised for in respect to unclaimed dividends. The agents also state that on the receipt of one guinea they will search records and documents relating to any name in the list, which in one publication extends over 228 pages, containing four columns of 67 names each, making a grand total of over 60,000 names, after allowing over 1000 for repetitions, which seem to be numerous. Out of this prodigious number of lost estates and heirs, the agents are sure to attract a goodly number of persons who will forward a guinea on the chance, particularly when it is stated that "if by any chance a name should not be connected with money or property the fees are at once returned." The unscrupulous agent not only does not waste any time in investigating the claim after the guinea is received, but from time to time sends in a bill of charges for sums professedly expended in searches and legal proceedings, and pleads delays and obstacles of all kinds in getting possession of the estate sought for. It would be interesting to know how many guinea fees are ever returned. There are doubtless some *bona fide* cases of claims to estates being brought to trial, though no successful ones are known.

Claims of this class, which generally are entirely imaginary and delusive, differ in this respect from the celebrated Tichborne case, which occurred in England in 1874, where there was an actual estate and a really lost heir, and where the claimant was the only fraudulent feature. Whether the idea of personifying the lost Roger Tichborne originated in

the claimant's own brain, or was suggested to him by designing persons who hoped to live on him when he came into possession, will probably never be known. It is stated that the claimant, after serving out his sentence of imprisonment at hard labor, confessed that he was a butcher of the name of Orton, and that his whole claim was fraudulent, as had been conclusively proved at the trial. The costs to the rightful owners were enormous, and hampered the estate for some years, though, fortunately, the affair happened during the minority of the heir. It was astonishing that a large number of intelligent persons could be found to subscribe to the fund in aid of the false claimant. Had he been successful, he would have been the counterpart of Tittlebat Titmouse, the claimant in the well-known story *Ten Thousand a Year*, which was written many years before the Tichborne case occurred.

The Department of State at Washington and our legations and embassies abroad are inundated with inquiries concerning "unclaimed estates," indicating in every case that there is a fraudulent estate agent in the background as prime mover in the matter. In reply to the writers, the Department of State has prepared printed circulars, based on the reports of our diplomatic officials in Europe, exposing the designs of claim agents, and indicating the proper methods of searching for estates, though at the same time pointing out the futility of doing so. As far as our officials are aware, after the most careful inquiries, not a single so-called "unclaimed estate" has ever been found, nor has any occupant of a known estate ever been dispossessed in favor of a new claimant. In some cases where the fraud was palpable, our diplomatic agents have taken measures to have legal proceedings instituted, and with success, against several fraudulent agents. These have resulted in the closing of the agencies, and the conviction and punishment of the guilty parties.

Such is the general view of the subject, but a few instances and particulars may be of interest and advantage to the public, and may deter credulous persons from wasting time and good money on fraudulent agents and unfounded claims. It is also well for claim agents and claimants to know at the start that the transmission through the mail of letters containing schemes for the purpose of obtaining money or property under false pretenses is forbidden by law, and that the governments of the United States and Great Britain are in accord to intercept such letters, and bring the senders, if possible, to trial and punishment. The only case in this country which has been prosecuted with the result of convicting and punishing the estate agent was under the provisions of the law against using the mails for the purpose of swindling the public. The English convictions were for obtaining money under false pretenses.

The principal claims brought to the notice of our embassy in England are those against the Jennens, or Jennings, the Hedges, the Bradford, the Hyde, the Horne, and the Townley estates, to say nothing of the many claims to untold sums of money said to be lying in the Bank of England, or in Chancery, or in the public funds of England or India.

The Jennings claimants have become so numerous that a Jennings Claim Association, located at last accounts in Canada, has been formed, with entrance fees and assessments levied annually for the benefit of the unscrupulous managers who pretend to act for the deluded members. Applications to the Department of State by claimants of the Jennings estate had already become so numerous in 1844 that our minister in London at that time, after consulting a firm of well-known solicitors there, ascertained that the lost estate in question belonged to one John Jennens of Erdington and Birmingham, who died in 1653, and whose estates eventually passed to one

William Jennens, who died in 1798, possessed of about £2,000,000 sterling. As he had omitted to sign his will, his estates passed to his heir-at-law, George William Augustus Curzon, and in 1844 belonged to Earl Howe, the head of the Curzon family. Mr. Jennens's personal property passed to his cousin, and was divided among Earl Beauchamp and others. The claim to the estate has been repeatedly before the courts; and in November, 1880, Vice-Chancellor Malins, in the case of "*Willis and others vs. Earl Howe and others*," when giving judgment against the claimant, is said to have remarked, "If such a claim could be allowed after a period of eighty-two years, no one would be safe in the possession of his property." As regards this estate, it is therefore safe to say that there is not the slightest hope for any claimant, and that the Jennings Claim Association is only a trap to catch credulous persons, any payments by the members of the association being so much lost money put into the pockets of sharpers.

The Hedges estate, funds belonging to which are supposed to be lying in the Bank of England, stands upon nearly the same footing as the Jennings estate. The deputy governor of the Bank of England informed the American legation in London, about two years ago, that no funds could be found standing on their books in the name of Sir Charles Hedges, and that the investigation of a well-known genealogist showed that Sir Charles Hedges's will had been duly proved by his son William, who inherited his property and left a number of descendants. The Bradford, Hyde, and Horne estates were also described by the same authority as ordinary myths by which many persons had been beguiled. The Bank of England accountants further state that there are no large unclaimed sums on their books. Such sums as there are can be obtained only by identification of the stock or investment by the

legal representatives, or by proceedings in the Court of Chancery. The bank is not the custodian of any real estate whatsoever, nor of the property of persons dying intestate, nor of unclaimed dividends in Chancery, and it is useless to inquire of the bank for deposits held for any one's benefit. All stocks or dividends unclaimed for ten years are transferred to the Commissioners for the reduction of the national debt, who will always refund the same to lawful owners proving title. No lists of unclaimed funds in the Bank of England have been published since 1845, it having been found that such lists were used to deceive credulous persons. A list of unclaimed funds in Chancery, which amount to only about £1,000,000 sterling, is published every three years in the London Gazette; but the amount in each case is not stated, and the names of the parties to the suit in which such funds have been deposited being ordinarily entirely different from those of the original owners of the property, it would be useless to apply for them merely under the original owners' names. Prior to the Probate Act of 1858 English wills were filed in local courts, mostly under the jurisdiction of the bishops, and consequently are extremely difficult to find; but since 1858 duplicates have been sent to Somerset House, where copies can be obtained for a small fee.

The Lawrence Townley, or Chase, estate in England seems to be singled out by swindlers for their special efforts, and, fortunately, is the one in which these false agents, under many aliases, have been brought to bay and punished. This estate, claimed by many persons of the name of Lawrence and Chase, was represented to consist of \$800,000,000, more or less, lying in the Bank of England awaiting distribution. As a fact, there is no money in that bank belonging to any Townley, Lawrence Townley, or Chase estate. One excuse for the claims was an act of Parliament passed in August,

1884, which was supposed to distribute this property. The Townley estate, which is situated in the counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire, has been for a very long time in the possession of its rightful owners, and there are no unknown or American heirs to any portion of it. The act of Parliament in question was merely to arrange some equities arising under successive marriage settlements and conveyances executed at various times, and to carry out a decree of the Court of Chancery in an amicable suit brought for that purpose. The American claimants of this estate were advertised for and encouraged by a person calling himself Colonel James F. Jacquess, with a confederate named Howell Thomas. These two swindlers were finally stopped in their career by the London police. Thomas was convicted of swindling Jacquess, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Jacquess was tried later for conspiring with Thomas to obtain money under false pretenses, was convicted, and sentenced at the Old Bailey, November 29, 1894, to twenty months' imprisonment at hard labor. The trial and conviction in the United States of William Lord Moore, a swindler of the same class, will be narrated later on. Doubtless these will not be the last cases of this kind of imposture, as almost incredibly large gains are made by such nefarious proceedings.

Colonel Jacquess, at the preliminary hearing in the police court in July, 1894, confessed that he had received from his dupes in America about £10,000 between 1876 and 1885, and that between 1885 and 1894 he had received at least £22,000. Like most adventurers of this class, he had, according to his own account, had a great variety of occupations. He had been a teacher in a ladies' school, a preacher, a private in the ranks as well as colonel and general in our civil war, and an official in our general post-office; had engaged in commercial pursuits; had started an employment bureau for emancipated negroes; and finally was called

to the bar, but never practiced. At the second examination of Jacquess, October 3, 1894, William E. French, one of the American witnesses, of the firm of William French & Co., of Evansville, Indiana, and a business partner of Jonathan Jacquess, a brother of the colonel, deposed that Colonel Jacquess and an attorney named Karr had told him that two brothers named Lawrence, living in America, were the rightful heirs to the Townley estate, and that these two Lawrences, not having sufficient money to prosecute their claims to it, were raising money on bonds. The witness agreed to buy bonds of the face value of \$25,000, paying \$500 for them. On the bonds was printed a statement that the Lawrences were the true heirs, and on the back was the following: "The Court of Chancery of England, ordered by the House of Commons, February 23, 1865, decided that the Lawrence Townley estate remains unsettled, and is yet subject to a claimant, and marked in the Chancery book 'Heirs gone to America.'" The court also issued the following decree: "that the heirs of Mary Townley, who married a Lawrence and settled in America, are the legal heirs of the estate." Witness said that he had purchased subsequently more of the bonds, at a total face value of \$100,000. Since then he had dined with Colonel Jacquess, who said that proceedings with regard to the estate were progressing favorably.

The prosecuting attorney did not consider that this testimony was sufficient to establish the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, nor was that the question then at issue. This suit, in fact, was brought by Jacquess against Thomas, whom he had employed as his solicitor in getting claims through the courts, to force him to account for the sums he had received from his American victims, and was decided in favor of Jacquess, Thomas being sentenced to imprisonment. It was in consequence of the evidence brought out at this trial that Jacquess

and Thomas were jointly tried on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. It must be said to the credit of Thomas that, when acting for Jacquess, he had really done his best to get the claim to the Townley estate through the courts, beginning with the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. Here it was referred to a judge in Chambers, who in his turn referred it to the Divisional Court, which struck out the statement of claim as being frivolous and vexatious, and dismissed the action. Another action brought in the Chancery Division was likewise dismissed. The case was then taken up to the Court of Appeal, where it was dismissed as being vexatious and oppressive. Thomas next carried it before the House of Lords, which confirmed the decision of the Court of Appeal, and settled the question finally. After all this litigation, it is not astonishing that there was no money left to turn over to Jacquess. All the papers in the case were then sent to the public prosecutor, and criminal proceedings were taken against Thomas to force him to account to Jacquess, with the result that Thomas was sent to prison. It was, however, a case of a thief catching a thief, as was proved in the subsequent trial of the two together, when Thomas pleaded guilty, and Jacquess was convicted by the verdict of the jury. The judge, in passing sentence, remarked that he should have been glad to impose a heavy fine to deprive Thomas and Jacquess of their ill-gotten gains; but as it appeared that they were both without means, he could only sentence them to imprisonment for as foul a conspiracy as men could well concoct. Jacquess was seventy-four years old, and Thomas forty-three.

It may be serviceable to those claiming, or planning to claim, estates in England to know, on the authority of the American embassy in London, that under recent statutes known as the Personal Property Act, the Real Property

Limitation Act, and the Intestate Act, any attempt to recover real estate from the Crown or individuals after a lapse of twelve years, which may be extended to thirty under certain circumstances, and personal property after a lapse of twenty years after the time at which the right to bring an action or suit for the recovery thereof shall have first accrued to the person making the claim, however valid the claim to the property may have been originally, is certain to end in failure.

Holland is another country where it is supposed by many Americans that vast estates, from the value of twelve million dollars down, have been lying unclaimed for the last two hundred years, and that nothing is necessary but to demand them at some probate office. For the last seventeen years the American legation at the Hague has notified claimants, either directly or through the Department of State, that there are no probate courts in Holland, and that wills are generally deposited in the care of the notary who draws them up. He makes a duplicate copy, and enters the title and subject matter under a number in his register, which is examined and verified by the registrar once a month. It is evident, where names, dates, and localities are lacking, as is generally the case in the communications of claimants, that, after the lapse of one or two generations, estates can be found only, if at all, by extensive advertising. In 1852 the Dutch Parliament established a state commission for the settlement of claims on the estates of deceased persons, as well as those against the government. This commission gave notice that all claims to property then in their hands must be sent in within five years and six months, after which time such estates would escheat to the state. The great estate sought for in Holland is that of a General Metzgar, who died about two hundred years ago, leaving, as is currently supposed, some twelve millions of dollars. One of the

claimants admitted to our minister at the Hague that if ordinary interest were added to the principal of this claim all the European governments together would be unable to pay it, but that she was willing to wait for the interest. Being discouraged by her reception at the legation, she presented her claim — which had been beguilingly drawn up by a French attorney in the shape of a large pamphlet — in person to the king, at the door of his palace. In due time she received a reply from the finance minister that the whole matter had been several times examined by the courts, and decided adversely to the claimants. In most of the Dutch claims the family name alone of the testator is given, but neither the name, the place of death, nor the location of the estate is supplied to assist in tracking it. No official notice of unclaimed Dutch estates is ever inserted in foreign newspapers, and therefore the lists of unclaimed estates published by agents are not from official sources, as asserted by them.

Our embassy in Paris does not give the names of any claimants of estates, but says that the number of inquiries is large, and that in no case has the existence of the supposed estate or of the unclaimed fortune been verified. The legislation of France is such as to dispose effectually, and without appeal, of all claims, even if inherently just and founded on an actual and known heritage, which were not presented and proven within the period prescribed by the French statute of limitations. Under French law, the liquidation of estates is ordinarily in the hands of a notary, and in searching for an estate the usual method is to address a circular letter to every notary in the city and department where the estate is likely to be, giving the name and date of death of the original owner. When there is no landed estate, the heirs-at-law can divide the property among themselves without legal proceedings. If nobody claims an estate,

the state takes it in trust, and the Department of Justice inserts notices of the fact in the official journal. The period of proscription as regards unclaimed estates is thirty years from the date of decease, after which all claims are barred, unless some irregularity in the liquidation can be proven.

In Germany there is likewise a statute of limitations, and there too not a case is known to our embassy where the existence of an unclaimed estate has been verified. As a rule, the data furnished by claimants are insufficient to substantiate any claim, or to identify the locality of a single estate, even when the statute of limitations does not apply to great periods of time elapsing since the testator's death. One great drawback for the claimants is the absence of all probate machinery, and the fact that estates are usually divided amicably among the heirs without resort to any court, transfers of landed estate being made on the land register of the locality, in the presence of the grantor and grantee. Wills have to be deposited in a court during the lifetime of the testator, except in the Rhine provinces, where a will entirely holographic is valid. Wills are opened by the court for interested parties when they produce a certificate of death, or at any rate six weeks after the testator's known death. After fifty-six years have elapsed since deposit of the will without information of the testator's death, the supposed heirs are summoned by advertisement to appear. If in six months no one comes forward, the will is opened, to ascertain whether charitable institutions are mentioned in it. If this be the case, such beneficiaries are called upon to prove the death of the testator. The will is then closed again. When the fact of death is established, the will is opened once more, and published. A certificate of heirship is issued by the court on adequate proof. If the proof is inadequate, or no heirs come forward, a further notice of three months is given

in the official gazette; and should this receive no response, the state regards the property as derelict, and takes possession of it. Even then, if a rightful heir appears within thirty years, his title is acknowledged under certain restrictions. Continued possession by the state for these thirty years gives a valid title, if not disputed in the mean time, in which case it is temporarily in the custody of a special official. As there are several hundred courts thus holding estates, it is essential that claimants should ascertain accurately which court holds the estate in trust. As far as can be learned by the embassy, after careful inquiry, there is not at present any large estate that for more than thirty years has been awaiting distribution, and every effort to discover alleged unclaimed estates has been fruitless. The consuls have permission to investigate claims to estates when their official duties permit, and if remuneration for their services be guaranteed.

The above gives the history of unclaimed estates in Europe; there are no large or important ones; and yet, in spite of the wide circulation of the facts by our Department of State, and by our embassies and legations abroad, for the past fifty years, and of the detection, conviction, and punishment of several claim agents, the imposture, as it offers such large returns, still goes on, and as many moths as ever singe themselves in the flame of alluring advertisements and circulars of unscrupulous agents.

One of the most daring and successful of these swindlers was William Lord Moore, of 5 Ingersol Road, London, England, with a connection in New York styled the European Claims Agency, E. Ross, Manager. Moore's real name was Howard, and as his trial is the first one of the kind that has occurred in this country, it may be interesting to know the history of the man, and his system of procedure as developed at his trial. That this is the only instance of one of

this class of swindlers being brought to bay and convicted in this country is not owing to there being no other persons equally guilty, but to the fact that in frauds of this kind, extending as they do all over the United States, and relating to estates situated in foreign countries, it is difficult for any one victim to bring a suit, or for the numerous dupes to combine against the swindlers. It was not until the numerous complaints to the police in New York and other cities, and to our embassy in London, against Howard, obliged the United States government to take some steps for the protection of its citizens that anything was done to check these systematic frauds. In May, 1892, letters inquiring about Moore in London and Howard in the United States having poured in to the embassy, Mr. Lincoln, our minister at that time, wrote to the British Postmaster-General, calling his attention to Moore's correspondence, and suggesting that the British post-office should stop the delivery to Moore of letters coming from the United States, and return to the writers any valuable inclosures found therein. Otherwise it seemed impossible to put a stop to the scheme in England, as the persons imposed upon in the United States were not of a class that could afford a journey to England to give the necessary testimony in an ordinary criminal prosecution. The Postmaster-General, in reply, regretted that he could not meet the minister's wishes in regard to the detention of Moore's letters, as he did not consider the facts in the case sufficient to warrant him in intercepting letters, but suggested that if it seemed necessary for the protection of its citizens, the American government should detain at New York registered letters addressed to Moore in England. He would send to the legation, however, any letters of inquiry in regard to Moore which might come from the United States. Mr. Lincoln at once wrote to the Department of State at Washington, inclos-

ing the correspondence, and stating that, with the assistance of the London police, he had found Moore, who had confessed his swindles, and promised to discontinue them, but that letters were being constantly received at the legation which indicated that the business was being still successfully carried on, in spite of warnings sent out to America through the Associated Press. Mr. Lincoln also called the Secretary's attention to the act of Congress of September 19, 1890, allowing the Postmaster-General, on sufficient evidence of fraud, to stop registered letters and return them to the writers. This correspondence was printed by the Department of State as a circular to be sent in answer to letters of inquiry from victims, and the prosecution of Howard shows that Mr. Lincoln's suggestions were adopted.

At the time of his arrest, in 1893, at Jackson, Tennessee, George Frederic Burgoyne Howard had been known for some years as a preacher and prominent member of the Central Fairview Association of the Baptist Church, whence he derived the prefix "Rev." or "Dr." He also edited a religious periodical in New York, entitled *The Fairview Advocate*, previously *The True Baptist*, in which he advertised the fraudulent foreign-estate scheme of which he was convicted. But he appears first to have come into prominence by a suit for fifty thousand dollars damages brought by him against well-known citizens and newspapers of the city of Jackson and the State of Tennessee for defamation of character. This suit, lasting for months, during which his history was traced through more than one of the States and to Europe, resulted in a verdict of one cent damages for the plaintiff. The doctor had then, and still has, a host of faithful friends, convinced of his honesty and innocence. After the termination of the damage suit, which practically amounted to a defeat, he returned to his pastoral duties for a while, and then, in 1890, moved

to New York, nominally to practice law ; returning to Jackson from time to time to pay up the expenses of his lawsuit. In New York he opened an office at 227 Grand Street, under the name of E. Ross, as a European claims agent. Here he succeeded in deceiving hundreds of simple-minded persons and in avoiding legal proceedings. When officers went to arrest him, he had left for foreign parts. In 1891 he appeared at 5 Ingersol Road, Shepherds Bush, London, as William Lord Moore, and continued his dishonest career by correspondence with persons in the United States, in much the same manner as the above-mentioned Jacques in his Townley estate fraud, but does not seem to have confined his deceptions to any particular estate. The American embassy in London having, with the aid of the police, found Howard, alias Ross, alias Moore, and obliged him to confess his guilt, he returned to New York, and recommenced, or rather continued, operations under the name of Joseph Ledger, "American agent for the Supreme Court of Chancery, London ;" going so far as to furnish mock documents and false seals purporting to emanate from the High Court of Chancery. Then, when he found it was becoming too dangerous for him in New York, he returned to Jackson, Tennessee, called himself the president of the Gulf and Tennessee Railroad, a purely imaginary corporation, and announced that he made a specialty of collecting claims in all parts of the United States and Europe, and that he visited Europe once a year for that purpose. After a while complaints and evidences of Howard's fraudulent practices poured in to the postal and police authorities so abundantly that a warrant was issued for his arrest, and his office was searched and his desk broken open for incriminating documents. Howard had fled from Jackson when the warrant was issued, but was arrested by telegram in Chicago. By satisfactory explanations he managed

to effect his release, and left for Canada. But the government offered a considerable reward for his capture, and soon he returned to Jackson, gave himself up, and was placed under heavy bonds. A true bill was found against him by the grand jury, and his trial was begun in the federal court in Jackson on the 4th of November, 1893, he having the privilege of conducting his own defense with the aid of other counsel. There were eight indictments against him, which, after much argument and opposition on the part of his counsel, Mr. L. T. M. Canada, were ordered by the court to be recorded for trial under one heading as a consolidated case. A plea in abatement, on the ground of irregular proceedings on the part of the attorney-general, was then argued for a whole day, and decided by the jury in favor of the government.

The defendant took part in his own defense, and is described as presenting his usual nonchalant appearance, and as even being eloquent. He compared the attorney-general to "a sleuth-hound from whom there was no escape, whether upon the rugged mountain side, in the valley beneath, or upon the bosom of the ocean," and himself to "a pursued man and a victim, who would, however, be protected, from having found the thread of gold, the truth, that would serve him." After the verdict, the attorney-general asked to have Howard sentenced, but the court decided to let the trial go on, and a new jury was impaneled. The attorney-general stated in his argument that Howard's scheme was, by making people believe that they were heirs to vast estates in Europe, to lead them to pay him small sums of money for expenses incurred in getting the information. Thousands of his letters had been sent out for the purpose of opening up a correspondence with credulous persons. He proposed to show that letters had been sent from New York by E. Ross and Joseph Ledger, and from London by William Lord Moore, all of whom were one and the same Dr.

G. B. Howard. Subsequently to the operations of Moore in London and Ledger in New York, postal cards were sent out by Howard, as the president of the Gulf and Tennessee Railroad in Jackson, to the same persons addressed from the other agencies. Upon Dr. Howard's office being searched, letters and accounts were found, already prepared and only awaiting his signature, for the amounts collected from his correspondents, and a number of clerks were busy sending out circulars to his dupes. Numbers of witnesses from all parts of the United States were called, who testified to the receipt of letters from Moore, Ross, Ledger, and Howard, asking for remittances, to be used in looking up estates. Postmen from New York testified to the identity of Howard, Ross, and Ledger, to whom they had delivered letters in New York at an average rate of two hundred a day, and also to the fact that Howard had opened a Dominion employment bureau in New York, under the name of G. W. Harris. He was fully identified as having been in New York under all these different names, by lodging-house keepers, elevator men, and others. The London police inspector who, at the request of the American legation, had found Moore in London came over to testify to his identity with the defendant. This officer stated that there was no Supreme Court of Chancery or tax-assessor, as appeared on Howard's fraudulent certificates. Experts in chirography testified to the handwriting of the letters from Moore, Howard, Ross, and Ledger being one and the same. Strange to say, the trial resulted in a disagreement of the jury, which was therefore discharged, and a new one was impaneled.

On the 6th of December the case was tried all over again. The government now had the additional advantage of the testimony of Mr. New, who had been consul-general at London when Howard was there, and of Mr. Lincoln, who was minister at the same time, as well as of Mr.

Hodson, the messenger of the legation, who had interviewed Howard in London in company with the police inspector. The inspector's identity and statements were fully vouched for, and the cross-examination of Hodson by the doctor was very damaging to the defendant. Mr. Hodson testified that in the archives of the legation was the deposition of one Julian Howlett that the defendant, Howard, was his son, and that his name was Frederick Howlett, thus adding one more to his numerous aliases. The defendant made a sorry argument in his own behalf, almost entirely of a sentimental, and even of a blasphemous tone when he compared his treatment to that of his Lord and Master. The attorney-general easily shattered the slight attempt that Howard had made to disprove his identity with Moore, Ross, and Ledger, which was what the first jury had disagreed on, and also the flimsy fabric of the Gulf and Tennessee Railroad, which no one but the doctor himself had ever heard of. The judge, in his charge to the jury, simplified the case very much by telling them that it was immaterial how many aliases or how many places of business the defendant had, it being sufficient to prove his fraudulent intentions and acts in one only. On the first ballot, the jury found a unanimous verdict of guilty, and the court, after having overruled the motion for a new trial, and refuted the arguments against a continuous sentence, passed sentence of fine and imprisonment on each of the eight counts; making in all nine years and one month imprisonment and twelve hundred dollars fine, besides the costs of the suit, amounting to about twenty-three thousand dollars, which were taxed to the defendant. Howard's name was stricken from the rolls as a practicing attorney in the district court and the circuit federal court. Four of the witnesses for the defense were then arrested for perjury, and sent to jail to await their trial before the grand jury.

So ended this tedious case, in which

the second trial alone had occupied twenty-five days, one hundred witnesses had been heard, a cartload of letters and documents had been read, and the counsel on both sides had argued thirty-five hours. The testimony of some of Howard's victims was really touching in its manifestation of the innocence and confidence with which they had paid their hard-earned little sums to him, and trustingly accepted

all his procrastinating and lying statements and his false documents. Even to the last some refused to give up their faith in him, and said that their business was still in his hands. His position in the church appeared to have a charm for them, and to make a martyr of him. There seems to be no limit to the credulity of those who are the heaviest sufferers from this species of fraud.

H. Sidney Everett.

THE PRESIDENCY AND MR. REED.

THE approach of the presidential campaign reminds every thoughtful man that duties of a new kind in national politics have presented themselves. Tasks of administration now call for attention more loudly than the old party tasks; and the qualities of the President that we elect, for the next term at least, are of greater importance than the political doctrines that we emphasize. Recent events have made this especially plain.

Certain of the old problems that have come over from the immediate post-bellum period yet engage us, — let us hope in their vanishing forms: such, for example, as the tariff, — whether we shall keep the rates of duty as they are, or make them higher or lower; and the currency, — whether we shall continue a forced-loan form of it, and thereby perpetually encourage inflation. These, of course, are important problems that we have not yet disposed of. But to these are now added quite as serious and urgent duties of a new kind, which impose an unusual responsibility on the President, and which ought to put us in a thoughtful mood as we approach the election; for they are all administrative duties. Shall we be wisely bold or simply reckless in our relations with other governments? Shall we make sure, as experience has taught us that it is wise

to make sure, of a safeguard in the character and courage of the chief executive against an inflation of the currency? Shall we continue to extend the classified civil service till it take in the most isolated postmaster and the remotest consular agent? It is well for us to try our presidential candidates by these tests before the nominating conventions meet, for afterwards we shall have but two to choose between, and these two, it is little comfort to reflect, may both be "conventional accidents."

There is the greater reason, too, for a critical estimate of candidates now, because the campaigns for the nominations have been begun with all the old vulgar self-assertion, as if the prime duties of the time did not call for a President of whom office-seeking should be unthinkable, and as if the time of sheer party tests had not gone by. There was a period, of course, when party tests were perhaps the best tests, and when parties were our most important political instruments. Blunt and cumbersome as they were, they served fairly well for the main work in hand a generation ago. By party management we made sure of the results of the war; and the party, being a sort of army, was a convenient instrument for the massing of opinion on contested subjects during the reconstruction era

and after. It naturally took on military methods and even military nomenclature. Not unnaturally, too, the party was unduly magnified, and almost overshadowed the government itself. And it is from some of the evils of this very system that we must now make our escape; for even the presidency became part and parcel of the party, and thereby lost much of its proper use and dignity. So completely, indeed, was the chief executive merged in the party that he came to be regarded as its servant. The saying became current that any respectable man would make an acceptable President if he were loyal to his party. Thus a presidential election came to have no meaning except as a contest between the parties. This degraded position of the executive office falls so far short of the proper or historic conception of it that wonder is expressed at every election why this great civic act of choosing the head of the republic is not more impressive. After an election, men congratulate one another for a day or two, or exchange good-natured gibes, and go their way as if nothing uncommon had happened. It necessarily follows, when the party obscures the presidency, that we choose commonplace men to the office.

But if we are to make any real political progress, the relative position of the party and of the President in our political machinery must now be changed, if not reversed. For the new duties are not duties that the parties seem able to take up and perform; and for the lack of their ability or willingness to take hold on these new duties they have lost their compactness. Every election reveals more clearly their shifting boundaries. One year one party is "obliterated;" two years later the other party is "obliterated;" and two years later still the first party is again "obliterated." The stolid practitioners of politics, who regard each obliteration as the crack of doom or as a call to perpetual power, forget that on every occasion the

obliterated party is the party just then in authority, and that obliteration is only another name for popular weariness of the latest performance. With their unerring discrimination between a real duty and a sham duty, the people know that the parties no longer lay hold on the vital matter. They will soon see, if they do not already see, that it is to the President now — to executive officers, indeed, of all grades — that the conscience of the nation looks for the next steps in political progress.

Moreover, we are far enough away from the time of party strife to see that the presidency was too lightly esteemed during the whole period from Lincoln to Cleveland. If during this time we had had Presidents who stood out from their party and somewhat above it, — if indeed there were men who could have done so, — we might have kept our politics on the heroic level that we reached in the impulse to save the Union. We might at least have kept political life up to the level of our every-day life; for it is a shameful thing that while we have so wonderfully added to the devices for comfort and multiplied the opportunities for growth, lifting the life of the people, and broadening it, and making it fuller than ever before, our politics have constantly fallen to a lower plane. Legislatures have declined; municipal misgovernment has brought humiliation; the spoilsman has everywhere been active, if not everywhere dominant; the inflationist, repeatedly rebuffed, has repeatedly risen; and the demagogue has revived a forgotten part in the Jingo. During this time we did accomplish the one large political task that we took in hand, for the South is again an integral part of the Union. But so long as we forgot our administrative duties in our party zeal, the whole tone of political life, when it did not become criminal, at least became commonplace. And the measure of the lapse has been the decline of our executives, great and small.

If, therefore, it were ever true that any respectable man who "has made no party enemies," and who stands the test of party loyalty, is a proper presidential candidate, it is not true now. In fact it was never true. No one can study the work of the recent Congresses without reaching the conclusion that we have less to fear if there be a resolute man in the White House, whichever party be dominant in Congress, than if either party be dominant in Congress and we have not a courageous executive. The Fifty-First Congress, which was Republican, in 1890 dallied with inflation instead of strangling it, and enacted the so-called Sherman coinage law, which President Harrison approved. Congress and President suffered, whether for this reason or not, an overwhelming defeat. A disastrous financial panic came inevitably; and the Fifty-Third Congress, which was Democratic, was called in extra session in 1893 on purpose to deal with the currency. The House reelected to the speakership a free-coinage member, and repealed the silver-purchase clause of the mischievous act only under compulsion. The result of the work of each Congress alike was that President Cleveland had to resort to unusual measures to maintain the national credit. To the executive fell the duties that Congress had shirked.

To go back further, it is easy to show how the part played by the President has always been a more important part than mere party tests contemplate. It was President Jefferson, and not Congress or his party, that made the Louisiana purchase. It was President Jackson, and not Congress or his party, that put down nullification. It was President Lincoln that rose more quickly to every high occasion than Congress or even his party. It is to three post-bellum Presidents that we owe vetoes of inflation bills; and it is to recent Presidents, rather than to Congress or to either party, that we owe such progress as we have made in civil service reform. Contrariwise, to two

weak or perverse Presidents, one just before Lincoln and one just after him, we owe heavier burdens than can ever be computed.

Of course we shall have further need for parties; and whether we need them or not, neither one of them is going really to suffer obliteration; but before another absorbing party conflict comes, that party which is wise enough to use the present opportunity to magnify and strengthen the executive office and to further administrative reforms will have not only a tactical, but also a prodigious moral advantage. But if we are asked this year to elect a man President merely because he is a Republican or merely because he is a Democrat, we may not make any advance at all; and the party that nominates a man for no other reason than that he is a partisan hero will show that it has no sense of the present opportunity.

Moreover, the presidential office constantly becomes, by an accretion of responsibilities, a more important office. The presidential functions continually get broader. The time is past, if it ever was, when a man, simply because he is a successful politician, can successfully fill the post. For example, there has been a constantly widening range of activity through the members of the Cabinet. The secretaries have themselves become great administrators to an extent that neither the public nor the politicians appreciate. When, for instance, under the Postmaster-General there are 70,000 postmasters, to say nothing of the employees under these, and when there are great tasks to be performed in increasing the efficiency of this service to a point not yet reached or dreamed of, and especially when the reformation of this great branch of the service from the spoilsmen is in the hands of the Postmaster-General; when the Secretary of the Interior has such far-reaching functions as are implied in our dealing with the Indians and with such of the public lands as are

left; and when the importance even of the Secretary of Agriculture has become so great that it touches the whole rural population, — when these lesser Cabinet offices reach so far in their responsibilities and activities, the greater portfolios are of correspondingly greater importance. The almost incalculable amount of scientific work conducted by the government, a mere title catalogue of which would fill a volume, is all more or less affected by the appreciation and the spirit of the executive and of the members of the Cabinet. The Cabinet is a part of the executive machinery not even mentioned in the Constitution, which has grown now to the very first rank and value. A man of the widest culture and experience is required to diffuse a proper spirit through this vast organism, the like of which, in many respects, does not exist anywhere else. The sheer breadth of the presidential function and influence has far outrun the anticipation of the fathers and the necessities of any preceding time.

There is still another reason why a mere party hero is no longer necessarily an acceptable presidential candidate. There has been a specialization of executive functions. Men are selected for mayors of cities more and more frequently by reason of their executive qualities, and less and less by reason of their party allegiance; and it is with increasing frequency, we think, that governors of States are chosen from among the available men who have been mayors, or who have had some such executive experience. There is clearly such a thing as training for high executive duties, and the increasing appreciation of this fact makes the spoilsman's conception of the presidency more and more absurd.

From whatever point of view we regard the subject, therefore, the selection of presidential candidates is one of the most important acts in the whole range of our political duties; and it is unfortunate that serious discussion of the fit-

ness for the presidency even of avowed candidates is usually put off till it is too late to affect the action of the nominating conventions.

Of the conspicuous candidates for the nomination of either party the earliest to begin his campaign was Mr. Thomas B. Reed. Now Mr. Reed's career has not been a career directly to train him for the presidency. His experience has not been executive, except as the duties of the speakership may be regarded as executive, — as they are, of course; but nevertheless they differ essentially from the duties of the President. His political life began in 1868 as a member of the legislature of Maine, to the lower house of which he was twice elected, and to the upper house once; then he became attorney-general for the State, and afterwards solicitor of the city of Portland; and in 1876 he was elected to Congress. He has since been reelected without interruption, and at the end of his present term he will have served for twenty years. For nearly thirty years, therefore, he has been continuously in the public service, and beyond doubt he has unusual talents for public affairs.

He entered Congress after the period of the great reconstruction debates; for in 1877, when he took his seat, the Democrats had a majority in the House. His congressional service, therefore, has fallen within the later period of party skirmishing, a time of continuous clash, for the most part on less important topics than the great subjects of the first decade after the war. In exercise of this sort he soon won distinction. Strongly partisan and exceedingly quick at repartee, he has every quality of an effective leader in a running party debate, and a leader he soon became. His practiced readiness in condensed speech is remarkable, and the epigram is his chief weapon. "A statesman," he recently said, "is a successful politician that is dead;" and the sentiment as well as the saying is char-

acteristic. When, as Speaker, he was counting a quorum in the House, and one angry Democrat strode down the aisle exclaiming, "How do you know I am present?" Mr. Reed's reply was, "Does the gentleman deny that he is present?" A prosy Democratic member, in the course of a debate, once remarked that he would rather be right than be President. "Do not be alarmed," Mr. Reed replied, "you will never be either." This is not wit, but rather a cleverness at retort, and eighteen years of continuous practice has given him great skill. By his impromptu performances, always courageously and often defiantly done, he rose to the leadership of his party in the House. He did not rise by the part he took in the thorough discussion of any great subject. Not more than half a dozen times in his whole congressional career has he made a set speech. Although Mr. Reed has accumulated much miscellaneous information, he seems not to have made himself master of any subject or group of subjects. It has been wholly as a party leader that he has risen above the rank and file. He has never identified himself with any great cause. He has never set a moral force in motion. As a member of the Potter committee to investigate the presidential election of 1876, he did one of his most conspicuous services to his party, but his clever cross-questions were designed not so much to bring out the historic truth concerning the election as to fasten upon the Democratic candidate the stigma of a thwarted attempt to buy the office.

The leadership of his party in the House naturally brought him election to the speakership when, in 1891, the Republicans had a majority in the House. It is on his career as Speaker that his present prominence rests; and his greatest achievement in the chair was the reformation that he made in congressional procedure. In this Congress the Republicans had only a small majority. The

Democratic minority, therefore, could technically absent themselves, and, unless all the Republican members were present, balk the proceedings for lack of a quorum. Technically, to absent one's self it was necessary only to refuse to answer when the roll was called. A member could keep his seat in the House and yet be "absent." This method of bringing the proceedings to a halt had often been adopted, and had by use acquired a sort of legitimacy; and the Democratic minority proposed in this way to prevent objectionable legislation. Common sense and public necessity demanded that some way be found out of so absurd a predicament.

Mr. Reed was equal to the emergency, with a surplus of energy left over, indeed, which spent itself in unnecessary and sometimes undignified comments from the chair. In spite of precedents and in spite of the rules of the House, he himself, as Speaker, counted a quorum and declared a quorum present. This was common sense, at least, and, as Mr. Reed expressed it in a somewhat loose phrase, it was also in accordance with the broad principles of parliamentary law. Certainly it was a necessity. His error, if he committed any error, was, as usual, an error of impetuosity. But his purpose was accomplished, and Congress was forever thereafter, no doubt, freed from such an absurd system as had long been in practice. It was a noteworthy and courageous achievement, in every way characteristic of so well trained and determined a party leader. The stormiest sessions that had been held for many years followed this bold action of the Speaker. But he was imperturbable and unswerving.

It is this achievement that not only made certain his second election as Speaker, but has given the principal impetus to his candidacy for the presidential nomination; for this resolute action has, for the time at least, made him a party hero. Now, there is nothing in

Mr. Reed's career which makes it unfair to him to say that his courageous counting of a quorum was, as he regarded it, a party service. He considered it a party duty, and as a party duty it was done. He himself had, in fact, as most other members of Congress had, taken frequent advantage of the same absurd technicality to prevent the majority from acting. Indeed, he delivered a speech in the second session of the Forty-Sixth Congress in defense of the filibustering tactics of the Republicans during the first session, in which he said :—

"It is a valuable privilege for the country that the minority shall have the right, by this extraordinary mode of proceeding, to call the attention of the country to measures which a party, in a moment of madness and of party feeling, is endeavoring to enforce upon the citizens of this land. And it works equally well with regard to all parties, for all parties have their times when they need to be checked, so that they may receive the opinions of the people who are their constituents and who are interested in the results of their legislation. I say that, as a practical matter, the results hitherto, throughout all our history, have justified the construction which those upon this side of the House have put upon the matter, and which has been put equally by members of the other side in times past."

Here, then, is the secret of his career. From the first it has been as a party servant or as a party leader that he has done his work. Not only is he a strong partisan; he is little more than a partisan. He has done nothing to show that he regards our present political duties as in any way different from the duties to which he first turned his hand twenty years ago, and the political party is yet the only instrument that he would use. So late, indeed, as the last session of Congress, and on so important a matter as the relief of the national treasury, he permitted his partisanship to override

a broader duty. There was before the House a bill authorizing the sale of low-rate, short-term gold bonds, which had been introduced as an "administration" measure. It was known to be the President's wish that it should pass. The only alternatives were, on the one hand a bond issue on far less advantageous terms, and on the other a confession of national bankruptcy. There were enough sound-money Democrats to pass the bill if all the sound-money Republicans would vote with them; but at the crucial moment Mr. Reed blocked the way merely for partisan advantage. He had a coin-bond bill of his own, with which he was able, by virtue of his party leadership, to hold the great mass of the Republicans in check, and to keep them from going over to the support of the administration. As must have been foreseen, both bills failed, and the treasury was obliged to resort to such unsatisfactory means for relief as the existing laws afforded. Rather than permit Congress to do its plain duty when a President of the other party had asked it to do so, he preferred to force upon the President the necessity of saving the national credit in a more costly and less popular way.

To civil service reform Mr. Reed has been tolerant, even somewhat actively tolerant when his friends have had its execution. But the morality of the merit system has never appealed to him strongly. He has never opposed it, for he is too frank to starve a law already on the books by withholding an appropriation to carry it into effect. He is a fair and open antagonist, but he has looked on the reform with good nature rather than with approval. He has always had the feeling that a Republican ought every time to draw a trump card. If he should become President, perhaps we should not have reason to fear that the reform would slip back, but it would hardly be set forward, unless he saw some partisan advantage or renown in extending it. So, too, as regards sound currency. He

cannot be thought of as an inflationist, but he would again seek partisan advantage in dealing even with this problem. From his sheer excess of energy, too, he might doggedly commit or permit mistakes in our dealings with other nations, and he might encourage the worst Jingoos — of his own party — if he thought he saw a party end to serve thereby.

The nomination of Mr. Reed by the Republican party, therefore, would be notice that its programme is to keep our politics in the old rut, and that it does not recognize the new class of duties that have thrust themselves forward. This would be unfortunate, because we ought not longer to consider the great office as a party prize, but as a grave responsibility wisely to be bestowed.

DON QUIXOTE.

It is always good news to hear that new champions are coming forward to translate Don Quixote into English. It is a bold deed, well worthy a knight-errant of the pen; and if many men make the attempt, we may be perhaps so fortunate as hereafter to have a true English translation. Don Quixote, it is said in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, has been translated into every language in Europe, even including Turkish, but I cannot believe that any language is so fit as English to give the real counterfeit presentment of the book. One might guess that a Romance language would do better, but, on reflection, French prose lacks humor, and Italian has not sufficient subtlety to give the lights and shadows of Don Quixote; and as for German prose, in spite of Goethe it still is German prose. There is a scintilla of truth, so far as this translation is concerned, in the saying of Charles V., that French is the language for dancing-masters, Italian for singing birds, and German for horses. I should like to be able to read the Turkish translation. I imagine that there must be a dignity and self-respect in the language that would befit Don Quixote to a nicety; but for Sancho it would not do, — even *Candide's* experience could not persuade me that it would be for him *le meilleur monde possible*:

he would be homesick talking Turkish. There are a number of English translations, — one by Mr. Shelton long ago, one by Smollett, and others by Motteux, Jarvis, Duffield, Ormsby, and Watts, — all more or less inadequate, if I may judge from parts, for I have never been so willful-blame as to read them all. In truth, the translation is a very difficult matter. Don Quixote himself is one of the most delicately drawn characters in fiction; almost every Spanish word he speaks stands out in the reader's mind, separate and distinct, like a stroke in a Rembrandt etching. How can you measure out their English equivalents in the finely adjusted scales of language unless you have ten talents for weights? Epigrams are commonly of little use in finding the way to truth, but Coleridge has left a saying that, I think, helps us materially in this matter of translation. "Prose," he said, "is words in the best order; Poetry is the best words in the best order." Now, by what sleight of hand shall a man keep this best order of words in shifting thoughts from one language to another? In poetry we are waking up to this, and Homer and Dante are rendered into English prose. Now and again a man, if he have the luck to be a man of genius, may make English poetry when he professes to translate a

foreign poet. Such a one was Mr. Fitzgerald. But I know of no one who has made both poetry and a translation, with a few exceptions: such as Shelley in his translation of the angels' chorus in Faust, Dr. Hedge with Luther's hymn, and Wordsworth with Michelangelo's sonnet, "Ben può talor col mio ardente desio." Maybe the translators of the Old Testament were such.

Of all prose that I know, I should say that Don Quixote was the hardest to translate out of the original tongue; for Cervantes has used his words in the best order very often, and his Spanish tongue was of so fine a temper — for it had been framed among high-strung gentlemen, quick in quarrel, urbane in manner, and of a broad human courtesy such as gentlemen have in Utopia, and all men, I needs must think, in heaven — that the translator need be of a stout heart. Words are delicate works. Nature has nurtured them, art has toiled over them. For a thousand years those Spanish words have been shaped by Spanish mouths, and now some zealous translator, like a lean apothecary, expects to catch their fragrance and cork it up in English smelling-bottles. All a nation's sentiment has gone into its words. Great musicians, architects, painters, and sculptors put into their works the feelings of their country and of their age, but these works remain the works of individuals and bear their personal stamp, whereas all the nation, at all times, from generation to generation, has been putting its passions into its speech. The Spanish heart is not the English heart.

Moreover, the translator of Cervantes has another great difficulty. Don Quixote is the delineation of a man's character; he is as real as any hero in fiction from Achilles to Alan Breck, and much more so than the heroes who lie buried in Westminster Abbey.

"Er lebt und ist noch stärker
Als alle Todten sind."

This very reality lies in the arrangement of words, and slips through the translator's fingers. The hero was alive and then is done into English, a process that has much similarity to embalming. To draw the likeness of a living being in words is one of the most difficult tasks in art. We all, no doubt, can remember some figure coming, in the days of our childhood, into our Eden from the vague outer world, that impressed itself deeply in our memories. Such a one I can remember, — a delicately bred gentleman, one of those in whom the gentle element was so predominant that perhaps the man was pushed too much aside. His bearing spoke of training and discipline received in some place out of Eden that we knew not of, and there was a manner of habitual forbearance, almost shrinking, in his daily actions, as if he feared that whatever he touched might turn to sorrow, which still kept us behind the line across which his tenderness was ever inviting us. I think to describe his smile and to translate Don Quixote would be tasks of like quality.

But of all books in the world Don Quixote is the book for an English-speaking boy. There is a time in his boyhood while the sun of life throws a long shadow behind him, when, after he has read the Waverley Novels, Cooper, and Captain Marryat, he pauses hesitating between Thackeray and Dickens. Which shall he take? The course is long, for a boy is a most just and generous reader. He reads his novelist straight through from start to finish, David Copperfield, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, Old Curiosity Shop, and all, ending finally with a second reading of Pickwick. That is the way novels should be read. Reading the first novel of one of the *ricos hombres* of literature is like Aladdin going down into the magic cave: it summons a genie, who straightway spreads a wonderful prospect before you, but it is not till the second or third book that you understand all the power

of the master slave. It is at that moment of hesitation that Don Quixote should be put into the boy's hands; but that cannot be done now because there is no satisfactory English translation. Of course, Don Quixote is a man's book, also,—the great human book, as Mr. Lowell following Sainte-Beuve calls it. Cervantes has breathed into its nostrils the breath of life, and, like the macrocosm, it has a different look for the boy and for the man of fifty. You can find in it the allegory that the ideal is out of place in this workaday world, that the light shineth in a darkness which comprehendeth it not. You can find the preaching of vanity, if such be your turn of mind, in Don Quixote as well as in the world. But the schoolboy does not look for that; there is no vain thing in life for him, and perhaps his is the clearer vision. And with this schoolboy, pausing as I have suggested on the brink of Thackeray or Dickens, a translation of Don Quixote has the best chance of success. Its defects will be of such a nature as will mar the man's enjoyment, but not his. It will give him the gallant gentleman pricked by a noble contempt for the ignoble triumphant and for the acquiescent many; he shall have there the lofty disregard of facts that hedge in housekeepers, barbers, and parsons; he shall find courage, endurance, knightliness, and reverence for woman. After a boy has once been squire to Sir Kenneth, to Ivanhoe, and to Claverhouse, what business has he in life but to right wrongs, to succor maidens, and to relieve widows and all who are desolate and oppressed? What if this gallant gentleman be a monomaniac, and be subjected to disasters at the hands of farmyard louts and tavern skinkers, by windmills and galley slaves: must not Ivanhoe's squire march through Vanity Fair and lodge in Bleak House, his long breeches unentangled in spurs, and his chief weapon of offense carried in his waistcoat pocket? Carducci says

that he read Don Quixote for the first time when a boy, and that then he "did not know the irony that God put into the world, and which the great poet had imitated in his little world of print and paper." Carducci is mistaken; there is no question of knowledge and ignorance. The boy has his world as heavy to an ounce, weighed in scales of *avoirdupois*, as that of a man of fifty, and there is no irony in it. The boy is not the subject of illusion; there is in fact no irony there. The man of fifty, *le soi-disant désillusionné*, is certainly on the border of presumption, to say that it is there, and then to call the boy an *ignoramus*. To be sure, he commonly couples his offensive epithet with some mitigating adjective, as "happy fool," or thus, "his pretty ignorance." But in place of the adjective there should be an apology. Every man is born into a house where there is a chamber full of veritable chronicles of Tristram and Launcelot, of Roland and Rinaldo di Mont' Albano; and if his housekeeper, his barber, and his parson wall up the door and tell him that *Freston el gran encantador* has swooped down on dragon back and carried it off by night, his acceptance of their assertions and his lofty compassion for his old illusions furnish but poor proof of wisdom. Such men, be sure, have followed too rashly in their youth some false adventurer into the world of thought, and their fifty years, like the monks of St. Cuthbert's Isle, have walled them up for punishment. There let them lie "like mutines in the bilboes." But however that may be, "*mas vale buena esperanza que ruin possession.*"

It is for the boy that a good translation should be made, and that might be done; one in which Don Quixote shall talk like a scholarly gentleman, and in which there shall be no conscious grin of the translator spoiling the whole, as in that wretched version by Motteux. The boy wants two qualities in his books, enthusiasm and loyalty; and here he has

them jogging on side by side through four good volumes. Sainte-Beuve says that Joubert's notion of enthusiasm was *une paix élevée*; a boy's idea is *la guerre élevée*, and Cervantes was of that kind, fighting for Europe against Asia at Lepanto, and esteeming his lost arm the most honorable member of his body. Don Quixote is the incarnation of enthusiasm; and what loyalty was ever like Sancho's, even to the death-bed where he beseeches Don Quixote to live many years, "for it would be the utmost foolishness to die when no one had murdered him"! There are many who are loyal to a friend's deeds, and some to his faults, but to be loyal to another's dreams and visions is the privilege of very few. Besides, the boy demands incident, and here there is the greatest variety of adventure, of that delightful kind that happens in La Mancha without having to be sought in Trebisond or Cathay.

Another reason for a good translation is that Don Quixote is the first modern novel. It is the last of the romances of chivalry and the first novel; and as, on the whole, most of the great novels are English novels (for what other language can show a like richness to Robinson Crusoe, Tom Jones, Rob Roy, Pride and Prejudice, Vanity Fair, David Copperfield, Adam Bede, and The Scarlet Letter?), there should be an adequate English version of it. So many novels of much skill and force are written nowadays that we are too often swayed in our judgment of them by the pulse of the year or of the decade. Were it not well, after reading Mr. Meredith or Mr. Moore, to take our bearings by a mark that has withstood the changing sentiments of ten generations of mortal men? "You cannot fool all the people all the time." Men during three hundred years are of so many minds, and have such diverse dispositions and temperaments, and are placed in such different circumstances, with various passions and prejudices, that

any book that receives the suffrage of all is proved to be, to use Sainte-Beuve's phrase, *un livre de l'humanité*. By going back to these great human books we learn to keep our scales truly adjusted. Goethe said that every year he was wont to read over a play by Molière.

There have been a great many theories about the book, speculations as to what purpose Cervantes had in view when he wrote it. The chief two are that he intended a burlesque upon romances of knight-errantry, and that he intended an allegorical satire upon human enthusiasm. Doubtless he began with the purpose of ridiculing the old romances, but, as Carducci says, genius gallops ahead of its charioteer. By the seventh chapter he found himself with Don Quixote and Sancho Panza seeking adventures in La Mancha; and he had in his heart a deep and serious knowledge of life, and in his brain wit and fancy such that the world has but once had better, and he wrote. Men must express the deep feelings within them: the common man to one or two by words and acts and silence, the man of genius to the world by such means as nature has made easiest for him. In Spain, since the invention of printing, the one form of popular literature had been the romance of knight-errantry. The three great cycles of romantic fiction — of King Arthur and the Round Table, of Charlemagne and his Paladins, and of the Greek empires founded by Alexander the Great — had spread all over western Europe, and had long before served their office. Their place in Spain was filled by the romances of knight-errantry. Of these, the first and best was Amadis of Gaul, which was probably written in Castile about the year 1350. The old version has been long lost, but Garcí-Ordoñez de Montalvo wrote a new one some time after the conquest of Granada, which obtained wide popularity and still exists. The success of this was so brilliant that a great many books were written in imita-

tion of it. In the middle of the sixteenth century these romances met with two powerful enemies : one was the spirit of the Catholic Reaction, the other the spirit of classical culture. In 1543 Charles V. forbade that any of these books should be printed or sold in the West Indies, and in 1555 the Cortes made its petition to the Emperor to make the like law for Spain. The text of the petition reads thus : " Moreover, we say that it is most notorious, the hurt that has been done and is doing in these kingdoms to young men and maids and to all sorts of people from reading books of lies and vanities, like Amadis and all the books which have been modeled upon its speech and style, also rhymes and plays about love and other vain things ; for young men and maids, being moved by idleness to occupy themselves with these books, abandon themselves to folly, and, in a measure, imitate the adventures which they read in those books to have happened, both of love and war and other vanities ; and they are so affected thereby that whenever any similar case arises they yield to it with less restraint than if they had not read the books ; and often a mother leaves her daughter locked up in the house, thinking that she has left her to her meditations (*recogida*), and the girl falls to reading books of that kind, so that it were better if the mother had taken her with her. . . . And that it is to the great hurt of the consciences, because the more people take to these vanities, the more they backslide from and cease to find enjoyment in the Holy, True, and Christian Doctrine." Wherefore the petition asks that no more such books be printed, and that all those existing be gathered up and burned, and that no book be printed thereafter without a license ; " for that in so doing your Majesty will render a great service to God, taking persons from the reading of books of vanities, and bringing them back to read religious books which edify the mind and reform

the body, and will do these kingdoms great good and mercy." Mr. Ticknor and other commentators have gathered together condemnations upon these romances uttered by various persons of note prior to the publication of *Don Quixote*. There can be little doubt that these faultfinders were puritans of the Catholic Reaction, and that the same spirit influenced the Cortes. In this same feeling the Puritans in England of Queen Elizabeth's time attacked the stage. In the preface to Part I, Cervantes represents himself as sitting with his chin on his hand, pondering what he shall do for a preface, when a friend comes in, who, after making some rather dull suggestions, says, " This book of yours is an invective against books of knight-errantry ; . . . your writing has no other object than to undo the authority which such books have among the uneducated ; " and he ends with the advice, " Make it your purpose to pull to pieces the ill-based contrivance of these knight-errant books, which are hated by some, but praised by many more ; for if you accomplish this, you will have done a great deal." And Part II. ends with a declaration by Cide Hamete Ben Engeli that his " only desire has been to make men dislike the false and foolish stories of knight-errantry, which, thanks to my true *Don Quixote*, are beginning to stumble, and will fall to the ground without any doubt." These are the arguments for limiting and cutting down the great purposes of the book, a commentary on the life of man, to a mere satire upon silly and extravagant romances. The book speaks for itself.

With respect to the other theory, that Cervantes intended a satire upon human enthusiasm, Mr. Lowell, in commenting, discovers two morals : the first, " that whoever quarrels with the Nature of Things, wittingly or unwittingly, is certain to get the worst of it ; " the second, " that only he who has the imagination to conceive and the courage to attempt a

trial of strength with what foists itself on our senses as the Order of Nature for the time being can achieve great results or kindle the coöperative and efficient enthusiasm of his fellow-men." By this interpretation the condemnation of the quarrel is itself condemned by the deeper moral. But it little profits to seek after Cervantes' motives; he wrote about life, and he does not draw any final conclusions. He observes and writes. He tells of a gentleman who found the world out of joint, and with a "frolic welcome" proclaimed that he was "born to set it right." The attempt is followed by the most disastrous and delightful consequences. Don Quixote is sometimes triumphant, but many more times mocked, mauled, persecuted, and despitefully used by clown and duke, and Sancho shares all his fortunes. Side by side go Imagination on his hippogriff, and Common Sense on his donkey. At the end of the book, the reader, loving and admiring Don Quixote, loving Sancho, and having rejoiced at every piece of good fortune that has come to them on their ill-starred career, hates and despises all those who have ill used them, including those two wiseacres the Parson and the Barber. If the unoffending reader must draw a moral, he would seem to hit near the mark by inferring that enthusiasm justifies its own appellation, and that the divine in us is the only thing worth heeding and loving, though it behave with lunacies inconstant as the moon, or go to live with publicans and sinners. But why draw a moral at all? Life is very big, and there is less dogma now than there used to be about the meaning or the worth of it, and an observer of life may travel about and note what he sees without being compelled to stand and deliver his conclusions. What should we say if Cide Hamete Ben Engeli had made an end in good Arabic with "Life is but an integration of Matter with a concomitant dissipation of Motion"? Let the great books of the world escape these

hewers of epigrams and drawers of morals. Hamlet has escaped to a place of safety; so has the book of Job. Faust is on the way thither, and Don Quixote will one day keep them company. It is a tale of life drawn from the author's imagination, and it is enough to know that a man who had lost an arm in a sea-fight and had been a captive slave for five years, who had been poor and persecuted, began this joyous and merry history in prison, and continued it in the same strain of joy and merriment to the end. Let any man tired

"to behold Desert a beggar born,
And needy Nothing trimmed in jollity,"

betake himself "*en un lugar de La Mancha*." The very words conjure up spring-time, holidays, and morning sun, and he shall feel like the poet

"Quant erba vertz e fuehla par,
E l' flor brotonon per verjan,
E l' rossinhols autet e clar
Leva sa votz e mov son chan."

"C'est un pays interdit à la mélancolie." The joy of it is masculine and boyish; it maketh for life, like all good things. The reader never stops to think whether there be wit or humor, irony or optimism. These questionings are foisted upon you by the notes. If you read a Spanish edition, beware of the notes. Some there are who, in their schooldays, acquired a wise preference of ignorance to notes, but I have known many who would stop in the middle of a sentence to read a note, and then begin again exactly at the asterisk where they had left off. The notes in the editions by the Spanish Academy, Dr. Bowle, Pellicer, and Clemencin are all to be skipped. There is a tale that two gentlemen clapped hands to their swords over the last copy of the second edition of Gil Blas in a bookseller's shop in Paris; and I would not part with my Pellicer to any lesser person than the sheriff, but it would require that gentleman and at least one of his posse to make me read the notes.

In *Don Quixote* we believe that we have a partial portrait of Cervantes. He has described somewhere his own physical appearance in a manner very like to the description of the knight, and in the latter's character we feel sure that we have the real Cervantes. Certainly there is there the likeness of a high-spirited Spanish gentleman at a time when Spanish gentlemen were the first in the world. Every little detail about the knight is told with such an intimate affection that Cervantes must have been writing down whatever he believed was true of his own best self. The ready knowledge with which he wrote is manifest from the carelessness with which he makes mistakes, as with Sancho's ass, on which Sancho suddenly mounts half a page after losing him forever, and in the names of *la Señora Panza*, and in various details. Certainly Cervantes is very fond of *Don Quixote*, and does him justice; and he has a kindness for the reader, too, and pays him for his sore sympathies every now and then by the joyous feeling of victory which he receives when *Don Quixote*, in the midst of a company that think him mad, delivers a brilliant harangue, leaving them confounded and the reader exultant. Sancho said *Don Quixote* ought to have been a parson, and you feel that he would have adorned any position of dignity within the gift of the Majesty of Spain. The art with which the story is told and the characters are drawn grows upon one's wonder. For example, *Don Quixote* has been lowered down into the cave of *Montesinos*, and after some hours, during which Sancho has become much alarmed for his master's safety, he reappears and gives an account of the most marvelous adventures. Sancho and the reader are aghast; they know that the adventures cannot be true, and they know equally well that *Don Quixote* is incapable of telling a lie, and the wonder is whether he is mad or has been dreaming. This same wonder finally overtakes

Don Quixote, and you feel, without being told, that he is struggling with his memory to find out what did really happen as he faces the awful possibility that what he related may not have been true. There is a certain low fellow in the book, one *Samson Carrasco*, a friend of the Parson and the Barber, of good purposes, but of no imagination, who devises a scheme to fetch *Don Quixote* home. This plan was to arm himself as a knight-errant and take *Don Quixote* captive. The approach of the combat is very disagreeable; you cover over with your hand the lines ahead of where you are reading, so that you may not read faster than you shall acquire fortitude to bear whatever may happen. And behold, *Rosinante* breaks into a gallop, dear horse, — *Boiardo* and *Bucephalus* never did as much for their readers, — and the counterfeit knight is hurled to the ground. By the same dull device this vulgar *Carrasco* finally, near the end of the story, ran atilt with *Don Quixote* and unhorsed him. He dismounted, and stood over our hero with his spear. The terms of the combat were that he who was conquered should confess that the other's lady was the more beautiful. "*Don Quixote*, without raising his visor, with weak and feeble voice, as if he were speaking from within a tomb, replied: *Dulcinea of Toboso* is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I am the most miserable knight on earth, and it were not right that the truth should suffer hurt from my weakness; thrust home your lance, Sir Knight, and since you have taken my honor, take away my life also." It were difficult to imagine that this is a satire upon human nature, and that Cervantes made mock of the spirit of chivalry.

One of the deepest and most delightful elements of the book is the relation between *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panza*; in fact, it is Sancho's obedience, his profound loyalty and belief in his master, that throw both their characters into

high relief: and here lies one of the hardest tasks for the translator; for unless their conversations are given with the delicacy and grace of the original, they cease to be Don Quixote and Sancho, and become mere comic figures.

Sancho has never had full justice done to him. Affection and regard he has had in full measure, no doubt. One loves him as one loves a dog; not the noble, fair-limbed, fine-haired aristocrat, but the shag-haired little villain, *nullius filius*, who barks at your guests, and will gnaw a drumstick in my lady's chamber unless he be prevented. But Sancho's character and intelligence have not had their due. He is commonly spoken of as if he were one of old Gobbo's family, selfish and of loutish appetites; but in truth he is not related at all. Sancho stands charged with greediness; and as to eating, he ate well whenever he had an opportunity, but he worked very hard and needed food, for he often went supperless to bed, and was never sure of the morrow. His desire to be *gobernador* was the imperial fault of ambition, and most honorable; and when he governed Barataria, he bore his great office meekly, and was a just and beneficent ruler. When Don Quixote first told him of the great fortunes, even of a royal complexion, that sometimes fall to the lot of the esquire to a knight-errant, his first thought was that Teresa Panza would be queen and his children princes. His intelligence bloomed and unfolded under the sunny influence of Don Quixote's company; in fact, one of the most delightful things in the whole book is the elevation of Sancho's understanding as he travels from Part I. into Part II. Preface-makers say that Cervantes discovered how popular Sancho was, and, taking his cue accordingly, developed and expanded Sancho's wit and gifts of speech; but the true reason is that living with a dreamer of dreams ennobles the understanding. When Don Quixote had forbidden the brutal laborer to thrash

the boy, and made him promise by the laws of knighthood, the boy said, "My master is no knight; he is rich John Haldudo, and he lives in Quintanar." "No matter," replied Don Quixote; "the Haldudos may become knights; every man is the child of his own actions." By his faithfulness and loyalty to his master, Sancho's condition was made gentle and his intelligence was quickened. Even in the beginning Sancho is by no means backward in comprehension. Don Quixote resolves to get a sword that will cut through any steel and prevail over all enchantment. Sancho apprehends that the virtue of the sword may be personal to Don Quixote, and of no avail to him, as he is only an esquire. And he explains that the reason why Don Quixote was horribly beaten by the Yanguesian cattle-drivers was that he had neglected to observe his vow not to eat baked bread or do sundry other things until he should have obtained Mambrino's helmet. Don Quixote quietly replies that that is so, and that Sancho was beaten also for not reminding him. Sancho has a generous human sympathy, too; for when Don Quixote finds Cardenio's love-letter, he asks him to read it aloud "*que gusto mucho destas cosas de amores.*" The difference in their views of life, however, and the help they render each other in getting into difficulties, is the precious quality of the book.

There are a hundred men who admire and reverence Dante for his fierce seriousness and burning convictions about life, to one who would feel that the like reverence and admiration were due to the laughing seriousness and smiling convictions of Cervantes. Heine somewhere draws a picture of the gods dining and Hephestos limping among them to pour out the wine, while their laughter floats off over Olympus, when suddenly in the midst of them stalks a Jew and flings down a cross upon the banquet-table, and the laughter dies. But with the revolving years laughter has once more come

to take its place as a divine attribute, and Cervantes' seriousness, his sympathy and loving-kindness, may set him, in the estimation of men, as high, as wise, as deep, as Dante. I think with what pleasure he and Shakespeare met in the Happy Isles and laughed together, while Dante, *a guisa di leone*, sat sternly apart. What happier time was there ever in those Islands of the Blest than that sweet April wherein those two landed from Charon's bark? For I think that Shakespeare's spirit tarried a few days that they might make their voyage and entrance together. In Cervantes, says Victor Hugo, was the deep poetic spirit of the Renaissance. In him was the milk of loving-kindness. After reading his book, we see a brighter light thrown on the simple human relations, the random meetings of men and women in this world of ours that is not so unlike to La Mancha, and we become more sensitive to the value of words spoken by human lips to

human ears, and of the touch of the human hand in our greetings and partings. It is not the usage among soldiers to confess their own tenderness, and Cervantes has thrown over his confession the veil of irony. Heinrich Heine did the like. These proud men would not have their women's hearts show on their sleeves, and they mocked the world. It was easily done.

"Diese Welt glaubt nicht an Flammen,
Und sie nimmt's für Poesie."

In Algiers, Cervantes, with some of his fellow-captives, devised several plans of escape, all of which failed, and he was threatened with torture if he would not disclose the names of the conspirators and the story of the plot. He told nothing but that he alone was responsible. So he did; so he wrote. He obeyed the great prayer made to each of the children of men: "Peter, lovest thou me? Feed my sheep."

Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.

A FEW STORIES.

As there is a no-man's land between the novel and the drama in which contemporaneous writers try to find a footing, so is there also a similar vague region between the narrative of genuine adventure and the invented story. Mr. Owen Wister¹ takes his characters to play on this ground. In the vigorous preface to his group of tales, he says that "in certain ones the incidents and even some of the names are left unchanged from their original reality," and he takes pains to correct a misstatement which appeared in one of the stories on its first publication; he corrects it in a footnote, so as

not to deprive himself of Mr. Remington's picture which was made to fit the story. In short, the life which Mr. Wister portrays is so real to him in its actual material as to confound a little his own creation, and the very vividness of his actual sight arrests the operation of the sight behind the eye.

The reader is, in consequence, a trifle perturbed. He almost wishes for footnotes. He sees General Crook plainly and accepts the portrait as drawn from life, but he is curious as to the actuality of the figures in the half-historic group disclosed to him in *The Second Missouri Compromise*. He begins to wonder if Specimen Jones may not be taken from life. This is not to complain of the

¹ *Red Men and White*. By OWEN WISTER. Illustrated by FREDERIC REMINGTON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1896.

vividness of Mr. Wister's portraits, but to ask if he has not in his art somewhat confused models and the persons whom they were to aid the artist in picturing. Mr. Henry James, in one of the subtlest of his stories, *The Real Thing*, has touched most firmly this interesting truth in art, that the actual is not by any means the real.

There used to be, and may still be in old houses in Connecticut, representations of the Charter Oak, — lithographs, perhaps, — which were made more sensible by small strips of the bark of the historic tree gummed upon the trunk in the picture. Mr. Wister is not quite so simple in his art, but this confusion of the real and the actual is nevertheless to be seen in his work. He is no doubt on the highroad to the heights of fictitious literature; we are almost tempted to call him back and beg him to devote his powers to narrative and history. We have so many who can invent, so few who can describe; and with our eagerness to know the true inwardness as well as outwardness of that frontier land in which Mr. Wister has traveled to such good purpose, we should listen most attentively to his report of the life there, because he has clearly the penetration and the faculty of comparison which are so requisite to a faithful narrative.

We should be sorry to leave the impression of dissatisfaction with *Red Men and White* because of its failure in high art. The book is so strong in its graphic lines, so dramatic in its scenes, so full of a splendid health and blown through with such a west wind, that it is a tonic to the reader of anæmic fiction. Especially do we note as significant of the writer's largeness that, though the stories are sometimes based very directly on personal adventure, the author is always a spectator even when he is a participant. The preface, to which we have already referred, is a capital bit of historical philosophy, and strengthens our impression that Mr. Wister, if he chose

to use in the less popular field of narrative, description, or history the power which he shows in these short stories, would easily be a master in a territory of his own.

The Coming of Theodora¹ will bring more pleasure to the reader than it did to the amiable Davidsons, who, after their cheerful and picturesque if somewhat shiftless life, supported so patiently the capable rule of that excellent although impeccable lady. Theodora had what we New Englanders call faculty; she had, too, generosity and kindness of heart; she had every quality, indeed, which makes woman admirable except that sympathetic insight into character which is so conspicuous among the literary gifts of her creator. Lacking this one quality, she did not see that all her sensible arrangements for the good of her brother's family simply made them supremely uncomfortable. She did not see that she was making them live in a way which, although native and natural to her, was alien and cramping to them. No more did she see that by her well-intentioned bearing of her sister-in-law's burdens she was giving her the unpardonable affront of making her superfluous in her own household. Hers is a familiar character that is all the more exasperating on account of its very goodness, on account of its very elusiveness to justifiable reproach. Easy to sketch in a slashing, effective fashion and to frame in witty invective, the character is difficult to draw so that the reader, while never for an instant losing sight of its provoking side, remains wholly in sympathy with it. In this better way Miss White draws it. We are made to admire, almost to love Theodora. We are taught by unobtrusive touches to appreciate the fact that she is irritating by the defect of her qualities; that she is not at fault, but unfortunate.

¹ *The Coming of Theodora.* By ELIZA ORNE WHITE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

So to create such a character is to show notable insight and sympathy. Miss White adds to these excellent gifts the light, unerring comedy touch, humor, and gayety of heart. What is pleasant in this day of sober fictions is that, although she is an artist, she is not sad.

One suspects, however, that she would like to be so. Signs are plenty that she has that itch for the tragic which is often so unaccountably present in writers who have the precious gift of wholesome mirthfulness. One must deprecate the pushing of Theodora — who was surely created only for kindly laughter — into the midst of misplaced if reasonable tragedy. To hurry the smiling reader under a cold douche of unexpected pathos is to make the joke too practical. Herein, probably, is a part of the reason for the verdict, likely enough to be pronounced by many, that the book, although clever, is disagreeable. Another greater part is in the author's infraction of the æsthetic law that, in a work of the imagination, tragic results, to be acceptable, must flow from apparently as well as really adequate sources. That Theodora was obtuse will not justify to the average person the shipwreck of her life. The spectacle is not tragic : it is only painful. This seems to us the mistake of the book. That Theodora is a figure for a comedy, and not for a tragedy, ought to have been seen by so clear-sighted a person as Miss White.

With the slight and all too ingenuous plot there is no need to quarrel. Properly speaking, *The Coming of Theodora* is not a novel at all. What it really is, is a finely executed character sketch, in which all else is but mat to set off the portrait of a lady whose likeness, although she has sat to many an artist, we do not remember ever to have seen so happily caught.

Miss White's mistake in *Theodora* is repeated in grosser form in one of the stories which Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has collected in his volume entitled *A*

Gentleman Vagabond.¹ In John Sanders, Laborer, the hero, a simple-minded workingman, with whom the author, with his customary success, has brought us into close sympathy, is made to sacrifice his life to save that of a worthless mongrel dog. The incident, although it is eloquent enough of the tender-heartedness of the man, is simply shocking. The reader may properly resent such trifling with his feelings, since — to recur to a figure already used — upon him the effect, however intended, is that of a practical joke. Nor can one easily bring himself to care greatly for some other of the stories. Brockway's Hulk, for example, has too much the air of being made up of an old boat, a man, and a child, materials for a sketch elaborated into a melodrama. The sentiment of Jonathan is too sugary sweet not to be a bit cloying. Along the Bronx and Another Dog cannot be placed in a rank higher than that of pleasant trifles. Did not the volume contain stronger tales than these, even Mr. Smith's agreeable style, which, though careless more often than not, is full of color and charm, could not save it from being somewhat disappointing. Fortunately, there are two tales in it which have no inconsiderable merit, and one which a bold critic could declare a veritable gem. The gem is *A Knight of the Legion of Honor*. But before pointing out its value more particularly we are minded to pay tribute of admiration to the kindly humor and shrewdness of the sketches of Mayor Tom Slocomb of Pokamoke and of Båader, prince of couriers. Both are most satisfactory personages, delightful compounds of the scamp and the gentleman, whom it is pleasant to have Mr. Smith enable you to understand and admire. From these the reader can turn with full assurance of still keener pleasure to the sketch of one who is completely

¹ *A Gentleman Vagabond and Some Others.*
By F. HOPKINSON SMITH. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

the gentleman. A fascinating essayist of our time, who touched few topics which he did not adorn, Robert Louis Stevenson, failed, like many another, when he tried to define the essential quality of a gentleman. Where he failed we will not venture; but that Mr. Bosk, who so unconsciously reveals his own worth in telling the story of his romantic ride from Venice to Vienna with a beautiful Polish countess in trouble and alone, is every inch a gentleman may be unhesitatingly affirmed. When Mr. Smith, in

the character of a listener to the man and the story that he has himself invented, exclaims, "You were the first gentleman she had ever known," one does not feel any impulse to dissent from the author's enthusiastic verdict upon his own creation. Such an exclamation on the part of a less skilled writer would be a dangerous challenge to the hearer's sense of humor. That no sense of incongruity is felt is the best proof of the success of this portrait of a gentleman.

SIX BOOKS OF VERSE.

IF Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry as the "criticism of life" be accepted, the act of writing about poetry must be indeed a remote occupation, — the criticism of the criticism of life. Few things could draw the writer farther afield from life itself. In defense of the practice, it might be urged that without an occasional squaring of accounts with life the criticism of life would soon lose its own vitality, and that in this work of an accountant the duty of the critic lies. But admit the worst of him, grant that his energies need no supply of the red blood of living. What wonder, then, if his writing — especially if he be a person with a certain tendency towards sermonizing — takes, in spite of himself, the outward form of that manner of composition which has had the name of being the most lifeless of all performances of the pen, and turns out a discourse embracing a "firstly" and a "sixthly," if six, as in the present instance, happens to be the number of heads under which his remarks naturally fall? There are six new books of verse before us at this moment, and, in looking at them one by one, it seems to us that each in turn suggests a separate "screed of doctrine" upon con-

temporary verse in general. Yet our intentions of avoiding too palpable a sermon are the best in the world, and, besides noting the nature and value of what the books contain, we shall endeavor to restrain ourselves to comment, not too didactic, upon what they suggest.

By undoubted right of precedence the *Last Poems* of James Russell Lowell¹ stands first upon our list. One is so used to hear the last work of the greater writers compared to its disadvantage with what has gone before it that it requires no effort of the imagination to conjure up the gusto with which the remark will be made in some quarters that the little book adds nothing to Lowell's fame. There are always enough and to spare of men ready with such utterances, delivered with a glibness sufficient to deceive the unwary into thinking them the result of a careful comparison between the earlier and later periods of a writer's work. If these judges do not actually give a name and a place to the last pages of a man's "complete works" corresponding to his *Juvenilia* at the beginning, they

¹ *Last Poems of James Russell Lowell.* Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

imply that they would like to entitle them *Senilia*. It may be that the present volume will not engage their powers. Certainly, its pages are as little deserving of their fashion of criticism as any poems of a true singer's later years well could be. Though one might readily admit that Lowell would be Lowell still without them, the same breath should add, Lowell is still Lowell in them. One does not ask for a book all Cathedrals and Commemoration Odes; and a modest wish is amply rewarded by finding in these *Last Poems* a bountiful gift of the good things which gave Lowell his separate place amongst our poets. In all the fields of verse, grace without much strength of thought is easily discoverable; thought, though more rarely, can be found without grace. In this book grace is abundant; its themes, half of them of the sort that may be called personal, lend themselves especially to a playful felicity of phrase; but in the lightest of them there is a sober sincerity and truth of thought which lifts them above the level of "familiar verse." The most completely serious poem of the small collection, *On a Bust of General Grant*, has in its lines of characterization not unfit to be placed by the side of the lines in the great Ode describing Lincoln. It has seemed that no epithets could be quite so well chosen as those which called "our Martyr Chief"

"The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not
blame;"

yet Grant may be no less vividly remembered by a single rugged line:—

"One of those still plain men that do the
world's rough work."

After all, it needs no line or separate poem to recall to us what Lowell was, and the true significance of the book appears, not in any fuller revelation of the poet, but in the emphasis it lays upon the fact that he was of an age and of a class which have passed away. There are brave singers abroad in the land, but we fancy the masters would say their

voices are hardly so well rounded as these voices of the old school. There are head-tones which may come from thinking a song more than feeling it, and there are thin sounds now and then which probably may be traced to a weakness of foundation. It is here that the old school has the advantage of us. It went to school itself to the best masters, and the training of youth showed itself to the end in a sureness of touch and a breadth of sympathy, a sane knowledge of the world. It is not only that the older writers are disappearing, but their better spirit is not always replaced by the younger ones who hurry in their footsteps. Perhaps it is too much to hope that all the traditions of dignity and scholarship can be carried on; perhaps in the end it were better to have left some things, though not these, behind; but surely it were well if the new company could catch from the old some of the spirit which enabled them to look upon the sadness of the world without calling it bitterness and wrong, to accept even a few disagreeable truths without open rebellion and railing. It is in this truer wisdom of the world that Lowell, up to the very last, stands forth as a master skilled to teach.

In temper, as very often in theme and suggestion, Mrs. James T. Fields's volume, *The Singing Shepherd, and Other Poems*,¹ is at one with the books of the elder brothers, so to call the group which has vanished. The temper is that of a mind which is not out of sorts with destiny, and does not win its way so much by aggression and combat as by a gentle, gracious force. The qualities which especially give the book its place apart from others are its feminine sensitiveness of feeling and the frequently evident influence of the classic spirit. There is present, also, to a degree not surprising to those who recall the articles of per-

¹ *The Singing Shepherd, and Other Poems.*
By ANNIE FIELDS. Boston and New York:
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

sonal reminiscence which Mrs. Fields has been contributing through recent years to magazines, a true note of loyalty and love for the memory of lives which have been lived above the level commonly attained by men. The poem from which the book takes its title, *The Singing Shepherd, To a Poet's Memory*, illustrates with special aptness the point we have in mind. Its charm of delicate, allusive imagination is peculiarly the charm which befits its theme. The lines in memory of Otto Dresel have in their different way the same charm, — like and unlike as music and poetry themselves are. It may be said with some confidence that the most winning beauty of the book is to be found in the poems which seem to have sprung most directly from human intercourse and the memory of it. This may be only another way of naming the verses into which the element of immediate personality has entered most strongly. The *Return* might be quoted to show how delicately the influences of nature have also found expression at times, yet should we make a counter-quotation in support of our belief. But we are not in court, nor under any necessity of maintaining our *pros* and *cons*. For its own sake, then, and incidentally for any light it may throw upon what has been said, let us transcribe the amply satisfying lines of “*Still in thy Love I Trust* : ” —

“Still in thy love I trust,
Supreme o'er death, since deathless is thy
essence ;
For putting off the dust,
Thou hast but blest me with a nearer presence ;

“And so, for this, for all,
I breathe no selfish plaint, no faithless chiding,
On me the snowflakes fall,
But thou hast gained a summer all-abiding.

“Striking a plaintive string,
Like some poor harper at a palace portal,
I wait without and sing,
While those I love glide in and dwell immortal.”

Thus we arrive at our “thirdly,” and find in the *Poems* by Mrs. R. H. Stoddard¹ a book in which memory plays its part even more continually, we believe, than in the poems of Mrs. Fields, but to a different purpose ; for the printed page bears its testimony of years to which the memory has been turned with little of satisfaction. Mrs. Stoddard's spirit has indeed the contemporaneous quality of more or less open revolt against the world and much that is therein. Loss to her is loss, and time has little power to temper the bitterness of it. The result in her verse is generally that the vigor of rebellion is more felt than the gentleness of acceptance. It is a curious circumstance, moreover, that the best expression of this intense feeling strikes one as appearing in the blank-verse poems with which the last third of the book is mainly filled. It would be natural to look for the least resisting medium for these utterances in the shorter verses, in the lyric mould, which make up the rest of the volume. This is not to say that there is not strength in the shorter poems ; such lines as *October*, evidently a song of war-time, would speak for themselves against any such untrue generality. Yet if the strength of a writer, unlike that of a chain, is to be tested at its best, it is to the blank-verse poems of Mrs. Stoddard, reflective and descriptive, that one should turn. The sad house by the shore, to which the writer returns more than once ; the moods of nature, reflecting their brightness and hope at times as clearly as their sombre hues upon the human spirit ; and the many messages of the sea to man, — these supply the themes for a series of poems of no mean power. And to have achieved any success where failure is so often met — in the production of that tempting blank verse which looks so much easier than it is — may be more

¹ *Poems*. By ELIZABETH STODDARD. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

than to have turned pretty songs by the score.

The Ballads of Blue Water,¹ by James Jeffrey Roche, present a different phase of contemporaneity, — different, yet perhaps quite as typical as any. There has been widespread rejoicing over the attempt the novelists have been making to return to scenes of active and vivid life. A poetical analogue of this prose return is found in Mr. Roche's book. Here are no unhappy searchings for the springs of private unhappiness. The sky above is clear except for the smoke of battle, the air is truly the vigorous air of the sea, and the deck of brave ships is the stage for the deeds portrayed. There are other poems, to be sure, than the sea ballads to which most of the book is devoted, but war and valor are for the most part their themes. The spirit of the book is wholly stirring, after a hearty fashion which separates it from nearly all verse of the past few years. Indeed, it recalls the War Lyrics of Henry Howard Brownell more than any volume which readily comes to mind. It has not the precise quality which Brownell's song gained from his singing it on the very deck of battle.

"Of distant deeds sing I, who ne'er
Did anything, went anywhere,"

says Mr. Roche, and accordingly there is in his work a little more of the polish and care which peace permits. It is surprising that so much of the fervor which might have been caught from the scene itself is also to be found. Many will recall the short poem *At Sea*, written at the time of the disaster to our ships at Samoa, and in the remembrance of the poet's brother, lost with so many others, will feel that they have traced at least a part of the writer's keen sympathy with men of the sea. We cannot help thinking that the blood of the green island of Mr. Roche's ancestry has contributed its share

of ardent fellow-feeling for our men of most adventurous action, and we are glad to recognize in the Ballads of Blue Water an artistic expression of the same impulse which gave our army its brave Irish regiments in the war. The volume preaches its own sermon to those with ears to hear it, and it were idle for us to dilate upon the refreshment that young writers might afford the world if they would turn to such themes as Mr. Roche has chosen, and persevere until some mastery of them is attained.

It is a far cry from so direct a book as the Ballads of Blue Water to the complexities of Mr. Francis Thompson. We were not of those who hailed him, two years ago, as the poet for whom there had been long and weary waiting. We felt, as we feel in his *Sister-Songs*,² his wealth of imagination, his overflowing gift of language, — too often, we must think, leading him to the offhand use of words which the dictionaries mark *obs.*, — his endowment, indeed, with many of the qualities of mind and spirit for which a poet should be thankful. But in the *Sister-Songs*, still more strongly than in the previous Poems, we feel that these powers have often been treated with abuse. In the Poems there were lines, like *Daisy*, *The Dream-Tryst*, and parts of *The Hound of Heaven*, from which it would be hard, even if one wished it, to withhold admiration. In this second volume, celebrating, if we understand it aright, the debt the poet owes to two children, there are also passages, like those of the child's kiss and the poet's speech, in which the suggestions of beauty and strength press close upon the achievement of these things, and in separate lines clearly attain it. It may be that our own dimness of vision holds us from seeing them more fully attained here and elsewhere. The intricacies of thought, expression, and rhyme are, we

¹ *Ballads of Blue Water*. By JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

² *Sister-Songs*. An Offering to Two Sisters. By FRANCIS THOMPSON. London: John Lane; Boston: Copeland & Day. 1895.

frankly admit, in the homely phrase of every day, "too much for us." What Mr. Thompson, in telling of a woman's hair, calls "the illuminous and volute redundancy" has surely entangled the poem itself.

Instead of disentangling it, we are inclined to remember that a "fifthly" would be in place at this point, and would raise a question which even a casual consideration of the book suggests. Where is the poet to draw the line, or must he draw it at all, between an intemperate, untrammelled indulgence in words for the gratification of every fancy of his own for sound and meaning, and their regulated use as a medium for the communication of his thought to other persons who speak his language? If poetry is an expression of personality, and nothing more, what right has any one to object to any form it may take upon itself? "If you don't like it," the poet may fairly say, "let it alone." On the other hand, can one let it quite alone, if it is thrust upon one at every corner where books are to be found? Possibly the very fact that it is spread abroad between the covers of a book justifies one in asking of it a certain conformity with canons of taste which are distinct from individual likings. There is food for thought and far more searching inquiry in these considerations. It is enough that Mr. Thompson's poems suggest them.

If the Sister-Songs are intricate, an antipodal word must be found for *The Black Riders*,¹ by Stephen Crane. As completely as the one book is overlaid with ornament, the other is stripped bare of it. The strange little lines of which *The Black Riders* is made up are not even rhymed, and have but a faint rhythmic quality. Surpassing the college exercise in verse, to which the shrewd instructor made objection that every line began with a capital letter, these small

skeletons of poetry are printed entirely in capitals, and in the modern fashion which hangs a few lines by the shoulders to the top of the page, as if more had meant to come below, but had changed its mind. The virtue of these lines, however, is that they often have enough freshness of conception to set the reader thinking, and so perhaps the blank spaces are filled. The spirit of the lines is generally rebellious and modern in the extreme, occasionally blasphemous to a degree which even cleverness will not reconcile to a liberal taste. One feels that a long journey has been taken since the *Last Poems* of Mr. Lowell were read. But it is too much to think that the writer always takes himself seriously. Many of the lines are intentionally amusing, and the satiric note sometimes serves to mollify the profanity. The parable form into which many of the fragments are cast gives them half their effectiveness. The audacity of their conception, suggesting a mind not without kinship to Emily Dickinson's, supplies the rest. Instead of talking more about them or discussing the possibility of their production before Tourgénéiev's *Prose Poems*, let us quote, without all its capital letters, this characteristic bit, which might serve either as a *credo* for the modern pessimist or as a felicitous epigram at his expense:—

"In the desert
I saw a creature, naked, bestial,
Who, squatting upon the ground,
Held his heart in his hands,
And ate of it.
I said, 'Is it good, friend?'
'It is bitter — bitter,' he answered:
'But I like it
Because it is bitter,
And because it is my heart.'"

Throughout the little book, nevertheless, there is some eating of other viands, for the sweet is mixed with the bitter. Just another parable we must transcribe, since it is thoroughly typical of Mr. Crane's performances, and will serve as

¹ *The Black Riders, and Other Lines*. By STEPHEN CRANE. Boston: Copeland & Day. 1895.

an excellent "sixthly and lastly" for
any critic who has spoken his mind:—

"Once there was a man, —
Oh, so wise!
In all drink
He detected the bitter,
And in all touch

He found the sting.
At last he cried thus:
'There is nothing, —
No life,
No joy,
No pain, —
There is nothing save opinion,
And opinion be damned.'"

WELL-MADE BOOKS.

EVERY holiday season brings books whose appeal is to the eye. Formerly more than now, stress has been laid upon the illustrations of such books; for the ease with which pictures of all sorts can be copied and printed has made illustration a very common accompaniment of books published in any season, and the prodigality of the illustrated monthlies and weeklies has accustomed the user of books to abundant pictorial setting. Pictures are no longer a distinction, and it may be added that this sort of currency has become so free that few persons discriminate between the genuine and the counterfeit. For the purposes of lavish decoration, there is little difference to the public between an art which represents great design in the artist and patient toil on the part of the interpreter, and an imitation which means a conjunction of paper-maker, pressman, and chemist to produce a superficial show of likeness to an original. There can be little doubt that the steady improvement in mechanical processes tends to diminish the importance of the engraver's craft, and to multiply enormously the capacity of book-makers to reproduce designs, old and new; it also blunts the perception of true values by accustoming the eye to mechanical as distinguished from artistic excellence.

We suspect that the cheapening of illustrated books by the apparent reduction of art and artisanship to one com-

mon level has had something to do with the increased attention paid by the makers of books to those elements which enter into substantial beauty of book-making independently of such accessories as pictures. Possibly, also, the need of studying the several constituents of a book compelled by the conditions of printing process-made cuts has led to greater dexterity in the management of these constituents. At any rate, the lover of good books takes pleasure in noting how many satisfactory books and sets of books have appeared lately which owe their attractiveness to the attention paid to the fundamental properties of the art of book-making.

We had occasion, in a recent number of this magazine, to make some appraisal of the literary worth of the studies in nature which for nearly a generation Mr. John Burroughs has been making and publishing, and which now have been brought together anew in a series of nine volumes.¹ We refer to these books again simply as examples of the beautiful effect produced by a combination of the simplest means. The eye is filled with the harmony of parts, and not fixed upon some single excellence. The type is delicate, yet firm; the proportion of the page is obedient to just laws which prevail in architecture as much as they do in typography; there is an absence of meaning-

¹ *The Writings of John Burroughs.* Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

less ornament and stupid, impertinent points in captions and head-lines; the paper is flexible, agreeable to the touch, and real all the way through, not all surface and no depth; the margins are sufficient and well balanced; the printing is even and of good color, and the number of pages is well related to the size of the volumes. The binding, too, and the lettering have the simplicity which is not barrenness. The portraits of Mr. Burroughs, which present him at different periods, are full of personal interest, and the scheme of title-page vignettes and frontispieces facing them is a pleasant revival of a good fashion of former days, though the etchings themselves are not all equally agreeable.

Here is a case where the generous virtues have been cultivated in a decorous, quiet way, so that it is scarcely a stretch of language to call the books a most gentlemanly set. But that book-makers can cultivate the frugal virtues also is apparent in the one-volume edition of Robert Browning¹ which comes from the same press. Here the problem was to pack a prodigious amount of verse into a single book without making the volume unwieldy or levying too heavy a tax on the eyesight. When one looks at the six volumes of Browning's writings published by the same firm, and sees how large a page is required and how solidly set, and counts the pages with the result of 2550 in all, and then considers that all this matter was to carry in addition an equipment of headnotes relating such histories as were connected with the several poems, and a tolerably full biographical sketch, as well as explanatory notes, chronological list, and indexes, the wonder grows how all this substance could be pressed without being squeezed into 1050 pages; double-columned, it is true, but entirely legible and fair to the sight. Again, the ac-

tual bulk of the book is by no means considerable. The paper is thin, but opaque, and the binding in cloth free, and not weak. The book lies open as if it were a well-made Bible, and it does not tumble to pieces with the using.

A similar success must be chronicled of Mr. Stedman's *Victorian Anthology*,² and a comparison of this work with the Browning affords a fresh illustration of the value of good taste and sound judgment in the exercise of the book-maker's art. The two volumes are of the same size externally. Both are in double columns, and though Mr. Stedman's book contains two hundred and fifty pages less than the Browning, it required skill to pack all he had to offer into a single volume. What we wish to note is that, though it is built on the same lines as the Cambridge Editions, the nature of its contents determined variations which render the effect of the book individual, though it is in harmony with its fellows. There was a classification of an elaborate sort which called for several distinctions of type in the headings, and these distinctions are perfectly clear through the careful adjustment of the proportions of the type used. In this instance both compactness and freedom were demanded, and the combination of these elements on the printed page testifies to a high degree of skill and a scholarly taste on the part of those who regulated the page. We are occupied with the externals only of the books under review, but the studious care shown in this piece of book-making is very intimately connected with the extraordinary editorial art which has made the *Anthology* not only a most convenient survey of contemporaneous English verse, but, by its precision, its method, its order and classification, an analysis at a glance of the whole contents of the poetic period.

Of somewhat more monumental char-

¹ *The Complete Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning*. Cambridge Edition. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

² *A Victorian Anthology*. Selected and edited by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

acter, as befits the man whose recent death calls for all the tribute which the craft he blessed can give him, is the edition of Stevenson's works¹ which the publishers of his more important writings have set forth. The edition is in sixteen volumes, of which the novels and tales form the larger half, the remainder being divided among his travels, poems, and miscellaneous essays. There is a variation of perhaps a hundred and fifty pages between the largest and the smallest members of the series, a variation compelled, it would seem, by the grouping of the material; yet there is little apparent difference in the thickness of the volumes. It is a mistake, we think, to build up the smaller books in a set by the use of heavier paper, or to equalize the thickness by using a lighter weight in the books having a larger number of pages. It should be said, however, that the character of the laid paper in these volumes makes this inequality less perceptible in the handling.

The treatment of this series of books proceeds upon a different plan from that adopted in the edition of Burroughs already mentioned, and one may please himself with the fancy that an equal sense of fitness prevails in each case. For as a certain severe simplicity char-

acterizes the Burroughs throughout, here the note is a picturesque one. Stevenson justifies the picturesque, and these volumes attack the eye with a boldness which is not displeasing. They are bound in red buckram and have elaborately gilded backs. The page is large, and the type is of a cut which should be used sparingly by book-makers, especially when there is much matter to be set, for it has a brilliancy of display which is not restful, but insistent. Yet as one turns over page after page of this new Stevenson, and stops to read a favorite passage, or has his eye caught by some bit of color in speech, he is bound to confess that there is a natural harmony between the page and the witty thought it carries.

We have chosen a few examples with which to illustrate our thesis that the solid satisfaction which the book-lover takes in his books is due less to the extent with which they may be embellished than to the obedience they show to fundamental principles of art in book-making. Such books as are carefully studied, and are not governed by the ruling caprice, never lose their beauty; age does but mellow their graces, and the satisfaction they give when they are new is enhanced by the consideration that it will endure by companionship.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature. Reflections and Comments, 1865-1895, by Edwin Lawrence Godkin. (Scribners.) Mr. Godkin has gathered into this volume a selection from the articles that he has contributed to *The Nation* during the thirty years of his editorship, on social, personal, and (in the larger sense) political subjects. The usual doubt of the permanent value of essays prepared for use

in periodicals is lessened, if not removed, in this case; for they are not editorials that were written for use in particular emergencies, but rather brief papers which, in spite of their brevity, go to the moral base of the subjects. They have a permanent quality, and some of them also an historical value. The volume is a very fair specimen of the work, both in its moral and in its literary quality, that has made *The Nation* a great power; and it is an appropriate commemoration of a memorable period of edito-

¹ *The Writings of Robert Louis Stevenson.* In sixteen volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

rial service, — a service that, happily, goes on with the same courage and helpfulness to our higher life that made its beginning, a generation ago, an event of national importance. — The Laureates of England, from Ben Jonson to Alfred Tennyson, with Selections from their Works, and an Introduction dealing with the Origin and Significance of the English Laureateship, by Kenyon West. With Illustrations by Frederic C. Gordon. (Stokes.) The editor of this selection is not deterred by the manifest artificiality of the scheme, and the plan is carried out with a just sense of the proportionate value of the several writings. Moreover, it gives an opportunity for some interesting oblique light on appreciation of poetry at successive courts, and the individual studies of the poets, though brief, are characterized by good taste and discrimination. The selections, too, are admirable, and the result is a book which surprises one by the felicity with which the editor has turned an apparently formal scheme into one natural and free. — Two more volumes of the pretty People's Edition of Tennyson have been published: *A Dream of Fair Women and Other Poems*, and *Locksley Hall and Other Poems*. We do not understand why the publishers do not number these volumes, since they are designed to form, when completed, a full collection of Tennyson's poems. (Macmillan.) — A great poem is developed, not made, and a close study of the development is likely to yield interesting and helpful results. In *The Growth of the Idylls of the King*, by Richard Jones (Lippincott), we have not only a minute record of the changes made in successive editions of the several Idylls (including even capitalization and punctuation), but also a discussion of the more important changes, an examination of the subject matter of the completed work, and an attempt to determine how far Tennyson followed Malory and how much he drew from other sources. The growth of the poet's plan is traced with care, and incidentally some of his methods of work are brought to view in a very suggestive way. The book is a distinct addition to the equipment for the study of Tennyson. — *Studies of Men*, by George W. Smalley. (Harpers.) We are glad that Mr. Smalley has published a second selection from his Tribune letters, rescuing a chosen few from the oblivion into which even the

best journalistic work swiftly passes; these excerpts being the more welcome because the correspondence, which the Spectator once aptly characterized as an excellent contemporary history of England, has come to an end, to the lasting regret and loss of many faithful readers. For years these letters held a position apart in American journalism, other regular work of the kind differing from them in quality as well as degree. Re-reading these Studies, one is impressed anew not only by the writer's wide knowledge of men and affairs and highly trained powers of observation, but also by the vigor, lucidity, and precision of the style, — a style so easily and agreeably readable that the good qualities which go to make it so are almost forgotten. Of course, judgments on passing events and the actors therein, even by the keenest looker-on, are not likely to be in any sense final, but they have a very real value, nevertheless. — The series of Dickens's novels in single volumes (Macmillan) is continued by the issue of *Our Mutual Friend*, with a brief introduction, giving a history of the publication, by Charles Dickens the younger, and forty illustrations by Marcus Stone. The type is good, and though there are eight hundred pages the book is not clumsy. — The fourteenth volume of that series of Defoe's Romances and Narratives which is the eighteenth century in miniature is devoted to *A New Voyage Round the World*. A circumnavigation of the globe offers less chance for art than life on an island, and the unrestrained liberty of the narrator results in less effective story, but Defoe is at his best in adventure. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) — It is no valley of dry bones through which one is led in Latin Literature, by J. W. Mackail. (Scribners.) A sense of life pervades it, which, aided by frequent comparisons with modern authors, makes it very readable. The reader must know more than a little Latin, however, or he will find embarrassment in some of the rather long untranslated quotations. The book is issued in the University Series, and takes the place of the volume which was expected from the pen of the late Professor Sellar, who was Mr. Mackail's teacher. — A welcome reprint is an attractive edition of *The Household of Sir Thomas More*, illustrated by John Jellicoe and Herbert Railton, and with an introduction by the Rev. W. H. Hutton.

(Imported by Scribners.) Mr. Hutton, in his interesting if somewhat rambling preface, which is, properly enough, mainly historical, tells us almost nothing of the author of this charming book, and her name does not even appear on the title-page. Surely, in regard to so voluminous, and in the case of her best tales so popular a writer, a few facts might have been easily collected for those readers to whom Margaret More's diary was a dear early friend. Mr. Hutton says that Miss Manning never married, yet in *Allibone* she is recorded as Mrs. Rathbone; one of the few personal references to her we have encountered is in a letter of Miss Mitford's, written in 1854, where Miss Manning is positively declared to be dying, yet she undoubtedly lived and wrote books for more than a score of years thereafter. Her name does not appear in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, yet she is spoken of in the past tense. These things are sufficiently confusing to strivers after accuracy. — Long's translation of the *Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus* has been added to the beautifully printed and bound *Elia Series*. (Putnams.) — *Commemorative Addresses*, George William Curtis, Edwin Booth, Louis Kossuth, John James Audubon, William Cullen Bryant, by Parke Godwin. (Harpers.) — Eugénie Grandet, par Honoré de Balzac. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Eugène Bergeron. (Holt.) — *Modern German Literature*, by Benjamin W. Wells, Ph. D. (Roberts.) — *Gallica, and Other Essays*, by James Henry Hallard. (Longmans.) — *A Happy Life*, by Mary Davies Steele. (United Brethren Publishing House, Dayton, Ohio.) — *Fables and Essays*, by John Bryan. (The Arts and Letters Co., New York.)

History and Biography. Julian, Philosopher and Emperor, and the Last Struggle of Paganism against Christianity, by Alice Gardner. *Heroes of the Nations Series*. (Putnams.) An admirably clear, temperate, and impartial estimate of a singularly interesting and even fascinating personality. Miss Gardner shows that easy mastery of her subject which comes not only from a careful study of the central figure in her work, but also from a comprehensive and accurate knowledge of the age in which he lived; while her monograph is always excellent in arrangement, and lucid and readable in style. She handles skillfully the

difficulties in the way of understanding and defining the religious position of Julian, and makes plain how to his ardent and devoted soul any compromise between Christianity and Hellenic culture was impossible. He could not divide his allegiance. "In the triumph of Christianity he foresaw the Dark Ages. We cannot wonder that he did not see the Renaissance on the other side." Not less profound than the Emperor's mistake in believing in the speedy extinction of the new faith from Palestine was that of those who deemed that Hellenism had died with him. And there is much truth compressed into the closing sentence of the biographer's final survey of her hero's character and position in history: "It is the Christ, and not the Galilaean, that has conquered." — My Sister Henriette, Renan's touching tribute to the sister whose devotion and self-sacrifice may almost be said to have made his career possible, has been excellently translated by Miss Abby L. Alger, and brought out in an attractive form by Messrs. Roberts. The illustrations, from paintings by Henri Scheffer and Ary Renan, have been reproduced from the original work. These include an interesting portrait of Renan as a young man. The monograph, now first given to the public, was written and privately printed in 1862, a year after the death of its subject. — *Some Memories of Paris*, by F. Adolphus. (Holt.) An entertaining book, covering the recollections of a correspondent of the London press, and containing some specially graphic pictures of the days of the Commune. — *A Working Manual of American History, for Teachers and Students*, by William H. Mace (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse), is intended primarily to help teachers in making clear the process by which our institutional life has come to be what it is. Curiously, it has neither table of contents nor index. — *Essays in American History*, by Henry Ferguson (James Pott & Co.), contains four papers on important subjects in New England History, — the Quakers, the Witches, Sir Edmund Andros, and the Loyalists. They are clear and sane, and the author has studied to be strictly accurate. — *Genesis and Semitic Tradition*, by John D. Davis, Ph. D. (Scribners.) — *An Old New England Town, Sketches of Life, Scenery, Character*, by Frank Samuel Child. With Illustrations. (Scribners.) — *A Great*

Mother, Sketches of Madam Willard, by Frances E. Willard and Minerva Brace Norton. With an Introduction by Lady Henry Somerset. (Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, Chicago.) — *Études Archéologiques et Variétés*, par Alphonse Gagnon. (Mercier & Cie, Levis, Canada.) — The Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Hahnemann, by Thomas Lindsley Bradford, M. D. (Boericke & Tafel, Philadelphia.)

Nature and Travel. Dog Stories from The Spectator, with an Introduction by J. St. Loe Strachey. (Macmillan.) It was a happy thought to bring together these stories from the correspondence columns of the Spectator; for though many of the anecdotes were sure to be recalled by interested readers, few would be likely to go through some twoscore volumes of the paper in search of them. Besides, as the editor soon found, the stories gain greatly by being arranged in groups, thus giving us, not one, but half a dozen instances of some special form of intelligence. We have, among others, sympathetic, humane, jealous, humorous, and cunning dogs, as well as prudent and businesslike ones, who go a-shopping, knowing exactly what they want, and also understanding the purchasing power of different coins. The book will be full of interest for dog-lovers, who each and all will be eager to match some one of the tales from their own experience, and for students of animal intelligence as well; while, better still, the volume so makes for humanity that it deserves to be crowned by the S. P. C. A. — Poets' Dogs, collected and arranged by Elizabeth Richardson. (Putnams.) A comprehensive collection of dog-poems, from the Odyssey's commemoration of the dog Argus to the latter-day tender tributes to Geist and Kaiser. Even the dogs of Mother Goose are not forgotten. — British Birds, by W. H. Hudson. With a Chapter on Structure and Classification, by Frank E. Beddard. (Longmans.) Besides reaching the British audience for which it was especially intended, it will be strange if this book does not find its way into many American libraries. Not only amateurs in ornithology, but many others, readers of English literature, will be glad to have these admirable life-histories of nightingale, lark, cuckoo, blackbird, robin, throstle, wren, and other less famous but

hardly less interesting birds. Mr. Hudson very properly gives special attention to the songs, though no imitations are attempted; and in this particular we notice that Mr. John Burroughs is quoted several times, usually with approval of his close observation and happy description. Two hundred and odd species are treated at some length, and about two thirds of these are figured. Accidental and irregular visitors are included, but not described. The eight colored plates are by Mr. A. Thorburn, and most of the other illustrations are by Mr. G. E. Lodge. They are all artistic, and are apparently good portraits. The descriptions of species are short and untechnical. Unfortunately, no dimension but length is given, so that the picture, when present, is the only guide to the proportions. The heron, whose length is said to be thirty-six inches, may be supposed to resemble in form the pheasant, which measures three feet long. In his introductory chapter, Mr. Beddard fails to give due credit to many batrachians, mammals, and non-passerine birds for their vocal accomplishments when he limits their utterances to screams, growls, and "dull notes." — The Pheasant: Natural History, by the Rev. H. A. Macpherson; Shooting, by A. J. Stuart-Wortley; Cookery, by Alexander Innes Shand. (Longmans.) In this third volume of the Fur and Feather Series Mr. Stuart-Wortley describes what he aptly calls the "pastime" of pheasant-shooting. He cannot give it the name of sport. And yet, killing the bird in the sportsmanlike manner which he insists upon requires a certain degree of skill. Indeed, the pastime would be a sorry one if it did not. The book states the *raison d'être* of pheasant-shooting very well and sets forth all its good points, but it is easy to see that Mr. Stuart-Wortley's heart is not in that kind of sport. It cannot take the place of grouse-shooting with him or with any other true lover of nature and outdoor life. But though as game it must yield the front rank, the pheasant is in many respects an interesting bird, and has a pedigree extending back to the time of the Argonauts. Its history, early and late, and its natural history besides, is well told by Mr. Macpherson. Finally, the bird is served up in an almost distractingly appetizing style by Mr. Alexander Innes Shand, whose treatise on its table virtues

is well seasoned with anecdotes. The illustrations, by Mr. A. Thorburn, are excellent, as usual. — *Little Rivers*, a Book of Essays in Profitable Idleness, by Henry Van Dyke. (Scribners.) The most delightful sketch in this collection is that which gives its title to the book. That and the second are written in a tender and reminiscent strain which seems so spontaneous that the reader is fain to let himself drift back into his own past, especially if he is so fortunate as to have a past well watered by little rivers. The other sketches are entertaining narratives of excursions in the Adirondacks, Scotland, Canada, the Tyrol, and Germany, accompanied by a faithful trout-rod, which on occasions gives place to a two-handed salmon-rod. In *A Handful of Heather* the author writes charmingly of his literary loves. We suspect he is not the only man who has fallen in love with Sheila, though few have had such opportunities as his for indulging their sentimental passion. — *The Last Cruise of the Miranda*, a Record of Arctic Adventure, by Henry Collins Walsh. With Contributions from Prof. Wm. H. Brewer and fifteen others. Profusely illustrated from Photographs taken on the Trip. (Transatlantic Publishing Co.) An account of the unlucky Arctic expedition conducted by Dr. Frederick A. Cook in the summer of 1894. The narrative is in many respects an interesting one, but there is an amateurish air about the book, which is not entirely dispelled by the valuable papers of Professor Brewer, Professor G. Frederick Wright, and others, on the subjects of their special studies. Mr. Walsh tells us that the proceeds of the sale of the volume are to be devoted to reimbursing the captain and crew of the rescuing schooner *Rigel*, who, on account of the sinking of the disabled *Miranda*, were unable to recover the entire sum due them. — *From the Black Sea through Persia and India*, by Edwin Lord Weeks. Illustrated by the Author. (Harpers.) This rather imaginative title appropriately introduces a book which depends for its interest more upon what it tells than on any charm in the telling. It was after reaching India that Mr. Weeks found most to attract him, and from that point his book becomes something more than a mere narrative of his journey. The illustrations, which are very good throughout, are also especially interesting when the

subjects are the streets, the people, and the temples of Hindostan. Japan is picturesque and charming, but India is something more. She is built on a larger scale than the island empire. Pictures like these of Mr. Weeks's will help stay-at-home travelers to an appreciation of her magnificence. The author writes at some length of the art of India as shown in architecture, wood-carving, and painting. The condition of the country under English rule engages his attention, also, and he has a good deal to say about the native regiments. The first third of the book is the story of an ill-timed journey through a cholera-smitten country. The sad circumstances attending the death of Mr. Weeks's traveling-companion, Mr. Theodore Child, are only very briefly touched upon. — *William Winter's Gray Days* and *Gold* has been added to Macmillan's *Miniature Series* in paper.

Poetry. The Cambridge Holmes (Houghton) is the short title by which will be known the new single-volume edition of Dr. Holmes's complete poetical works, uniform with the Cambridge Editions of Longfellow, Whittier, and Browning. The bulk of Holmes's poetry is not too great to be brought well within the scope of a two-column octavo volume, and the equipment surely is all that could reasonably be asked. A portrait, a biographical sketch, headnotes, dates, poems depressed to the level of small type because discarded from the company of the poet's more determined work, chronological list, indexes, — here is a compact, well-ordered accompaniment which will last long as an adequate critical apparatus. — *Echoes from the Sabine Farm*, by Eugene and Roswell Field. (Scribners.) Whether these *Echoes* be called versions of Horace or diversions of two brothers, it is palpably clear that they cannot be called translations. They are, rather, fluent, highly Americanized paraphrases of the Latin poet, emphasizing with special stress all the more convivial notes from his songs, and displaying an intimacy with the terms of our most modern Occidental speech which may be held the least classic. Yet who shall say that Horace brought to life would not lament his returning too late to meet both of these last worshipers at his shrine? — *Mimosa-Leaves*, by Grace Denio Litchfield. Illustrated by Helen and Margaret Armstrong. (Putnams.) The note of courage

and brightness is struck more persistently in this little volume than that of sorrow, yet nowhere more truly than in the vigorous and unflinching poem *Pain* is the writer's strength shown. These are lines of more than common power, and with others of their kind give the book a quality of realness more intense than its graceful garb and the decorations lead one to expect. — *The Magic House*, and *Other Poems*, by Duncan Campbell Scott. (Copeland & Day.) These poems, under the same title, but with a title-page bearing the imprint of a Canadian publisher, have come to us before. The volume in its new hands has lost none of the beauty which we remarked on its earlier appearance, and the poems, need we say, have their same graceful quality. — *The Legend of the White Canoe*, by William Trumbull. With Photogravures from Designs by F. V. Du Mond. (Putnams.) — *Shakuntala*, or, *The Recovered Ring*, a Hindoo Drama, by Kalidasa. Translated from the Sanskrit by A. Hjalmar Edgren, Ph. D. (Holt.) — *Mariana*, an Original Drama, in Three Acts and an Epilogue, by José Echegaray. Translated by James Graham. (Roberts.) — *The Treasures of Kurium*, by Ellen M. H. Gates. (Putnams.) — *Ernest England*, or, *A Soul laid Bare*, a Drama, for the Closet, by J. A. Parker. (Imported by Scribners.) — *Pebbles and Boulders*, selected from Poems written at Moments of Leisure, by Nathan A. Woodward. (Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo.)

Fiction. Uniform with the reissue of Thomas Hardy's earlier novels in a neat library edition comes his latest, *Jude the Obscure*, with a most unpleasantly deprecatory shrug in the preface. (Harpers.) It is melancholy to see how Mr. Hardy has allowed himself to brood over unwholesome scenes, until he sees everything, including the sun in the heavens, through smoked glass. All has gone awry, but he does not appear to suspect his own squint. — *The Life of Nancy*, by Sarah Orne Jewett. (Houghton.) The title story of this collection of ten tales might well stand as a representative title for a very large part of Miss Jewett's work. She has done precisely this, — got at the life of "Nancy," the homely New England maiden whose city sister is "Annie;" not at the mere external circumstance of Nancy, but at her life, what she thinks about, dreams about, knows

in her soul; not, again, at some sharp moment in Nancy's experience, some acidulous drop into which her life has been distilled, but at her common experience as it flows on year after year. With each new volume Miss Jewett shows a finer power over language, while preserving the old, simple flavor of sympathy and strong sense of what is humanly probable in the characters she portrays. — From the *Memoirs of a Minister of France*, by Stanley J. Weyman. (Longmans.) It will surely be to the great contentment of all his readers that in this book Mr. Weyman returns to the time and scene of his most successful tales, the France of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. The dozen stories which make up the volume are in their form episodes from Sully's *Memoirs*, the personality of the narrator serving as a connecting thread. Not only is the great minister a singularly lifelike figure, but his still more famous master is drawn with an ease and a sureness of touch altogether admirable. Again, we must note how, without carefully, not to say painfully elaborated descriptions or archaisms of manner and phrase on the one hand, or impertinent intrusions of the life and thought of to-day on the other, we are, by means apparently the simplest and most natural, given the atmosphere and feeling of the time. Remarkable, too, is the variety of motive and incident to be found in these sketches. Indeed, viewing him only as an excellent story-teller, we think this volume often shows the author at his best — *The Stark Munro Letters*, by A. Conan Doyle. (Appletons.) It is easy to imagine the feelings of the ordinary devourer of fiction when he finds that this book is not an exciting historical romance, nor an ingenious detective story, nor even thrilling episodes in a physician's life, but the plain, unvarnished tale of the struggles of a young doctor, without money or influence, to build up a very modestly remunerative practice. We have no right to infer that the work is autobiographic, but it is certainly realistic in a good sense, and will, we think, interest a not inconsiderable number of readers. The sketch of the narrator's unfriendly friend, Cullingworth, part genius, part charlatan, part knave, and potentially wholly a lunatic, may not be a life-study, but it is an exceedingly vivid piece of character-drawing,

and would alone give value to the volume, whose weakest feature is the stress laid upon the hero's rather boyish and quite commonplace agnosticism. — *The Wonderful Visit*, by H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.) This agreeably readable fantasy tells of the haps and mishaps, usually the latter, of an angel who accidentally finds himself on the earth, the place of his involuntary descent being an English village, where dwell a collection of Philistines not differing greatly from other coteries to which we have frequently been introduced. The satire of the sketch is also of a rather familiar kind, but the little tale is told with originality of manner if not of thought, and with wit and humor as well. Nor does it lack a touch of pathos. — *My Japanese Wife*, by Clive Holland. (Macmillan.) The tale fitly contained in this pretty booklet is told with a charming and dainty grace quite worthy of the fascinating child-woman who is its heroine. It is impossible to imagine Mousmé in any but a Japanese setting, and her possible English experiences would cause some misgivings if we were able to take her pleasing history very seriously. — *The Red Star*, by L. McManus. The Autonym Library. (Putnams.) The history of a high-born Polish girl, in the days when the battle of Eylau was fought, who, when the only man of her house declines to join the French, disguises herself as a boy and leads some of her vassals to the war, where her fate becomes intertwined with that of her nominal husband, a Russian officer, to whom she had been forcibly wedded. The tale is told with so much spirit, and here and there so graphically, that it is quickly read, and for the moment its rather startling improbabilities are overlooked. — *Lady Bonnie's Experiment*, by Tighe Hopkins. (Holt.) A sketch rather than a story, of the flimsiest texture, but sometimes brightly and always smartly written. — *Moody's Lodging House, and Other Tenement Sketches*, by Alvan Francis Sanborn. (Copeland & Day.) A baker's dozen of sketches of the mud age of civilization. Other writers go to this source for realistic sketches or for philanthropic designs. Mr. Sanborn seems to take the ground that he is to be a close reporter of men and things as they are on this low level. He has not the power of Stevenson to get at the real man behind his rags; and after all, what is

the use of the book? It has all the outside air of literature and not of a sociological report, but is in reality nothing more than an author's studies, and should no more be published than the sketches of an artist who is studying to make pictures. — *The Adventures of Jones*, by Hayden Carruth. (Harpers.) The spirit if not the genius of Baron Munchausen fell upon Jones. He struggles manfully, but the burden is heavy, and sometimes he is near sinking under it. His stories of wonderful inventions are only moderately wonderful inventions themselves, but the book can at least be commended as a terrible warning to young liars, and also for its entire freedom from vulgarity. — *The Price of Peace, a Story of the Times of Ahab, King of Israel*, by A. W. Ackerman. (McClurg.) — *The Panglima Muda, a Romance of Malaya*, by Rounseville Wildman. (Overland Monthly Publishing Co.). — *Transplanted Manners, a Novel*, by Elizabeth E. Evans. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London.) — *Garrison Tales from Tonquin*, by James O'Neill. (Copeland & Day.)

Books for the Young. *A Life of Christ for Young People, in Questions and Answers*, by Mary Hastings Foote (Harpers), covers the events from the Annunciation to the Ascension, as nearly as possible in what is now believed to be the true chronological order. There are more than eighteen hundred of the questions and answers, generally brief, clear, and pointed, many of them couched in the exact language of the Authorized Version. The author is orthodox and devout, and makes good use of the fruits of the latest scholarship. — *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: illustrated by R. A. Bell; edited, with an Introduction, by Israel Gollanez. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) Mr. Gollanez, though possibly a little too much affected by the idea that he is writing to children, puts in capital form a scholarly and imaginative account of the origin and meaning of the great play. The illustrations are playful and suggestive in a modest, agreeable fashion. — *Two Little Pilgrims' Progress, a Story of the City Beautiful*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Scribners.) "Perhaps theirs was a fairy story," says the writer regarding the history of the twins, Robin and Meg, orphans of twelve years, who by months of hard, persistent work earn enough

to go to the Chicago Fair, and there meet their destiny, a rich, lonely, unhappy man, whom they comfort and cheer, and who of course adopts them. We fear that a stern Realist would agree with the writer, but for ourselves, we are quite willing that children should still have a good ending to their tales; and as they will instinctively feel that the boy and girl who go to the City Beautiful are an exceedingly uncommon pair, the good fortune that attends them will be accepted as, in their case, altogether natural. We should be more disposed to take exception to the author's habit of occasionally writing of rather than for children, though this is less marked here than in some of her recent juvenile stories. — *A Boy of the First Empire*, by Elbridge S. Brooks. (Century Co.) The revival of the Napoleonic legend was sure to produce a tale belonging thereto concerning the fortunes of some ardent boy Bonapartist to whom the Emperor plays the part of earthly providence, and in this handsome, profusely illustrated volume we find such a history. The author has brought out a good deal of juvenile historic fiction, and though he quite lacks a distinction of style very desirable in writing of this class, or any vivid imaginative power, he is generally spirited and readable, and follows his authorities with reasonable accuracy. — The want of distinction of which we speak is more sensibly felt in another book from the same hand, *Great Men's Sons, Who They Were, What They Did, and How They Turned Out: A Glimpse at the Sons of the World's Mightiest Men*, from Socrates to Napoleon. (Putnams.) This volume is also generously, and on the whole well illustrated. — *A Child of Tuscany*, by Marguerite Bouvet. (McClurg.) An entirely conventional tale of a lost child, brought up by a peasant woman; the distinguished-looking old gentleman and lovely young lady, with sad faces, whom the boy has admired from a distance, naturally proving to be his own high-born kinsfolk. The writer loves Florence, but this fact, and calling a child a *bimbo*, or scattering a few other Italian words through the dialogue, do not make the little hero and his friends Tuscans, or indeed the living denizens of any other land. The publishers have brought out the book in an attractive guise. — *Guert Ten Eyck, a Hero Story*, by W. O. Stoddard.

(Lothrop.) — *English Men of Letters for Boys and Girls*, Chaucer, Spenser, Sidney, by Gertrude H. Ely. (E. L. Kellogg & Co.) — *Polly Button's New Year*, by Mrs. C. F. Wilder. (Crowell.) — *Oscar Peterson, Ranchman and Ranger*, by Henry Willard French. (Lothrop.)

Year-Books and Calendars. The beginning of the year brings a variety of prettily bound and otherwise attractive year-books and volumes of selections from favorite writers. In white and gold are *Helpful Words*, from the Writings of Edward Everett Hale, selected by Mary B. Merrill (Roberts), in which a single page is given to each extract, with a small picture opposite; and *Messages of Faith, Hope, and Love, Selections for Every Day in the Year from the Sermons and Writings of James Freeman Clarke*, with a portrait of Dr. Clarke as a frontispiece. (Geo. H. Ellis.) — *The Helen Jackson Year-Book, Selections by Harriet T. Perry*. Illustrated by full-page designs by Emil Bayard, and vignette titles by E. H. Garrett. (Roberts.) — *About Men: What Women Have Said. An Every-Day Book*. Chosen and arranged by Rose Porter. (Putnams.) Selections from the writings of twelve women (one for each month), from Maria Edgeworth to Mrs. Humphry Ward. — *Thoughts from the Writings of Richard Jefferies*, selected by H. S. H. Waylen. One of the handsomest of this season's books of the kind. Finally, and somewhat out of the ordinary course of these volumes, comes *The Proverbial Philosophy of Confucius, Quotations from the Chinese Classics for Each Day in the Year*, compiled by Forster H. Jennings, with Preface by Hon. Pom Kwang Soh, Minister of Justice to H. M. the King of Korea. (Putnams.) — L. Prang & Co., Boston, send an assortment of things to give away, because of their holiday air and general attractiveness: *Our Poets' Calendar for 1896*, with heads of Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, and Emerson; *A Posy of Forget-Me-Nots*, half a dozen cards, with the flower in various combinations and verses from various poets, the cards tied by a blue ribbon; another Calendar, composed of violets and figures; *A Handful of June Pansies*, the same kind of fancy on a larger scale and with more range to the poetry; *A Posy of Sweet Peas*, on the same plan; a Calendar, with infantile figures presiding over each quarter; a

Happy Childhood Calendar, a little more elaborate; *Roses, Roses all the Way*, dedicated to Rose, and a mingling of flowers and verse; and finally, *Six British Authors*, ribbon-tied cards with portraits of Shakespeare, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Byron, Burns, and Browning, verses from these poets, and idealized houses in which the equally idealized portraits may be hung.

Periodicals. The fiftieth volume of *The Century* is characterized in part by the infrequency of serial matter and the abundance of poetry. The leading serial is Mr. Sloane's *Napoleon Bonaparte*. (*Century Co.*) — The two volumes of *St. Nicholas* covering the year from November, 1894, to November, 1895 (*Century Co.*), enable one to see how varied are the contents of the magazine, and that the editors endeavor to mix in as much introduction to literature and natural history and science generally as they think omnivorous readers of stories will stand. — *The Yellow Book*, Volume VII., October, 1895. (*Copeland & Day.*)

Household Economics. *The Century Cook Book*, by Mary Ronald. (*Century Co.*) The illustrations form the distinguishing and a distinctly valuable feature of this book. They are reproductions from photographs, showing various dishes, the garniture thereof, as well as utensils used in their preparation. The volume also contains chapters on dinner-giving, directions as to laying the table, serving, and kindred topics, — the directions and suggestions being usually clear and sensible. Viewed simply as a collection of receipts, the book should take a fair rank, though it is certainly neither better nor more complete than are several of the well-known compilations in general use. In its size and make-up this manual is probably the handsomest and most imposing cook book of the day. — *Swain Cookery*, with Health Hints, by Rachel Swain, M. D. (*Fowler & Wells.*) Intended, we are assured, "to cultivate correct dietetic habits," and dedicated "to those who love the largeness of life and the bounty of good living." — *Food Products of the World*, by Mary E. Green, M. D. Edited and illustrated by Grace Green Bohn. (*The Hotel World, Chicago.*)

Guidebooks and Handbooks. *The Harvard Guide-Book*, by Franklin Baldwin Wiley. (*C. W. Sever, Cambridge.*) It appears that

for more than twelve years no comprehensive guidebook of the university at Cambridge has been newly published. Mr. Wiley's is excellent in arrangement, and should be commended especially for the manner in which it brings forward the many lines our Cambridge poets, old and young, have written of the scenes they have loved. A useful appendix describes the windows in Memorial Hall. — *Hand-Book of Sanitary Information for Householders*, containing Facts and Suggestions about Ventilation, Drainage, Care of Contagious Diseases, Disinfection, Food, and Water. With Appendices on Disinfectants and Plumbers' Materials. By Roger S. Tracy, M. D., Sanitary Inspector of the New York City Health Department. (*Appletons.*) The title sufficiently explains what the book is. In addition, it is only necessary to say that there are thirty-three illustrations and a complete index. — *Ancestry, the Objects of the Hereditary Societies and the Military and Naval Orders of the United States, and the Requirements for Membership Therein*, compiled by Eugene Zieber. (*The Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co., Philadelphia.*)

Science. *Life and Love*, by Margaret Warner Morley. Illustrated by the Author. (*McClurg.*) "'T is love that makes the world go round." This is Miss Morley's text, although she does not announce it in these words. The book is a natural sequel to her *Song of Life*, published a few years ago. The present volume was written rather for the uninformed general reader than for children, but is so elementary in treatment and so elevated in tone that it could well be placed in young hands. The reproductive instinct and functions, as exhibited in all classes of animals and plants, are explained in a delicate and sometimes even poetic manner, yet without the slightest departure from strict scientific accuracy; and the author's idea of love, in the purest and most exalted sense of the word, as the underlying principle of life, is kept constantly in view. The book might well be used as an antidote for the teachings of the physiological novel. — *Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*, by the Rev. T. W. Webb. Fifth edition, revised and greatly enlarged by Rev. T. E. Espin. In two volumes. (*Longmans.*) — *Popular Scientific Lectures*, by Ernst Mach, Professor of Physics in the University of Prague. Translated by

Thomas J. McCormack. (Open Court Publishing Co.) — The Growth of the Brain, a Study of the Nervous System in Relation to Education, by Henry Herbert Donaldson, Professor of Neurology in the University

of Chicago. (Imported by Scribners.) — The Forces of Nature, a Study of Natural Phenomena, by Herbert B. Harrop and Louis A. Wallis. (Harrop & Wallis, Columbus, Ohio.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Decameron.

THE monograph on Boccaccio by Mr. J. A. Symonds, which has been lately published, sets one a-thinking again about the Decameron. Mr. Symonds is exceedingly enthusiastic in his praises, and hands on the Boccaccio tradition bright as a dollar. Everybody has flattered Boccaccio, great men, little men, grave old plodders, gay young friskers, until it should seem that the consent of many generations had correctly expressed the measure of the man. You have almost a conviction of this until you read the Decameron; then comes over you a growing sense of irreverence, of a sort of *sans-culottisme littéraire*, and you look around you over the great gravestones in the churchyard of literature, and wonder if it be a sacred place. Why has there been this deal of courtesy to Messer Giovanni Boccaccio? Ulysses says that

"Time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the corner."

And in truth, Time commonly deals with men in a most unmannerly way; but once you get on the right side of Time, he proves the best of friends. The more the years roll on, the firmer stand his favorites, especially if they be writers of books; for the years sweep away the books, and no sooner is all evidence gone than judgment of immortality is entered at once. Howbeit, it is easier to say why a man wins Time's partiality than why he should deserve it. Boccaccio's success is readily explained. He was the first in the field, and came in on the rising tide of the Renaissance. Yet the Decameron is a book with a feeble pulse of life. It has more genuine *fin de siècle* flavor than any such put forth nowadays. Once a man is first, by the law that whips creatures along the line of least resistance, he will have imitators, disciples, advocates,

and a grand army of pensioners, all living on his reputation. So it fell out with Boccaccio, and at last he got into encyclopædias and literature primers, and such like perdurable niches of fame, as the "Father of Italian Prose" and the "Prince of Story-Tellers," and his name shall live forever. Professors, sub-professors, and essayists make literary genealogies immortal as that of Noah. And so it has come to be common report that Petrarch while he was yet young begat Boccaccio, and Boccaccio after living two hundred years begat Ariosto, Sannazaro, Aretino, and many others. And in fact by that time, Boccaccio, having no rivals, was lauded and applauded by the *cinqcentisti* till they too passed away, and since then nobody has read him. I mean that nobody reads him for the pleasure of it, but by authority or curiosity, or to pass examinations, except that noble company to whom a book is a book and a thing of beauty, and its contents may be such as pleases God.

All this I say, admitting, of course, that Boccaccio was an artist and a very clever man. In art he was full of the true spirit of the Renaissance, and he put his hundred tales into a most enduring form. The story of the plague in Florence is mightily interesting; and in front of this horrid black background, fearful as the scrubby thickets where the harpies roost, come tripping along seven delightful young ladies and three charming young gentlemen, like a troop from one of Burne-Jones's pictures. You may think, as you read, that your interest is absorbed by this description of the plague because it is a tale about the wonderful city of Florence told by an eye-witness. But that explanation is not enough, as is proved by Machiavelli's account of a plague in Florence. Machiavelli, weighed in moral scales, tips up Boccaccio ten times

over, but his plague compared to Boccaccio's is a very humdrum and chickenpox affair.

The places whither these ladies and gentlemen go are very delightful places, but how can they help themselves, all dressed up in *la favella Toscana*? You have only to shake an Italian dictionary, and such wonderful words drop out that you at once dream of "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in fairyland." In the Decameron *carissime donne e nobilissimi giovani* wander over *montagnette*, through *boschetti verdissimi*, alongside of *chiarissimi fiumicelli*, brushing with loitering feet the *rugiadose erbette*, and everything is so *gradevole, piacevole*, and *dilettevole* that there care could not kill a cat. This lovely frame peeps out again at the end of every ten stories; for after all the company have told their tales, they dance and sing and sup, and one among them recites a *ballata*. The workmanship of this is like the shine of beads on a rich brocade. I wish some one would get out an edition of the Decameron without the stories. Those hundred stories are some ninety-eight or ninety-nine too many.

As to the matter of Boccaccio's invention, Mr. Symonds admits that he laid his hands upon plots wherever he found them, and says, What of it? It is Boccaccio's art that has given them their value. That may be true, but it is Boccaccio's misfortune that Cymbeline should have been built on the plot of one of his tales, and The Clerk's Tale and the Pot of Basil on those of others. These Englishmen whet your appetite for poetry till it becomes so voracious and intolerant that you cannot abide a story of life without it; and they convince you that wherever two or three human beings are gathered together the spirit of poetry is there also, and that the chief business of the story-teller is to bring it out. In all Boccaccio's hundred tales there is not one breath of poetry.

However, it may not be fair, and it is not necessary, to go to Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Keats. Take the famous story of the husband who murdered his wife's lover, cut his heart out, and had it served up to her for dinner. Compare Boccaccio's version with the same story told of Guillem de Cabestahn, the troubadour, which Mr. Francis Hueffer has taken from a Provençal manuscript in the Laurentian Library at Flor-

ence. It is possible that Boccaccio got his story from that very source. The Provençal version is full of passion, and Boccaccio has kept nothing but the bare brutality of the plot. Boccaccio's artful way of stabbing romance shows itself in this story. The wife, on being told that she has eaten her lover's heart, kills herself, and the husband's emotion is — "*parveglì aver mal fatto*." In most of the stories the plot is the most interesting thing, and it must be confessed that the variety of incident is most excellent work.

Mr. Symonds, in his athletic way, calls the Decameron "that stately art work, completely finished, fair in all its parts, appropriately framed, subordinate to one principle of style, with the master's Shakspearean grasp on all heights and depths, on the kernel and the superficies, the pomp and misery, the pleasures and the pangs of mortal life." This is a melancholy instance of the hand being subdued to what it works in. In the Decameron there are no heights or depths, nor mountains nor valleys, nor hills nor dells; only little hummocks and hollows. It is merely excellent landscape gardening. In fact, it is the monotonous human level that strikes the reader, — no virtue, no vice. For there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so, and Boccaccio was an extraordinarily clever Florentine epicurean, to whom virtue and vice were but two Dromios playing the world's farce.

Inability to depict character is another conspicuous failing. Giannello and Peronella, Frate Cipolla, Madonna Agnese, Messer Calandrino, and Niccolosa are a stock company of bad actors, who change their names and clothes from time to time, but nothing else.

The principal objection to the Decameron for the modern reader must necessarily be the indecency of the stories. After making all allowances for *autres temps, autres mœurs*, and for the fact that human beings are akin to the brutes, the reader is forced to the conclusion that this perpetual indecency is not due to the fact that the writer was a *cittadino Fiorentino* and a *trecentista*, but that he was Messer Giovanni Boccaccio. Indecency may be more popular and more public at one time than at another, of course, but probably there are always some people who believe that decency makes life richer and more enjoyable, and others who

do not. Of the latter was Boccaccio. In Italy, at that very time, Petrarch was employing his genius writing love poems of a most delicate and refined nature, and Dante, the greatest idealist in this respect that ever lived, was alive when Boccaccio was a boy. Boccaccio himself lectured on Dante. Mr. Symonds admits that Boccaccio could not understand Dante's sentiment for Beatrice. He puts it thus : "Between Boccaccio and the enthusiasms of the Middle Ages a ninefold Styx already rolled its waves." But the difficulty with this apology is that this ninefold Styx shows an infernal ingenuity in rolling around Boccaccio alone. Read Petrarch's tenth sonnet :—

"I' benedico il loco e'l tempo e l'ora
Che sì alto miraron gli occhi miei."

Yet it is not merely the denial of the value of idealizing the love of woman, as to which there may be an honest disagreement, but the lack of all interest in anything that vitally concerns human society, that confounds the reader : no loyalty, no honor, no generosity, no sympathy, no courage, no fortitude, no recklessness of consequence, — nothing male in the whole book. Boccaccio left these things out because he wished to interest, and did not think them interesting. Nothing is fit to his hand except the meetings of one blackguard with another of the opposite sex.

"Spitzbübin war sie, er war ein Dieb," is true of all his heroes and heroines.

It is this narrow range of interest that prevents the Decameron from being a great book. It has been called the *Commedia Humana*, but compare it with Balzac's *Comédie Humaine* ; and though Balzac may be deficient in appreciation of the poetry of life, you see at once how much wider and more generous his sympathies are. When Boccaccio's contemporary, Chaucer, tells his tales, he roams up and down through the emotions. This limitation of the Decameron strikes the reader into a melancholy, in spite of its beautiful framework, its meriment and its variety. He perceives that even the memory of ancient Rome is gone from Italy, and in its stead has come that intelligent and rational epicureanism which, as Mr. Kidd tells us so vivaciously, must inevitably bring national degradation in its train. We cannot but believe that some of Boccaccio's original readers foresaw the five hundred years of servitude between

Petrarch's "*Italia Mia*" and Leopardi's "*O Patria Mia*," and that the book even then had a profoundly tragic element.

Europe in — Did you find Europe old ?
Good Repair. Then thank your good angel that led you blindfolded through a land sprinkled with guidebooks and vergers, overrun by tourists, and given over to the amenities of travel.

Cologne cathedral was my first recognized disappointment. We reached it by way of Antwerp and Aix la Chapelle. Rubens's florid tomb and Charlemagne's uncomfortable coronation chair had, it is true, made me vaguely uneasy. But it was not until I saw Cologne cathedral that I knew to a certainty that I was disappointed. There it stood in all its beauty, immaculate, spick-span ; as if it had been built seven years ago instead of seven hundred. My companion gazed upon it, wrapped in admiration. She, fortunate soul, could bear corroborative witness to the guidebook's testimony : "It justly excites the admiration of every beholder." She called my lagging attention to its rare beauty and finish. Finish — yes, "finished in 1880." Beauty — What went we out for to see ? Fine buildings ? Nay, we had traveled thousands of miles that we might come in touch with the old, the historic, and here I stood before an advertised antiquity and felt no responsive thrill, — I, who at home worshiped the past, haunted old cemeteries and bought only old furniture ! Nor was the inside much better. We had happened in Cologne on a feast day. We stood and watched the procession of priests move slowly up the broad aisle. They were round of head, round of person, and solid of foot, — not a suggestion of the tonsured monk of the Middle Ages. If those early monks were of the earth, earthy, we to-day feel it not. They are long since dust and ashes, and by a sort of homœopathic process have become canonized in our imaginations. But these modern priests, they are yet in the body. Led by an assiduous attendant, we visited the choir chapel, climbed to the choir gallery, and even to the top of the tower. Not so much as a thrill to reward our tired legs. It was all shockingly new and surpassingly beautiful.

It may be that this first disappointment affected all my subsequent impressions of Europe. For I looked and hungered in

vain for the glory of the past. There is no past in Europe. It is all distressingly up to date. The ruins are all in an excellent state of preservation, thanks to the constant and watchful care bestowed on them. I gazed upon the bullet holes that mark the place where William the Silent met his fate. I tried to be impressed by their age, by the tragedy they commemorated. All in vain. I could only look upon them as well-preserved bullet holes, hold my peace, and wonder what William the Silent would have thought. Even Heidelberg Castle, with its promenades and bands and guides, is a sort of historic beer garden.

It is the tourist that has spoiled Europe. First and foremost, he is everywhere, marring the picturesque market-place by his presence, robbing it of its local color, and having too little individuality to replace it by anything of his own. And secondly, his influence is constantly seen in the eager attempts made to satisfy his curiosity. Everywhere and in everything is manifest a pathetic, thrifty provision to catch his eye and his dollars. Ruins are labeled — nay, even restored — for his benefit. Guides are constantly at hand. All Europe is one continuous show.

If the enterprise stopped at ruins, one might endure it, harrowing though it is. But even nature is not safe from the rejuvenating hand. "As old as the hills," we say. Alas, not in Switzerland. Each peak and crevasse is ticketed and advertised, nor could I escape the impression, during my stay there, that the cheerful bugler, whose notes every morning yoke the hotel in time for the advertised sunrise, had carefully dusted each shining peak before summoning us to the spectacle. A long-handled feather duster hovered dimly in my imagination. And I felt, when I dropped the customary coin into his customary palm at the hotel door, that I paid for both waking and dusting. Then I would take my misty way to the top of the kulg; and lo, out of the shrouding mists, tables and booths would shape themselves to my sleepy vision, — tables laden with colored photographs and carved salad-forks and stick-pins. And I would turn my back upon them, and watch for the "red eye" of dawn to appear, just as the guidebook describes it, with a vague feeling that each individual

salad-fork and stick-pin was imbedded in my spinal column.

No, it is only by chance and rare good fortune that one finds the old in Europe. Some little out-of-the-way place has escaped the all-seeing Baedeker eye. You come upon it by accident, and suddenly you feel yourself in the presence of the old, the venerable. The town may not boast even one ruin, but it has the atmosphere of antiquity. It grins down at you from grotesque gargoyles; it reaches out to you in curiously wrought door-handles; it smiles from quaintly colored rural pictures upon some burgher's house; it clatters in sabots over the cobbled streets; and you yield yourself to it and breathe deep. It is genuine antiquity; there is no mistaking the flavor.

It is the same feeling that has swept over you hundreds of times in sleepy New England towns where Time has had his way. You are reminded, perhaps, of Old Hadley cemetery, where one long Indian-summer afternoon you drifted with the hours, and the peace of the past came upon you, and baffling mysteries, gliding from their soft haze, touched you familiarly and said, "Lo, you too are one of us; and we are of the Present and the Future and the Past."

— In that most "gruesome" One View of the "New Woman." and most uncomfortable story, full of "the horror and darkness of shadow and sin and death," Mr. Marion Crawford's *Casa Braccio*, we come occasionally upon some keen and subtle general reflection that seems worth preserving. The other day I picked up in one of its pages this little nugget: "She had that rarest quality in women which commands men without inspiring love. It is very hard to explain what that quality is, but most men who have lived much and seen much have met with it at least once in their lives. A hundred women may rebuke a man for something he has done, and he will smile at the reproach. Another will say to him the same words, and he will be gravely silent, and will feel that she is right, and will like her better for it ever afterwards. And she is not, as a rule, the woman whom such men would love." All this seems to me to contain a fine truth that has never been very generally recognized or pointed out. I am certainly myself acquainted with several wo-

men possessing this power, noble natures, who, "without inspiring love" (indeed, at least two of them never married), have yet, to a remarkable degree, influenced and guided, and up to a certain point moulded the lives and actions of more than one man with whom they came into close contact. But I do not agree with Mr. Crawford that "it is very hard to explain what that quality is;" on the contrary, the solution of that mystery seems to me very easy. The quality, or rather combination of qualities, from which that power emanates that "commands men" is simply character. And by character, I here mean all those tendencies that make for truthfulness, sincerity, loyalty, courage, honesty, and a fine sense of honor, in a wider interpretation of that noble word. Not the honor which a woman alone is supposed to be able to lose, but that other "gem" which manifests itself in steadfastly keeping a promise made, redeeming a given word, discharging a debt incurred, of whatever kind,—the honor that will make us brave enough to come forward without flinching, to face and meet disagreeable things, even though we know they will hurt our vanity or pleasant opinion of ourselves; indeed, in all and every possible way to live up to our own best convictions and ideal standards. To sum it all up in one comprehensive term, I might call it that perfect rectitude of nature, more commonly supposed to be the attribute of man than of woman, but which, when it is found in a woman, almost appears to be worth something more, to be lifted to a still higher plane, touched and consecrated, as it were, with a more subtle and beautiful light by the *ewig weibliche* in her, the generally finer texture of the woman's whole mental fibre, and thus comes to be all the more potent for good. For as she is so universally esteemed the "weaker vessel," fickleness, untruthfulness, cunning, deceit, and dissembling have been almost looked upon as a woman's privilege, her natural weapons of defense, against man's overwhelming physical force. I have read somewhere of late, "The strong force of Lady — was her sex: weak, untruthful, cowardly, and malicious, she was still no more than woman may be." This, of course, is a bitter, satirical fling, yet I must confess not wholly undeserved; for it is but too true that somehow the unwritten laws of honor (in my definition of the word)

do not seem to be equally understood and accepted by both sexes. I may illustrate just what I mean by a more good-natured passage from another book, and ought perhaps to premise that the words are spoken by a man, and that "what she did" was, in this case, deliberately to conceal, though not destroy, a will, by the simple non-appearance of which she came into a fortune: "The difference between masculine and feminine character is immense. No man with a grain of honor in him would have done what she did; only some dastardly hound, who could cheat at cards. And she, — somehow she seems a pure, good woman in spite of it." She had coveted the fortune very largely for the purpose of procuring more comforts and a life free from anxiety for her sick mother; for, you see, she was a "good girl." Only, what an argument! It seems to me every woman ought to resent this, to protest against the pernicious as well as insulting assumption that there can be anything but one code of honor, that binds equally every man, woman, and child on the face of the earth! Of course, not all men live up to that code. What an ideal place this world would be if they did! Indeed, the very individuals most influenced by some woman who "commands" them, without inspiring love, are probably, whether conscious of it or not, themselves most deficient, or at least most weak and vacillating, in those qualities that lend power to the woman. Mr. Crawford's concluding words are entirely true, "And she is not, as a rule, the woman whom such men would love;" but we might add, The worse for him! for in all probability she is the very helpmate his life most sorely needs. But the point I make is, that the general standard of women in such matters is not as high as that of men. And here it is where the real "new woman" and her true mission should begin: not by attempting to ape and imitate in outward things, in all ways most distasteful, revolting, and absurd, the one creature of earth whom at the same time, by an affectation more utterly absurd still, if that were possible, she pretends to look down upon and despise, — man, unfortunate, inferior man! But let women impress upon their girls as well as their boys, by every precept as well as by the force of their own example, the importance, the priceless value, of truthfulness

and loyalty and honor, the eternal obligations laid upon them by those splendid old words *noblesse oblige*, and see how quickly they, as well as their daughters after them, will rise to the coveted plane of perfect equality with man in *all* ethical regions, as woman is already undoubtedly his superior in a certain more restricted sense of the word "moral." Just now, the "new woman" is the laughing-stock of the world, — a kind of hybrid, not belonging entirely to either one sex or the other, a grotesque and ridiculous "sport" on the great tree of humanity. But if the new woman will only, instead of wearing his outer garments and smoking his cigarettes and playing his athletic games, "be a man in honor," not alone this, but also every coming generation "will rise up and call her blessed."

The Good Old-Fashioned Hand-Shake. — Is it really a thing of the past? Will it some time be as obsolete as the curtsy with which our grandmothers greeted the beaux of their day, or the kiss that the gallant impressed on the fragile hand that he raised so respectfully to his lips? Or — what is perhaps a better comparison, since these gracious customs rose from over-refinement, while the cordial, whole-souled hand-shake has been a thing of the heart — will it some day find itself as out of fashion as the kiss with which our mothers greeted each other, square on the mouth, direct, and often resounding? Who was the first woman who was brave enough to slide her cheek coyly and coldly into the track of the approaching lips? It could not have been Eve, for there was no other woman to kiss, except possibly Lilith, and the relations there were somewhat strained, even for kissing. But somewhere, some time, there was a first woman who thus met the proffered kiss, and somewhere was a first woman who was thus repulsed, and whose soul froze into righteous determination to try the same thing on the next woman she met: and thus was sealed the fate of the kiss on the mouth. We understand that the custom

still persists to a certain extent among lovers, but we have fears that even there it will not long survive. Think of the offense against the laws of hygiene! What fell microbes of disease may not flit between them in the kiss that plights their vows!

No, the good old-fashioned kiss has gone; the good old-fashioned hand-shake is going, even while I write may be gone. It is still occasionally met with. Your country cousin comes to town. She does not understand the artistic crook of interrogation in which your hand attempts to approach hers. She grasps the curving fingers and straightens them in a loving squeeze. You sigh, and fancy that the art was lost upon her? Not at all. Wait until she reaches home. See her at the next church "sociable;" note the condescending curve of her small figure as it bends in greeting; observe the digital hook with which she draws in each unwary and disconcerted comer. And so the evil communication spreads until the whole country has felt its devastating touch.

Some people are bound to suffer more than others from this social change. Be merciful unto them, ye powers that be. The man who for long years has laid his fishlike fingers confidently in yours has come upon an evil day. His torpid sensibilities are doomed to daily shocks. Be gentle with him. Woo him, win him, out of his limp straightness in that first difficult curve, doubly difficult for him. And the whole-hearted, cordial, pumplike man is destined to meet many a setback before it dawns on his stupid, blundering soul that something is wrong. To him a hand-shake is a hand-shake. He will be slow to understand these fine distinctions between the old and the new; to comprehend that the old hand-shake was "physical" in its nature; that the new one, given as it is from the level of the heart, is "souful, spiritual." Bear with him. He will comprehend in time. In time we shall all comprehend and acquiesce, and the good old fashion will be no more.

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THE IRISH IN AMERICAN LIFE.

SINCE the settlement of this country, we have received nearly, if not quite four million immigrants from Ireland, — a number about two thirds as large as that of the present population of Ireland. To understand what part these people have played in American life, it is necessary to inquire what were their antecedents and what was their national character.

In the first place, our immigrants have been the most Irish of the Irish. They have come mainly from the western counties, — from Clare, Kerry, Leitrim, Galway, and Sligo; and these are the counties in which the inhabitants are most nearly of Celtic descent. It is a matter of dispute among historians how far the peculiarities of the Irish race are due to the Celtic blood that is in them, but at all events these peculiarities have come to be associated with the Celtic race and are called by that name. A Celt is notoriously a passionate, impulsive, kindly, unreflecting, brave, nimble-witted man; but he lacks the solidity, the balance, the judgment, the moral staying power of the Anglo-Saxon. The Celts, so far as their history is known, have been as unsuccessful in war as they have been brave in battle. Their history is a history of defeat. "They went forth to war, but they always fell." Intellectually, the Celt is fundamentally different from the Anglo-Saxon. He proceeds by intuition rather than by inference, and he is usually unable to state the process by which he has reached a

given conclusion in such a way as to be convincing or even comprehensible to an Anglo-Saxon antagonist. I was present once at a long discussion between the most brilliant Irishman whom I ever knew and an American of great talent. After it had come to an impotent conclusion, one of the disputants declared, "It is useless for us to discuss, for we really cannot understand each other:" and that was the truth. It was this fundamental difference that a great English writer had in mind when he said, after a residence of some length in Ireland, "It becomes more clear to me every day that, in their ways of thinking, in their ideals and mental habits, these people are as different from us as if they belonged to a different world."

Mr. Arnold, in his acute essay upon Celtic literature, says that if we are to characterize the Celtic nature by a single word, "sentimental" is the word that we should choose; and, adopting the happy phrase of a French writer, he speaks of "the Celts, with their vehement reaction against the despotism of fact." It is this inability to see facts as they are, to realize their consequences and to submit to them, which more than anything else has impaired the efficiency of the Celtic race. For instance, to attempt, as the Fenians did, the conquest of England by throwing a handful of soldiers across the line between Canada and the United States was a signal example of "reaction against the despotism of fact." But Mr. Arnold

speaks also, and with equal truth, of "the greater delicacy and spirituality of the Celtic peoples." They are neither so hard nor so gross as the Anglo-Saxon races; and they have in a high degree the splendid virtues of courage and generosity. Loyalty, too, is a virtue for which the Celt has always been remarkable. Finally, the Celt is essentially a social creature, loving society and hating solitude; and this trait has determined to no small extent his career as a citizen of the United States.

It must be remembered, furthermore, that our Irish immigrants belong not only to the Celtic, but also to a conquered race. They belong to a race which for many years was subjected to a galling persecution. Our immigrants are Catholics; and for a long period the Catholic religion was proscribed in Ireland. Its priests were concealed in the cottages of the peasantry, and mass was said in hiding-places. Resistance by the Irish to England and to the government set over them by England necessarily took the form of conspiracy, sometimes of treachery. And from this long and cruel subjection the Irish character has suffered. It has acquired a quality of deceit, of untruthfulness, such as is always found in a race long under subjection. The Christians of the East, at this day, are notoriously untruthful. Moreover, in this country, the Irish, notwithstanding their intense love for Ireland, have always exhibited a certain shame at being Irish instead of American. Partly this may have been simply a reflection from the feeling of superiority which the native American felt and showed; but certainly the Irish brought with them a consciousness of inferiority to the Anglo-Saxon race, — not necessarily an inferiority of nature, but an inferiority of condition. Mr. William O'Brien relates a striking illustration of this. "A great prelate," he says, "of distinguished attainments in Irish, was on his way to the visitation of a parish where almost

everybody understood that language. I asked, should we have the advantage of hearing him address the people in Irish? The answer was that nothing would give him greater pleasure, but that one could not insult an Irish-speaking congregation more effectively than by addressing them in Irish; that they would take it as a suggestion that they were a pack of barbarians who knew no English." "Pad-dy" is a term of opprobrium in this country, even when addressed by one Irishman to another.

Another Irish trait, often exhibited in American life, is a morbid sensitiveness, a readiness to take offense and to suspect insult or unkindness when none is intended; and this, too, is the badge of a conquered race. This failing has been shown most conspicuously in political matters. When Mayor Hewitt, of New York, refused to permit the Irish flag to be hoisted over City Hall upon St. Patrick's Day, the Irishmen of New York received the refusal with a tirade of abuse. A Democratic governor of Massachusetts once declined to review an Irish society because its members paraded under arms, which was contrary to the law of the State. This was a just and manly act on his part, and one from which he, being a Democrat, could gain no possible advantage; but the Irish, with Celtic impetuosity and with the super-sensitiveness of a conquered race, overlooked the motive, and took the act as an intentional insult.

Finally, our Irish immigrants have been almost universally Catholic in religion, and to the difference in religion between them and native Americans, more than to difference of race or of temperament, is due the fact that they still form a distinct though integral part of the community. However, the American people, though Protestant, had ceased, at the time of the great Irish immigration, to be aggressively Protestant. They had also become much easier to live with, more flexible, more open-minded, than

the Englishmen from whom they were descended; and, on the whole, the two races — Anglo-Saxon, American, Protestant, on the one hand, and Celtic, Irish, Catholic, on the other — have lived and labored side by side with astonishingly little friction. There was, to be sure, the Know-Nothing movement of 1854-55, but that was a short-lived affair, and the present efforts of the A. P. A. are less effective, and bid fair to be equally transitory. The argument against the Irish, as Catholics, is that they owe allegiance first to the Pope, and only secondarily to the government of the United States; but if these two powers ever come in conflict, it is safe to assume that national feeling will prevail, and that the Pope will be disregarded. In the Middle Ages, the authority of the Pope was far greater, national feeling was far weaker, than is the case now; and yet the history of the Middle Ages is full of instances where the Pope attempted to carry out some anti-national policy and failed. To what, indeed, is the present isolated position of the Holy Father due except to his vain resistance of that national feeling which produced United Italy!

Such, then, was and is the character of our immigrants from Ireland: Celtic in race, with the faults of a conquered and oppressed nation; Catholic in religion; agriculturists or "unskilled laborers" by occupation. They have come to us mainly since about the middle of the present century. From 1820 to 1830 the immigrants from Great Britain and Ireland averaged only 6000 per annum; but about the year 1832 the number began to increase, and when the Irish famine of 1846 occurred it suddenly became enormous. It reached a climax in 1854, when the total immigration to this country, about half of it being Irish, was 427,833.¹

¹ Then there was a decline; but after the civil war the Irish immigration began to increase again, until, in 1883, it reached the number of 81,486. After 1883 it fell off somewhat. For 1895 it was 46,304. Of the foreign-

The early emigration, between 1846 and 1855, was attended with a vast deal of suffering. The emigrants crossed the sea, it must be remembered, not in steamships, but in sailing-vessels, and the average length of the voyage from Liverpool to New York was about thirty-five days. In the winter of 1849-50 several emigrant-ships were forced to put back after having been out for seventy days, and their passengers, being soon transferred to other ships, sailed upon a second voyage, weakened and demoralized by the hardships of the first. Ship fever soon broke out among them, and carried off many. In some cases the provisions were exhausted, and there was famine upon the sea as well as upon the land.

The London press fired parting maledictions at the fleeing emigrants: "Ireland has no snakes or vermin except among its peasantry and clergy." "Ireland is boiling over, and the scum flows across the Atlantic." Such were the gentle words with which these emigrants, flying from famine, were speeded on their way. And what was their reception in this country? We permitted them to land. If any were imbecile, crippled, or helpless, we sent them back. To the able-bodied we gave a fair field, but no favor and no assistance or even advice. They arrived in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia (at least three quarters of the whole in New York) with little or no money. As a rule, they knew how to till the soil, and they knew nothing else. Land in unlimited quantities, rich farm land, was lying idle at the West, and could these immigrants have been transported thither, with some aid, perhaps, from temporary loans of money, their prosperity would have been assured, and a source of great danger to our Eastern cities removed. In this emergency, what

born population in the United States, the Irish are now only about 20 per cent, whereas in 1850 they were over 40 per cent. This decrease affects the power of the Irish vote, — a subject touched upon later.

was done by the national government or by the state governments concerned? Nothing. The Irish seem to have been overlooked even by the philanthropists, though one voice, at least, was raised in their behalf. In a series of interesting letters (afterward published in a pamphlet) dealing with the Irish immigration, the Rev. E. E. Hale wrote in 1851: "Here in Massachusetts we writhe and struggle . . . lest we return one fugitive slave who can possibly be saved from Southern slavery; but when there come these fugitives from Irish Bastilles, as they call them, we tax them first, and neglect them afterwards."

This was our first great mistake in dealing with the Irish: we gave them no opportunity to do that for which they were best fitted, to become farmers. Lacking money and skill and information, they remained largely in the great cities where they landed. The Irish who came later have followed a similar course. Partly from necessity and partly from choice, — the Celt being, as I have said, eminently a social creature, — they have become dwellers in cities; and a great proportion of them are found in the chief cities of the Atlantic seaboard. In this tendency the Irish are surpassed only by the Italians.¹ Nearly two thirds of our whole Irish population are in the five States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania; and more than one quarter of the whole are found in five large cities, namely, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Boston.² The only Western State which has a considerable percentage of Irishmen, 3.25, is Illinois; and this percentage is due to the Irish population in Chicago.

The Irish immigrants, being unskilled and uneducated, naturally took their place at the very bottom of the social

ladder; and they have done the hard manual work of the country. They began to come at an opportune time, when our mining and manufacturing industries were ready to receive a great accession of workmen, and when railroads were beginning to be built. Since 1830 one hundred and fifty thousand miles of railroad have been constructed in the United States, and doubtless the greater part of the rails were laid by Irishmen. Irish girls took the place of Yankee girls in the cotton-mills of Lowell and Lawrence; and in the course of a few years the domestic service of the country was revolutionized by the substitution of Irish for native-born servants. In the case of the men this answered well enough. The typical "hired man" of New England, the man employed in towns and villages by people of moderate means who keep a cow, a horse or two, and have a small garden, has been for many years an Irishman; and barring an occasional spree, no more faithful or pleasanter servant could be desired. In the case of the women the results have not been so good. Patrick has an almost innate knowledge of a horse, a cow, and a garden; but Bridget, having never been taught, knows little of cooking or neat housekeeping. Then, too, the difference of race and of religion creates more friction between women than it does between men. But Bridget, despite the fact that her shortcomings have been the theme of comic papers for half a century, has some excellent qualities. She breaks contracts, but she does not steal; and if the little people of the country were interrogated upon the subject, I am sure that they would declare in her favor. Now, a servant to whom a whole nation safely entrusts its household property and its children is not utterly to be condemned.

What became of the native American

¹ The immigrants who settle in our large cities are, of the Irish, 45 per cent; of the Germans, 38 per cent; of the English and Scotch, 30 per cent; of the Italians, 60 per cent.

² These are the largest five cities in the country, except that St. Louis should stand in the fifth place, that city having about 3000 more people than Boston.

1896.]

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does not apply to a hands who were distilleries, but it is true it would be hard to and towns. This, many emigrated to only of my own many were employed in observation. Women and superintendents of saw-milleries, foundries, and stables, and as brakemen, conductors, and the like upon railroads. Of the women, many became shop-girls and seamstresses. In recent years, the Irish, in their turn, have largely been displaced. They have abandoned to the French-Canadians the woolen and cotton factories of New England. Where one used to see Irishmen digging up the streets one now sees Italians; and the imps of the sidewalk in New York and Boston, the newsboys and bootblacks, are now more often Italian than Irish. In the coal regions of Pennsylvania and Ohio, the Irish have given way to Hungarians, Poles, and Russians. Many Irish are at present employed as salesmen in shops; and no doubt the influx of other nationalities, especially in the last five or ten years, has raised the Irish in the social scale, but a large proportion of them are still unskilled laborers or domestic servants.

Of the children born in the United States of Irish parents, according to the census of 1880,¹ there were occupied industrially 978,854 persons, distributed as follows: rendering personal service, 415,854; in mechanical and mining industries, 284,175; in agriculture, 140,307; in trade and railroads, 138,518. Thus it will be seen that only a very small proportion are engaged in agriculture, and a very large proportion are servants of one kind or another.

Despite the small number of Irishmen who are engaged in agriculture, the Irish as a whole, and especially the Irish immigrants, have shown a fondness for land. When an Irishman acquires a piece of

real estate, even in a city or a large town, it is hard to dislodge him from it. The very fact that in Ireland it was almost impossible for him or for any member of his class to obtain land may be the reason why he is so ambitious of owning it in America. In the Northwest, the Irish farmers have done exceedingly well, and in New England, since the civil war, many farms that were thrown on the market or abandoned by their American owners have been taken up by Irishmen. In the Northwest, the Irish of the second generation usually remain upon the land; but in New England the children of the Irish are just as prone as children of native Americans to exchange country for city life.² Norwegians, Swedes, and even Italians are taking their places.

I happen to know the history of one farm situated about twenty miles from Boston. Thirty years ago it was sold by the American owner, to whom it had descended through his ancestors for two hundred years back. He moved to Boston and opened a shop. The purchaser was an Irishman, who made the farm profitable, and, when he became old, retired with a competence to a house in the village. His sons grew up and went to the city, one of them becoming a coachman; and the farm is now owned by a Norwegian. His children will probably sell it, perhaps to an Italian. In many cases the Irish immigrant and his sons have done well in business, acquiring a good deal of property; and it is noticeable, but not surprising, that in almost all of these cases the business is of what might be called a gregarious kind. Irishmen prefer, and succeed best in, those occupations where a man can be lively and sociable and can move about, and especially where he can have to do with horses. Contractors, blacksmiths, stable-

¹ The corresponding figures for the census of 1890 are not yet available.

² Between 1880 and 1890 the city population in New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine, and Vermont showed a greater increase

than did the total population of these States respectively; so that in these States, from 1880 to 1890, the rural population actually decreased.

keepers, and hackmen are largely Irishmen. Some of the most noted trainers and drivers of trotting horses have been Irishmen. I know one Irishman who began life as the driver of a coupé for a liveryman. Before long he had a horse and coupé of his own. Then he bought another horse and coupé, and hired a man. And from this small beginning he has become, in twenty years, the owner of a large stable and of much valuable real estate. He still attends vigorously to business, but indulges himself in the ownership of a few running horses. This is not an isolated case of prosperity. Saloon-keepers are notoriously Irishmen; and what more social occupation could there be than keeping a saloon! In the Boston Directory are the names of 526 persons who sell liquor at retail, and of these names 317 are unmistakably Irish.¹

The same principle holds good in an Irishman's choice of a profession. Very seldom does he become a doctor: the severe course of study is repugnant to him, and the practice of medicine, though it involves seeing people, does not involve seeing them in a sociable way. On the other hand, there are many Irish lawyers. To become a really good lawyer does indeed require hard study; but a man can make a creditable appearance before a jury without knowing much law, and it is easy for an Irishman to be eloquent and quick at repartee. In some cases, where sound judgment and the power of application are united with Celtic liveliness and eloquence, we find Irish lawyers of the first rank; and these men have a suavity and courtesy of their own. But they are not numerous. Neither in the professions, nor in politics, nor in trade does the Irish-American

often rise to a high position. A recent traveler in the West, whose object was to procure investments for foreign capital, states that he found very few Irishmen at the head of industrial enterprises. The managers of such concerns were usually native Americans, Scotchmen, or Englishmen.

The herding of the Irish in our large cities, and their sudden contact with new social and political conditions, have made the average of pauperism, crime, and mortality very high among them. For example, in the year 1890 the number of white paupers born in the United States, but having both parents foreign-born and both parents of the same nationality, was, so far as it could be ascertained, 3333. To this number the Irish contributed 1806, whereas the Germans contributed only 916, although the Germans in this country outnumber the Irish by more than a million.² A table which indicates, not the pauper, but the criminal element is even more significant. In 1890, the number of white prisoners who were born in the United States, but who had both parents foreign-born and both parents of the same nationality, was 11,327. These were distributed, so far as the Irish and Germans are concerned, as follows: Irish, 7935; German, 1709.

However, in this matter one need not resort to such unsatisfactory evidence as statistics. It is plain from observation and experience that, on the whole, the Irish in America, of the second generation, degenerate. The children of Irish birth, born and brought up in this country, are morally inferior to their parents. This is a hard saying, and perhaps it bears harder upon Americans and upon American institutions than it does upon the Irish. Perhaps, also, it

¹ The stranger passing down Broadway, in the city of New York, finds himself in a desert of dry-goods merchants, who seem to be all Jews: Elias Brothers, Solomon Isaacs, Hamerstein, and the like are the names which decorate the signs. And yet there is an oasis in this

desert, for about halfway down one comes suddenly upon a liquor saloon, and above it stands the familiar name "John Flynn."

² The Jewish element among the Germans accounts in part for their low average of pauperism.

does not apply to agricultural communities, but it is true of the Irish in cities and towns. This is the testimony not only of my own personal experience and observation, but of all whom I have consulted upon the subject. It is the testimony of Irishmen themselves. One of the foremost of that race in this country, a man whose name would command the respect of all of our citizens, says, in a letter which lies before me: "Life in cities demoralizes to a noticeable degree the descendants of Irishmen. They are not as good as their immigrant fathers; that is, a large proportion of those descendants. They are disinclined to work, seek easy jobs, rush into politics for the excitement which politics afford. In country places, descendants of Irishmen are an improvement upon the old stock almost in all cases."

The Irish-American finds himself better schooled and better dressed than his father, and with a brogue so much modified as to be barely perceptible. These differences, or superiorities as he conceives them to be, create in him a most unwholesome contempt for the traditions and simple virtues of his father's people. That feeling of racial inferiority which, as I have said, the Irish brought with them, or partly, perhaps, acquired here, is strong in the Irish-American, and he becomes Americanized almost too quickly. He imbibes with avidity the theory of equality, and with true Celtic ardor pushes it to excess. There are, of course, many Irish-Americans who, as the authority whom I have just quoted says, "add to the virtues of the old stock the activity and intelligence of the American." On the other hand, there are many Irish-Americans, young men growing up in our cities, who are too vain or too lazy to work, self-indulgent, impudent, and dissipated.

We can hardly blame the Irish for this degeneracy, when we consider how quickly and completely their habits and ideas were revolutionized by the change

of residence from Ireland to America. In Ireland they were chiefly an agricultural people, living in cottages more or less isolated, each family having a home to itself. In this country they live chiefly in cities and in tenement houses, and often under such circumstances that real home life is impossible. An accomplished Irishman, Mr. Philip Bagenal, gives the following description of how his countrymen, or many of them, live in the city of New York:—

"Crowded into one small room a whole family lives, a unit among a dozen other such families. . . . There is a high rent to be paid, but no one dares in New York to say with Michael Davitt that such a rent is an 'immoral tax.' The street below is dirty and ill kept. In the basement is a beer saloon, where crime and want jostle each other, and curses fill the air. On the other side is an Italian tenement reeking with dirt and rags. Close by is a Chinese quarter or a Polish Jew colony. Everywhere the moral atmosphere is one of degradation and human demoralization. Gross sensuality prevails; the sense of shame, if ever known, is early stifled." Could we expect the simple virtues of an agricultural people to survive such an environment as this?

But perhaps the theory of equality, as the Irish commonly misunderstand it, has worked more havoc with Irish manners and morals than any other new circumstance of their life in America. At home, they lived under a political and social system intensely aristocratic. The Irish peasantry have been regarded, and therefore have regarded themselves, as a class so inferior as to deserve little consideration from their superiors. A striking illustration of this is cited by Mr. Lecky from the notes of a traveler in Ireland:

"In the month of June, 1809, at the races of Carlow, I saw a poor man's cheek laid open by the stroke of a whip. The inhuman wretch who inflicted the wound was a gentleman of some rank in

the county. The unhappy sufferer was standing in his way; and, without requesting him to move, he struck him with less ceremony than an English squire would a dog. But what astonished me even more than the deed, and which shows the difference between English and Irish feeling, was that not a murmur was heard nor a hand raised in disapprobation."¹

From a subjection somewhat like this, though less harsh, the Irishman passes, in no longer time than it takes a modern steamship to cross the Atlantic, to a political condition where no classes are recognized by law, and where one man is considered to be "as good as another." The principle that all men are equal commonly means, as the Irish immigrant, or, more truly, as his son understands it, that there is no superiority of one man to another except the superiority of wealth, and perhaps of that kind of intelligence which enables people to acquire wealth. Now, when a man thinks, or believes that he thinks, or even when he makes a pretense of thinking, that other things being equal, an untrained, unrefined, uneducated person is as "good as" or "equal to" a trained, refined, and educated person, he has taken the first step in a downward course. He has let go of the truth, and has begun to build on a foundation of falsehood. We often see in native Americans the same degeneracy, the same half-conscious acceptance of a false theory, the same falling-off in manners and morals, when they pass from an agricultural community to a great city.

But what makes the matter worse in the case of the Irish is this: the Irishman is essentially a loyal person, and many generations of subordination have made it natural for him to look up to others. He has need of and an instinctive liking for some one to follow, to obey, to imitate. Can we blame him,

¹ England in the Eighteenth Century, vol. ii. p. 318.

then, if, from the want of worthy leadership, he falls away? He would scarcely look for such leadership among native Americans, for they are alien to him in race and religion. And if he did look for it among them, he would not easily find it. Our aristocracy, so far as we have one, is mainly a vulgar and selfish plutocracy. Among his own race there are individuals, but there is no whole class fit to serve as leaders in morals or in manners; and for want of anything better, he is compelled to fall back upon Irish politicians, orators, and saloon-keepers.

This noble virtue, loyalty, is, in these days, hardly considered a virtue. To esteem a man so much above one's self as to be loyal to him and to show him respect is thought by many persons to be anti-democratic. I was in a room the other day, when there entered a man distinguished in political life, a former Senator of the United States. Nobody was at pains to hand him a chair except one old gentleman, whose notions of respect were derived from a former generation. The Irish, and the Irish-Americans too, are loyal. They have the true spirit of devotion to a leader, to a hero, to a cause. After all, this is not only a virtue, but a fruitful one; and it may be doubted if, in the long run, even a republic can safely dispense with it. The loyalty of the Irish to the Democratic party, though fraught with some evils, is a rare example of constancy. It is like the devotion of a lover to a mistress not always deserving of devotion. The origin of this political attachment is so familiar that it need only be glanced at here. In 1792, the period of residence in this country fixed by law as a condition of naturalization was extended by the Federalists, who were then in power, from two years to five years. In 1798, it was again extended from five years to fourteen years. In the same year, the Federalists passed the famous, or infamous, Alien Act, which

empowered the President, of his own motion and without trial or process of law, to order any and every alien in the country to leave it forthwith, under penalty of imprisonment. The act expired by limitation in 1801. Mr. Adams never made use of it, and the only consequence of it was to hasten the downfall of the Federal party. This unwise and illiberal legislation had the effect of driving every Irishman in the country into the Republican party, as it was then called, and its successor the present Democratic party.

By many people the adhesion of the Irish to the Democratic party is considered to be a vicious thing. There are certain newspapers and reformers who appear to think that the rank and file of Tammany Hall, for example, are actuated by purely selfish motives. But the rank and file have nothing to gain in politics. Tammany draws upon a deep reservoir of loyalty; it has a following composed mostly of good, true men, worthy of better leadership. The Irish vote is not a mercenary vote. It is a significant fact that the Republican party, with all its wealth and with all the unscrupulousness which characterizes political parties in general, has never been able to break the solid column of the Irish Democrats. It is true, no doubt, that in some cases Irish political leaders have "traded" the votes which they controlled, or perhaps even sold them for money; but in these transactions the voters were innocent dupes. There are districts in which, among a large class, a man's vote is a recognized, merchantable commodity. In Rhode Island, for instance, the extent of this vote has been calculated with some nicety;¹ but it has never been charged, in Rhode Island or elsewhere, except in rare cases, that Irishmen sell their votes. But when an Irishman goes into politics, as the phrase is, he leaves honesty behind him.

The political activity of the Irish in

¹ See *The Century*, vol. xlv. p. 940.

this country has been notoriously great, and on the whole it has been pernicious. Ireland has furnished us with a few commanding figures in political life. The fathers of two Presidents of the United States emigrated from one and the same small town in the north of Ireland; but for the most part the Irish have contributed an insignificant number to the higher offices, state or national. They have, however, figured very largely as councilmen and aldermen in the chief cities, and also as legislators in several States, notably in New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts. In these positions, it must be confessed, they have been distinguished more by corruption and intrigue than by any better qualities. The part which Irishmen have played in the city government of New York and in the New York Assembly is too familiar to require comment here. Not long ago an Irish member of the Massachusetts legislature remarked that he was a laughing-stock to his Irish associates because he refused to take money from persons interested in matters of legislation before the House. And yet it would be easy to exaggerate the relative depravity of the Irish in this respect. The power of Tammany in New York would probably have been broken long since had it not been for native American, and, during the latest campaign, German-American support. If we say that the course which the Irish have taken in politics has been more uniformly and consistently bad than that pursued by native Americans, we shall probably state the truth. Among Irish politicians there is an almost entire absence of that reform element which has always to be reckoned with in the case of native Americans. Even Irishmen who are honest in business will often adopt a different standard in politics.

This laxity can be attributed mainly, I think, to the fact that for centuries the Irish in Ireland have been educated to a false conception of government. The government has commonly stood to them

in the place of an oppressor, or at best as something out of which as much as possible should be got, and to which nothing was due. The Irish have not yet realized the American idea, that the people are themselves the government, and that he who holds office is administering a trust for the whole people, of whom he himself is a part. In a measure, also, the unscrupulousness of the Irish in politics arises from the Celtic ardor and partisanship with which they pursue their objects. The end in view seems to them so necessary as to justify almost any means of accomplishing it. (Political dishonesty is hardly more of a crime to an Irishman than smuggling is to a woman.) In time, however, we may expect that the Irish will acquire clearer views upon this subject.

Another political evil arising from the presence of the Irish in this country is that they help to disturb our relations with England. Many things have been said and done by politicians merely to catch the "Irish vote," and a consciousness of Irish opinion tends to make it hard for Americans to preserve an impartial attitude toward Great Britain. It is difficult to be impartial and spontaneous toward a third person whom the neighbor at your elbow is continually abusing. In such a case one's agreement or disagreement with the neighbor is apt to assume too violent a form. But this influence is not so strong as it was, and the power of the Irish as a political entity in the United States has declined. During the civil war the hopes of the Irish ran high. They thought that their hour had come when the Mason and Slidell affair nearly precipitated a war with England; and although this incident ended peacefully, the expectations which it aroused among the Irish were revived by the Alabama claims. But still there was no war; and, finally, the quick collapse of the Fenian attack upon Canada convinced the Irish that America would never give them any material

assistance in a struggle of their own making against England. Moreover, the Fenian fiasco made it clear to native Americans as well as to Irish-Americans that the power of the Irish to involve the United States in trouble with England had been exaggerated. Since then fear of the Irish vote has decreased.

It is individuals rather than parties who seek to curry favor with the Irish by taking an anti-English position. Thus it was said, whether truly or falsely, of a former mayor of Boston that he once rushed out of town to avoid receiving a British admiral who threatened to make an official call upon him. There was at least nothing improbable in the story. Englishmen who visit this country assume too hastily that the "Irish vote" is the sole cause of American hostility to England. Even so intelligent a critic as Mr. Freeman declared: "The importance of that vote grows and grows; no party, no leading man, can afford to despise it. Parties and men are, therefore, drawn into courses which otherwise they would have no temptation to take, and those, for the most part, courses which are unfriendly to Great Britain." This, no doubt, is partly true; but the importance of the Irish vote becomes, as I have said, less, not greater; and, moreover, it is not the sole cause of American hostility to England. Among all our English critics, the only one, so far as I know, who has correctly stated the relation of Irish influence upon this point is Mr. J. C. Firth, who remarks in his book, *Our Kin Across the Sea*: "America as well as England . . . has its Irish difficulty. It owes it chiefly, I think, to the absence of good will towards England, which, for various reasons and for a long period, has been but too plainly marked in the United States to be denied."

This, it seems to me, is a true statement of the case. The Irish do not cause, though doubtless they increase and inflame American hostility to Great

Britain. It is impossible for the Irish to regard England fairly and dispassionately, because they have been conquered and cruelly misused by England. But we do not labor under this disadvantage; and there is no valid reason why we should either slavishly imitate or churlishly disparage the English. They are foreigners in the sense that we must maintain our rights and our political principles against them as against any other foreign nation. But they are of our own blood; and, as Commodore Tatnall said when, in the *Pei-ho River*, he sent a boatload of bluejackets to bring off a party of British in danger of capture by the Chinese, "blood is thicker than water." We cannot expect our Irish fellow-citizens to share this feeling with us, and that is their misfortune; but for a native American to be devoid of it is not only a misfortune, but a fault.¹

It is impossible, in a brief examination like this, adequately to describe what the Irish have contributed to American life. I should like, for example, to dwell upon their services in the civil war, which, as the world knows, were many and great.² I should like also to dwell upon the Irish priests in America. We hear little about them, but it may be doubted if there ever was a more zealous, faithful, and efficient clergy; and whenever the occasion has arisen, as when an epidemic of yellow fever raged some years ago in the South, they have shown the courage of soldiers as well as the fidelity of priests. We hear little about them; and so it may be

said of the social and moral forces which go to the building of national character, — they are not always apparent. We may be sure that the fine qualities of the Irish peasantry will not be lost in that American type which we hope to see produced, when the present ferment of society has had time to subside. If we wanted an example of generosity, where should we look for it if not among the Irish in America! Day laborers and servant girls have given millions of dollars to help their relatives and friends in the old country;³ and in addition to this enormous drain, the Irish, out of their poverty, have built churches,⁴ cathedrals, schools, and convents. If illustrations were sought of the essential qualities of womanhood, — gentleness, self-devotion, and chastity, — the latest emigrant-ship from Ireland would supply them in abundance. When we want men with stout hearts and cheerful tempers, tempers which make light of danger and discomfort, we are apt to look for them among the Irish. It is a common complaint of people who would never face a fire or a mob that there are too many Irishmen in our fire and police departments.

It was perhaps a special Providence which deposited the Irish in the Eastern rather than in the Western part of our country. The West, we may be sure, is sufficiently impetuous and unreflective and adventurous without having any additional impulse given to it in that direction. But in the East our tendency is different; we are in danger of becoming ultra-conservative. It has often

¹ The existence of a widespread hostility to England in the United States is taken for granted by many writers. "All the world knows" is apt to be a statement which requires a definition of the world in which the speaker lives. If the testimony of many newspapers is to be taken, such hostility is general. I can only say that my world is not hostile to England, but, on the contrary, most friendly. — EDITOR.

² Of all foreign nations, the Irish contributed the greatest number of soldiers who won dis-

tinction in the civil war. See Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's very interesting essay upon the distribution of ability in the United States, in his volume of *Historical and Political Essays*.

³ Dr. Tuke states that the amount sent back to Ireland by immigrants every year exceeds the total yearly cost of poor relief in Ireland.

⁴ "A church in the United States," writes Mr. Freeman, "which shows any near approach to the character of a great European church is pretty sure to be Roman Catholic."

been remarked that reforms make their way more slowly here than in England; that we are less ready to adapt our laws to new conditions. The extension of municipal powers, for example, has been accomplished in Great Britain, while we are still hesitating over an innovation which seems to us so formidable. When, a few years ago, the citizens of New Orleans arose and lynched the Mafia murderers, the act was generally condemned in New England; whereas in Old England it was generally commended, as being made necessary by the exceptional state of affairs in Louisiana at that time, — and this was probably the true view. Ninety years ago, when the nation was young and small, our navy swept the Mediterranean clear of the Barbary corsairs. If a similar project, under conditions correspondingly hard, were proposed to-day, it would certainly meet with opposition in New England and in New York. It would probably be condemned by the same commercial and academic elements which opposed the war of 1812, and ratified the fugitive slave law. But there can be no doubt whatever as to the position which the Irish press would take. I quote the following from the *Boston Pilot* of November 30, 1895: —

“What right, it may be asked, have we to interfere with Turkey’s treatment of the Armenians? It is not a question of right. It is a question of duty. If God has made this the greatest nation on the earth, he will hold it to strict account for the use or misuse of its mighty opportunities. If we stand idly by while his children are being slaughtered because they worship him, there will be hard questions to be answered by the nation, as they must be answered by every individual soul before the tribunal of judgment. For its sin against human freedom this country has atoned in a river of blood and a sea of tears, and its responsibility does not end with its boundary lines. Wherever a great wrong which we have the power to right is

committed without our protest or interference, we are before Heaven accessory to the crime. This may not be the creed of diplomacy, but there is a higher law than that of nations.”

A nation animated by such a spirit as that displayed in these words might make many mistakes and fall into many difficulties, but its face would be set in the right direction.

Intellectually, the best results from the Irish immigration will probably be found where the Irish blood has been mingled with that of the native American. If you take up a book written by a genuine Irishman, you will find, as a rule, that it is more witty, certainly more eloquent and imaginative in style, than the ordinary English or American book. But read on a little, and you are almost sure to come upon some statement so careless, so exaggerated, so *outré*, or so illogical that the effect of the whole is spoiled. The Celt, though artistic by nature, is almost never a good artist. He has the sense of beauty, — that is the gift of nature; but the sense of form, which is only in part the gift of nature, and which depends upon a trained judgment, upon self-discipline, upon hard, continuous work, he lacks. Ireland is running over with poetic feeling, but where are the Irish poets? The liveliness and sociability of the Celt, which make him a dweller in cities, also tend to repress the literary instinct. He has not that brooding, meditative spirit which is nursed in solitude, and which is necessary to the development of literary genius. But when to Celtic fire and imagination there are joined the Anglo-Saxon restraint and sense of form, great achievements in literature may be expected. From this union have sprung already some writers of talent. Perhaps it is not a wild conjecture that if the long-expected, characteristic American author of genius ever does appear, he will come of mixed New England and Irish stock, and will be a product of the West.

The Irishman and the American — the Celt from the west coast of Ireland, and the Anglo-Saxon born and brought up in New England — might appear to stand at the very opposite poles of nationality; and yet they tend to come together. On the one hand, the Irishman readily assimilates new ideas and adapts himself to new conditions, so that he quickly becomes Americanized; and, on the other hand, the American descendants of the English have become in some important

respects less like the English, and more like a Celtic people, — quicker in mind and in body, more sensitive and more impressionable. The difference in religion is perhaps likely to remain; but it seems highly probable that in all other respects the Irish-American will, before many years are past, be lost in the American, and that there will be no longer an "Irish question" or an "Irish vote," but a people, one in feeling, and practically one in race.

Henry Childs Merwin.

AN ELEGY.

I.

BLESSED be winds, and woods, and springs,
 The things of greatness, simple things
 That bid their own in peace endure
 Man's greed and cant, and moil and din;
 And most in thee who shared their thought
 The elemental heart inwrought,
 The heart like any open moor
 With May-days flocking in.

II.

For thee the gem-bright beach was paved,
 The dark autumnal arras waved,
 And lanthorning thy road of dreams
 Came Hesper and the Hyades.
 Dynastic spirit! not in vain
 The Out-of-Door was thy domain,
 Whose step was every lonely stream's;
 Whose look, the alder-tree's.

III.

Good-night, my sylvan. Many yearn
 For that sepulchred smile's return:
 But as above the town there broods
 At eve the kindled Rholben height,
 As glorious on the hilltop ground
 Past sunset-hour the sun is found,
 Mine, mine, on memory's altitudes,
 Thy wild beloved light.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS.

VIII.

ONE morning, very early, I heard Mrs. Todd in the garden outside my window. By the unusual loudness of her remarks to a passer-by, and the notes of a familiar hymn which she sang as she worked among the herbs, and which came as if directed purposely to the sleepy ears of my consciousness, I knew that she wished I would wake up and come and speak to her.

In a few minutes she responded to a morning voice from behind the blinds. "I expect you're goin' up to your school-house to pass all this pleasant day; yes, I expect you're goin' to be dreadful busy," she said despairingly.

"Perhaps not," said I. "Why, what's going to be the matter with you, Mrs. Todd?" For I supposed that she was tempted by the fine weather to take one of her favorite expeditions along the shore pastures to gather herbs and simples, and would like to have me keep the house.

"No, I don't want to go nowhere by land," she answered gayly, — "no, not by land; but I don't know's we shall have a better day all the rest of the summer to go out to Green Island an' see mother. I waked up early thinkin' of her. The wind's light northeast, — 't will take us right straight out; an' this time o' year it's liable to change round southwest an' fetch us home pretty, 'long late in the afternoon. Yes, it's goin' to be a good day."

"Speak to Captain Bean and the Bowden boy, if you see anybody going by toward the landing," said I. "We'll take the big boat."

"Oh, my sakes! now you let me do things my way," said Mrs. Todd scornfully. "No, dear, we won't take no big bo't. I'll just git a handy dory, an'

Johnny Bowden an' me, we'll man her ourselves. I don't want no abler bo't than a good dory, an' a nice light breeze ain't goin' to make no sea; an' Johnny's my cousin's son, — mother'll like to have him come; an' he'll be down to the herrin' weirs all the time we're there, anyway; we don't want to carry no men folks havin' to be considered every minute an' takin' up all our time. No, you let me do; we'll just slip out an' see mother by ourselves. I guess what breakfast you'll want's about ready now."

I had become well acquainted with Mrs. Todd as landlady, herb-gatherer, and rustic philosopher; we had been discreet fellow-passengers once or twice when I had sailed up the coast to a larger town than Dunnet Landing to do some shopping; but I was yet to become acquainted with her as a mariner. An hour later we pushed off from the landing in the desired dory. The tide was just on the turn, beginning to fall, and several friends and acquaintances stood along the side of the dilapidated wharf and cheered us by their words and evident interest. Johnny Bowden and I were both rowing in haste to get out where we could catch the breeze and put up the spritsail which lay clumsily furled along the gunwale. Mrs. Todd sat aft, a stern and unbending lawgiver.

"You better let her drift; we'll get there 'bout as quick; the tide'll take her right out from under these old buildin's; there's plenty wind outside."

"Your bo't ain't trimmed proper, Mis' Todd!" exclaimed a voice from shore. "You're lo'ded so the bo't'll drag; you can't git her before the wind, ma'am. You set 'midships, Mis' Todd, an' let the boy hold the sheet 'n' steer after he gits the sail up; you won't never git out to Green Island that way. She's lo'ded

bad, the bo't is; she's heavy behind's she is now!"

Mrs. Todd turned with some difficulty and regarded the anxious adviser, my right oar flew out of water, and we seemed about to capsize. "That you, Asa? Good-mornin'," she said politely. "I al'ays liked the starn seat best. When 'd you git back from up country?"

This allusion to Asa's origin was not lost upon the rest of the company. We were some little distance from shore, but we could hear a chuckle of laughter, and Asa, a person who was too ready with his criticism and advice on every possible subject, turned and walked indignantly away.

When we caught the wind we were soon on our seaward course, and only stopped to underrun a trawl, for the floats of which Mrs. Todd looked earnestly, explaining that her mother might not be prepared for three extra to dinner; it was her brother's trawl, and she meant to just run her eye along for the right sort of a little haddock. I leaned over the boat's side with great interest and excitement, while she skillfully handled the long line of hooks, and made scornful remarks upon worthless, bait-consuming creatures of the sea as she reviewed them and left them on the trawl or shook them off into the waves. At last we came to what she pronounced a proper fish, and, having taken him on board and ended his life resolutely, we went our way.

As we sailed along I listened to an increasingly delightful commentary upon the islands, some of them barren rocks, or at best giving sparse pasturage for sheep in the early summer. On one of these an eager little flock ran to the water's edge and bleated at us so affectingly that I would willingly have stopped; but Mrs. Todd steered away from the rocks, and scolded at the sheep's mean owner, an acquaintance of hers, who grudged the little salt and still less care which the patient creatures needed. The

hot midsummer sun makes prisons of these small islands that are a paradise in early June, with their cool springs and short thick-growing grass. On a larger island, farther out to sea, my entertaining companion showed me with glee the small houses of two farmers who shared the island between them, and declared that for three generations the people had not spoken to each other even in times of sickness or death or birth. "When the news come that the war was over, one of 'em knew it a week, and never stepped across his wall to tell the others," she said. "There, they enjoy it: they've got to have somethin' to interest 'em in such a place; 't is a good deal more tryin' to be tied to folks you don't like than 't is to be alone. Each of 'em tells the neighbors their wrongs; plenty likes to hear and tell again; them as fetch a bone 'll carry one, an' so they keep the fight a-goin'. I must say I like variety myself; some folks washes Monday an' irons Tuesday the whole year round, even if the circus is goin' by!"

A long time before we landed at Green Island we could see the small white house, standing high like a beacon, where Mrs. Todd was born and where her mother lived, on a green slope above the water, with dark spruce woods still higher. There were crops in the fields, which we presently distinguished from one another. Mrs. Todd examined them while we were still far at sea. "Mother's late potatoes looks backward; ain't had rain enough so far," she pronounced her opinion. "They look weedier than what they call Front Street down to Wesley Centre. I expect brother William is so occupied with his herrin' weirs an' servin' out bait to the schooners that he don't think once a day of the land."

"What's the flag for, up above the spruces there behind the house?" I inquired, with eagerness.

"Oh, that's the sign for herrin'," she explained kindly, while Johnny Bowden regarded me with contemptuous surprise.

"When they get enough for schooners they raise that flag; an' when 't is a poor catch in the weir pocket they just fly a little signal down by the shore, an' then the small bo'ts comes and get enough an' over for their trawls. There, look! there she is: mother sees us; she's wavin' somethin' out o' the fore door! She'll be to the landin'-place quick 's we are."

I looked, and could see a tiny flutter in the doorway, but a quicker signal had made its way from the heart on shore to the heart on the sea.

"How do you suppose she knows it's me?" said Mrs. Todd, with a tender smile on her broad face. "There, you never get over bein' a child long 's you have a mother to go to. Look at the chimney, now; she's gone right in an' brightened up the fire. Well, there, I'm glad mother's well; you'll enjoy seein' her very much."

Mrs. Todd leaned back into her proper position, and the boat trimmed again. She took a firmer grasp of the sheet, and gave an impatient look up at the gaff and the leech of the little sail, and shook the sheet as if she urged the wind like a horse. There came at once a fresh gust, and we seemed to have doubled our speed. Soon we were near enough to see a tiny figure with handkerchiefed head come down across the field and stand waiting for us at the cove above a curve of pebble beach.

Presently the dory grated on the pebbles, and Johnny Bowden, who had been kept in abeyance during the voyage, sprang out and used manful exertions to haul us up with the next wave, so that Mrs. Todd could make a dry landing.

"You done that very well," she said, mounting to her feet, and coming ashore somewhat stiffly, but with great dignity, refusing our outstretched hands, and returning to possess herself of a bag which had lain at her feet.

"Well, mother, here I be!" she announced with indifference; but they stood and beamed in each other's faces.

"Lookin' pretty well for an old lady, ain't she?" said Mrs. Todd's mother, turning away from her daughter to speak to me. She was a delightful little person herself, with bright eyes and an affectionate air of expectation like a child on a holiday. You felt as if Mrs. Blackett were an old and dear friend before you let go her cordial hand. We all started together up the hill.

"Now don't you haste too fast, mother," said Mrs. Todd warningly; "'t is a far reach o' risin' ground to the fore door, and you won't set an' get your breath when you're once there, but go trottin' about. Now don't you go a mite faster than we proceed with this bag an' basket. Johnny, there, 'll fetch up the fish. I just made one stop to underrun William's trawl till I come to jes' such a fish 's I thought you'd want to make one o' your nice chowders of. I've brought an onion with me that was layin' about on the window-sill to home."

"That's just what I was wantin'," said the hostess. "I give a sigh when you spoke o' fish, knowin' my onions was out. William forgot to replenish us last time he was to the Landin'. Don't you haste so yourself, Almiry, up this risin' ground. I hear you commencin' to wheeze a'ready."

This mild revenge seemed to afford great pleasure to both giver and receiver. They laughed a little, and looked at each other affectionately, and then at me. Mrs. Todd considerably paused, and faced about to regard the wide sea view. I was glad to stop, being more out of breath than either of my companions, and I prolonged the halt by asking the names of the neighboring islands. There was a fine breeze blowing, which we felt more there on the high land than when we were running before it in the dory.

"Why, this ain't that kitten I saw when I was out last, the one that I said did n't appear likely?" exclaimed Mrs. Todd as we went our way.

"That's the one, Almiry," said her

mother. "She always had a likely look to me, an' she's right after her business. I never see such a mouser for one of her age. If 't wan't for William, I never should have housed that other dronin' old thing so long; but he sets by her on account of her havin' a bob tail. I don't deem it advisable to maintain cats just on account of their havin' bob tails; they're like all other curiosities, good for them that wants to see 'em twice. This kitten catches mice for both, an' keeps me respectable as I ain't been for a year. She's a real understandin' little help, this kitten is. I picked her from among five Miss Augusta Pennell had over to Burnt Island," said the old woman, trudging along with the kitten close at her skirts. "Augusta, she says to me, 'Why, Mis' Blackett, you've took the homeliest; ' an' says I, 'I've got the smartest; I'm satisfied.'"

"I'd trust nobody sooner 'n you to pick out a kitten, mother," said the daughter handsomely, and we went on in peace and harmony.

The house was just before us now, on a green level that looked as if a huge hand had scooped it out of the long green field we had been ascending. A little way above, the dark spruce woods began to climb the top of the hill and cover the seaward slopes of the island. There was just room for the small farm and the forest; we looked down at the fish-house and its rough sheds, and the weirs stretching far out into the water. As we looked upward, the tops of the firs came sharp against the blue sky. There was a great stretch of rough pasture-land round the shoulder of the island to the eastward, and here were all the thick-scattered gray rocks that kept their places, and the gray backs of many sheep that forever wandered and fed on the thin sweet pasturage that fringed the ledges and made soft hollows and strips of green turf like growing velvet. I could see the rich green of bayberry bushes here and there, where the rocks made

room. The air was very sweet; one could not help wishing to be a citizen of such a complete and tiny continent and home of fisherfolk.

The house was broad and clean, with a roof that looked heavy on its low walls. It was one of the houses that seem firm-rooted in the ground, as if they were two thirds below the surface, like icebergs. The front door stood hospitably open in expectation of company, and an orderly vine grew at each side; but our path led to the kitchen door at the house-end, and there grew a mass of gay flowers and greenery, as if they had been swept together by some diligent garden broom into a tangled heap: there were portulacas all along under the lower step and straggling off into the grass, and clustering mallows that crept as near as they dared, like poor relations. I saw the bright eyes and brainless little heads of two half-grown chickens who were snuggled down among the mallows as if they had been chased away from the door more than once, and expected to be again.

"It seems kind o' formal comin' in this way," said Mrs. Todd impulsively, as we passed the flowers and came to the front door step; but she was mindful of the proprieties, and walked before us into the best room on the left.

"Why, mother, if you have n't gone an' turned the carpet!" she exclaimed, with something in her voice that spoke of awe and admiration. "When 'd you get to it? I s'pose Mis' Addicks come over an' helped you, from White Island Landing?"

"No, she did n't," answered the old woman, standing proudly erect, and making the most of a great moment. "I done it all myself with William's help. He had a spare day, an' took right holt with me; an' 't was all well beat on the grass, an' turned, an' put down again afore we went to bed. I ripped an' sewed over two o' them long breadths. I ain't had such a good night's sleep for two years."

"There, what do you think o' havin'

such a mother as that for eighty-six year old?" said Mrs. Todd, standing before us like a large figure of Victory.

As for the mother, she took on a sudden look of youth; you felt as if she promised a great future, and was beginning, not ending, her summers and their happy toils.

"My, my!" exclaimed Mrs. Todd. "I could n't ha' done it myself, I've got to own it."

"I was much pleased to have it off of my mind," said Mrs. Blackett humbly; "the more so because along at the first of the next week I was n't very well. I suppose it may have been the change of weather."

Mrs. Todd could not resist a significant glance at me, but, with charming sympathy, she forbore to point the lesson or to connect this illness with its apparent cause. She loomed larger than ever in the little old-fashioned best room, with its few pieces of good furniture and pictures of national interest. The green paper curtains were stamped with conventional landscapes of a foreign order, — castles on inaccessible crags, and lovely lakes with steep wooded shores; underfoot the treasured carpet was covered thick with home-made rugs. There were empty glass lamps and crystallized bouquets of grass and some lovely shells on the narrow mantelpiece.

"I was married in this room," said Mrs. Todd unexpectedly; and I heard her give a sigh after she had spoken, as if she could not help the touch of regret that would forever come with all her thoughts of happiness.

"We stood right there between the windows," she added, "and the minister stood here. William would n't come in. He was always odd about seein' folks, just's he is now. I run to meet 'em from a child, an' William, he'd take an' run away."

"I've been the gainer," said the old mother cheerfully. "William has been son an' daughter both since you was

married off the island. He's been 'most too satisfied to stop at home 'long o' his old mother, but I always tell 'em I'm the gainer."

We were all moving toward the kitchen as if by common instinct. The best room was too suggestive of serious occasions, and the shades were all pulled down to shut out the summer light and air. It was indeed a tribute to Society to find a room set apart for her behests out there on so apparently neighborless and remote an island. Afternoon visits and evening festivals must be few in such a bleak situation at certain seasons of the year, but Mrs. Blackett was of those who do not live to themselves, and who have long since passed the line that divides mere self-concern from a valued share in whatever Society can give and take. There were those of her neighbors who never had taken the trouble to furnish a best room, but Mrs. Blackett was one who knew the uses of a parlor.

"Yes, do come right out into the old kitchen; I shan't make any stranger of you," she invited us pleasantly, after we had been properly received in the room appointed to formality. "I expect Almiry, here, 'll be driftin' out 'mongst the pasture-weeds quick's she can find a good excuse. 'Tis hot now. You'd better content yourselves till you get nice an' rested, an' 'long after dinner the sea-breeze 'll spring up, an' then you can take your walks, an' go up an' see the prospect from the big ledge. Almiry 'll want to show off everything there is. Then I'll get you a good cup o' tea before you start to go home. The days are plenty long now."

While we were talking in the best room the selected fish had been mysteriously brought up from the shore, and lay all cleaned and ready in an earthen crock on the table.

"I think William might have just stopped an' said a word," remarked Mrs. Todd, pouting with high affront as she caught sight of it. "He's friendly

enough when he comes ashore, an' was remarkable social the last time, for him."

"He ain't disposed to be very social with the ladies," explained William's mother, with a delightful glance at me, as if she counted upon my friendship and tolerance. "He's very particular, and he's all in his old fishin'-clothes to-day. He'll want me to tell him everything you said and done, after you've gone. William has very deep affections. He'll want to see you, Almira. Yes, I guess he'll be in by an' by."

"I'll search for him by 'n' by, if he don't," proclaimed Mrs. Todd, with an air of unalterable resolution. "I know his burrows down 'long the shore. I'll catch him by hand 'fore he knows it. I've got some business with William, anyway. I brought forty-two cents with me that was due him for them last lobsters he brought in."

"You can leave it with me," suggested the little old mother, who was already stepping about among her pots and pans in the pantry, and preparing to make the chowder.

I became possessed of a sudden unwonted curiosity in regard to William, and felt that half the pleasure of my visit would be lost if I could not make his interesting acquaintance.

IX.

Mrs. Todd had taken the onion out of her basket and laid it down upon the kitchen table. "There's Johnny Bowden come with us, you know," she reminded her mother. "He'll be hungry enough to eat his size."

"I've got new doughnuts, dear," said the little old lady. "You don't often catch William 'n' me out o' provisions. I expect you might have chose a somewhat larger fish, but I'll try an' make it do. I shall have to have a few extra potatoes, but there's a field full out there,

an' the hoe's leanin' against the well-house, in 'mongst the climbin'-beans." She smiled, and gave her daughter a commanding nod.

"Land sakes alive! Le's blow the horn for William," insisted Mrs. Todd, with some excitement. "He need n't break his spirit so far 's to come in. He'll know you need him for something particular, an' then we can call to him as he comes up the path. I won't put him to no pain."

Mrs. Blackett's old face, for the first time, wore a look of trouble, and I found it necessary to counteract the teasing spirit of Almira. It was too pleasant to stay indoors altogether, even in such rewarding companionship; besides, I might meet William; and, straying out presently, I found the hoe by the well-house and an old splint basket at the woodshed door, and also found my way down to the field where there was a great square patch of rough, weedy potato-tops and tall ragweed. One corner was already dug, and I chose a fat-looking hill where the tops were well withered. There is all the pleasure that one can have in gold-digging in finding one's hopes satisfied in the riches of a good hill of potatoes. I longed to go on; but it did not seem frugal to dig any longer after my basket was full, and at last I took my hoe by the middle and lifted the basket to go back up the hill. I was sure that Mrs. Blackett must be waiting impatiently to slice the potatoes into the chowder, layer after layer, with the fish.

"You let me take holt o' that basket, ma'am," said a pleasant, anxious voice behind me.

I turned, startled in the silence of the wide field, and saw a little old man, bent in the shoulders as fishermen often are, gray-headed and clean-shaven, and with a timid air. It was William. He looked just like his mother, and I had been imagining that he was large and stout like his sister, Almira Todd; and, strange to say, my fancy had led me to picture him

not far from thirty and a little loutish. It was necessary instead to pay William the respect due to age.

I accustomed myself to plain facts on the instant, and we said good-morning like old friends. The basket was really heavy, and I put the hoe through its handle and offered him one end; then we moved easily toward the house together, speaking of the fine weather and of mackerel which were reported to be striking in all about the bay. William had been out since three o'clock, and had taken an extra fare of fish. I could feel that Mrs. Todd's eyes were upon us as we approached the house, and although I fell behind in the narrow path, and let William take the basket alone and precede me at some little distance the rest of the way, I could plainly hear her greet him.

"Got round to comin' in, did n't you?" she inquired, with amusement. "Well, now, that's clever. Did n't know's I should see you to-day, William, an' I wanted to settle an account."

I felt somewhat disturbed and responsible, but when I joined them they were on most simple and friendly terms. It became evident that, with William, it was the first step that cost, and that, having once joined in social interests, he was able to pursue them with more or less pleasure. He was about sixty, and not young-looking for his years, yet so undying is the spirit of youth, and bashfulness has such a power of survival, that I felt all the time as if one must try to make the occasion easy for some one who was young and new to the affairs of social life. He asked politely if I would like to go up to the great ledge while dinner was getting ready; so, not without a deep sense of pleasure, and a delighted look of surprise from the two hostesses, we started, William and I, as if both of us felt much younger than we looked. Such was the innocence and simplicity of the moment that when I heard Mrs. Todd laughing behind us in the kitchen

I laughed too, but William did not even blush. I think he was a little deaf, and he stepped along before me most businesslike and intent upon his errand.

We went from the upper edge of the field above the house into a smooth, brown path among the dark spruces. The hot sun brought out the fragrance of the pitchy bark, and the shade was pleasant as we climbed the hill. William stopped once or twice to show me a great wasps'-nest close by, or some fishhawks'-nests below in a bit of swamp. He picked a few sprigs of late-blooming linnæa as we came out upon an open bit of pasture at the top of the island, and gave them to me without speaking, but he knew as well as I that one could not say half he wished about linnæa. Through this piece of rough pasture ran a huge shape of stone like the great backbone of an enormous creature. At the end, near the woods, we could climb up on it and walk along to the highest point; there above the circle of pointed firs we could look down over all the island, and could see the ocean that circled this and a hundred other bits of island-ground, the world of shore and all the far horizons. It gave a sudden sense of space, for nothing stopped the eye or hedged one in, — that sense of liberty in space and time which great prospects always give.

"There ain't no such view in the world, I expect," said William proudly; and I hastened to speak my heartfelt tribute of praise, but it was impossible not to feel as if an untraveled boy had spoken, and one loved to have him value his native heath.

X.

We were a little late to dinner, but Mrs. Blackett and Mrs. Todd were lenient, and we all took our places after William had paused to wash his hands, like a pious Brahmin, at the well, and put on a neat blue coat which he took from a peg behind the kitchen door. Then he

resolutely asked a blessing in words that I could not hear, and we ate the chowder and were thankful. The kitten went round and round the table, quite erect, and, holding on by her fierce young claws, she stopped to mew with pathos at each elbow, or darted off to the open door when a song sparrow forgot himself and lit in the grass too near. William did not talk much, but his sister Todd occupied the time and told all the news there was to tell of Dunnet Landing and its coasts, while the old mother listened with delight. Her hospitality was something exquisite; she had the gift which so many women lack, of being able to make themselves and their houses belong entirely to a guest's pleasure, — that charming surrender for the moment of themselves and whatever belongs to them, so that they make a part of one's own life that can never be forgotten. Tact is after all a kind of mind-reading, and my hostess held the golden gift. Sympathy is of the mind as well as the heart, and Mrs. Blackett's world and mine were one from the moment we met. Besides, she had that final, that highest gift of heaven, a perfect self-forgetfulness. Sometimes, as I watched her eager, sweet old face, I wondered why she had been set to shine on this lonely island of the northern coast. It must have been to keep the balance true, and make up to all her scattered and depending neighbors for other things which they may have lacked.

When we had finished clearing away the old blue plates, and the kitten had taken care of her share of the fresh had-dock, just as we were putting back the kitchen chairs in their places, Mrs. Todd said briskly that she must go up into the pasture now to gather the desired herbs.

"You can stop here an' rest, or you can accompany me," she announced. "Mother ought to have her nap, and when we come back she an' William 'll sing for you. She admires music," said Mrs. Todd, turning to speak to her mother.

But Mrs. Blackett tried to say that she could n't sing as she used, and perhaps William would n't feel like it. She looked tired, the good old soul, or I should have liked to sit in the peaceful little house while she slept; I had had much pleasant experience of pastures already in her daughter's company. But it seemed best to go with Mrs. Todd, and off we went.

Mrs. Todd carried the gingham bag which she had brought from home, and a small heavy burden in the bottom made it hang straight and slender from her hand. The way was steep, and she soon grew breathless, so that we sat down to rest awhile on a convenient large stone among the bayberry.

"There, I wanted you to see this, — 't is mother's picture," said Mrs. Todd; "'t was taken once when she was up to Portland, soon after she was married. That 's me," she added, opening another worn case, and displaying the full face of the cheerful child she looked like still in spite of being past sixty. "And here 's William an' father together. I take after father, large and heavy, an' William is like mother's folks, short an' thjn. He ought to have made something o' himself, bein' a man an' so like mother; but though he's been very steady to work, an' kept up the farm, an' done his fishin' too right along, he never had mother's snap an' power o' seein' things just as they be. He 's got excellent judgment, too," meditated William's sister, but she could not arrive at any satisfactory decision upon what she evidently thought his failure in life. "I think it is well to see any one so happy an' makin' the most of life just as it falls to hand," she said as she began to put the daguerreotypes away again; but I reached out my hand to see her mother's once more, a most flower-like face of a lovely young woman in quaint dress. There was in the eyes a look of anticipation and joy, a far-off look that sought to the horizon: one often sees it in seafar-

ing families, inherited by girls and boys alike from men who spend their lives at sea, and are always watching for distant sails or the first loom of the land. At sea there is nothing to be seen close by, and this has its counterpart in a sailor's character, in the large and brave and patient traits that are developed, the hopeful pleasantness that one loves so in a seafarer.

When the family pictures were wrapped again in a big handkerchief, we set forward in a narrow footpath and made our way to a lonely place that faced northward, where there was more pasture and fewer bushes, and we went down to the edge of short grass above some rocky cliffs where the deep sea broke with a great noise, though the wind was down and the water looked quiet a little way from shore. Among the grass grew such pennyroyal as the rest of the world could not provide. There was a fine fragrance in the air as we gathered it sprig by sprig and stepped along carefully, and Mrs. Todd pressed her aromatic nosegay between her hands and offered it to me again and again.

"There's nothin' like it," she said; "oh no, there's no such pennyroyal as this in the State of Maine. It's the right pattern of the plant, and all the rest I ever see is but an imitation. Don't it do you good?" And I answered with enthusiasm.

"There, dear, I never showed nobody else but mother where to find this place; 't is kind of sainted to me. Nathan, my husband, an' I used to love this place when we was courtin', and" — she hesitated, and then spoke softly — "when he was lost, 't was just off shore tryin' to get in by the short channel out there between Squaw Islands, right in sight o' this headland where we'd set an' made our plans all summer long."

I had never heard her speak of her husband before, but I felt that we were friends now since she had brought me to this place.

"'T was but a dream with us," Mrs. Todd said. "I knew it when he was gone. I knew it" — and she whispered as if she were at confession — "I knew it afore he started to go to sea. My heart was gone out o' my keepin' before I ever saw Nathan; but he loved me well, and he made me real happy, and he died before he ever knew what he'd had to know if we'd lived long together. 'T is very strange about love. No, Nathan never found out, but my heart was troubled when I knew him first. There's more women likes to be loved than there is of those that loves. I spent some happy hours right here. I always liked Nathan, and he never knew. But this pennyroyal always reminded me, as I'd sit and gather it and hear him talkin' — it always would remind me of — the other one."

She looked away from me, and presently rose and went on by herself. There was something lonely and solitary about her great determined shape. She might have been Antigone alone on the Theban plain. It is not often given in a noisy world to come to the places of great grief and silence. An absolute, archaic grief possessed this countrywoman; she seemed like a renewal of some historic soul, with her sorrows and the remoteness of a daily life busied with rustic simplicities and the scents of primeval herbs.

I was not incompetent at herb-gathering, and after a while, when I had sat long enough waking myself to new thoughts, and reading a page of remembrance with new pleasure, I gathered some bunches, as I was bound to do, and at last we met again higher up the shore, in the plain every-day world we had left behind when we went down to the pennyroyal plot. As we walked together along the high edge of the field we saw a hundred sails about the bay and farther seaward; it was mid-afternoon or after, and the day was coming to an end.

"Yes, they 're all makin' towards the shore, — the small craft an' the lobster smacks an' all," said my companion. "We must spend a little time with mother now, just to have our tea, an' then put for home."

"No matter if we lose the wind at sundown; I can row in with Johnny," said I; and Mrs. Todd nodded reassuringly and kept to her steady plod, not quickening her gait even when we saw William come round the corner of the house as if to look for us, and wave his hand and disappear.

"Why, William's right on deck; I did n't know's we should see any more of him!" exclaimed Mrs. Todd. "Now mother 'll put the kettle right on; she's got a good fire goin'." I too could see the blue smoke thicken, and then we both walked a little faster, while Mrs. Todd groped in her full bag of herbs to find the daguerreotypes and be ready to put them in their places.

XI.

William was sitting on the side door step, and the old mother was busy making her tea; she gave into my hand an old flowered-glass tea-caddy.

"William thought you'd like to see this, when he was settin' the table. My father brought it to my mother from the island of Tobago; an' here's a pair of beautiful mugs that came with it." She opened the glass door of a little cupboard beside the chimney. "These I call my best things, dear," she said. "You'd laugh to see how we enjoy 'em Sunday nights in winter: we have a real company tea 'stead o' livin' right along just the same, an' I make somethin' good for a s'prise an' put on some o' my preserves, an' we get a-talkin' together an' have real pleasant times."

Mrs. Todd laughed indulgently, and looked to see what I thought of such childishness.

"I wish I could be here some Sunday evening," said I.

"William an' me 'll be talkin' about you an' thinkin' o' this nice day," said Mrs. Blackett affectionately, and she glanced at William, and he looked up bravely and nodded. I began to discover that he and his sister could not speak their deeper feelings before each other.

"Now I want you an' mother to sing," said Mrs. Todd abruptly, with an air of command, and I gave William much sympathy in his evident distress.

"After I've had my cup o' tea, dear," answered the old hostess cheerfully; and so we sat down and took our cups and made merry while they lasted. It was impossible not to wish to stay on forever at Green Island, and I could not help saying so.

"I'm very happy here, both winter an' summer," said old Mrs. Blackett. "William an' I never wish for any other home, do we, William? I'm glad you find it pleasant; I wish you'd come an' stay, dear, whenever you feel inclined. But here's Almiry; I always think Providence was kind to plot an' have her husband leave her a good house where she really belonged. She'd been very restless if she'd had to continue here on Green Island. You wanted more scope, did n't you, Almiry, an' to live in a large place where more things grew? Sometimes folks wonders that we don't live together; perhaps we shall some time," and a shadow of sadness and apprehension flitted across her face. "The time o' sickness an' failin' has got to come to all. But Almiry's got an herb that's good for everything." She smiled as she spoke, and looked bright again.

"There's some herb that's good for everybody, except for them that thinks they're sick when they ain't," announced Mrs. Todd, with a truly professional air of finality. "Come, William, let's have Sweet Home, an' then mother 'll sing Cupid an' the Bee for us."

Then followed a most charming surprise. William mastered his timidity and began to sing. His voice was a little faint and frail, like the family daguerreotypes, but it was a tenor voice, and perfectly true and sweet. I have never heard *Sweet Home* sung as touchingly and seriously as he sang it; he seemed to make it quite new; and when he paused for a moment at the end of the first line and began the next, the old mother joined him and they sang together, she missing only the higher notes, where he seemed to lend his voice to hers for the moment and carry on her very note and air. It was the silent man's real and only means of expression, and one could have listened forever, and have asked for more and more songs of old Scotch and English inheritance and the best that have lived from the ballad music of the war. Mrs. Todd kept time visibly, and sometimes audibly, with her ample foot. I saw the tears in her eyes sometimes, when I could see beyond the tears in mine. But at last the songs ended and the time came to say good-by; it was the end of a great pleasure.

Mrs. Blackett, the dear old lady, opened the door of her bedroom while Mrs. Todd was tying up the herb bag, and William had gone down to get the boat ready and to blow the horn for Johnny Bowden, who had joined a roving boat party who were off the shore lobstering.

I went to the door of the bedroom, and thought how pleasant it looked, with its pink-and-white patchwork quilt and the brown unpainted paneling of its woodwork.

"Come right in, dear," she said. "I want you to set down in my old quilted rockin'-chair there by the window; you'll say it's the prettiest view in the

house. I set there a good deal to rest me and when I want to read."

There was a worn red Bible on the light-stand, and Mrs. Blackett's heavy silver-bowed glasses; her thimble was on the narrow window-ledge, and folded carefully on the table was a thick striped-cotton shirt that she was making for her son. Those dear old fingers and their loving stitches, that heart which had made the most of everything that needed love! Here was the real home, the heart of the old house on Green Island! I sat in the rocking-chair, and felt that it was a place of peace, the little brown bedroom, and the quiet outlook upon field and sea and sky.

I looked up, and we understood each other without speaking. "I shall like to think o' your settin' here to-day," said Mrs. Blackett. "I want you to come again. It has been so pleasant for William."

The wind served us all the way home, and did not let the spritsail slacken until we were close to the shore. We had a generous freight of lobsters in the boat, and new potatoes which William had put aboard, and what Mrs. Todd proudly called a full "kag" of prime number one salted mackerel; and when we landed we had to make business arrangements to have these conveyed to her house in a wheelbarrow.

I never shall forget the day at Green Island. The town of Dunnet Landing seemed large and noisy and oppressive as we came ashore. Such is the power of contrast; for the village was so still that I could hear the shy whippoorwills singing that night as I lay awake in my downstairs bedroom, and the scent of Mrs. Todd's herb garden under the window blew in again and again with every gentle rising of the sea-breeze.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

A SEMINARY OF SEDITION.

Few episodes in English history are more curious than the founding of Virginia. In the course of the mightiest conflict the world had witnessed between the powers of despotism and the powers of freedom, considerations chiefly strategical led England to make the ocean her battle-ground; and out of these circumstances grew the idea of establishing military posts at sundry important strategic points on the North American coast, to aid the operations of the navy. In a few far-sighted minds this idea developed into the scheme of planting one or more Protestant states, for the increase of England's commerce, the expansion of her political influence, and the maintenance of her naval advantages. After royal assistance had been sought in vain, and single-handed private enterprise had proved unequal to the task of founding a state, the joint-stock principle, herald of a new industrial era, was resorted to, and we witness the creation of two rival joint-stock companies for the purpose of undertaking such a task. Of the two colonies sent out by these companies, one (the Popham colony) meets the usual fate, — succumbs to famine, and retires from the scene. The other (at Jamestown) barely escapes a similar fate, but is kept alive by the energy and sagacity and good fortune of one extraordinary man, until sturdy London has invested so much of her treasure and her life-blood in it that she will not tamely look on and see it perish. Then the lord mayor, the wealthy merchants, the venerable craft-guilds, with many liberal knights and peers and a few brilliant scholars and clergymen, turn to and remodel the London Company into a truly great commercial corporation, with an effective government and one of London's foremost merchant princes at its head. As if by special intervention from heaven, the struggling colony is rescued

at the very point of death, and soon takes on a new and more vigorous life.

But for such lavish outlay to continue there must be some solid return, and soon a new and unexpected source of wealth is found. As all this sort of work is a novel experiment, mistakes are at first made in plenty; neither the ends to be obtained nor the methods of obtaining them are distinctly conceived, and from the parties of brave gentlemen in quest of *El Dorado* to the crowd of rogues and pickpockets amenable only to rough martial law, the drift of events seems somewhat indefinite and aimless. But just as the short-lived system of communism falls to the ground, and private ownership of land and earnings is established, the rapidly growing demand for tobacco in England makes its cultivation an abundant and steady source of wealth; the colonists increase in numbers and are improved in quality. Meanwhile, as the interest felt by the shareholders becomes more lively, the Company acquires a more democratic organization. It exerts political influence; the Court party and Country party contend with each other for the control of it, and the latter wins. Hitherto, the little Virginia colony has been, like the contemporary French colony in Canada and like all the Spanish colonies, a despotically governed community, closely dependent upon the source of authority in the mother country, and without any true political life. But now the victorious party in the Company gives to Virginia a free representative government, not based upon any ideal theory of the situation, but rooted in ancient English precedent, the result of ages of practical experience, and therefore likely to thrive. Finally, we see the British king awakening to the fact that he has unloosed a power that threatens danger. The doctrine of

the divine right of kings — that ominous bequest from the half-orientalized later Roman Empire to post-mediæval Europe — was dear to the heart of James Stuart, and his aim in life was to impose it upon the English people. His chief obstacle was the Country party, which if he could not defeat in Parliament, he might at least weaken by striking at the great corporation that had come to be one of its strongholds. In what we may call the embryonic development of Virginia the final incident was the overthrow of the London Company; but we shall see that the severing of that umbilical cord left the colony stronger and more self-reliant than before. In the unfolding of these events there is poetic beauty and grandeur as the purpose of Infinite Wisdom reveals itself in its cosmic process, slowly but inexorably, hasting not, but resting not, heedless of the clashing aims and discordant cries of short-sighted mortals, sweeping their tiny efforts into its majestic current, and making all contribute to the fulfillment of God's will.

From the very outset the planting of Virginia had been watched with wrath and chagrin by the Spanish court. Within the last few years, a Virginian scholar, Alexander Brown, has collected and published a large number of manuscript letters and other documents preserved in the Spanish archives at Simancas, which serve to illustrate the situation in detail.¹ Very little of importance happened in London that the ambassador Zuñiga did not promptly discover and straightway report in cipher to Madrid. We can now read for the first time many memoranda of secret sessions of Philip III. and his ministers, in which this little Protestant colony was the theme of discussion. It was a thorn in the flesh not easy to extract unless Spain was prepared for war with Great Britain. At first the very weakness of the colony served to keep this enemy's hands off; if it was

on the point of dying a natural death, as seemed likely, it was hardly worth while to repeat the horrors of Florida. In 1612, after Sir Thomas Dale's administration had begun, Spain again took the alarm; for the moment a war with England was threatened, and if it had broken out Virginia would have been one of the first points attacked. But the deaths of Lord Salisbury and of Henry, Prince of Wales, in 1612, changed the policy of both Philip and James. There was now some hope of detaching the latter from Protestant alliances, and Philip's designs upon Virginia were subordinated to the far larger purpose of winning back England herself into the Catholic ranks. A plan was made for marrying the Infanta Maria to Baby Charles, and with this end in view one of the ablest of Spanish diplomats, Count Gondomar (to give him at once his best known title), was sent as ambassador to London. Charles was only twelve years old, and an immediate wedding was not expected; but the match could be kept dangling before James as a bait, and thus his movements might be guided. Should the marriage finally be made, Gondomar believed that Charles could be converted to his bride's faith, and then England might be made to renew her allegiance to Rome. Gondomar was mightily mistaken in the English people, but he was not mistaken in their king. James was ready to swallow bait, hook, and all. Gondomar completely fascinated him, — one might almost say, hypnotized him, — so that for the next ten years one had but to shake that Spanish match before him and he would follow, whatever might betide. The official policy of England was thus often made distasteful to Englishmen, and the sentiment of loyalty to the sovereign was impaired.

To Gondomar the king was in the habit of confiding his grievances, and in 1614, after his angry dissolution of Parliament. Two volumes, 8vo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

¹ The Genesis of the United States. . . . A Series of Historical Manuscripts now first print-

liament, he said to him one day: "There is one thing I have here which your king in Spain has not, and that is a Parliament of five hundred members. . . . I am surprised that my ancestors should ever have permitted such an institution to come into existence. I am a stranger, and found it here when I arrived, so that I am obliged to put up with what I cannot get rid of." Here James stopped short and turned red in the face at having thus carelessly admitted his own lack of omnipotence, whereupon the wily Spaniard smiled, and reminded him that at all events it was only at his royal pleasure that this very disagreeable assembly could be called together. James acted on this hint, and did not summon a Parliament again for seven years. It is worth remembering that at this very time the representatives of the people in France were dismissed, not to be called together again until 1789.

While Parliament was not sitting, the sort of discussion that James found so hateful was kept up at the meetings of the London Company for Virginia, which were commonly held at the princely mansion of Sir Thomas Smith. Against this corporation Gondomar dropped his sweet poison into the king's ear. The government of colonies, he said, is work fit only for monarchs, and cannot safely be entrusted to a roomful of gabbling subjects: beware of such meetings; you will find them but "a seminary to a seditious Parliament." Before James had profited by these warnings, however, the case of Sir Walter Raleigh came up to absorb his attention. A rare chance — as strange and sad as anything that the irony of human destiny can show — was offered for Spain to wreak her malice upon Virginia in the person of the earliest and most illustrious of its founders.

In 1603, not long after King James's arrival in England, Raleigh had been charged with complicity in Lord Cobham's abortive conspiracy for getting James set aside in favor of his cousin,

Lady Arabella Stuart. This charge is now proved to have been ill founded, but James already hated Raleigh with the measure of hatred which he dealt out to so many of Elizabeth's favorites. After a trial in which the common-law maxim, that innocence must be presumed until guilt is proved, was read backward, as witches were said to read the Lord's Prayer in summoning Old Nick, Sir Walter was found guilty of high treason, and condemned to death. The wrath of the people was such that James, who did not yet feel his position quite secure, did not venture to carry out the sentence. He contented himself with plundering Sir Walter's estates, while that noble knight was kept for more than twelve years a prisoner in the Tower, where he solaced himself with experiments in chemistry, and with writing that delightful *History of the World* which is one of the glories of English prose literature. In 1616, at the intercession of Villiers, Raleigh was set free. On his expedition to Guiana in 1595 he had discovered gold on the upper waters of the Caroni River, in what is now Venezuela. In his attempt to dispense with Parliaments James was at his wit's end for money, and he thought something might be got by sending Raleigh back to take possession of the place. It is true that Spain claimed that country, but so did James on the strength of Raleigh's own discoveries, and if any complication should arise there were ways of crawling out. Raleigh had misgivings about starting on such an adventure without first obtaining a pardon in set form; but Sir Francis Bacon is said to have assured him that the king, having under the privy seal made him admiral of a fleet, with power of martial law over sailors and officers, had substantially condoned all offenses, real or alleged. A man could not at one and the same time be under attainder of treason and also an admiral in active service. Before Raleigh started, James made him explain the details of his

scheme and lay down his route on a chart, and he promised on the sacred word of a king not to divulge this information to any human creature. It was only the sacred word of a Stuart king. James may have meant to keep it, but his evil genius was not far off. The life-like portrait of Count Gondomar, superbly painted by the elder Daniel Mytens, hangs in the palace at Hampton Court, and one cannot look on it for a moment without feeling that Mephistopheles himself must have sat for it. The bait of the Infanta, with a dowry of two million crowns in hard cash, was once more thrown successfully, and James told every detail of Raleigh's plans to the Spaniard, who sent the intelligence post-haste to Madrid. So when the English fleet arrived at the mouths of the Orinoco, a Spanish force awaited them and attacked their exploring party. In the fight that ensued Raleigh's son Walter was slain. Though the English were victorious, the approaches to the gold fields were too strongly guarded to be carried by the force at their command, and thus the enterprise was baffled. The gold fields remained for Spain, but with the fast-increasing paralysis of Spanish energy they were soon neglected and forgotten; their existence was denied and Raleigh's veracity doubted, until in 1889 they were rediscovered and identified by the Venezuelan inspector of mines. Since the expedition was defeated by the treachery of his own sovereign, nothing was left for the stricken admiral but to return to England. The Spanish court loudly clamored for his death, on the ground that he had undertaken a piratical excursion against a country within Spanish jurisdiction. His wife cleverly planned an escape to France, but a Judas in the party arrested him, and he was sent to the Tower. The king promised Gondomar that Raleigh should be publicly executed, either in London or in Madrid; but on second thought the latter alternative would not do. To sur-

render him to Spain would be to concede Spain's claim to Guiana. Without conceding this claim there was nothing for which to punish him. Accordingly, James, in this year 1618, revived the old death sentence of 1603, and Spain drank a deep draught of revenge when the hero of Cadiz and Fayal was beheaded in the palace yard at Westminster,—a scene fit to have made Elizabeth turn in her grave in the abbey hard by. A fouler judicial murder never stained the annals of any country.

The silly king gained nothing by his crime. Popular execration in England set him up in a pillory from which posterity is not likely to take him down. The Spanish council of state advised Philip III. to send him an autograph letter of thanks, but the half-promised Infanta with her rich dowry kept receding, like the grapes from eager Tantalus. A dwindling exchequer would soon leave James with no resource except summoning once more that odious Parliament. Meanwhile, in the London Company for Virginia there occurred that change of political drift whereof the election of Sir Edwin Sandys over Sir Thomas Smith, aided though it had been by a private quarrel, was one chief symptom. That election revealed the alarming growth of hostility in the city of London to the king's pretensions and to the Court party. James had said just before the election, "Choose the devil, if you will, but not Sir Edwin Sandys." From that time forth the king's hostility to the Company scarcely needed Gondomar's skillful nursing. It grew apace till it became aggressive, not to say belligerent. At the election in 1620 it was the intention of the majority in the Company to reëlect Sandys, with whose management they were more than pleased. Nearly five hundred members were present at the meeting. It was the custom for three candidates to be named and voted for, one after another, by ballot, and a plurality sufficed for a choice. On this occasion, the name of Sir Edwin

Sandys, first of three, was about to be put to vote, when some gentlemen of the king's household came in and interrupted the proceedings. The king, said their spokesman, positively forbade the election of Sir Edwin Sandys. His Majesty was unwilling to infringe the rights of the Company, and would therefore himself propose names, even as many as four, on which a vote might be taken. The names were forthwith read, and turned out to be those of Sir Thomas Smith and three of his intimate friends.

This impudent interference was received with a silence more eloquent than words, — a profound silence that might be felt. After some minutes came murmurs and wrathful ejaculations, among which such expressions as "tyranny" and "invasion of chartered rights" could be plainly heard. The motion was made that the king's messengers should leave the room while the situation was discussed. "No," said the Earl of Southampton, "let them stay and hear what is said." This motion prevailed. Then Sir Lawrence Hyde moved that the charter be read, and his motion was greeted with one of those dutiful but ominous cries so common in that age; from all parts of the room it resounded: "The charter! the charter! God save the king!" The roll of parchment was brought forward and read aloud by the secretary. "Mr. Chairman," said Hyde, "the words of the charter are plain: the election of a treasurer is left to the free choice of this Company. His Majesty seems to labor under some misunderstanding, and I doubt not these gentlemen will undeceive him."

For a few minutes no one replied, and there was a buzz of informal conversation about the room, some members leaving their seats to speak with friends not sitting near them. One of our accounts says that some of the king's emissaries stepped out and sought his presence, and when he heard what was going on he looked a little anxious and his stub-

bornness was somewhat abated; he said of course he did not wish to restrict the Company's choice to the names he had mentioned. Whether this concession was reported back to the meeting we are not informed, but probably it was. When the meeting was called to order, Sir Robert Phillips, who was sitting near Sandys, got up and announced that that gentleman wished to withdraw his name; he would therefore propose that the king's messengers should nominate two persons, while the Company should nominate a third. The motion was carried, and the Company nominated the Earl of Southampton. The balloting showed an extremely meagre vote for the king's nominees. It was then moved and carried that in the earl's case the ballot should be dispensed with, and the choice signified by acclamation; and then, with thundering shouts of "Southampton! Southampton!" the meeting was brought to a close. The rebuke to the king could hardly have been more pointed, and in such a scene we recognize the prophecy of the doom to which James's wrong policy was by and by to hasten his son.

The choice of Shakespeare's friend instead of Sandys made no difference whatever in the policy of the Company. From that time forth its ruling spirits were Southampton and Sandys and Nicholas Ferrar, the deputy treasurer. The name of this young man calls for more than a passing mention. Better known in ecclesiastical than in political history, he was distinguished and memorable in whatever he undertook, and among all the thronging figures in England's past he is one of the most sweetly and solemnly beautiful. His father, the elder Nicholas Ferrar, who died in April, 1620, just before the election I have been describing, was one of London's merchant princes, and it was in the parlor of his hospitable house in St. Osyth's Lane — now known as Size Lane, near the Poultry — that the weekly

meetings of the Virginia Council were in these latter days regularly held. In this house the young Nicholas was born in 1593. He had spent seven years in study at Cambridge and five years in very extensive travel upon the continent of Europe, when, at the age of twenty-seven, he came to devote all his energies for a time to the welfare of the colony of Virginia. From early boyhood he was noticeable for taking a grave and earnest but by no means sombre view of life, its interests and its duties. For him frivolity had no charm, coarse pleasures were but loathsome, yet he was neither stern nor cold. Through every fibre of his being he was the refined and courteous gentleman, a true Sir Galahad fit to have found the Holy Grail. His scholarship was thorough and broad. An excellent mathematician and interested in the new dawning of physical science, he was also well versed in the classics and in modern languages and knew something of Oriental philology, but he was most fond of the devotional literature of the Church. His intensely religious mood was part of the great spiritual revival of which Puritanism was the mightiest manifestation; yet Nicholas Ferrar was no Puritan either in doctrine or in ecclesiastical policy. In these matters his sympathies were rather with William Laud. At the same time, his career is a living refutation of the common notion that there is a necessary connection between the religion of Laud and the politics of Strafford, for his own political views were as liberal as those of Hampden and Pym. Indeed, Ferrar was a rare product of the harmonious coöperation of the tendencies represented respectively in the Renaissance and in the Reformation, — tendencies which the general want of intelligence and moral soundness in mankind has more commonly brought into barren conflict. His ideal of life was much like that which Milton set forth with matchless beauty in *Il Penseroso*. Its leading motive, strength-

ening with his years, was the feeling of duty toward the "studious cloister's pale," and the part of his career that is now best remembered is the founding of that monastic home at Little Gidding, where study and charitable deeds and prayer and praise should go on unceasing; where, at whatsoever hour of day or night the weary wayfarer through the broad fen country should climb that hilly range in Huntingdon, he should hear the "pealing organ blow to the full-voiced choir below," and, entering, should receive spiritual comfort and strength, and go thence on his way with heart uplifted. In that blest retreat, ever busy with good works, lived Nicholas Ferrar after the downfall of the great London Company until his own early death in 1637, at the age of forty-four. Of great or brilliant deeds according to the world's usual standard this man did none; yet the simple record of his life brings us into such an atmosphere of holiness and love that mankind can never afford to let it fade and die.

This Protestant saint, withal, was no vague dreamer, but showed in action the practical sagacity that came by inheritance from London's best stock of bold and thrifty citizens. As one of the directing minds of a commercial corporation, he showed himself equal to every occasion that arose. He is identified with the last days of the London Company, and his family archives preserve the record of its downfall. It is thence that we get the account of the election of Southampton and many other interesting scenes and important facts that would otherwise have passed into oblivion.

After Southampton's election the king's hostility to the Company became deadly, and within that corporation itself he had allies who, when once they found themselves unable to rule it, were only too willing to contribute to its ruin. Sir Thomas Smith and his friends now accepted their defeat as decisive and final, and allowed themselves to become dis-

loyal to the Company. Probably they would have expressed it differently: they would have said that, out of regard for Virginia, they felt it their duty to thwart the reckless men who had gained control of her destinies. Unfortunately for their version of the case, the friends of Sir Thomas Smith were charged with the burden of Argall's misdemeanors, and the regard which that governor had shown for Virginia was too much like the peculiar interest that a wolf feels in the sheepfold. It is not meant that the members of the Court party who tried to screen Argall were all unscrupulous men, — such was far from being the case; but in public contests nothing is more common than to see men personally stainless blindly accept and defend the rogues of their own party. In the heat of battle, the private quarrel between Smith and the Earl of Warwick was either made up or allowed to drop out of sight. The two men worked together, and in harmony with the king, to defeat Southampton and Sandys and Ferrar. In the Company's quarter sessions the disputes rose so high that the meetings were said to be more like cockpits than courts. On one occasion a duel between the Earl of Warwick and Lord Cavendish, eldest son of the first Earl of Devonshire, was narrowly prevented. As Chamberlain, one of the court gossips of the day, writes: "Last week the Earl of Warwick and the Lord Cavendish fell so foul at a Virginia . . . court that the lie passed and repassed, and they are [gone out] to try their fortune; yet we do not hear they are met, so that there is hope they may return safe. In the mean time their ladies forget not their old familiarity, but meet daily to lament their misfortune. The factions in [the Company] are grown so violent as Guelfs and Ghibellines were not more animated one against another; and they seldom meet upon the Exchange or in the streets but they brabble and quarrel."

In 1621, the king, having arrived at

the end of his purse, seized what he thought a favorable moment for summoning Parliament, but found that body more intractable than ever. The Commons busied themselves with attacking monopolies and impeaching the Lord Chancellor Bacon for taking bribes. Then they expressed unqualified disapproval of the Spanish match, whereupon the king told them to mind their own business, and not meddle with his. "A long and angry dispute ensued, which terminated in a strong protest, in which the Commons declared that their privileges were not the gift of the Crown, but the natural birthright of English subjects, and that matters of public interest were within their province." This protest so infuriated the king that he tore it into pieces, and forthwith dissolved Parliament, sending Pym, Southampton, and other leaders to prison. This was in January, 1622.

As more than a hundred members of this froward Parliament were also members of the Company, it is not strange that the king should have watched more eagerly than ever for a chance to attack that corporation. A favorable opportunity was soon offered him. A certain Nathaniel Butler, governor of the Bermuda Islands, was accused of extorting a large sum of money from some Spaniards who had been shipwrecked there, and very damaging evidence was brought against him; but he seems to have known how to enlist powerful friends on his side. On being summoned to England, he went first to Virginia, where his services were in demand during the brief but bloody Indian war that followed upon the massacre of 1622. Then, after arriving in England, he published, in April, 1623, a savage attack upon the London Company, entitled *The Unmasked Face of our Colony in Virginia*. Simultaneously with the publication of this pamphlet the charges against its author were dropped, and were nevermore heard of. Such a coincidence is ex-

tremely significant; it was commonly believed at the time that Butler bought the suppression of the charges by turning backbiter. His attack upon the Company is so frivolous as plainly to indicate its origin in pure malice. It is interesting as the first of the long series of books about America printed in England which have sorely irritated their American readers. Sixteen of the old Virginia settlers who were at that moment in London answered it with convincing force. Some of this Butler's accusations, with the answers of the settlers, may fitly be cited for the side-light they throw upon the state of things in Virginia as well as upon the peculiar sinuosities of Stuart kingcraft:—

"1. I found the plantations generally seated upon meer salt marishes full of infectious bogs and muddy creeks and lakes, and thereby subjected to all those inconveniences and diseases which are so commonly found in the most unsound and most unhealthy parts of England, whereof every country and climate hath some.

"*Answer*:—We say that there is no place inhabited but is conveniently habitable. And for the first plantation, which is Kiccoutan, . . . men may enjoy their healths and live as plentifully as in any part of England, . . . yet that there are marishes in some places we acknowledge. . . . As for bogs, we know of none in all the country, and for the rest of the plantations, as Newport's News, Blunt Point, Warriscoyak, Martins Hundred, . . . and all the plantations right over against James City, and all the plantations above these (which are many), . . . they are [all] very fruitful, . . . pleasant, . . . healthful, and high land, except James City, which yet is as high as Deptford or Ratcliffe.

"2. I found the shores and sides of those parts of the main river where our plantations are settled everywhere so shallow as no boats can approach the shores, so that—besides the difficulty, danger, and spoil of goods in the land-

ing of them—people are forced to a continual wading and wetting of themselves, and that [too] in the prime of winter, when the ships commonly arrive, and thereby get such violent surfeits of cold upon cold as seldom leave them until they leave [off] to live.

"*Answer*:—That generally for the plantations at all times from half flood to half ebb any boat that draws betwixt 3 and 4 foot water may safely come in and land their goods dry on shore without wading. And for further clearing of his false objections, the seamen . . . do at all times deliver the goods they bring to the owners dry on shore, whereby it plainly appears not any of the country people . . . are by this means in danger of their lives. And at . . . many plantations below James City, and almost all above, they may at all times land dry.

"3. The new people that are yearly sent over [who] arrive here (for the most part very unseasonably in winter) find neither guest-house, inn, nor any the like place to shroud themselves in at their arrival; [and] not so much as a stroke is given toward any such charitable work; [so that] many of [these new comers] by want hereof are not only seen dying under hedges and in the woods, but being dead lie some of them many days unregarded and unburied.

"*Answer*:—The winter is the most healthful time and season for arrival of new comers. True it is that as yet there is no guest-house or place of entertainment for strangers. But we aver it was a late intent . . . to make a general gathering for the building of such a convenient house, which by this time had been in good forwardness, had it not pleased God to suffer this disaster to fall out by the Indians. But although there be no public guest-house, yet are new comers entertained and lodged and provided for by the governor in private houses. And for any dying in the fields through this defect, and lying unburied, we are altogether ignorant; yet that

many [persons] die suddenly by the hand of God, we often see it . . . fall out even in this flourishing and plentiful city [of London] in the midst of our streets. As for dying under hedges, there is no hedge in all Virginia.

"5. Their houses are generally the worst that ever I saw, the meanest cottages in England being every way equal (if not superior) with the most of the best. And besides, so improvidently and scatteringly are they seated one from another as partly by their distance, but especially by the interposition of creeks and swamps, . . . they offer all advantages to their savage enemies. . . .

"*Answer*: — The houses . . . were . . . built for use, and not for ornament, and are so far from being so mean as they are reported that throughout [England] labouring men's houses . . . are in no wise generally for goodness to be compared unto them. And for the houses of men of better rank and quality, they are so much better and [so] convenient that no man of quality without blushing can make exception against them. [As] for the creeks and swamps, every man . . . that cannot go by land hath either a boat or a canoe for the conveying and speedy passage to his neighbour's house."

So go the charges and the answers. It is unnecessary to cite any further. The animus of Captain Butler's pamphlet is sufficiently apparent. He wished to make it appear that things were wretchedly managed in Virginia, and that there was but a meagre and contemptible result to show for all the treasure that had been spent and all the lives that had been lost. Whatever could weaken people's faith in the colony, check emigration, deter subscriptions, and in any way embarrass the Company, he did not fail to bring forward. Not only were the sites unhealthy and the houses mean, but the fortifications were neglected, plantations were abandoned, the kine and poultry were destroyed by Indians, the As-

sembly enacted laws willfully divergent from the laws of England, and speculators kept engrossing wheat and maize and selling them at famine prices: so said Butler, and knowing how effective a bold sweeping lie is sure to be, in spite of prompt and abundant refutation, he ended by declaring that not less than ten thousand persons had been sent out to Virginia, of whom, "through the aforementioned abuses and neglects," not more than two thousand still remained alive. Therefore, he added, unless the dishonest practices of the Company in London and the wretched bungling of its officials in Virginia be speedily redressed "by some divine and supreme hand, . . . instead of a plantation it will shortly get the name of a slaughter house, and [will] justly become both odious to ourselves and contemptible to all the world."

All these allegations were either denied or satisfactorily explained by the sixteen settlers then in London, and their sixteen affidavits were duly sworn to before a notary public. Some months afterward, Captain Butler's pamphlet was laid before the Assembly of Virginia and elaborately refuted. Nothing can be clearer than the fact that the sympathies of the people in Virginia were entirely on the side of the Company under its present management, and no fact could be more honorable to the Company. From first to last, the proceedings now to be related were watched in Virginia with intense anxiety and fierce indignation.

On Thursday of Holy Week, 1623, a formal complaint against the Company, embodying such charges as those I have here recounted, was laid before the Privy Council, and the Lord Treasurer Cranfield, better known as Earl of Middlesex, sent notice of it to Nicholas Ferrar, with the demand that a complete answer to every particular should be returned by the next Monday afternoon. Ferrar protested against such unseemly haste, but the lord treasurer was inexorable. Then the young man called

together as many of the Company as he could find at an hour's notice that afternoon; they met in his mother's parlor, and he read aloud the complaint, which took three hours. Then Lord Cavendish, Sir Edwin Sandys, and Nicholas Ferrar were appointed a committee to prepare the answer. "These three," says our chronicle, "made it midnight ere they parted; they ate no set meals; they slept not two hours all Thursday and Friday nights; they met to admire each other's labours on Saturday night, and sat in judgment on the whole till five o'clock on Sunday morning; then they divided it equally among six nimble scribes, and went to bed themselves, as it was high time for them. The transcribers finished their task by Monday morning; the Company met at six to review their labours, and by two in the afternoon the answer was presented at the Council Board."

This answer was a masterpiece of co-gency. It proved the baselessness of the charges. Either they were complete falsehoods, or they related to disasters directly connected with the Indian massacre which was not due to any provocation on the part of the whites, or else they showed the effects of mismanagement in Sir Thomas Smith's time, especially under the tyrannical administration of Argall from which the colony had not yet fully recovered. In short, such of the charges as really bore against the Company were successfully shown up as affecting its old government under Smith and Warwick, and not its new government under Sandys and Southampton. The latter was cleared of every calumny, and its absolute integrity and vast efficiency were fully established. Such, at least, is the decisive verdict of history, but the lords of the Privy Council were not willing to accept such a result. It amounted almost to an impeachment of the Court party, and it made them angry. So the Earl of Warwick succeeded in obtaining an order that Lord Caven-

dish, Sir Edwin Sandys, and Rev. Nicholas Ferrar, as "chief actors in inditing and penning . . . an impertinent declaration containing bitter invectives and aspersions," should be confined to their own houses until further notice. The object of this was to prevent them from conferring with each other. Further hostile inquiries were prosecuted, and an attempt was made to detach Ferrar from his associates. One day, as he was answering some queries before the Privy Council, one of the lords handed him an important official letter to the governor of Virginia. "Who draws up such papers?" asked the lord. "The Company," replied Ferrar modestly. "No, no!" interrupted another lord, "we know your style; these papers are all yours, and they are masterpieces." The letter was shown to the king, who was pleased to observe, "Verily the young man hath much worth in him." To detach him from the Company, the king offered to make him clerk of the Privy Council or ambassador to the court of Savoy. Both were fine offers for a man only in his thirtieth year, but Ferrar was not to be tempted. Then an effort was made to induce him to advise the Company to surrender its charter, but he refused with some scorn. A great number of the nobility and gentry, he said, besides merchants and artisans of the city of London, relying upon the royal charter, had engaged in a noble enterprise, one of the most honorable that England had ever undertaken; many planters in Virginia had risked their estates and lives in it; the Lord had prospered their endeavors, and now no danger threatened the colony save the malice of its enemies; as for himself, he was not going to abuse his trust by deserting it.

While these things were going on, the king appointed a board of commissioners to investigate the affairs of Virginia; and the spirit in which they were appointed is sufficiently revealed by the fact that they all belonged to the dis-

affected faction in the Company, and held their meetings at the house of Sir Thomas Smith. One of their number was the vindictive and unscrupulous ex-governor, Sir Samuel Argall, — which was much like setting the wolf to investigate the dogs. Some of these commissioners went out to Virginia and tried to entrap the Assembly into asking for a new charter. It was all in vain. Governor, Council, and House of Burgesses agreed that they were perfectly satisfied with the present state of things, and only wanted to be let alone. Not a morsel of evidence adverse to the present management of the Company could be obtained from any quarter. On the contrary, the Assembly sent to England an eloquent appeal, afterward entitled *The Tragical Declaration of the Virginia Assembly*, in which the early sufferings of the colony and its recent prosperity were passed in review; the document concluded with an expression rather more forcible than one is accustomed to find in decorous and formal state papers. After describing the kind of management under which such creatures as Argall could flourish, the document goes on to say, "Rather [than] be reduced to live under the like government, we desire his Majesty that commissioners may be sent over with authority to hang us."

Long before this appeal reached England the final assault upon the Company had begun. In July, 1623, the attorney-general reported his opinion that it was advisable for the king to take the government of Virginia into his own hands. In October an order of the Privy Council announced that this was to be done. The Company's charter was to be rescinded, and its deputed powers of sovereignty were to be resumed by the king. This meant that the king would thereafter appoint the Council for Virginia, sitting in London. He would also appoint the governor of Virginia with his colonial council. Such a transformation would leave the joint-stock company in

existence, but only as a body of traders, without ascertained rights or privileges, and entirely dependent upon royal favor. No settled policy could thereafter be pursued, and, under the circumstances, the change was a death-blow to the Company. Southampton and Ferrar refused to surrender, and referred the question to their next quarter sessions to be held in November. Then the king brought suit against the Company in the court of King's Bench, and a writ of *quo warranto* was served.

Then came the most interesting moment of all. The only hope of the Company lay in an appeal to Parliament, and that last card was boldly played. Early in 1624, the Spanish match, to secure which the miserable king had for ten years basely truckled and licked the hand of England's bitterest enemy, was finally broken off. War with Spain was imminent; a new policy of helping the German Protestants and marrying Baby Charles to a French princess was to be considered, and much money was needed. So James reluctantly issued writs for an election; and the new Parliament, containing Sandys and Ferrar, with many other members of the Virginia Company, met in February. In April a petition was presented in behalf of the Virginia Company; and a committee had been appointed to consider it, when the Speaker read a message from the king, forbidding Parliament to meddle with the matter. He distinctly announced the doctrine that the government of colonies was the business of the king and his Privy Council, and that Parliament had nothing to do with it. This memorable doctrine was just that which afterwards found favor with the American colonists for very different reasons from those which recommended it to King James. The Americans took this view because they were not represented in Parliament, and intended, with their colonial assemblies, to hold the Crown officials, the royal governors, in check, just

as Parliament curbed the Crown. By the middle of the eighteenth century this had come to be the generally accepted American doctrine; it is interesting to see it asserted early in the seventeenth by the Crown itself, and in the interests of absolutism.

In 1624 Parliament was not in good condition for quarreling with the king upon too many issues at once. So it acquiesced, not without some grumbling, in the royal prohibition, and the petition of the Virginia Company was laid upon the table. A few weeks later, the case on the *quo warranto* was argued before the court of King's Bench. The attorney-general's argument against the charter was truly ingenious. That charter allowed the Company to carry the king's subjects across the ocean to Virginia; if such a privilege were to be exercised without limitation, it might end in conveying all the king's subjects to America, leaving Great Britain a howling wilderness! Such a privilege was too great to be bestowed upon any corporate body, and therefore the charter ought to be annulled. Such logic was irresistible, and on the 16th of June the chief justice declared "that the patent or charter of the Company of English Merchants trading to Virginia, and pretending to exercise a power and authority over his Majesty's good subjects there, should be thenceforth null and void." Next day, Thomas Wentworth, afterward Earl of Strafford, gave vent to his glee in a private letter: "Methinks I imagine the Quaternity before this have had a meeting of comfort and consolation, stirring up each other to bear it courageously, and Sir Edwin Sandys in the midst of them sadly sighing forth, Oh! the burden of Virginia." By the Quaternity he meant Southampton, Sandys, Ferrar, and Cavendish. On June 26 the Privy Council ordered Nicholas Ferrar to bring all the books and papers of the late Company and hand them over to its custody.

Ferrar could not disobey the order,

but he had made up his mind that the records of the Company must be preserved, for its justification in the eyes of posterity. As soon as he saw that the day of doom was at hand he had copies made. One of Ferrar's dearest friends was the delightful poet, George Herbert, a young man of his own age, whose widowed mother had married Sir John Danvers, a prominent member of the Company. They lived in a fine old house in Chelsea, that had once been part of the home of Sir Thomas More. There Nicholas Ferrar passed many a pleasant evening with George Herbert and his eccentric and skeptical brother, afterward Lord Herbert of Cherbury; and if ever their talk grew a bit too earnest and warm, we can fancy it mellowed again as that other sweet poet, Dr. Donne, dropped in with gentle Izaak Walton, as used often to happen. In that house of friends Ferrar had a clerk locked up with the records until they were all copied, — everything relating to the administrations of Sandys and Southampton, from the election of the former in April, 1619, down to June 7, 1624. The copy was carefully compared with the original documents, and its perfect accuracy was duly attested by the Company's secretary, Edward Collingwood. Sir John Danvers then carried the manuscript to the Earl of Southampton, who exclaimed, as he threw his arms about his neck, "God bless you, Danvers! I shall keep this with my title-deeds at Titchfield; it is the evidence of my honor, and I prize it more than the evidence of my lands." About four months afterward Southampton died. Forty-three years later, in 1667, his son and successor passed away, and then this precious manuscript was bought from the executors by William Byrd, of Virginia, father of the famous historian and antiquary. From the Byrd library it passed into the hands of William Stith, president of William and Mary College, who used it in writing his *History of*

Virginia, published at Williamsburg in 1747, one of the most admirable of American historical works. From Stith's hands the manuscript passed to his brother-in-law, Peyton Randolph, president of the Continental Congress; and after his death, in 1775, Thomas Jefferson bought it. In 1814 Ex-President Jefferson sold his library to the United States, and this manuscript is now in the Library of Congress, 741 folio pages bound in two volumes. As for the original documents, they are nowhere to be found among British records; and when we recollect how welcome their destruction must have been to Sir Thomas Smith, to the Earl of Warwick, and to James I., we cannot help feeling that the chest of

the Privy Council was not altogether a safe place in which to keep them.

It is to the copy preserved through the careful forethought of Nicholas Ferrar that we owe our knowledge of one of the most interesting chapters in early American history. In the development of Virginia the overthrow of the great London Company was an event of cardinal importance. For the moment it was quite naturally bewailed in Virginia as a direful calamity, but it turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Stuart despotism gained not one of its ends, except the momentary gratification of spleen, and self-government in Virginia, which seemed in peril, went on to take root more deeply and strongly than before.

John Fiske.

A HOLY ISLAND PILGRIMAGE.

I.

No one could wish to insinuate a doubt that the rest cure has been a fortunate inspiration of modern medicine. In giving exhausted nerves and worn-out brains a temporary oblivion, mercy and wisdom have met together. Equally wise in their day and generation are the religious bodies that offer the occasional week's retreat as a calmativè to the fever of living. Without intervals of solitude and silence a soul must go clothed in rags and tatters, and prayer is undeniably an attitude of mind proper now and then to all humankind. Nevertheless, beside seeking the waters of Lethe in a hospital or casting one's self into the sheltering arms of a cloister, there are, happily, other ways to be found of fulfilling a nineteenth-century wish to fly away and be for a time at rest. Best among these is the discovering of Nature at her most interesting; and if to the discovery can be added remoteness, and infinitely at-

tractive associations as well, the combination must leave but little for the heart to desire. Such a place, where to pleasure of the eye there is joined generous fare for the imagination, is Lindisfarne, now known as Holy Island, off the coast of Northumberland.

There are two ways of reaching Holy Island. One of the two preserves the full flavor of antique custom and local peculiarity, and ought not to be impracticable for the traveler who is keen about entering into the spirit of things; the other, besides being eminently practicable, is by no means lacking in the individuality that is the breath of life to a journey. The former was undoubtedly St. Aidan's mode of traveling, when, somewhat more than twelve hundred years ago, he went to take possession of his rocky diocese in the sea. It is quite as certainly the way in which the Saxon monks again and again fled before the harrying Danes to the mainland, and as often returned to the island, piously car-

rying with them the miracle-working relics of holy St. Cuthbert, their patron. It is still a way — as a traveler's own eye-witness may easily assure him — much in vogue with men and women of the district who wish to reach the island without aid of cart, horse, or boat, and needs no more elaborate preparation than taking off shoes and stockings and making them into a compact parcel. Nothing then remains but to set forth courageously on one's bare soles across the three miles of yellow sand that separate Holy Island from the shore. It does not matter if the foot-passenger starts out on his way alone; his chances of company before he is halfway over the widespread shining flat are of the best. Tonsured and cowed figures may at any moment appear to pass and repass him. In the salt wind that blows invigoratingly in his face visionary coarse cassocks will be blown back from visionary emaciated limbs. It is ten to one he will catch some strain of church music on the air, or hear, wafted from the goal whither he, like any other votary of the cockleshell and staff, is bound, some sound of the chant of monks at matins or vespers.

The second way of getting one's self transported to the island — from Beal, the nearest railway station — has not the merit of so much directness. Its necessary preliminary is a letter addressed to the postmaster on the island. The postmaster's answer once received, however, the rest may with perfect assurance be left to time and him. He will engage quarters for the traveler, and will meet him — possibly by proxy in the person of his son — on the arrival of the appointed day and train; though far should it be from any one acquainted with the fitful ways of English local trains to predict the precise hour at which the arrival of the latter is to be expected to take place. Two appreciable advantages (the others belong among the dross of utilitarian considerations) belong to the method of conveyance provided by the postmaster. If

the day be fine (otherwise there is nothing to do but importune St. Aidan, St. Cuthbert, and all the saints of Lindisfarne for an unstinted measure of endurance, practically fortified by mackintoshes), — if the day be fine and the wind blowing freshly in from the sea, the seats in the cart are just high enough to let its occupants see one of the prettiest sights the sands have to show. All along their distant verge, where the surface of the water is still invisible, white-capped waves leap up at intervals, spouting their foam far into the air. These snowy wave-crests dance up and down like things possessed of life. For a moment they will be suspended like wild, frail fountains between earth and sky, and then vanish, as if a magician controlled their coming and going. Their strange beauty contributes to the sense of weirdness that presently begins to creep with a light chill through joint and marrow.

The carrier's conversation, which is obviously the second advantage belonging to a place in his cart, does nothing to lessen this on the whole rather agreeable chill. It is the most natural thing in the world that his talk should turn upon the dangers of the route; upon accident, hair-breadth escape from the tide, or fatal catastrophe. It was in consequence of an accident that the ominous square black boxes marking the passenger's route across the sands were set up on poles, above tide-water, and at a distance of several hundred feet apart. "Refuges" they are significantly named. A traveler surprised by the incoming of the tide may, if he be within reach of one, climb the rudely built steps leading up to it, and there remain safe and dry until the fall of the water makes it safe for him to continue his journey. But what an eternity, to any one imprisoned there, the interval of waiting might seem! Noah's forty days and forty nights would be as nothing compared with it. The dull green waves would come creeping up near, and still more dangerously near, to

the rough floor of that unbuoyant ark. The salt brine would be dashed in a man's pallid face, and he could taste the spray on his lips dry with terror. At every fresh shock of the sea pouring in from both sides the poles beneath the refuge would shiver; gulls, with their harsh wild cry, would go pitilessly wheeling overhead. Danger there might be none, yet surely of the sensations that follow in danger's wake a goodly proportion would be felt. Finally, with the subsiding tide would come the sense of relief, the cheerful return of confidence. All this and more there is ample time for the traveler to imagine in detail while the wheels of the cart slowly and toilsomely revolve over the heavy road, coming at last in sight of the treeless fields and into the single road on the island.

The inn, in front of which the stout roan cob finally brings up with his load, is named, with the most infelicitous association, the Iron Rails. The artless secret of this inept nomenclature will be discovered by the visitor before he leaves. It is enough for him at first to find that the name of the inn is the only incongruous fact in the whole situation. Everything else about it preserves the eternal fitness of things in a degree that leaves nothing to be desired. To the left of the front door is the hospitable, roomy kitchen. Sometimes the sound of jovial voices, and sometimes an enticing smell of toasting cheese, issues from its open door. Around the fireplace are drawn high-backed wooden settles, tall enough and long enough to inclose the space of a cosy room. This is an ingle-nook, such as may still be seen once in a while, though now too seldom, in quiet corners of England. One may be sure that the fire is in an open grate, with perhaps an oven built at the side. No close-hearted iron range could ever invite conviviality around itself in this fashion; the hearthstone of a stove is dead to the finer sentiments of good fellowship. At this friendly fireside the two active daughters

of the house preside. It is they — hired service being unknown at the Iron Rails — who also serve the guest in his sitting-room across the hall from the kitchen, to the right of the entrance. In this homely, comfortable room there are wide seats in the windows, cupboards in the walls, pieces of furniture of an age that is a guarantee of family respectability, and chairs to which a person must adapt his spinal column as best he may; they at least harbor no indulgent notion of meeting an occupant halfway.

The installment here, where one must, from the nature of the transportation, arrive light of luggage, need not detain one long. In any case, it could hardly do so after the view of what lies outside has once been seen from the windows. In the distance is the open sea, and nearer at hand the landlocked harbor. Only some rough fields, covered with coarse grass, are to be crossed in order to find one's self upon the pretty white beach that curves around the harbor. It is a fine harbor, large, and safe from all sea-winds; and it is strongly guarded on the north by the Castle, a picturesque, rude fortification which caps a rocky ridge jutting into the sea. Notwithstanding its advantages, the harbor is not populous with shipping. The roadstead, in fact, lies empty, and only some of the fishermen's small craft float in the shallow water of the inner haven. A number of these same boats are also drawn up high and dry on the shingle. Late in the afternoon, when the sun is going down over the land, to the west, the fishermen gather in knots about the upturned black hulls, leaning their elbows upon them, and gossiping in slow, low voices that the visitor would give a good deal to be allowed to overhear. Although their lips move, their eyes seldom waver from that fixed, fascinated gaze towards the horizon which seems to be the seafaring man's favorite occupation even when on land. The interest of the sea will not relax its hold upon these idlers for ever

so short a space of time; they continue to peer into its illimitable distance as if even at the moment life and safety were depending on something that might rise, no larger than a man's hand, above the sky-line. But no stranger in their midst could wish them a jot otherwise than as they are, in their dark blue jackets, with the reddish light falling on their bronzed, weather-beaten faces. They make the focal points of light and color in a scene which, peaceful as it may be at times, can evidently put on its grimmer aspect at the bidding of storm or weather.

Those sapphire spots to the south, in the offing, are other islands. At this distance they look like mere fragments of rock, — natural derelicts which the treacherous sea has thrown up here as a snare to navigation, although when seen, as now, through a luminous haze, they are things of beauty to the eye as well. It must not be forgotten, however, that this is Old World ground, where every cubit of rock may be expected to have its human history. These bleak islets have theirs, ancient and modern both. They are the famous Farne Islands, to the largest of which, the inner Farne, or Farne *par excellence*, St. Cuthbert finally retired when he found the odor of his sanctity threatened by too close contact with the world on Holy Island. Here he breathed his last in March, A. D. 687, though his body was destined to the long wanderings which ended in the altar tomb in Durham Cathedral. Here, also, is the lighthouse in which Grace Darling lived, and from which she went to the rescue of the passengers and crew of the Forfarshire steamer, wrecked just within reach from the Farne.

Grace Darling's grave and monument are in Bamborough churchyard, and the little house in which she died is in the village street, where it is known to all men by the inscription over the door. And that is Bamborough Castle, yonder, — that lovely, illuminated architectural vision that overhangs the water on the

tall promontory to the south, westward from the Farnes. Whatever restoration may have done — and it is much — towards destroying the mediæval picturesqueness of Bamborough, it is not discoverable at the distance of Holy Island beach. As it stands in unapproached solitude and vastness, midway between radiant sea and radiant sky, itself as luminously bright as either in the sunset, this traditional stronghold of King Ida fulfills every requirement of romantic beauty. In all Northumberland there is no other site that equals it in impregnability. As a fastness, it must have presented a reassuring sight even in the rude era when St. Aidan arrived from Iona as Christian missionary to the heathen subjects of King Oswald. In that dim year of grace, 635, the Castle bore its uncontracted name of Bebbanburh, still recalling the Queen Bebbe in whose honor her husband, Ida, had named it a hundred years before. No better outpost to a church militant could have been found than this residence of the famous Oswald, who was at once warrior and saint. From Lindisfarne, or the retreat by the brook Lindis, as St. Aidan named the wild island he selected for the centre of his see, signals of distress or need could easily have been seen at the peninsular Bebbanburh. It was probably over that very same pathway of shining water that the proselytizing saint passed to and fro on his visits of consultation with his royal patron, the interpreter to the Saxons of his Scottish dialect. The saint's Celtic views on the keeping of Easter were, no doubt, heterodox, and deserving of rejection in favor of the Latin rule, at the famous Synod of Whitby; but controversy in regard to his eye for the advantages of situation is something that can never arise among those who have once seen the seaward prospect from Holy Island.

Nevertheless, even in Lindisfarne the imagination is not allowed to enjoy undisturbed the serenity of one catholic and apostolic sway. It is probable that the

very first summer evening he spends there may bring the visitor face to face with dissent, in the shape of an open-air meeting that is being held by the non-conformist minister and his congregation in the village square. A fisherman, in his blue knitted jacket, plays the melodeon which has been placed just before the base of the market cross. His thick fingers move clumsily over the keyboard as he laboriously picks out the tune of a chapel hymn. At his side stands the minister, in long black coat and broad-brimmed black felt hat. As the notes of the melodeon cease, the minister reads from his hymn-book the words of a single verse of a hymn, of which the tune is presently raised by another sunburned fisherman who stands close at the minister's hand. The men, women, and children, who are grouped around in a circle, join in singing the verse; then, *da capo*, with the next verse, until the hymn is finished. Afterwards stillness falls upon the assembly, while the minister prays, with uncovered head, in earnest, simple words. A short address follows the prayer, perhaps by some other minister who is present, perhaps by a woman preacher, who reasons in persuasive words about righteousness and the judgment to come. Finally, after another hymn has been sung, the people noiselessly disperse, in the gathering darkness, to their homes. All the while the parish church has stood unresponsive in the background, its windows unlighted, its doors unopened. Presumably there are many souls on the island whose needs the Church's ritual has not been able to meet. Yet it is difficult not to formulate a wish that these five hundred simple islanders might have been left as one flock, parishioners with an undivided form of worship.

II.

These are some of the approaches to the ecclesiastical heart and centre of

Holy Island. Pleasant as they are, however, they are no more than sanctuary courtyards, or porches, the ambulatory chapels that skirt the high altar itself. The visit to this most sacred part of the island is best undertaken by morning light; fresh limbs, and, above all, elastic time being needed to explore the remains of the priory of Lindisfarne. It is not merely the visible and palpable that one has to do with here, but the invisible and impalpable as well. The boundaries of the priory are not limited by hard-and-fast laws of space; the rude gateway and fence that form its inclosure suffice to sequester the visitor as thoroughly as if walls of granite shut him off from the ordinary earth outside. The ghostly brotherhood who occupy it measure their tenure of possession by centuries, not by the brief span of the village tenantry round about them. Underneath the surface of the soil where the ruins of the priory church now stand lie the ashes of the earlier churches, and mingled with them is the consecrated dust of St. Aidan, and of those of his brethren and successors whose piety or rank entitled them to the same hallowed lying within the walls of the church. St. Aidan's mother church was rebuilt by St. Finan, second bishop of Lindisfarne, in the same primitive fashion, partly of stones, but chiefly of planks, mud, and dried reeds or bentz from the links. Three times was this Saxon church burned to the ground by the Danes, and as many times rebuilt by the persistent saints. The stone coffin of St. Cuthbert, sixth bishop of Lindisfarne, rested undisturbed for a matter of two centuries or so at the right of the altar, and meanwhile his historian, the Venerable Bede, wrote all the pretty stories of his life and miracles. Then came the great incursion of the Danes, when the monks, under the sixteenth and last bishop, Eardulph, fled from the island, leaving it for two hundred years to solitude and desolation.

Those massive fragments of an archi-

ture from which, even in ruin, the voice of ecclesiastical pride still speaks are not the work of the earlier epoch, nor even of canonized hands. The day of greater glory on the island was not the day of greater building. The externally humbler early churches were entitled to the name and dignity of cathedral, as being the seat of a bishop. The stately remains of to-day are the ruins of a building of no higher rank than priory church. The priory was founded by some Benedictine monks sent to take possession of the deserted sanctuary "in the vill of Holy Island" by Bishop Carileph of Durham. Thus it happens that the masonry of surviving column and arch is Norman, and that such fragments of Saxon work as the island can boast were already part and parcel of a reverend past when the Benedictine colony began their building in the year 1093. Their church, naturally, was not one of the first magnitude, but so far as means and the smaller scale would permit they modeled it after the cathedral church at Durham. Some of the fine features that Durham still preserves magnificently intact may here be seen in ruin and in reduction. Although now mere broken stumps on the south side, or stately torsos on the north, the columns that once supported the nave of the priory were reproductions of the superb twin rows of Durham. How solid, worn as they are with time and weather, is their vast rotundity even yet, and what feats of resistance overcome are attested by those huge blocks of the red stone of which they are built! It was an unerring decorative instinct that engraved, by long monotonous labor, the spirals and zigzags that covered their surfaces. Rude as the Norman Romanesque ornamentation is, it has a richness that is lacking in the more delicate Gothic that succeeded it. The lavishness of hand that covered the circumference of giant columns with rude carving conveys a sensuousness of artistic impression that even the

infinite variety of later periods does not often attain.

No better means could be devised for contrasting the effects of preservation and ruin in architecture than to come directly from Durham hither. At Durham the power and strength of the creative hand are still defiant of time; here, what time has done to deform human inspiration nature has gone far in making amends for. The long vistas of the ribbed and cross-ribbed stone vaults of the cathedral cannot outdo in poetry of effect the unfathomable blue vault that spans the ruin. The mystical dim light of the one is no more subduing to the sense than is the loveliness of contrasted sunshine and shadow of the other; nor is the antiquity of dust-covered carving more eloquent in meaning than the freshness of the wallflowers and grasses that clothe the crumbling walls and arches with life. At Holy Island, of the roof of the tower that once joined nave with choir, and north and south transept with both, one curious transverse arch alone remains. That this arch should still throw its slender span diagonally from north to south summit of the fragment of tower yet standing is one of the freaks of survival whereby picturesqueness is secured to decay. The arch, with its supports, is but the thin skeleton, the airy ghost, of the once strong quadrilateral Norman tower, and, ghostlike, it makes itself felt as a thing independent of time and space, speaking with a voice that divides spirit from sense. In the moonlight and silence of midnight its weirdness curdles the blood; in the daylight it is the lofty perch of birds that sing as cheerfully as when it was new.

A step beyond the arch and one stands in the choir. The large east window is of much later date than the nave, but the light from the untracied opening falls upon the selfsame rood of earth on which the primitive saints of Lindisfarne must have stood when they ministered at their office of the mass. Those rudely

agglomerated portions of stone which may be seen at the base of the more smoothly joined and finished masonry are, it is claimed, the work of Saxon builders, the last visible relic of the edifice of our forefathers. An antiquarian of meddlesome intellect might possibly be able to prove that they are nothing of the kind. But with antiquarian curiosity one should, on this spot of all others, have nothing to do. Credulity is here, if never again, the cue of even the most skeptical. Plenary indulgence for all lapses from the duty of independent examination must be taken for granted here, where acquiescence in the sentiment of the place is for the nonce the first of spiritual necessities. Otherwise the delightful sense of overstepping the boundaries of centuries would be lost; no chronological miracle would be performed in the mind; no apostle of Northumbria would pronounce his *pax vobiscum* in the quickened ear of a belated disciple.

The successors to the early fathers, the Norman Benedictines from Durham, have no natural power like theirs of drawing the hearts of all times to themselves. They are invested with no winning saintship, and the gift of involuntary proselytism is not theirs. One prefers, in fact, to approach them on a decidedly less intimate personal footing. Their priors were doubtless men with many quarterings on their family shields, and the blood of conquerors ran in their veins, but they have bequeathed no individual names to love and memory. The ruins of their priory buildings are their true and only monuments. These are not to be likened to Furness or to Fountains in extent or in preservation. Not much more than the ground-plan of the once-imposing domestic architecture is to be traced here. But the foundations and what else remains have lately been laid bare from accumulations of earth and fallen stone, and the old custodian of the place can point out the arrangements of kitchen, storehouse, and cellar, and of

the circular turrets by means of which the warlike monks fortified their monastery. Here and there one comes across some still remaining portions of finer stonework, — a few feet of arcaded wall, the columned joints of a doorway, a capital that once upheld a groined arch. They are the material out of which one may mentally reconstruct, or visualize, chapter-house, dormitory, or refectory, and they also keep up the interchange of artistic amenities that inevitably goes on between crumbling architecture and ornamenting nature. Long-stemmed bluebells spring from their crevices, and tufts of feathery grass soften all their harsh outlines.

The churchyard is the western boundary of the monastery. It has been tenanted by secular bones for centuries past. Nevertheless, there is the vicar's word for it that the soil has a reputation for sanctity that spreads far and wide. In proof of this there is to be seen a grave — that of an elderly lady — whose occupant left directions only a decade or so ago to have her mortal remains brought here for safe-keeping until such time as they might again be needed. She is at least awaiting that time in godly company. In the churchyard are the base and socket of the once famous St. Cuthbert's cross. Durham, years ago, reached out her long arm and took the cross itself into her custody; allowing it, however, in due course of time, to be accidentally destroyed. The people of the island have adopted the fragmentary remains in the churchyard into their familiar life, and have rebaptized them, in the name of local tradition, a "pelting stone." Over this pelting stone a new-made bride must jump when she comes out of the church. If she clears it, local superstition declares all is well. If she fails, the event is presumably as her own good temper and the bridegroom's ordain it shall be.

The parish church, gray and severe in exterior, seems at first sight an intruder in the graveyard. The latter is the proper

appanage of the priory, an integral part of the ghostly diocese of St. Cuthbert, patron saint to the Norman foundation. The parish church, on the contrary, is dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, and has a paltry antiquity that begins only in the year 1120. Still, notwithstanding the comparison by which it suffers, it can claim an atmosphere and an interesting individuality of its own. Like many another obscure parish church in the kingdom, it has the fascination of having grown by accretion, and of proving, as an oak does by the number of its rings, the age of its various parts by the cutting of moulding, string-course, or capital, by the depth of a volute or the stiling of a base. But it does not give up its secrets without effort on the part of the visitor. Though much may still be read in the stone in autograph, just as the workman's chisel left it after the last stroke, the meaning of much more has been obscured by repair; Holy Island church, like others, having had to run its chances at the hand of the restorer, partly to its benefit and partly to its archæological detriment. One record of the spirit of mediæval times is left in the form of a slant opening piercing the north wall, through which, if the eye is put close enough, a view may be had of the space just in front of the altar. This, probably, was the "lepers' squint," by means of which these unfortunates were enabled to see, from the outside of the church, the elevation of the host during the celebration of the mass.

The vicar is the custodian *ex officio* of the most venerable and most precious archæological relic that the island can boast. This is a Saxon headstone, six by eight inches large, inscribed with a cross and with letters which stand to the uninstructed eye for an epitaph. The vicar has made the church porch the repository of this interesting monument, which is hung upon the wall to the left of the doorway, and is covered with glass as a protection from desecrating

fingers. He takes pride in pointing out that the British Museum would be glad to obtain possession of it. The still more valuable Lindisfarne Gospels have already found their way into that omnivorous institution, so that a visit to the British Museum is, in any case, a part of the complete tour of Holy Island. Nevertheless, the visitor will sympathize with the vicar's satisfaction in keeping the companion relic among its natural surroundings. He is not an antiquarian himself, but a parish priest in the best sense of the word. He is practically his own parish clerk beside, and is choir-master as well to his choir of girls; his reason for having the chants and anthems sung by girls alone being an indisputable one: the voices of the men and boys, he finds, are so rough that by no effort of training can music be extracted from them. Therefore it has in all likelihood happened that ere now a choir of girls has been installed in the newly refitted chancel of the ancient church of Holy Island. The Sunday toggery of the girls not promising to be seemly in this new position, the vicar has doubtless also carried out his further intention of putting them into caps and surplices.

Beside the vicar's testimony to some of the delightfully humorous and human idiosyncrasies of his parishioners, the church holds an illustration of one of them. There stands in a dark corner, by the vestry door, a long wooden object, slatted and lifted on four feet from the ground, with poles like those of a sedan-chair projecting from the corners. This is a bier. It was to have been the parish bier, having been built to that end by the last incumbent of the church. Those, however, for whose use it was intended would have none of it. A bier was not to their taste. Since the memory of man they had gone to their last home on the arms of bearers; and so, by the help of Heaven and their own determination, they still do and still will

continue to do. Hence it is that the bier stands unused in an unused corner of the church, a lasting witness to the sagacity of the islanders in deciding for themselves when to let well enough alone.

There remains, after the church, one more shrine to visit in honor of St. Cuthbert. This last stage should be made, if possible, by evening light. Then, if the tide will serve, one may follow the footsteps of this inveterate and incurable mitred hermit, across rough boulders and kelpy stones, to the tiny outlying island that once afforded him solitude and a cell, though too perilously near to human-kind to supply the impregnable envelope he wished for his sanctity. The walking to the island is treacherous, as slippery tangles of seaweed conceal the pools of salt water which the tide has left between the stones, and precipitate unwary feet into them, but the constant accompaniment of the crackling of the pods of the seaweed is pleasant to the ear. It does not take long to explore the outward and visible remains on the island. The foundations of a cell and oratory are still distinctly traceable, and on a plinth of what was once a doorway a bit of carved moulding is significant of the love for comeliness that survived even a desire for the world. This and the extreme smallness of dimensions of the saint's former quarters are the two accentuated impressions the rough island is likely to produce. Around its rocky and tumbled base may be picked up the small fluted fossils which scientists profane by the harsh term "encrinal." The vicar's children know better, however, and call them St. Cuthbert's beads.

The Castle, with its long corridors and upper and lower batteries (the whole garrisoned by a single soldier, his wife and infant), may also be seen to advantage in the twilight. After a view from its summit of the darkening face of lonely land and water, the little inn seems more friendly than ever on one's return to it. As far as the fine old brass knocker on

the front door is concerned, all thoughts of acquiring it in exchange for fair coin of the realm may as well be abandoned. The daughter of the house intimates that she has been approached on this score before. She will, however, in return for nothing more than the question explain how the house has taken its name of Iron Rails from the pair of small railings that flank the sides of the stone doorstep. Think of the temptations to grandiloquence of name here; remember how such temptations would be embraced in another hemisphere, and then admire the modesty and self-restraint that have been satisfied to emphasize this small circumstance! That there should be a background of sadness to the kindness of these people is not surprising. Poverty keeps close company with most of the inhabitants of the island. Pure water is perhaps the one necessity of life they have in plenty, and to see this carried into the houses, from the several common wells or springs, in buckets suspended by a wooden yoke from the shoulders of the drawers, is one of the pretty sights of the place.

When, finally, the pilgrim is forced reluctantly to turn his back upon the attractions of Holy Island, and his face once again towards the railway, it is to be hoped, in the interest of the serenity of mind he is to take with him, that he will not be seduced by the confidence of Mr. Thomas Bell and his son into crossing just before high tide. With a "nip" tide, father and son protest, the crossing may be safely accomplished even at high water. But it is best to be warned by the vicar's wife, the innkeeper's wife, the wife of Mr. Thomas Bell himself, and by the combined feminine wisdom of the island, and to go while there is yet time and to spare of low water. Otherwise, although he may come off unscathed, a horrible tremor of the nerves may be the last sensation a traveler will take with him from his pilgrimage.

Eugenia Skelding.

PIRATE GOLD.

IN THREE PARTS. PART THREE: RECOVERY.

XXIII.

THE customer of St. Clair's firm was paid off, the partnership was dissolved without scandal, and the St. Clairs went to live in New Orleans. Jamie did not sell the old house in Salem Street; but he rented it, and kept one room in the attic for himself. His board, two dollars a week, was given in part payment against the rent. Thus he lived, and wrote no more letters to Mercedes. He did not feel that he was worthy now to write to her. And a year or two after her arrival in New Orleans her letters ceased. She had thanked Jamie sorrowfully when he had paid over the money in New York, and kissed him with her pale lips (though his face was paler still), and upon the memory of this he had lived. But he had fancied her lips wore a new line; their curves had gone; and her eyes had certainly new depth.

When Mercedes ceased to write, Jamie did not complain. He knew well what the trouble was, and that her husband wished her to write to him for more money. But he could do no more for her. And after this his hope was tired, and Jamie hardly had the wish to write. The only link between them now was his prayer at night. The dry old Scotchman had come to prayer at last, for her if not for himself.

And the office lost their interest in him. Only the Bowdoin's were true. For the "foreign mail" no longer came; and Jamie was no longer seen writing private letters on his ledger page. His dress grew so shabby that old Mr. Bowdoin had to speak to him about it. He had no long absences at lunch-time, but took a sandwich on the street. In fact, Jamie had grown to be a miser.

Great things were happening in those days, but Jamie took no heed of them. Human liberty was in the air; love of man and love of law were at odds, and clashed with each other in the streets; Jamie took no heed of them. They jostled on the pavement, but Jamie walked to his task in the morning, and back at night, between them; seeing mankind but as trees, walking; bowed down with the love of one. And he who had never before thought of self could think now only of his own dishonor. As a punishment, he tried not to think of her, except only at night, when his prayers permitted it; but he thought of her always. His crime made him ashamed to write to her; his single-heartedness made him avoid all other men.

Only one man, in all those years, did Jamie seem willing to talk to, at the office, and that man was Harleston Bowdoin. Had he not loved her? Jamie never spoke of her; but Harleston had a happy impulse, and would talk to the old man about Mercedes. Away from business, Jamie would walk in all the places where her feet had trod. He would go to King's Chapel Sundays; and he went up, evenings, and sat upon the lonely doorstep of the house on Worcester Square, as he had sat there that night waiting for St. Clair to come home. And he looked up John Hughson again, and would sit with him, wondering. John had married a stout wife, and had sturdy children. Hughson petted the old man, and gave him pipes of tobacco; for McMurtagh was too poor to buy tobacco, those days. The children on Salem Street feared him, as a miser; which was hard, for Jamie was very fond of little children.

How does a man live whose heart rules

his soul, and is broken ; whose conscience rules his head, and is dishonored ? For men so heavy laden, heaven was, and has been lost. But Jamie never thought his soul immortal until his love for Mercedes came into it ; perhaps not consciously now. Such thoughts would have seemed to him childish. How then did Jamie live ? For no man can live quite without hope, as we believe, — hope of some event, some end of suffering, at least of some worthier act.

With Jamie it was the hope of restitution. He wished to leave behind him, as the score of his life, that he had been true to his employer and had loved his little ward. And if the time could ever come when he could do more for her, it would not be until his theft was made good, and his hands were free, as his heart, to serve her again. For the one thing that Jamie stood for was integrity ; that was all the little story of his life.

His salary was eighteen hundred dollars : at the end of the first year after his theft he had spent a hundred and fifty. Then he asked for two days' leave of absence, and went to New York, where he exchanged sixteen hundred and forty dollars for Spanish gold pieces. A less old-fashioned man would have invested the money at six per cent, but Jamie could not forego the satisfaction of restoring the actual gold. Coming back, he opened the old chest, now empty, one day, after hours, and put the pieces in the box. The naked gold made a shining roll in its blackness, just reaching across the lower end ; and poor Jamie felt the first thrill of — not happiness, but something that was not sorrow nor shame. And then he pulled down the old ledger, and made the first entry on the Dr. side : " Restored by James McMurtagh, June 9, 1849, \$1640." The other ten dollars had gone for his journey to New York.

And that night, as he went home, he looked about him. He bowed (in his queer way) to one or two acquaintances

who passed him, unconscious that he had been cutting them for a year. Before supper he went in to see John Hughson, carrying his pipe, and, without waiting to be offered it, asked to borrow a pinch of tobacco against the morrow, when he should buy some. The good Hughson was delighted, pressed a slab of " plug " upon him, and begged him to stay and have something liquid with his pipe. But Jamie would not ; he was anxious to be alone.

His little bedroom gave upon the roof of the adjoining house in the rear ; and here his neighbor kept a few red geraniums in boxes, and it was Jamie's privilege to smoke his pipe among them. So this evening, after a hasty meal, he hurried up there. Beyond the roofs of the higher houses was a radiant golden sky, and in it the point of a crescent moon, and even as Jamie was lighting his pipe one star came.

Old Jamie breathed hard, and sighed ; and the sigh meant rest. He took a pleasure in the tobacco, in the look of the sky again.

And with this throb of returning life, in one great pulsation, his love rushed back to his heart, and he thought of Mercedes. . . . He sat up nearly all the night, and with the first light of dawn he wrote to her.

XXIV.

But Jamie got no answer to his letter, and he wrote again. Again he got no answer ; and he wrote a third time, this time by registered mail ; so that he got back a card, with her name signed to the receipt.

Jamie's manner, unconsciously to himself, had changed since that first row of gold coins had gone into the black tin box ; the tellers and the bookkeepers had observed it, and they began to watch his mail again. What was their glee to see among Jamie's papers, one morning,

a letter in the familiar feminine hand! "Jamie's foreign mail has come!" the word went round. "I thought it must be on its way," said the second bookkeeper; "have n't you noticed his looks lately?" "The letter is postmarked New Orleans," said the messenger boy, turning it over. But it was felt this went beyond friendly sympathy. "Mr. O'Neill," said Mr. Stanchion sternly, "if I see you again interfering with McMurtagh's mail, you may go. What business is that of ours?"

Poor O'Neill hung his head, abashed. But all eyes were on Jamie as he opened his desk. He put the letter in his pocket. The clerks looked at one another. The suspense became unendurable. When old Mr. Bowdoin came in, the cashier told him what had happened. "Jamie's foreign mail has come again. But he will never read it here, sir, and we can't send him out till lunch-time: the chief bookkeeper"—

The old gentleman's eyes twinkled. "McMurtagh!" he cried (Mr. Bowdoin had always called Jamie so since he came into the bank), "will you kindly step down to my counting-room? I will meet you there in a few minutes, and there are some accounts I want you to straighten out for me."

As Jamie hurried down to the Long Wharf, he pressed his coat tight against him. The letter lay in his pocket, and he felt it warm against his breast.

Neither Mr. James Bowdoin nor Harley was in the little room (it was just as Jamie remembered it when he first had entered it, only no pretense of business was made there now), and he tore the letter open. Thus it ran:—

NEW ORLEANS, *August 30, 1849.*

MY DEAR, DEAR JAMIE, — If I have not written to you, it was only because I did not want to bring more trouble on you. But things have gone from bad to worse with us. I feel that I should be almost too unhappy to live, only that

David is with me now. [Jamie sobbed a little at this.] I wanted never to ask you for money again. But we are very, very poor. I will not give it to him. But if you could send me a little money, a hundred dollars would last me a long time.

Your loving M. ST. CLAIR.

Jamie laid his head upon the old desk, and his tears fell on the letter. What could he do? His conscience told him, nothing. All his earnings belonged to the employers he had robbed.

After a minute he took a sheet of paper and tried to write the answer, no. And Mr. Bowdoin came in, and caught him crying. The old gentleman knocked over a coal-scuttle, and turned to pick it up. By the time he had done so Jamie had rubbed the tears from his eyes, and stood there like a soldier at "Attention."

"Jamie," said Mr. Bowdoin, "I should like to make a little present to your ward, to Mercedes. Could you send it for me? I hope she is well?" And before Jamie could answer Mr. Bowdoin had written out a check for a hundred dollars. "Give her my love when you write. I must go to a directors' meeting." And he scurried away hurriedly.

Jamie sat down again and wrote his letter, and told her that the money was from Mr. Bowdoin. "But, dear heart," it ended, "even if I cannot help you, always write." And going home that night, Jamie began to fancy some omniscient power that had put it into the old gentleman's heart just then to do this thing.

XXV.

Old Mr. Bowdoin, one morning, some time after this, stood at his window before breakfast, drumming on the pane. The gesture has commonly been understood to indicate discontent with one's surroundings. Mrs. Bowdoin had not

yet come down to breakfast. Outside, her worthy spouse could see the very tree upon which cousin Wendell Phillips had not been hanged; and his mouth relaxed as he saw his grandson Harley coming across the Common, and heard the portentous creaking that attended Mrs. Bowdoin's progress down the stairs, — the butler supporting her arm, and her maid behind attending her with shawl and smelling-salts. The old lady was in a rude state of health, but had not walked a step alone for several years. As she entered, Harley behind her, old Mr. Bowdoin gravely and ostentatiously pulled out a silver dollar and put it into the hand of the surprised young man.

"Pass it to the account," said he.

Harley took the coin, and, detecting a wink, checked his expression of surprise.

"It all goes into the fund, my dear, to be given to your favorite charity the first time you are down in time for breakfast. It amounts to several thousand dollars already."

Mrs. Bowdoin snorted, but, with a too visible effort, only asked Harley whether he would take coffee or tea.

"With accumulations, my dear, — with accumulations. But you should not address me from your carriage in that yellow shawl, when I am talking to a stranger on the Common. At least, I thought it was Tom Pinckney, of the Providence Bank, but it turned out to be a stranger. He took me for a bunco-steerer."

"James!"

"He did indeed, and you for my confederate," chuckled the old gentleman. "'Mr. Pinckney, of Providence, I believe?' said I. 'No, you don't,' said he; and he put his finger on his nose, like that."

"James!" said Mrs. Bowdoin.

"I did n't mind — don't know when I've been so flattered — must look like a pretty sharp old boy, after all, though I have been married to you for fifty years."

"James, it's hardly forty."

"Well, I thought it was fifty. The last time I did meet Tom Pinckney, he asked if I'd married again. I said you'd give me no chance. 'Better take it when you can,' said he. 'That will I, Tom,' says I. 'I've got one in my mind.'"

"Really, grandpa," remonstrated young Harley.

"Don't you talk, young man. Did n't I hear of you at another Abolition meeting yesterday? And women spoke, too, — short-haired women and long-haired men. Why can't you leave them both where a wise Providence placed them? Destroy the only free republic the world has ever known for a parcel of well-fed niggers that'll relapse into Voodoo barbarism the moment they're freed!"

"James, the country knows that the best sentiment of Boston is with us."

"The country does n't know Boston, then. And as for that crack-brained, demagogue cousin of yours, he calls the Constitution a compact with hell! I hope I'll live to see him hanged some day."

"Wendell Phillips is a martyr indeed."

"Martyr! humbug! He could n't get any clients, so he took up a cause. Why, they say at the club that he" —

"They said at the meeting last night, sir," interrupted Harley, "that they'd march up to the club and make you fellows fly the American flag."

"It's Phillips wants to pull it down," said the old gentleman.

Mrs. Bowdoin rattled the tea things.

"Don't mind your grandma, Harley, if she is out of temper. She's got a headache this morning. She went to bed with the hot-water bottle under her pillow and the brandy at her feet, and feels a little mixed."

"James! I never took a brandy bottle upstairs with me in my life. And Harleston knows" —

"Do you suppose he knows as well as I do, who have lived with you for fifty years?"

"And I'll not stay with you to hear my cousin insulted!" Majestic, she rose.

"It's too much of one girl," chuckled Mr. Bowdoin. "No wonder men keep a separate establishment."

"James!" Mrs. Bowdoin swept from the room.

"Don't run upstairs alone; consider the butler's feelings!" called her unfeeling spouse after her.

"You're too bad, sir," said Harley.

"I'm trying to develop her sense of humor; it's the one thing I always said I'd have in a wife. Remember it, when you get married. Why the devil don't you?"

"I have too much sense of humor, sir," said Harley gravely. "What is that?" For a noise of much shouting was heard from the Common. Both men rushed to the windows, and saw, surrounded by a maddened crowd, a small company of federal soldiers marching north.

"What are they saying?" cried Mr. Bowdoin.

Every minute the crowd increased: men and women, well dressed, sober looking, crying, "Shame! shame!" and topping by a head the little squad of undersized soldiers (for the regular army was then recruited almost entirely from foreigners) who marched hurriedly forward, with eyes cast straight before and downward, and dressed in that shabby blue that ten years later was to pour southward in serried column, all American then, to free those slaves whom now they hunted down.

"To the Court House! To the Court House!" cried the mob.

"It's that fellow Simms," said Mr. Bowdoin, but was interrupted by sounds as of a portly person running downstairs; and they saw the front door fly open and Mrs. Bowdoin run across the street, her cap-strings streaming in the air.

"By Jove, if Abolitionism can make your grandma run, I'll forgive it a lot!" cried Mr. Bowdoin.

"Do you know the facts, sir?" suggested Harley.

"No, nor don't want to," said Mr. Bowdoin. "I know that we are jeopardizing the grandest experiment in free government the world has ever seen for a few African darkies that we did n't bring here, and have already made Christians of, and a d—d sight more comfortable than they ever were at home. But come, let's go over, or I believe your grandma will be attacking the United States army all by herself!"

But the rescue was made unnecessary by the return of that lady, panting.

"Now, sir," gasped Mrs. Bowdoin, "I hope you're satisfied, that foreign Hessians control the laws of Massachusetts!"

"I am always glad to see the flag of my country sustained," said Mr. Bowdoin dryly; "though we don't fly it from our club."

"I think you misunderstand, sir," ventured Harley. "This Simms is arrested by the Boston sheriff for stabbing a man; and the Southerners have got the federal commissioner to refuse to give him up to justice."

"If he stabbed a man, it's cheaper to let them sell him as a slave than keep him five years in our state prison."

"The poor man seems to prefer it, though," said Harley gently. "Have you seen him?"

"No; what should I see the fellow for?" cried Mr. Bowdoin irritably.

"I understand the State Court House is held like a fort by federal soldiers, and thugs who call themselves deputy marshals."

Mr. Bowdoin growled something that sounded like, "What if it is?"

The two started to walk down town. Tremont Street was crowded with running men, and School Street packed close; and as they came in sight of the Court House they saw that it was surrounded by a line of blue soldiers.

"Let's go to the Court House," said Harley.

The old gentleman's curiosity made feeble resistance.

"I had a case to see about this morning. Why, there's Judge Wells, the very man I want to see."

The judge had a body-guard of policemen, and our two friends joined him as they were slowly forcing a passage through the crowd. When they came before the old gray stone Court House, they saw two cannon posted at the corners, and all the windows full of armed troops; and around the base of the building, barring every door, a heavy iron cable, and behind this a line of soldiers.

"What the devil is the cable for?" said Mr. Bowdoin.

The crowd, which had opened to let the well-known judge go by, were now crying, "Let the judge in! Let the judge in!" and then, "Give him up! Give Simms up! Give him to the sheriff!" and then, "Kidnapped! Kidnapped!" Just ahead of them our party saw another judge stopped rudely before the door by a soldier dropping a bayonet across his breast.

"Can't get in here, — can't get in here."

"I tell you I'm a judge of the Supreme Court of this Commonwealth," they heard him say.

"Go around, then, and get under the chain. But the court can't sit to-day." Mr. Bowdoin bubbled with indignation as he saw the old man take off his high hat, and, stooping low, bow his white hairs to get beneath the chain.

"If I do, I'm damned," said Mr. Bowdoin quietly.

"And if I do, I'm — Drop it down, sir, and let me pass: Judge Wells, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts."

"And I'm James Bowdoin, of James Bowdoin's Sons, and a good Democrat, and defendant in a confounded lawsuit before his honor."

"Courts can't sit to-day. Keep back."

"They can't?" cried Mr. Bowdoin.

"Since when do the courts of Massachusetts ask permission of a pack of slave-hunters whether they shall sit or not?"

Harley was chuckling with suppressed delight. "If only grandma were here!" thought he.

"Let them in! Let Judge Wells in!" shouted the crowd.

The soldier called his corporal, and a hasty consultation followed; as a result of which the chain dropped at one end, and the three men walked over it in triumph.

"Three cheers for Judge Wells! Three cheers for Mr. Bowdoin!" cried the crowd, recognizing him.

When they got into the dark, cool corridor of the old stone fort, "That I should ever come to be cheered by a mob of Abolitionists!" gasped Mr. Bowdoin, mopping his face. "Upon my word, I think I lost my temper."

"Oh no, sir," said Harley Bowdoin gravely. "But where is the courtroom?"

"Follow the line of soldiers," replied the judge, and hurried to his lobby.

Up the stone stairs went our friends, three flights in all; soldiers upon every landing, and, leaning over the banisters and carelessly spitting tobacco juice on the crowd below, a row of "deputy" United States marshals, with no uniform, but with drawn swords.

Mr. Bowdoin started. "Harley," said he, stopping by one of them, "I know that fellow. His name's Huxford, and he keeps a gambling-house; I had him turned out of one of my houses."

"Very likely," said Harley.

"Move on there, move on," said the man surlily, pretending not to recognize Mr. Bowdoin.

"What are you doing here, sir?" said that gentleman. "Don't you know I swore out a warrant against you?"

"Who the h—l are you?"

"James Bowdoin, confound you!" answered that peppery person, and swung his fist right and left with such vigor that

Huxford went down on one side, and another deputy on the other. Then Harley hurried the old gentleman through the breach into the upper court-room, where they were under the protection of the county sheriff in his swallow-tailed blue coat, cocked hat, gold lace, and sword, and a friendly judge.

"Hang it, sir, they 'll be arresting you, next," said Harley.

"By Heaven, I should like to see them do it!" cried our old friend in a loud whisper, if the term can be used. "Sheriff Clark, do you know those fellows are all miserable loafers?"

"They are federal officers, sir; I can do nothing," whispered back that gorgeous official.

"Humph!" returned Mr. Bowdoin. "How about state rights? Do we live in the sovereign State of Massachusetts, or do we not, I should like to know?"

"How about the Union, sir?" whispered Harley slyly.

"Hang the Union! Hang the Union, if it employ a parcel of thugs to do its work!" said Mr. Bowdoin, so loud that there was a ripple of laughter in the court-room; and the judge looked up from the bench and smiled, for had not he dined with old Mr. Bowdoin in their college club once a month for forty years? But a low-browed fellow who was sitting behind the counsel at the table was heard to mutter "Treason." Beside him in the prisoner's dock sat the slave; not cowed nor abject, though in chains and handcuffs, but looking straight before him at the low-browed man who was his master, as a bird might look at a snake.

"Which of those two is the slave?" asked Mr. Bowdoin in an audible voice.

Again the room laughed. The clerk rapped order. The low-browed man looked up angrily, and spoke to a deputy marshal whose face had been turned away from Mr. Bowdoin before. He rose and started toward them.

"By Heaven," cried Mr. Bowdoin, "it is David St. Clair!"

XXVI.

But old Jamie knew naught of this, and the Bowdoins never told him. They consulted much what they should do; but they never told him. And Jamie went on, piling up his money. Three rolls were in the old chest now, and all of Spanish gold. Doubloons and pistoles were growing rarer, and the price was getting higher. But the old clerk was not content with replacing the present value to the credit of "Pirates" on the books; the actual pieces must be returned; so that if any earringed, whiskered buccaneer turned up to demand his money from James Bowdoin's Sons, he might have it back in specie, in the very pieces themselves, that the honor of the firm might be maintained. Until then, he felt sure, there was little chance the box would ever be looked into. Practically, he was safe; it was only his conscience, not his fears, that troubled him.

Since he had sent her that hundred dollars, he had heard nothing from Mercedes. The Bowdoins did not tell him how her husband had sunk to be a slave-catcher; for they knew how miserly old Jamie had become, and supposed that his salary all went to her. While Jamie could take care of her, it mattered little what the worthless husband did, save the pain of Jamie's knowing it. And of course they did not know that Jamie could no longer take care of her, and why.

But one day, in the spring of 185-, a New York correspondent of the bank came on to Boston, and Mr. Bowdoin gave a dinner for him at the house. The dinner was at three o'clock; but old lady Bowdoin wore her best gown of tea-colored satin, and James Bowdoin and his wife were there. After dinner, the three gentlemen sat discussing old madeira, and old and new methods of banking, and the difference between Boston and New York, which was already

beginning to assume a metropolitan pre-eminence.

"By the way, speaking of old-fashioned ways," said the New Yorker suddenly, "that's a queer old clerk of yours, — Mr. McMurtagh, I mean."

"Looks as if he might have stepped out of one of Dickens's novels, does he not?" said Mr. Bowdoin, always delighted to have Jamie's peculiarities appreciatively mentioned.

"But how did you come to know him?" asked Mr. James.

"Why, I see him once a year or so. Don't you send him occasionally to New York?"

"He used to go, some years ago," said Mr. Bowdoin.

"He buys his Spanish gold of us," added the New Yorker. "Queer fancy you have of buying up doubloons. Gold is gold, though, in these times."

"Spanish doubloons?" said Mr. James.

"We have a use for them at the bank," remarked the old gentleman sharply. "Shall we join the ladies?"

"You have to pay a pretty premium for them," added the money-dealer, as he stopped to wipe his lips. "Wonderful madeira, this."

Old Mr. Bowdoin took no squeaking toy to bed with him that night; but at breakfast his worthy spouse vowed he must take another room if he would be so wakeful. For once the old gentleman had no repartee, but hurried down to the bank. Early as he was, he found his son James there before him. And with all his soul he seized upon the chance to lose his temper.

"Well, sir, and what are you spying about for? You're not a director in the bank!"

Mr. James looked up, astonished.

"Got a headache, I suppose, from drinking with that New York tyke they sent us yesterday!"

"Well, sir, when it comes to old madeira" —

"I earned it, I bought it, and I can drink it, too. And as for your Wall Street whipper-snappers that have n't pedigree enough to get a taste for wine, and drink champagne, and don't know an honest man when they see one — it's so seldom" —

"Seriously, what do you suppose he wanted with the gold?"

"I don't know, sir, and I don't care. But since you're spying round, come in!" and Mr. Bowdoin led his son into the vault. "There, sir, there's the confounded box," tapping with his cane the old chest that lay on the top shelf.

"I see, sir," said Mr. James, taking his cue.

"And as for its contents, the firm of James Bowdoin's Sons are responsible. Perhaps you'd like to poke your nose in there?"

"Oh no, sir," said Mr. James. And that chest was never opened by James Bowdoin or James Bowdoin's Sons.

"When the pirate wants it, he can have it, — in hell or elsewhere," ended Mr. Bowdoin profanely.

But coming out, and after Mr. James had gone away, the old gentleman went to Jamie McMurtagh's desk. Poor Jamie had seen them enter the vault, and his heart stood still. But all Mr. Bowdoin said was to ask him if his salary was sufficient. For once in his life the poor old man had failed to meet his benefactor's eye.

"It is quite enough, sir. I — I deserve no more."

But Mr. Bowdoin was not satisfied. "Jamie," he said, "if you should ever need more money, — a good deal of money, I mean, — you will come to me, won't you? You could secure it by a policy on your life, you know."

Jamie's voice broke. "I have no need of money, sir."

"And Mercedes? How is she?"

"It is some time since I heard, sir; the last was, she had gone with her husband to Havana."

"Havana!" shouted Mr. Bowdoin; and before Jamie could explain he had crushed his beaver on his head and rushed from the bank.

Jamie's head sank over the desk, and the tears came. If only this cup could pass from him! If Heaven would pardon this one deceit in all his darkened, upright life, and let him restore the one trust he had broken, before he died! And then he dried his eyes, and took to figuring, — figuring over again, as he had so often done before, the time needed, at the present rate, to make good his theft. Ten years more — a little less — would do it.

But old Mr. Bowdoin ran to the counting-room, where he found his son and Harley in that gloomy silence that ends an unsatisfactory communication.

"Say what you will, you'll never make me believe old Jamie is a thief," said Harley.

"Thief! you low-toned rascal!" cried Mr. Bowdoin. "Thief yourself! He's just told me Mercedes is in Havana. Of course he wants Spanish gold!"

"Of course he does!" cried Harley.

"Of course he does!" cried James.

Their faces brightened, and each one inwardly congratulated himself that the others had not thought how much easier it would have been for Jamie to send her bills of exchange.

XXVII.

Meantime, Jamie, all unconscious of his patrons' anxiety, went on, from spring to fall and fall to spring, working without hope of her, to make his honor good to men. If there was one day in the year that could be said to bring him near enjoyment, it was that day when, his yearly salary saved, he went to New York to buy doubloons. One might almost say he enjoyed this. He enjoyed the night voyage upon the Sound; the waking in the noisy city by busy ships

that had come, perhaps, from New Orleans or Havana; the crowded streets, with crowds of which she had once been one, crowds so great that it seemed they must include her still. The broker of whom he bought his gold would always ask to see him, and offer him a glass of wine, which, taken by Jamie with a trembling hand, would bring an unwonted glow to his wrinkled cheeks as he hastened away grasping tight his canvas bag of coin. The miser!

Can you make a story of such a life? It had its interest for the recording angel. But it was two years more to the next event we men must notice.

May the twenty-seventh, eighteen fifty-four. Old Jamie (old he had been called for thirty years, and now was old indeed) had finished his work rather early and locked up the books. All day there had been noise and tramping of soldiers and murmurs of the people out on the street before the door, but Jamie had not noticed it. Old Mr. Bowdoin had rushed in and out, red in the face as a cherry, sputtering irascibility, but Jamie had not known it. And now he had come from counting his coin, a pleasure to him, so nearly the old chest lay as full as it had been that day a quarter century before. He had been gloating over it with a candle in the dark vault; but a few rows more, and his work was done, and he might go — to die, or find Mercedes.

As he came out into the street, blinking in the sudden sunlight, he found it crowded close with quiet people. So thick they stood, he could not press his way along the sidewalk. It was not a mob, for there was no shouting or disorder; yet, intermittently, there rose a great murmur, such as the waves make or the leaves, the muttering of a multitude. Jamie turned his face homeward, and edged along by the wall, where there was most room. And now the mutter rose and swelled, and above it he heard the noise of fife and drum and the tread of soldiers.

He came to the first cross-street, and found it cleared and patrolled by cavalry militia. The man on a horse in front called him by name, and waved his sword at him to pass. Jamie looked up, and saw it was John Hughson. He would not have known him in his scarlet coat.

"What is it, John?" said Jamie.

"What is it? The whole militia of the State is out, by G—! to see them catch and take one nigger South. Look there!"

And Jamie looked from the open side street up the main street. There, beneath the lion and the unicorn of the old State House, through that historic street, cleared now as for a triumph, marched a company of federal troops. Behind them, in a hollow square, followed a body of rough-appearing men, each with a short Roman sword and a revolver; and in the open centre, alone and handcuffed, one trembling negro. The fife had stopped, and they marched now in a hushed silence to the tap of a solitary drum; and behind came the naval marines with cannon.

The street was hung across with flags, union down or draped in black, but the crowd was still. And all along the street, as far down as the wharf, where the free sea shone blue in the May sunshine, stood, on either side, a close rank of Massachusetts militia, with bayonets fixed, four thousand strong, restraining, behind, the fifty thousand men who muttered angrily, but stood still. Thus much it took to hold the old Bay State to the Union in 1854, and carry one slave from it to bondage. Down the old street it was South Carolina that walked that day beneath the national flag, and Massachusetts that did homage, biding her time till her sister State should turn her arms upon the emblem. "Shame! shame!" the people were crying. But they kept the peace of the republic.

Old Jamie understood nothing of this. He only saw and wondered; saw the

soldiery, saw old Mr. Bowdoin leaning from a window as a young man on the sidewalk tried to drag down a flag that hung from it, with a black coffin stitched to the blue field.¹

"Young man," cried the old gentleman, "leave that flag alone; it's my property!"

"I am an American," cried the youth, "and I'll not suffer the flag of my country to be so disgraced!"

"I too am an American, and damme, sir, 't is the flag in the street there that's disgraced!"

The fellow slunk away, but Jamie had ceased to listen, for the negro was now in front of him, and there, among the rough band of slave-catchers, his desperate appearance hid by no uniform, a rough felt hat upon his dissolute face, a bowie-knife slung by his waist, there, doing this work in the world, old Jamie saw and recognized the husband of his little girl, — St. Clair.

XXVIII.

McMurtagh ran out into the street toward him, but was stopped by an officer. He still pressed his way, and when the end of the procession went by they suffered him to go, and he fell in behind the trailing cannon. There he found some others, following out of sympathy for the slave. Some of them he knew, and they took Jamie for an Abolitionist, but Jamie hardly knew what it was all about.

"When Simms was taken," said one, a doctor, "I vowed that he should be the last slave sent back from Massachusetts."

"Did you hear," said another, a young lawyer, "how they have treated him? His master had him whipped, when he got home, for defending his case before our courts."

¹ A fact, but the man who thus assaulted the flag lived to command a company in the Union army.

Jamie tried to find his way through the artillery company, but failed. It was only when they got down to the Long Wharf that the artillery divided, sending two guns to either side of the street, and Jamie and the others hurried to the end. Here was a United States revenue cutter, armed with marines, to take this poor bondsman back to his master. No crowned head ever left a country with more pomp of escort and retinue of flag and cannon. But Jamie's business was with the slave-catcher, not the slave. He found St. Clair standing by the gangway, and called him by name. The fellow started like a criminal; then recognizing the poor clerk, "Oh, it's you, is it?"

"How is Mercedes?" stammered Jamie.

"How the h—l should I know? And what is that to you?"

"But you will tell me where she is?" pleaded the poor old man. "She will not answer my letters. Does she get them? I know she does not get them," he added, as the thought struck him suddenly.

"She gets any that have got money in," retorted St. Clair grimly. "However, I married her, and I suppose I've got to support her. Get out of the way, there!"

The men were already casting off the ropes. Poor Jamie felt in his pocket, but of course he had no money; he never carried money now.

The cordon of soldiers drew across the wharf and presented arms as their commanding officer came ashore, and the stars and stripes rose at the stern of the vessel, and she forged out toward the blue rim of the sea that is visible, even from the wharves, in Boston harbor.

But not a gun was fired. Silently the armed ship left, with its freight of one negro, its company of marines and squad of marshals. Among them St. Clair stood on the lower deck and looked at Jamie. The poor clerk hung his head as if he were the guilty one. And in the silence

was heard the voice of a minister in prayer. The little group of citizens gathered around him with bared heads. He prayed for the poor slave and for the recreant republic, for peace, and that no slave-hunter should again tread quietly the soil of Massachusetts. But Jamie heard him not. He was thinking over again the old trouble: how he could not take his salary, — that was needed for restitution; how he could not ask the Bowdoins, or they would wonder where his salary had gone.

As he turned his steps backward to the city, he wondered if St. Clair was still living with her. But yes, he must be, or she would surely have come back to him. A hand was laid upon his shoulder; he looked up; it was the minister who had been upon the wharf.

"Be not cast down, old man. 'In his service is perfect freedom,'" quoted the minister. He fancied he was one of the Abolitionist group that had followed Anthony Burns to the last. But Jamie only looked up blankly. He was thinking that in four years more he might go to bring back Mercedes.

XXIX.

Year followed year. This was the twelfth year since Jamie had begun to make up his theft from his own salary; but it had been slower work than he had hoped, for he now had to pay almost a collector's price to get the Spanish gold. He had hurried home one night eagerly, to count his money; for he made his annual purchase and payment in June. Sixteen hundred dollars in bills he had (it was curious that he kept it now in money, and had no longer a deposit in the bank), and he congratulated himself that he had not had the money at the wharf that day: he might have given it to St. Clair, to learn Mercedes' whereabouts; and it would not have reached her, and St. Clair would have lied to

him; while the taking of a dollar more than was rightfully the bank's — for so Jamie regarded his salary — would really make him a defaulter.

For the old chest was getting so full now that the clerk could almost hold his head up among men. The next year, but three rows of gold coin remained to fill. The smaller coins had all been purchased long ago. And Jamie (who had only thought to do this, and die, at the first) now began, timidly, to let his imagination go beyond the restitution; to think of Mercedes, of seeing her, of making her happy yet. For she was still a young girl, to him.

The thirteenth year came. Jamie had begun to take notice of the world. He took regularly a New Orleans newspaper. The balance against him in the account was now so small! He looked wistfully at the page. However small the deficit, his labors were not complete till he could tear the whole page out. And he could not do that yet: the transaction must be shown upon the books; he might die.

Die! Suddenly his heart beat at the thought. Die! He had never thought of this, to fear it; but now if he should die before the gold was all returned, and all his sacrifice go for naught, even his sacrifice of Mercedes —

The other clerks had lost their interest in poor Jamie by this time; some of them were new, and to these he was merely an old miser, and they made fun of him, he grew so careful about his health. Life had not brought much to poor Jamie to make him so fond of it; but both the Bowdoin's noticed it, and remarked to one another, it was curious, after all, how men clung to life as they grew older.

In 1859 a rumor had reached them all that St. Clair had gone on some filibustering expedition to Cuba. Old Mr. Bowdoin mentioned it to McMurtagh; but he said nothing of sending for the wife. In 1861 the war broke out, and there began to be a premium on gold; and

the poor clerk saw the one sober crown of his life put off still a year. He had calculated this journey would complete the long tale, but he was yet more than a thousand dollars short. He was coming back, on a Sound steamer, thinking of this, wondering how he could bear this last delay, — his scanty bag of high-priced gold crowded into a pocket, — reading his New Orleans paper carelessly (save only the births and deaths), when his eye caught a name. Jamie knew there was a war; and the article was all about some fighting of blockade-runners with a federal cruiser near Mobile. But his quick eye traveled to the centre of it, where he read, "Before the vessel was taken, a round shot killed several of the crew, . . . among them . . . and David St. Clair, well known in this city."

XXX.

Jamie could not go to bed that night, but sat on deck watching the stars. The next day he went through his avocations in the bank like one in a dream. And in the night ensuing that dream became a vision; and he saw Mercedes alone in a distant city, without money or friends, her soft eyes looking wistfully at him in wonder that he did not come.

The next morning Jamie went to old Mr. Bowdoin's office, at an hour when he knew he should find him alone. For the old gentleman called early at the little counting-room, as in the days when he might hope to find some ship of his own, fresh from the Orient, warping into the dock. Jamie's lips were dry, and his voice came huskily. He gave up the effort to speak of St. Clair's death, but asked briefly that Mr. Bowdoin would get him three months' leave.

"Three months!" cried the old man. "Why, Jamie, you've not taken a vacation for fifteen years!"

"That's why I make bold to ask it, sir," said Jamie humbly.

"Take six months, man, six months, — not a week less! And your salary shall be paid in advance" — Mr. Bowdoin noted a sudden kindling in Jamie's eye that gave him his cue. "Two quarters! you have well deserved it. And now that the bank is to change its charter, there 'll be a lot of fuss and worry; it 'll be a good time to go away."

"Change its charter?"

"Ay, Jamie; we've got to give up being a state bank, and go in under the new national law to issue shinplasters to pay for beating the rebels! But come with me to the bank, — the board are meeting now for discounts," and the old gentleman grabbed his hat, and dragged Jamie out of the counting-room.

I doubt if ever the old clerk was rushed so rapidly up the street. And coming into the bank, Mr. Bowdoin shoved him into an anteroom. "Wait you there!" said he, and plunged into the board-room.

There had been a late spring snow that night, and Jamie had not had time to wipe his boots. He cleaned them now, and then went back and sat upon a sofa near the sacred precincts of the directors' room. Suddenly he felt a closing of the heart: he wondered if he were going to be taken into custody — after so many years — and now, just now, when he must go to rescue Mercedes. Then he remembered that he had been brought there by Mr. Bowdoin, and Jamie knew better than to think this.

In a minute more the door opened, and that gentleman came out. Behind him peered the faces of the directors; in his hand was a crisp new bank-note.

"McMurtagh," said Mr. Bowdoin, "the directors have voted to give you a six months' vacation; and as some further slight recognition of your twenty years of service, this," and he thrust a thousand-dollar note into his hand.

Jamie's labors were light that day. To begin with, every clerk and teller and errand-boy had to shake him by the hand

and hear all about it. And it was not for the money's sake. Old Mr. Bowdoin had been shrewd enough to guess what only thing could make the clerk want so much liberty; and the news had leaked down to the others, — "that Jamie was going for his foreign mail."

"I hear you are going away," said one. "To Europe?" said another. "Blockade-running!" suggested a third. "For cotton."

"I — I am going to the tropics," stammered Jamie. He had but a clouded notion how far south New Orleans might be.

"I told you so," laughed the teller.

"Bring us all a bale or two."

Jamie laughed; to the amazement of the bank, Jamie laughed.

When the cashier went to lunch, Jamie stole a chance to get into the vault alone. And there, out of every pocket, with trembling fingers, he pulled a little roll of Spanish gold. Then the delight of sorting and arranging them in the old chest! He had one side for pistoles, and this now was full; and even the doubloon side showed less than the empty space of one roll, across the little chest, needed to fill the count, after he had put the new coins in. The old clerk sat in a sort of ecstasy; reminding himself still that what he gazed at was not the greatest joy he had that day; when all these sordid things were over, he was to start, on the morrow, for Mercedes.

He heard the voice of the cashier returning, and went out.

"Well, McMurtagh," said he, "you're lucky to escape this miserable reorganization. July 1st we start as a national bank, you know."

"Yes," said Jamie absently.

"Every stick and stone in this old place has got to be counted over again, the first of the month, by the examiners of Uncle Sam, and every book verified. By the way," the cashier ended carelessly, as witless messengers of fate alone can say such things, "you'd better leave

me the key of that old chest we carry in special account for the Bowdoins. They 'll want to look at everything, you know. The examination may come next year, or it may come any time."

XXXI.

A few minutes more of Jamie's life were added to the thirty years he had spent over his desk. He even went through a few columns of figures. Then he closed the desk, leaving his papers in it as usual, and went out into the street.

So it was all gone for naught, — all his labors, all his self-denial, all his denial of help to Mercedes. If he left to seek her, his theft would be discovered in his absence. He would be thought to have run away, to have absconded, knowing his detection was at hand. If he stayed, he could not make it good in time.

What did it matter? She was first. Jamie took his way up the familiar street, through the muddy snow; it had been a day of foul weather, and now through the murky low-lying clouds a lurid saffron glow foretold a clearing in the west. It was spring, after all; and the light reminded Jamie of the South. She was there, and alone.

He had tried to save his own good name, and it was all in vain. He might at least do what he could for her.

He did not go home, but wandered on, walking. Unconsciously his steps followed the southwest, toward the light (we always walk to the west in the afternoon), and he found himself by the long beach of the Back Bay, the railroad behind him. The tide was high, and the west wind blew the waves in froth at his feet. The clearing morrow sent its courier of cold wind; and the old clerk shivered, but did not know he shivered of cold.

He sat upon an old spar, to think. The train bound southward rattled be-

hind him; he was sitting on the very bank of the track, so close that the engineer blew his whistle, but Jamie did not hear. So this was the end. He might as well have saved her long before. He might have stolen more. To-morrow he would surely go.

The night came on. Then Jamie thought of getting his ticket. He remembered vaguely that the railroad behind him ran southward; and he rose, and walked along the track to the depot. There he asked if they sold tickets to New Orleans.

The clerk laughed. New Orleans was within the rebel lines. Besides, they sold no tickets beyond New York or Washington. The clerk did not seem sure the way to New Orleans was through Washington. A ticket to the latter city was twenty dollars.

Jamie pulled out his wallet. He had only a few dollars in it; but loose in his pocket he found that thousand-dollar bill. "I — I think I will put off buying the ticket until to-morrow," he said.

For a new notion flashed upon him. He had not thought of this money before. With what he could earn, — the book-keeper had said the investigation might be put off a year, — this bill might be enough to cover the remaining deficit.

He hugged it in his hands. How could he have forgotten it? He turned out into the night again to walk home; he felt very faint and cold, and remembered he had had no supper. Well, old Mrs. Hughson would get him something. He had taken her into the house, rent free; in return she did the little work he needed, and made him tea occasionally. John and his growing family still lived in their house, near by.

But Mrs. Hughson was out. He stumbled up the high stairs in the dark, and lit a lamp with numbed fingers. He had not been often so late away; probably she had gone to search for him. He must go out after her. She was doubtless at John's.

But first McMurtagh went to his writing-desk and unlocked a drawer that he had not visited for years; and from its dust, beneath a pile of letters, he drew out his only picture of Mercedes. He had vowed never to look at it again until he could go to help her; and now —

And now he was not going to help her. He had left her alone all those years; and now he was still to leave her, widowed, in a hostile city, perhaps to starve. Old Jamie strained his eyes to the picture with hard, tearless sorrow. It was a daguerreotype of the beautiful young girl that Mercedes had been in 1845.

Was there no way? The thousand dollars he would need, if he went after her. Should he borrow of Mr. Bowdoin? But how could he do so, now that he had this present from him? Jamie sat down and pressed his fingers to his temples. Then he forgot himself a moment.

He was out in the street again, in the cold. He had the idea that he would go to John Hughson's; and sure enough, he found the old lady there. She and John cried out as he came in, and would know where he had been. He could not tell. "Why, you are cold," said the old lady, feeling his hand. And they would have him eat something.

In the street again, returning: it was pleasanter in the dark; one could think. One could think of her; he dared not when people were looking, lest they should know. He would go to her.

Suppose he told old Mr. Bowdoin, frankly, the debt was nearly made up: he would gladly lend him. Nay, but it was a theft, not a debt. How could he tell — now — when so nearly saved?

In the room, Mrs. Hughson was bustling about, getting a hot drink. So nearly! Why, even if David might have lived a year more! And he had been a slave-catcher. Perhaps he had left her money? Perhaps she might get on for a year — if he wrote? Ah, here was the hot drink. He would take it;

yes, if only to get rid of Mrs. Hughson. She looked old and queer, and smiled at him. But he did not know Mercedes' address; he could not write. Yes, he felt warmer now; he was well enough, thank you. Ah, by Heaven, he would go! He must sleep first. Would not Mrs. Hughson put out the light? He liked it better so. Good-night. Just this rest, and then the palm-trees, and such a sunny, idle sky, where Mercedes was walking with him. The account had been nearly made up; the balance might rest.

XXXII.

No letter came back from Jamie, and Mr. Bowdoin rather wondered at it. But openly he pooh-poohed the idea. His wife had lost twenty years of her age in presiding over Sanitary Commissions, and getting up classes where little girls picked lint for Union soldiers; and Mr. Bowdoin himself was full of the war news in the papers. For he was a war Democrat (that fine old name!), and had he had his way, every son and grandson would have been in the Union army. Most of them were, among them Harley, though the family blood had made him choose the naval branch. Commander Harleston Bowdoin was back on a furlough won him by a gunshot wound: and it was he who asked about old Jamie most anxiously.

"You feel sure that he was going to Havana?" said he over the family breakfast table.

Old lady Bowdoin had left them; long since she had established her claim to the donation fund by arriving always first at breakfast, and had devoted it, triumphantly, to a fund for free negroes, — "contrabands," as they were just then called. But Mrs. Bowdoin never had taken much interest in Mercedes.

"Sure, they were last heard of there. He was on some filibustering expedition in Cuba. Perhaps he was hanged. But

no, I don't think so. Poor Jamie used to send them so much money!"

"He might have written before he sailed," said Harley, nursing his wounded arm.

"If he wrote, I guess he wrote to her," said Mr. Bowdoin dryly. "Why should he write to me?"

"I don't like it," said Harley.

Mr. Bowdoin did not like it; and not being willing to admit this to himself, it made him very cross. So he rose, and, crowding his hat over his eyes, strode out into the April morning, and down the street to the wharf, and down the wharf to the office, where he silenced his trio of pensioners for the time being by telling them all to go to the devil; *he* would not be bothered. And these, hardly surprised, and not at all offended, hobbled around to the southern side of the building, where they lent each other quarters against the morrow, when they knew the peppery old gentleman would relent.

Mr. Bowdoin stamped up the two flights of narrow stairs to the counting-room, where his first action was to take off a large piece of cannon coal just put on the fire by Mr. James Bowdoin, and damn his son and heir for his extravagance. As the coal put back in the hod was rapidly filling the room with its smoke, James the younger fled incontinently; and the elder contemplated the situation. It was true Jamie had not written; but he had not thought much about it. Harley entered.

"I was thinking, sir, of going down to McMurtagh's lodgings and asking if they had heard from him."

"Haven't you been there yet? I should think any fool would have gone there first!"

"That's why I did n't, sir," said Harley respectfully.

Old Mr. Bowdoin chuckled grimly, and his grandson took his leave.

"Come back and tell me at the bank!" cried Mr. Bowdoin.

But hardly had Harley got down the stairs before the old gentleman had another visitor. And this time it was a sheriff with brass buttons; and he held a large document in his hands.

Now Mr. Bowdoin was not over-fond of officers of the law; he detested lawsuits, and he had a horror of legal documents. Therefore he groaned at the sight, and, throwing open a window, fingered his watch-chain nervously, as one who is about to flee.

"What do *you* want, sir?" said he.

"Is this the office of James Bowdoin's Sons?"

"What if it were, sir?"

The officer brandished his document. "Is there a clerk here, — one James McMurtagh?"

"No, sir." Mr. Bowdoin spoke decidedly.

"Has he a son-in-law, David St. Clair?"

The old gentleman breathed a sigh of relief. "He has, sir."

"Where is McMurtagh?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Where is St. Clair?"

"Have you a citation for him?"

The officer winked. "Can you tell me where to find him?"

Mr. Bowdoin saw his chance. "Yes, sir; I can, sir. The last I heard of him, he had gone to Cuba on a filibustering expedition with one General Walker, who has since been hanged; and if you find him, you'll find him in Havana, Cuba, and can serve the citation on him there; though I'm bound to tell you," ended the old gentleman in a louder voice, "my opinion is, he won't care a d—n for you or your citation either!" And Mr. Bowdoin bolted down the stairs.

XXXIII.

So Mr. Bowdoin hurried up the street to the bank, half chuckling, half angry, still. Then (having found that there

was a special and very important directors' meeting called at once) he scurried out again upon the street, his papers in his hat, and did the business of the day on 'change. And then he went back to the bank, and asked if Mr. Harleston Bowdoin had got there yet.

Mr. Stanchion told him no. By that time it was after eleven. But Mr. Bowdoin made a rapid calculation of the distance (it never would have occurred to him to take a hack; carriages, in his view, were meant for women, funerals, and disreputable merry-makers), and hastened down to Salem Street.

Old Mrs. Hughson met him at the door, grateful and tearful. Yes, young Mr. Harley (she remembered him well in the old days, and had been jealous of him as a rival of her son) was upstairs. She feared poor McMurtagh was very ill. He had been out of his head for days and days. To Mr. Bowdoin's peppery query why the devil she had not sent for him Mrs. Hughson had nothing to say. It had never occurred to her, perhaps, that the well-being of such a quaint, dried-up old chap as Jamie could be a matter of moment to his wealthy employers whom she had never known.

"Can I see him?" asked Mr. Bowdoin. But as he spoke, Harley came down the stairs.

"It's heart-breaking," he said. "He thinks he's in the South with her. He was going to meet her, it seems; and the poor old fellow does not know he has not gone."

"Let me see him," said the elder. "Have they no nurse?"

"I nurse him off and on, nigh about all he needs," answered Mrs. Hughson. "And then there's John."

But Mr. Bowdoin had hurried up the stairs. Jamie was lying with his eyes wide open, moving restlessly. It seemed a low fever; for his face was pale; only the old ruddiness showed unnaturally, like the mark of his old-country lineage,

left from bygone years of youth and sunlight on his paling life. And Jamie's eyes met Mr. Bowdoin's; he had been murmuring rapidly, and there was a smile in them; but this now he lost, though the eyes had in them no look of recognition. He became silent as his look touched Mr. Bowdoin's face and glanced from it quickly, as do the looks of delirious persons and young children. And then, as the old gentleman bent over him and touched his hand, "A thousand dollars yet! a thousand dollars yet!" many times repeating this in a low cry; and all his raving now was of money and rows of money, rows and rows of gold.

Mr. Bowdoin stood by him. Harley came to the door, and motioned to him to step outside. Jamie went on: "A year more! another year more!" Then, as Mr. Bowdoin again touched his hand, he stared, and Mr. Bowdoin started at the mention of his own name.

"See, Mr. Bowdoin! but one row more to fill! But one year more, but one-year more!"

Mr. Bowdoin dropped his hand, and went hastily to the door, which he closed behind him.

"Harley, my boy, we must n't listen to the old man's ravings—and I must go back to the bank."

"He has never talked that way to me, sir: it's all about Mercedes, and his going to her," and Harley opened the door, and both went in.

And sure enough, the old man's raving changed. "I must go to her. I must go to her. I must go to her. I cannot help it, I must go to her."

"Sometimes he thinks he has gone," whispered Harley. "Then he is quieter."

"What are these?" said Mr. Bowdoin, kicking over a pile of newspapers on the floor. "Why does he have New Orleans newspapers?"

The two men looked, and found one paper folded more carefully, on the table; in this they read the item telling of

St. Clair's death. They looked at one another.

"That is it, then," said Harley. "I wonder if he left her poor?"

"So she is not in Havana, after all," said Mr. Bowdoin.

And old Jamie, who had been speaking meaningless sentences, suddenly broke into his old refrain: "*A thousand dollars more!*"

"I must get to the bank," said the old gentleman, "and stop that meeting."

"And *I* must go to *her!*" cried Harlestone Bowdoin.

The other grasped his hand. But Jamie's spirit was far away, and thought that all these things were done.

XXXIV.

Old Mr. Bowdoin went back to his bank meeting, which he peremptorily postponed, bidding James his son to vote that way, and he would give him reasons afterward. Going home he linked his arm in his, and told him why he would not have that meeting, and the new bank formed, and all its assets and trusts counted, until James McMurtagh was well again, or not in this world to know. And that same night, Commander Harlestone, still on sick leave, started by rail for New Orleans, with orders that would take him through the lines. They had doctors and a nurse now for poor old Jamie; but Mr. Bowdoin was convinced no drug could save his life and reason, — only Mercedes. He lay still in a fever, out of his mind; and the doctors dreaded that his heart might stop when his mind came to. That, at least, was the English of it; the doctors spoke in words of Greek and Latin.

James Bowdoin suggested to his father that they should open the chest, thereby exciting a most unwonted burst of ire. "I pry into poor Jamie's accounts while he's lost his mind of grief about that girl!" (For also to him Mercedes, now

nigh to forty, was still a girl.) "I would not stoop to doubt him, sir." Yet, on the other hand, Mr. Bowdoin would probably have never condoned a theft, once discovered; and James Bowdoin wasted his time in hinting they might make it good.

"Confound it, sir," said the father, "it's the making it good to Jamie, not the making it good to us, that counts, — don't you see?"

"You do suspect him, then?"

"Not a bit, — not one whit, sir!" cried the father. "I know him better. And I hate a low, suspicious habit of mind, sir, with all my heart!"

"You once said, sir, years ago (do you remember?), that but one thing — love — could make a man like Jamie go wrong."

"I said a lot of d—d fool things, sir, when I was bringing you up, and the consequences are evident." And Mr. Bowdoin slammed out of the breakfast-room where this conversation took place.

But no word came from Harlestone, and the old gentleman's temper grew more execrable every day. Again the bank directors met, and again at his request — this time avowedly on account of McMurtagh's illness — the reorganization and examination were postponed. And at last, the very day before the next meeting, there came a telegram from Harley in New York. It said this only: —

"Landed to-day. Arrive to-morrow morning. Found."

"Now why the deuce can't he say what he's found and who's with him?" complained old Mr. Bowdoin to his wife and son for the twentieth time, that next morning.

Breakfast was over, and they were waiting for Harley to arrive. Mrs. Bowdoin went on with her work in silence.

"And why the devil is the train so late? I must be at the bank at eleven. Do you suppose she's with him?"

"How is Jamie?" said Mrs. Bowdoin only in reply.

"Much the same. Do you think — do you think?" —

"I am afraid so, James," said the old lady. "Harley would have said" —

"There he comes!" cried Mr. Bowdoin from the window. Father and son ran to the door, in the early spring morning, and saw a carriage stop, and Harley step out of it, and then — a little girl.

XXXV.

The image of Mercedes she was; and the old gentleman caught her up and kissed her. He had a way with all children; and James thought this little maid was just as he remembered her mother, that day, now so long gone, on the old Long Wharf, when the sailing-vessel came in from the harbor, — the day he was engaged to marry his Abby. Old Mrs. Bowdoin stood beside, rubbing her spectacles; and then the old man set the child upon his lap, and told her soon she should see her grandfather. And the child began to prattle to him in a good English that had yet a color of something French or Spanish; and she wore a black dress.

"But perhaps you have never heard of your old grandfather?"

The child said that "mamma" had often talked about him, and had said that some day she should go to Boston to see him. "Grandfather Jamie" the child called him. "That was before mamma went away."

Mr. Bowdoin looked at the black dress, and then at Harlestone; and Harlestone nodded his head sadly.

"Well, Mercedes, we will go very soon. Is n't your name Mercedes?" said the old gentleman, seeing the little maid look surprised.

"My name is Sarah, but mamma called me Sadie," lisped the child.

Mr. Bowdoin and Harlestone looked

each at the other, and had the same thought. It was as if the mother, who had so darkened (or shall we, after all, say lightened?) Jamie's life, had given up her strange Spanish name in giving him back this child, and remembered but the homely "Sadie" he once had called her by. But by this time old lady Bowdoin had the little maid upon her lap, and James was dragging Harley away to tell his story. And old Mr. Bowdoin even broke his rule by taking an after-breakfast cigar, and puffed it furiously.

"I got to New Orleans by rail and river, as you know. There I inquired after St. Clair, and had no difficulty in finding out about him. He had been a sort of captain of marines in an armed blockade-runner, and he was well known in New Orleans as a gambler, a slave-dealer" —

Mr. Bowdoin grunted.

— "almost what they call a thug. But he had not been killed instantly; he died in a city hospital."

"There is no doubt about his being dead?" queried Mr. Bowdoin anxiously.

"Not the slightest. I saw his grave. But, unhappily, Mercedes is dead, too."

"All is for the best," said Mr. Bowdoin philosophically. "Perhaps you'd have married her."

"Perhaps I should," said Captain Harley simply. "Well, I found her at the hospital where he had died, and she died too. This little girl was all she had. I brought her back. As you see, she is like her mother, only gentler, and her mother brought her up to reverence old Jamie above all things on earth."

"It was time," said Mr. Bowdoin dryly.

"She told me St. Clair had got into trouble in New York; and old Jamie had sent them some large sum, — over twenty thousand dollars."

Mr. Bowdoin started. "The child told you this?"

"No, the mother. I saw her before she died."

"Oh," said his grandfather. "You did not tell me that."

"I saw her before she died," said Harley firmly. "You must not think hardly of her; she was very changed." The tears were in Captain Harleston's eyes.

"I will not," said Mr. Bowdoin. "Over twenty thousand dollars, — dear me, dear me! And we have our directors' meeting to-day. Well, well. I am glad, at least, poor Jamie has his little girl again," and Mr. Bowdoin took his hat and prepared to go. "I only hope I'm too late. James, go on ahead. Harley, my boy, I'm afraid we know it all."

"Stop a minute," said Harley. "There was some one else at the hospital."

"Everybody seems to have been at the hospital," growled old Mr. Bowdoin petulantly. But he sat down wearily, wondering what he should do; for he felt almost sure now of what poor Jamie had done.

"The captain of the blockade-runner was there, too. He was mortally wounded; and it was from him that I learned most about St. Clair and how he ended. He seemed to be a Spaniard by birth, though he wore as a brooch a small miniature of Andrew Jackson."

"Hang Andrew Jackson!" cried the old gentleman. "What do I care about Andrew Jackson?"

"That's what I asked him. And do you know what he said? 'Why, he saved me from hanging.'"

Mr. Bowdoin started.

"Before he died he told me of his life. He had even been on a pirate, in old days. Once he was captured, and tried in Boston; and, for some kindness he had shown, old President Jackson reprieved him. Then he ran away, and never dared come back. But he left some money at a bank here, and a little girl, his daughter."

"What was his name? Hang it, what was his name?" shouted old Mr. Bowdoin, putting on his hat.

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"Soto, — Romolo Soto."

Mr. Bowdoin sank back in his chair again. "Why, that was the captain. Mercedes was the mate's child."

"No. The money was Soto's, and the child too. He told me he had only lately sent a detective here to try and trace the child."

"The sheriff's officer, by Jove!" said Mr. Bowdoin. "But can you prove it? can you prove it?" he cried.

"Mercedes had yellow hair, so had Soto. And he knew your name. And before he died he gave me papers."

Mr. Bowdoin jumped up, took the papers, and bolted into the street.

XXXVI.

His son James was sitting in the chair, with the other directors around him, when old Mr. Bowdoin reached the bank. There was a silence when he entered, and a sense of past discussion in the air. James Bowdoin rose.

"Keep the chair, James, keep the chair. I have a little business with the board."

"They were discussing, sir," replied James, "the necessity of completing our work for the new organization. Is McMurtagh yet well enough to work?"

"No," said the father.

"What is your objection to proceeding without him?" asked Mr. Pinckney rather shortly.

"None whatever," coolly answered Mr. Bowdoin.

"None whatever? Why, you said you would not proceed while Mr. McMurtagh was ill."

"McMurtagh will never come back to the bank," said old Mr. Bowdoin gravely.

"Dear me, I hope he is not dead?"

"No, but he will retire; on a pension, of course. Then his granddaughter has quite a little fortune."

"His granddaughter — a fortune?"

"Certainly — Miss Sarah — McMur-

tagh," gasped Mr. Bowdoin. He could not say "St. Clair," and so her name was changed. "Something over twenty thousand dollars. I have come for it now."

The other directors looked at old Mr. Bowdoin for visual evidence of a failing mind.

"It's in the safe there, in a box. Mr. Stanchion, please get down the old tin box marked 'James Bowdoin's Sons;' there are the papers. The child's other grandfather, one Romolo Soto, gave it me himself, in 1829. I myself had it put in this bank the next day. Here is the receipt: 'James Bowdoin's Sons, one chest said to contain Spanish gold. Amount not specified.' I'll take it, if you please."

"The amount must be specified somewhere."

"The amount was duly entered on the books of James Bowdoin's Sons, Tom Pinckney; and their books are no business of yours, unless you doubt our credit. Would you like a written statement?" and Mr. Bowdoin puffed himself up and glared at his old friend.

"Here is the chest, sir," said Mr. Stanchion suavely. "Have you the key?"

"No, sir; Mr. McMurtagh has the key," and, putting the chest under his arm, Mr. Bowdoin stalked from the office.

XXXVII.

Then old Mr. Bowdoin, with the box under his arm, hurried down to Salem Street. Jamie still lay there, unconscious of earthly things. For many weeks, his spirit, like a tired bird, had hovered between this world and the next, uncertain where to alight.

For many weeks he had been, as we call it, out of his head. Harley had had time to go to New Orleans and return, Mercedes and Soto to die, and all these meetings about less important things to happen at the bank; and still old Jamie's

body lay in the little house in Salem Street, his mind far wandering. But in all his sixty years of gray life, up to then, I doubt if his soul had been so happy. Dare we even say it was less real? Old Mr. Bowdoin laid the chest beside the door, and listened.

For Jamie was wandering with Mercedes under sunny skies; and now, for many days, his ravings had not been of money or of this world's duty, but only of her. It had been so from about the time she must have died; dare one suppose he knew it? So his mind was still with her.

The doctors, though, were very anxious for his mind, still wandering. If his body returned to life, they feared that his mind would not. But the Bowdoins and little Sarah sat and watched there.

It came that morning, — it was late in May; so calmly that for some moments they did not notice it, — old Mr. Bowdoin and the little girl.

Jamie opened his eyes to look out on this world again so naturally that they did not see that he had waked; only he lay there, looking out of the window, and puzzling at a blossom that was on a tree below; for he remembered, when he had gone to sleep the night before, it was March weather, and the snow lay on the ground. The snow lay thick upon the ground as he was walking to the station. How could spring have come in a night? Where was — What world was this?

For his eyes traveled down the room to where, sitting at the foot of his bed to be the first to be seen by him, Jamie saw his little girl as he remembered her.

Mr. Bowdoin started as the look of seeing came back to Jamie's eyes. But the little girl, as she had been told to do, ran forward and took the old clerk's hand.

It was very quiet in the room. Old Mr. Bowdoin dared not speak; he sat there rubbing his spectacles.

But old Jamie had looked up to her, and said only, "Mercedes!"

XXXVIII.

Jamie did come back to the bank — once. It was on a day some weeks after this, when he was well. He had been well enough even for one more journey to New York; the Bowdoin's did not thwart him. And Mercedes — Sadie — was at his home; so now he came to get possession of his ward's little fortune, to be duly invested in his name as trustee, in the stock of the Old Colony Bank. He came in one morning, and all the bookkeepers greeted him; and then he went into the safe, where he found the box as usual; for Mr. Bowdoin, knowing that he would come, had taken it back.

When he came out, the chest was under his arm; and he went to old Mr. Bowdoin, alone in his private room. "Here is the chest, sir. I must ask you

to count it." And before Mr. Bowdoin could answer he had turned the lock, so the lid sprang open. There, almost filling the box, were rows of coin, shining rows of gold.

Old Mr. Bowdoin's eyes glistened. "Jamie, why should I count it?" he said gently. "It is yours now, and you alone can receipt for it, as Sarah's legal guardian."

"I would have ye ken, sir, that the firm o' James Bowdoin's Sons ha' duly performed their trust."

And old Mr. Bowdoin said no more, but counted the coins, one by one, to the full number the ledger showed.

He did not look at the other page. But Jamie was not one to tear a leaf from a ledger. No one ever looked at the old book again; but the honest entries stand there still upon the page. Only now there is another: "Restored in full, June 26, 1862."

F. J. Stimson.

FRENCH ROADS.

THE little vintage grapes were hanging thick in the sunny vineyards. There had been an unbroken stretch of fine weather, of which I had taken advantage every day, but the fairest day of all lured me down the valley to Villevenarde.

"A—h!" once cried an American girl, shaking her fist out of the railway carriage window at a village slumbering in the moonlight, "you beautiful, paled, gray stone town, that I gushed about when I first saw you and your likes lying in green valleys, you'll never deceive me any more. I know how you smell. You have manure heaps raked to your front doors, and your inhabitants eat artichokes, *salade Roumaine*, spinach, and other weeds, and your meat is calves'-head and sheeps'-toes, and not a decent American fried potato or pot of tea can

be had in all your borders! Sour wine is your drink, and though all the springs of the hills flow through your gutters you never know the taste of honest water."

Villevenarde does not differ from its contemporaries. There are always a towered church, the great street with branches, and the arched gateways and pretentious houses of two or three chief men. While on the long, white, granite-smooth highway descending from the uplands between vineyards and meadows, you loved the gray town in its opal and emerald nest. On nearer approach you began to smell it, that same old reek of animal refuse which may be called the surface breath of France. There is no harm in this odor. It promises fertilization. A come-and-go sifting of its qual-

ity sometimes deludes you with the conviction that one place is less rank than another; but let the wind rise and saturate a keen and nervous sense of smell, you are directly gasping, "This is the worst of all."

At the edge of Villevenarde a girl was washing by herself in what seemed to be a private pool, roofed, and, so to speak, just large enough for one; very exclusive compared with the public washing-place from which the whack of paddles resounded. She was a pretty-faced girl, all dark rosy and fresh-looking. Her big black wooden shoes, so large that they did not at all seem a part of the person, as shoes usually do, bore her up as a pedestal. It would be easy to find the way out of Villevenarde, having for landmark this rosy girl at her lone washing-pool, with such structures betwixt her and the earth.

The tabac shop, where postage-stamps are always sold, was up an alley and a flight of stone steps which led into an interior that might have been painted by Teniers. There was a dim light from high windows, and a smouldering fire in the chimney, with cooking-vessels about, proclaimed the lately eaten peasant dinner.

The church was up this alley, also, — that very church which sent from the sweet mouths of its bells such music to the uplands. It was surrounded by high walls, and singularly guarded by an old woman, who protested against my entering. But the gate-latch yielded and so did the door, letting into a place of worship with nothing to distinguish it. No sooner had I knelt in the empty hollow than the door clicked again, and my old woman entered, having a young man with her, possibly as witness against me. They composed themselves upon their knees, but I am afraid none of us overflowed with devotion. They followed me out, without being otherwise troublesome, though they were probably disappointed of an expected fee. I never heard that

there were relics or other sacred valuables in the church of Villevenarde which a relicless American might be tempted to steal. The unusual solicitude of this pair of wooden-shod peasants and their distrustful espionage as I turned again to the farm diverted me from my landmarks. But it is certain that the hard-beaten ribbon of highway by which I left Villevenarde looked exactly like the hard-beaten ribbon of highway by which I had entered it.

I went on, missing nothing save the girl at the washing-pool. The pool itself, indeed, was spirited away. Yet there were the hills which looked — in some enchanted way they were — the uplands of Les Buissons. The fortress-like farm lay on its spur of heights, and woods I knew well were smeared against the horizon. Pool and blanchisseuse ought to have been on my right hand going back. There had also been a shepherd with his flock, and the vineyard tower ought to appear, and the stone-breaking at Les Buissons should send its clinking down the valley. Coming nearer the transformed farm, I saw no gateway across the road, — a gateway unconnected with any fence, and barring passage without any visible purpose, but a certain landmark on the brow of the homing hill. Of course the walk back seemed longer than the walk out, but why did all these familiar things recede or dodge, and the goal stretch into far blue distances? I began to feel lonesome and confused, and stood still, trying to rearrange my mixed localities. I could not convince myself that I had come out at the wrong end of Villevenarde, and was walking in the opposite direction from Les Buissons. The road was exactly the same, and rose as gradually among the hills to the farms. There is only one thing to do when you are lost in rural France, and that is to retrace your steps. If you try cross-paths, you enter endless mazes, as I proved to myself later. I followed the deceptive highway back into Villevenarde, again

passed the church alley, turned at a certain cart and archway which sprang into sudden importance, inquired my way of groups enjoying the sunny afternoon in leisure, finally sighted the lone blanchisseuse, and so won home. And there is no doubt that if I should go to Villevenarde to-day, with the same bump of locality which has always been its owner's pride, I should again take the wrong road up the hills. In France you are always on the highway; there seem to be no byways.

Very different would be the experience of a Frenchwoman in America, where one country road is easily distinguished from another by being just a little worse. Of course we have not had the great example of the Romans, as the Gauls had, in the making of highways. We have not had two thousand years in which to lay out and harden our paths. The buffalo, indeed, laid them out for us, and the red Indian, following him, trod them into a plain course; but future generations will probably see them unfinished.

France, however, floundered for centuries in the mud. To see some of the coaches of the mighty Louis's time gives one a realizing sense of the service they had to perform. France is indebted to Napoleon for much of her solid footing. He knew the value of excellent roadbeds under marching troops.

Though all roads look alike in France, there are three kinds, national, departmental, and communal. The national road is made by government, and the departmental by departments, while two or three villages which form a commune or canton unite to maintain the various cross-tracks which intersect them. Taxes are distributed for this purpose. We are never entirely happy. France has perhaps the best roads in the world, but she grumbles at the burden of their support. "Oh, it is dreadful!" mourned a beautiful woman, doubtless reflecting what she could herself buy with the money.

"Everything is taxed; even doors and windows. I do not mean that each window and door must pay a fixed sum, but a château or house of a certain grade is supposed to need so many openings, and is taxed accordingly."

No trifling sum can be required to keep toll-free streets, macadamized and almost dustless, so graded and smoothed that one horse can draw a mountainous van along their surface, and to maintain them to the remotest edges of the provinces. Across the Beauce, that vast grain prairie, the perfect road-ribbons stretch at intervals. North of Noyon, where the newest thing is a fountain built the year that America was discovered, perfect thoroughfares ray off to world-old secluded villages. Everywhere a constant patrol is kept over the public work. You can trace a distant road by its double line of poplars, standing like slim plumes. Thought is taken for the irrigation of the trees, also, in a land where drought is almost unknown. A small channel, paved with stones, conducts the rainfall to a depressed basin left around the roots of each tree.

By graded I do not mean monotonously level roads. They wind up hill and down valley, but the bed is generally lifted some feet above the country surface. Red soil or clay whiteness of the north or the south is cloven by an omnipresent causeway of powdered flint. At intervals of a few kilometres along the way small stone tool-houses are set. And oblong piles of beaten stone, familiar to an American eye, are supplemented by a stranger sight, another proof of the thrift of France: cords of black blocks, pressed from coal waste, stand ready to feed the steam roller.

Wherever there is a junction of railway and French road it is the people's thoroughfare which has the right of way. Trains pass through culverts beneath the undisturbed rider or wheelman or walker. Or, if there is a surface crossing, gates are shut and locked on each side

of the dangerous track five minutes before the passing of a train, and opened directly after. Some steady old peasant is usually the gatekeeper, and he is an autocrat when he has once barred the thoroughfare; no bribe will induce him to let you run any risk upon it. Americans, used to skipping across surface rails, with their lives, so to speak, in their teeth, are touched by all these precautions taken to save human slaughter.

The sides of a French road are kept shaven green and smooth like a lawn, except on rugged ridges like that of Fontainebleau, where one can wade from the beaten track knee-deep in fern and heather. There the natural glory of elm and oak arches is seen, making arcade beyond arcade for the traveler.

Loches upon its height has steep streets; but so smoothly are they perfected that cochers drive over them horses attached to heavy cabs by nothing but yokes and rope traces. Even the streets of Greux and Domremy are swept like a floor. When an American sees in remote corners of the French republic these thoroughfares, cleared of litter, tended by laborers, fringed with plumed tree-tips, drained to irrigate the greenery alongside, and remembers the bottomless ways through which his countrymen flounder of an open winter or wet summer, the annual disfigurement with scrapers by which rural people work out their poll-tax, and the indifference of a rich nation to its bestial mire, he is filled with wrath and envy, and taxes become no consideration at all.

I lost my way a second time by consciously departing from the direct road and attempting a cross-cut on the sunset prairie. There were shadows in damp woods rising to the uplands behind the convent when I hurriedly left, and it was gloomy along a hedge where light struck most boldly on my daily walk back to the farm. A plough-girl had gone home from her field, and all the large plateau was turning dim.

"No one will molest you in Marne," the convent mothers had told me. "We could not take our walks with the children so freely in every direction if these were not such gentle and harmless people."

Comforted by that fact, but naturally wishing to reach the farm by the shortest cut, I fixed on a distant clump of trees as *Les Buissons*, — so easily lost to view as it sloped downhill, — and was tempted by a road stretching straight to that goal. I even remembered seeing the *facteur* coming over this short cut. It seemed to swerve far to the right, but the land lay open and plain, and it was as perfect as any road of them all. The primrose evening light and the witchery of that wonderful sameness played over it. I was disgusted at never having availed myself of it before. What use was there in passing the long blackberry hedge and making so many turns to come up at the front of the farm? Indifferently I let the twilight catch me, for was not my way as clear and unambushed as the sky overhead? But once more I lost *Les Buissons*, and a ghostly farm, a strange farm, stood out in its stead.

Remembering the confusion of ways at *Villevenarde*, I stopped in sudden terror of that deceptive road. The blurred landscape became as unfamiliar as if I had been dropped into Russia. Hedges and bushes on the left were already making darkness. If I did not want to stay out in the fields, it was time to plunge through them and fight a way to *Les Buissons*.

Beyond the bushes were woods, and certainly there was the very path where I had pleased myself fancying that *St. Alpin* walked. The road might have drawn me down into strange valleys, but those woods were a bath of darkness. How unaccountably they breathed and rustled! Human nature could not endure it long, struggling towards thinner spots and what remained of open land-

scape. And here was the traitor road again, or one of its many duplicates, with a deep ditch and a high field on its opposite side.

It was now so dark that only the whiteness of sheep-fleece could be seen far away in the field. Against the sky the shepherd's figure merely hinted itself. I crossed the gutter and climbed up to the field, letting out a call which sounded like some stranger's apprehensive cry across the hidden land, — "Berger!"

Grizzled or young, the darkness hiding everything but his kindness, this belated angel drew near, telling me, as soon as his voice would carry sentences, that he could not make haste, he must not alarm his sheep; they depended on him to guide them home. And when he learned that I sought the farm of Les Buissons he regretted that he dared not leave them, for their fold lay in another direction; but he would set me right if I walked along parallel with the flock for a short distance. Timid brebis in the field and dependent American on the road, we moved with this good dim caretaker between us, until he showed me a wide grassy space through forest shadows where I must turn off toward Les Buissons.

"Tout droit," declared the shepherd, and I stretched my arm across the gutter to leave a franc in his hand. He said it was too much for a service not fairly rendered. How do I know that man was not a saint? His presence gave security as the holy Alpin's would surely do, and he had no need of any franc from me, or any desire to take it. To turn my back on his benign protection and grope "tout droit" required a strong effort of the will. As soon as his encouraging voice died on the ear, I began to wonder if he meant straight ahead when he said straight ahead. The monster darkness swallowed me.

A gleam of something like the stone farm buildings showed presently far below. The white pile was ghostly still,

and had no light at a time when bougies would be burning in Les Buissons. Nothing but a breakneck strip of rock, the color of chalk, offered me passage downward. So stubborn is the mind when a landscape plays tricks upon it that I felt bound to try this dangerous descent, and steadied myself by bushes, puzzled by such an aspect of the farm, but anxious to feel its shelter again over my head.

Loosened stones fell into depths below. They admonished me of the shepherd's charge to keep "tout droit." He had said nothing about climbing down a cliff to Les Buissons. The shepherd was a better guide than benighted senses, so, returning to the level, I went straight forward again, until it seemed to me I must be well on the way to Epernay. Then familiar blackberry hedges appeared, edging the mass of forest. When a swell of this blackness was rounded I ran against my chair, drawn from the outdoor study into a long afternoon shadow, and forgotten there by René.

A little beyond the dog of Les Buissons barked, and there was the farmhouse blinking with lights. I approached at right angles to the track which would have brought me home if I had not tried short cuts and wandered kilometres out of the way. Next morning I went back to the cliff, and discovered it was the vineyard tower on which I had been determined to plunge myself.

The road from Paris to Versailles, oddly, seems less perfect than many provincial ones. If the weather happens to be bad, it leaves on the carriage traveler an impression of roughness and muddiness. What it must have been when the great Louis, or, later, Marie Antoinette, floundered back and forth in coaches as clumsy as omnibuses, is easy for an American to conjecture.

The value of France's great system of macadamized streets can hardly be estimated. Wherever Roman roads could be incorporated into the modern it has been done. It is probable, taxes or no

taxes, that the nation would part with many another precious thing before it would let these highways fall to decay.

I once saw an English laborer, between Leamington and Stratford-on-Avon, sweeping the road with a besom, until no dust was left to be moistened by rain-fall; and I thought of ankle-deep winter slush on Broadway, of snow which accumulates so quickly in Boston's narrow streets, and the broad muddy crossings of Chicago. The people of the Old World have not long been perfectly served by these arteries of travel. Last century saw England a quagmire in many places. The early part of this century found matters no better. Of all civilized countries, the United States continues to maintain the most savage highways.

Orleans, after a rainfall, is as clean as a fresh-washed dish, and you will scarcely stain a sandal in the crooked streets of Tours. The cleaning and flushing of Paris have been noticed by every traveler. It cost the Old World many plagues to learn the lesson of good national housekeeping; but no scrap of paper, or heap of dust, or litter of animal refuse is now left unnoticed on its tracks.

One other French road, for which no taxes had ever been levied, I saw on my journey from the farm back to the convent. It was the day before St. Alpin's feast, bleak and stormy. The Sister, coming with Frizette and the donkey-cart to

carry me, drew up at the door-stone of the farmhouse. The rain beat heavily upon us as we turned from the warm kitchen where madame and René and the housed patron stood bowing their adieux; but the Sister, while executing the orders of her superior, merely laughed at our discomfort. She led the little donkey away from the front of Les Buissons, down a soaked path which passed through a hollow and up betwixt drenching bushes. Her shoes trod the wet green luzerne of the field we entered as calmly as if that had been the chapel floor. Then we took a ploughman's track.

"*Dépêche-toi, Fri-Fri,*" she said, climbing to her seat, and the tiny beast trotted across that unsheltered open. Storm-driven and laughing, we dashed in our two-wheeled chariot from the exposed plain where an umbrella was blown wrong side out to a forest lane where it caught on overhanging branches. We raced running water down this gullied channel, and finally crossed the head of the park lake. Frizette's hoofs beat grass and moss beside that village of hollied and ivy-twined playhouses in the woods which the children called their Crusoes; and when we came to the rear of the convent, through an archway and around to the alighting-place betwixt glass corridor and fountain, I felt that I had just traversed one of the prettiest roads in France.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

TWO NEW SOCIAL DEPARTURES.

Two very interesting new departures in matters social will mark the year 1895 for the British Isles, — the foundation of an Industrial Union of Employers and Employed, and the holding in London of the first International Coöperative Congress. Both have the very hopeful quality of being no "bolts from

the blue," but orderly developments from or of existing institutions, the worth of which is established by experience. The former, though British in its inception, represents an idea which may be carried out in any country where industry is to any extent organized; the latter was graced at the outset by foreign help.

The Industrial Union of Employers and Employed was established at a conference held at Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, June 22, 1895. It was the direct outcome of a smaller conference between twenty employers and twenty work people, held in London on March 16, 1894, as related in an article by Mr. T. W. Bushill, of Coventry, published in the *Economic Review* for April, 1894. That conference itself arose out of the wide-spreading distress and suffering caused by the then recent conflict between coal owners and miners in the Midlands. From a report of the proceedings of the conference of 1895 (Methuen, London), it appears that this was attended by some twenty-six employers or employers' representatives, and some forty-seven employed, of whom twenty-one were representatives of trade unions, trade councils, or conciliation or wages boards, numbering together over two hundred thousand men, and including the premier British trade union, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers with its 77,306 members.¹ Eighteen other trade unions or trade councils, representing over thirty thousand workers, sent expressions of sympathy, and of regret at their inability to be represented at the conference. The one striking and most encouraging feature about the conference was the perfect footing of equality upon which employers and employed met together. The provisional committee consisted of an equal number of employers and employed, forming two sections, with two honorary secretaries, one of each class. Each section met separately, before the joint meeting. The whole country was fairly represented, though the strength of the movement lies evidently in the northern and midland counties; and in the list of

the president, vice-presidents, and council, as finally constituted, the only name of a London working man is that of Mr. F. Maddison, compositor (editor of the *Railway Review*). The basis of the Union is "the recognition of association and combination both of employers and of workmen, and of the underlying common interests of both." The statement of its objects, in fourteen articles, is too long to quote in full, but the first three may be set forth:—

"1. *Harmony.* To promote harmony between employers and employed, by affording opportunities for each side to obtain a better understanding of the other's aims and difficulties, to realize in larger measure their common interests, and to encourage and foster feelings which will tend to remove the ground for labor disputes.

"2. *Conciliation and Arbitration.* To promote the formation of properly constituted local boards of conciliation and arbitration.

"3. *Means.* To discuss and suggest means by which, without detriment to business, the conditions of labor and the opportunities of workmen may be improved, and to make known the results of experiments in this direction."

I have said that both the social developments of which I propose to treat in this paper grow out of existing facts. In proof of this, it would be almost sufficient to say that the president of the conference, Mr. W. Whitwell, of Stockton-on-Tees, addressed it as having been for twenty years chairman of the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration for the Manufactured Iron and Steel Trade of the North of England, which itself had been established six years before he took the chair on March 22, 1869. It has set-

¹ It should be observed that not all the working men's organizations which were represented at the conference joined the Union. Some of the speakers openly dissented from the proposal to form it.

It is painful to have to note that, since the

above was written, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers has itself become involved in a labor dispute, as respects those of its members who are employed in ship-building in the north of Ireland and the west of Scotland, and that an attempted arbitration has failed.

tled eighty-one cases of "general wages," and for the last few years the number of cases dealt with by the standing committee has averaged sixteen to a year, besides many disputes which have been settled without coming before the Board, merely through the preliminary inquiries of a delegate, who is able either to settle the case himself or to get it settled by reference to the foreman, so that "nineteen cases out of twenty" are settled between foreman or manager and a representative working man without even coming before the employers. The Board does not indeed "claim to have altogether prevented stoppages of work," but "such as have occurred have taken place under circumstances of special irritation or excitement, and have been but of short duration." Its main object being to prevent any strike or suspension of work, if such take place it refuses to inquire into the matter in dispute till work is resumed. But there is, Mr. Whitwell declares, "on both sides the desire to do justice, and difficulties are wonderfully minimized." Later on, Mr. Trow, operative secretary to the Board presided over by Mr. Whitwell, as one who had sat at the same table with him for twenty-five years in effecting settlements of labor disputes, "challenged any one to give a single instance where a man had been interfered with for speaking fully and freely in the iron and steel trade. They did not know what victimization meant."

As a matter of fact, then, the amicable settlement of trade differences by an organization in which employers and employed meet together on equal terms has prevailed, in one particular trade and district, for over a quarter of a century. The report of the chief Labor correspondent of the Board of Trade, himself an old trade-union secretary, On the Strikes and Lockouts of 1893, shows

(page 219 and following) that fifty conciliation or wages boards (their nomenclature varies) were in existence and at work during the year in the British Isles, besides eighteen that did no work in the year, whilst in sixteen cases attempts were made to form such boards, of which six succeeded and are included in the list. Of the total of sixty-eight, twenty-three were "district or local boards;" not confined to particular industries, but connected with local chambers of commerce, and generally with trade councils. The remainder (making, it will be observed, over sixty-six per cent of the whole) were connected with particular trades or groups of trades, the boot and shoe trades taking the lead with thirteen boards, followed by the metal trades with nine and mining with five; these three groups thus comprising sixty per cent of the class. Moreover, out of the twenty-three district boards, thirteen did nothing, and only eighteen disputes were dealt with by the other ten, with doubtful or unsatisfactory results in six cases, or one third of the total number. Of the forty-five trade boards, only four did no work, and the number of strikes, disputes, cases, and questions dealt with exceeded 1440, of which, however, 246 were withdrawn, passed over, ruled out of jurisdiction, or referred back to local boards. But these figures are incomplete, as in at least nine instances "only the more important disputes are recorded," and in another one no return is made, on the ground of the confidential nature of the proceedings. Eight hundred and twenty-three of the tabulated cases were settled by conciliation or mediation, and 242 by arbitration.¹

The report for 1894 has not yet been published, but detailed information, the Labor Gazette for October, 1895, informs us, has been collected with regard to the settlement of disputes and other

remaining ones were still pending at the date of the report.

¹ The figures of cases withdrawn, etc., and settled by conciliation or arbitration, do not together sum up the total given. I presume the

questions by arbitration and conciliation during the year. Forty-one trade boards had 1707 questions and cases submitted to them, "ranging from a general wage question affecting many thousands of persons to the classification of a sample." Of these, 365 were withdrawn, referred back, or ruled out of order, 1121 settled by conciliatory means, and 221 by arbitration. Twenty-two district boards reported the settlement of only five cases in all, three by arbitration. The London board had the lion's share of the work, settling three cases out of the five. At the same time, the *Labor Gazette* warns its readers that its figures must be considered as preliminary only, inquiries being still pursued in many cases by the department.

It will be obvious from the above figures that the work of the district boards is a mere trifle beside that of the trade boards. Experience thus shows that the true way to the amicable settlement of trade disputes is for the employers and employed in the particular trade to come together in the first instance; and that if any good is to be done by outsiders it must be as final arbitrators, when the matter has been thoroughly thrashed out between the parties without their being able to come to an agreement. Without wishing, therefore, to disparage the efforts of the many well-meaning men who have sought to establish boards of conciliation or arbitration outside of particular trades, it seems to me that they are putting the cart before the horse.

Very wisely, thus, in my view, does the Industrial Union of Employers and Employed declare that it is not "a primary object of the Union to mediate in or assist the settlement of specific labor disputes;" claiming, however, "the power to do so whenever such mediation or assistance shall be desirable," but so as not to "interfere in any dispute which

comes within the scope of any properly constituted local or trade conciliation or arbitration board, except with the consent of such board."

The objects, then, of the Union are excellent, and as a recognition on a large scale of the equality of rights between employers and employed, and of the value of organization to both classes, it represents an important stage in the history of labor in Great Britain. It must, therefore, do good even if it should fail. Whether it will be a practical success, I own, appears to me more doubtful. It can be so only if it be the joint work of both classes; if the worker as well as the employer feels it to be his own. I heard with regret, at the conference, the resolution for raising a fund of ten thousand pounds; for any such large sum must come mainly from the pockets of the employers; and if the Union once comes to be looked upon as an employers' concern, it will be viewed with suspicion by the workers. I cannot help doubting whether, among the fourteen objects of the association set forth by the rules, there are any which are likely to call for extensive pecuniary support from the workers, except at the hands of a few specially wealthy and thoughtful trade unions, and of a limited number of working men in others.

One point, not enumerated among its objects, which I think the Union should keep in view, would be the federating of existing trade boards (I should, indeed, have been better pleased if this had been its starting-point); for it must not be concealed that several such boards have been discontinued already, even after a flourishing existence of years. I find no mention, for instance, in the Board of Trade volume of any board in the hosiery trade, whereas, in 1868, there was one in Nottingham, founded in 1860, and prospering.¹ There was also another in the same

tute, Bradford, February 5, 1868. Bradford: James Hanson.

¹ Arbitration as a Means of Preventing Strikes, a lecture delivered by A. J. Mundella, Esq., of Nottingham, in the Mechanics' Insti-

trade in Derby, and a third had been resolved upon in Leicester. The disappearance of these is all the more painful because Mr. Mundella, the founder of the Nottingham board, has been the most zealous and eminent promoter of the movement in Great Britain. Now, the failure of a trade board to have its recommendations carried out, and its consequent collapse, — what does it amount to? To a fresh dispute between the board itself and either employers or employed. On such a dispute, so long as the board remains isolated, there is no authority to decide. But it appears to me that if the board were federated with others in a body like that of the Industrial Union of Employers and Employed, it ought not to be difficult to determine the new dispute in the ordinary way, by conciliation or arbitration, the Union supplying practically a friendly court of appeal.

At the same time, valuable as are all institutions which tend to bring together the employer and employed on a footing of friendly equality, I cannot myself hope that conciliation boards, arbitration boards, wages boards, and the like will ever do more than minimize the number of labor contests and alleviate their rigors. The old-established *Conseils de Prud'hommes* in France, the archetype, one may say, of all conciliation and arbitration boards, have not availed to prevent serious contests, of which the Carmaux strike was but one out of many. I do not, therefore, look with very great hope to the working of compulsory arbitration in trade disputes, which it has been sought to establish by law in Australia, and more recently in the United States, nor do I even expect very much from bills to promote courts of conciliation and arbitration, such as the one now before the British Parliament. In all human differences there must be a final "I will" or "I won't," and "I won't" nothing but force can overcome. Now, I do not deny the lawfulness of

force, exerted on behalf of the community at large, to put down a labor dispute when its motives have been thoroughly thrashed out, and only the obstinacy of one or the other of the disputants hinders the dispute from being settled on the terms laid down by an honest and competent arbitrator, after all attempts at conciliation have failed. In principle, therefore, I am perfectly favorable to the attempts made, in one part of the world or another, towards providing for the enforcement of arbitration in trade contests, in default of a friendly settlement. But I am at a loss to see how such enforcement can be effectually carried out. If the responsibility be a pecuniary one only, the remedy will be nugatory as against unions of the poorer laborers, with small funds or none, and I am afraid it will act as a deterrent to the accumulation of funds by the better paid workers, and involve complications which trade unions would not submit to. For example, the compulsory separation of their funds, since the attempt to levy a fine upon their old age or other purely benevolent funds for the infringement of an award on a trade dispute, would, I suspect, arouse a far greater outcry than the application of those funds to the sustenance of an existing dispute does now. Again, the working population is to a large extent so little fixed that the workers in a particular trade would rapidly melt away from any locality affected by an obnoxious award, or, if it concerned the whole of a trade, from the particular union against which the award was made, in order to form a new one. The difficulty of maintaining a trade on the basis of an award obnoxious to the employer is scarcely less. If he is well-to-do, he may close his works and transfer his capital elsewhere; if he is the reverse, and chooses to go into bankruptcy, the award becomes equally abortive. And the enforcement of an award against the person of a disputant would, I fear, be still more difficult. Employed

or employer would be exalted into a martyr by his class, and *esprit de corps* would very likely lead to a fresh dispute on a larger scale.

The longer I live, the more I feel convinced that the only solution to the labor question, or to speak perhaps more truly, the only termination to that labor war which, openly or covertly, is being waged throughout the civilized world, lies in coöperation, in the fusing into one of the essentially conflicting interests of employer and employed. That we are still very far away from that solution on any large scale I fully admit; I admit that it may take the education of both classes for centuries before it is attained. Nevertheless, if I value the Industrial Union of Employers and Employed, it is mainly as a step, however unconscious on the part of most of its promoters, in that direction, — as educating both classes for industrial coöperation. The more intelligent and friendly the employer finds his workmen to become, the more will he be tempted to take the last step for the avoidance of quarrels by making them his copartners. The more the workmen learn, through the practice of a conciliation or wages board, of the conditions of a trade, the better fitted will they become for the carrying on of that trade, either in partnership with an employer or on their own account. It is observable, moreover, that the two subjects of the amicable settlement of trade disputes and of coöperation are by no means unconnected. Not only do the rules of a very large number of coöperative societies provide for the settlement of disputes with their members by arbitration, but one of the trade boards of conciliation and arbitration is that of the Northern Counties Coöperative Societies. Moreover, whilst the strikes against coöperative societies have been very few and of short duration, the fact should be recalled to notice that during the great strike in the Leicester boot and shoe trade not a single workman em-

ployed by a coöperative body, at either of the two large workshops of the Coöperative Wholesale Society and of the Anchor Boot and Shoe Coöperative Society, stopped working. One of the ends of the International Coöperative Congress, to which I shall now pass on, is practically the establishment of an Industrial Alliance among the coöperators of all countries.

The International Coöperative Congress, held at the hall of the Society of Arts, August 19–23, 1895, was in fact, as I have had occasion to show elsewhere,¹ only the carrying out in a definite form of the spirit of the first of the coöperative congresses which have succeeded each other annually in Great Britain since 1869. That was convened, not by coöperators in the British Isles only, but, in the proportion of nearly one sixth, by coöperators abroad; it had foreign societies represented, foreign delegates present. But the stride forward that has been taken in internationalism is shown by the fact that the latest Congress had twenty foreign honorary presidents, — from Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Roumania, Russia, Spain, Switzerland, the United States; the Italian honorary presidents including the present minister of posts and telegraphs for the kingdom of Italy and an ex-minister, the French an ex-minister, and the secretary-general to the Dutch minister for the colonies representing the Dutch; not less is there an indication of progress in the list of “adhering societies,” comprising sixteen in Italy, ten in France, three in Holland, one each in Belgium, Denmark, and Servia. Among other eminent foreign coöperators present were M. Charles Robert (successor of Léclaire), Count de Rocquigny, and M. Buisson for France, Baron d’Andrimont and M. Micha for Belgium, Signori Cavalieri and Luzzatti for Italy. Coöperative Production was indeed but one of the subjects discussed, the others

¹ Labour Copartnership for November, 1895.

being Coöperative or People's Banks, the Coöperative Store Movement, and Coöperative Farming, Dairies, Creameries, Cheese Factories, Agricultural Supply, and Combined Selling; Coöperative Production, however, attracting the largest and apparently most interested attendance, Coöperative Banks the thinnest. In the person of Dr. Lorimer, America sent to the Congress by far its most eloquent speaker, and in that of Mr. Nelson, of St. Louis, a most worthy adoptive son of the United States, one of its most popular members.

The work of this first International Congress could obviously amount to little more than the formal adoption of the idea of international coöperation. A committee, consisting of five delegates from France, one each from Italy, Switzerland, and Denmark, and seven Englishmen, was appointed to consult with the general provisional committee as to the best means of opening up trade relations between the coöperators of various countries for the exchange of coöperative productions, and reported very judiciously that, "before any practical work can be done, it will be necessary to obtain from existing coöperative productive and distributive societies in each country a list of the foreign goods they use or sell, so that it may be ascertained which of these goods can be obtained through or from coöperative societies," and that "as soon as the information referred to has been obtained it should be circulated amongst coöperators in the various countries in their various languages, and their assistance requested." The final resolutions declared the creation, "to promote coöperation and profit-sharing in all their forms," of an International Coöperative Alliance, of which the objects were defined to be: "(a) To make known the coöperators of each country and their work to the coöperators

of all other countries, by congresses, the publication of literature, and all other suitable means. (b) To elucidate by international discussion and correspondence the nature of true coöperative principles. (c) To establish commercial relations between the coöperators of different countries for their mutual advantage," — the Alliance being "careful to act as much as possible through the organizations existing in the different countries." A provisional central committee was appointed, with Earl Grey, the president of the Congress, at its head, with power to add to its number, which is to prepare for and present to the next Congress a complete constitution of the Alliance, on the footing of triennial congresses, to be held as far as possible in each of the allied countries, — a central committee renewed by halves at each Congress, and a section or sections in each country, with sectional councils. It is understood that the next Congress will be held in Paris.

Without in the least blinding myself to the difficulties, especially those arising out of the fiscal laws of the various countries, which must hamper the carrying out of object (c) of the Alliance, — practically the most important of the three, — it seems to me that the adoption of that object constitutes a most important new departure in the history of trade. Certain classes of traders, growers, manufacturers, from a number of different countries, have come together to say, Can we not trade together in furtherance of a common work? A moral principle is thus introduced into international trade,¹ and though its application may hang fire for years, or even fail in the first instance, a seed is sown that will not perish. Now, as all true coöperation necessarily leads to genuineness of goods and trustworthiness of dealing, a bond should thus be wrought of mutual helpfulness between

foreign coöperative bodies were represented for the first time.

¹ I may observe that at the yearly exhibition of coöperative productions at the Crystal Palace held this year (whilst the Congress was sitting),

the coöperators of all countries, which may become no inconsiderable factor in the maintenance of international peace.

Suppose the attempt comes to nothing?

Very likely it will. But there are some failures which are more fruitful than successes. I think this would be one of them.

John M. Ludlow.

A PUBLIC CONFESSION.

FORT FLETCHER, though magnificently situated, is as unpicturesque architecturally as other prairie posts. But to Jack Lombard, on a certain September afternoon, the huddle of low white buildings was beautiful as a vision of the Heavenly City. Did not those ill-constructed walls enshrine the woman he loved, and was he not returning to her presence three days earlier than had seemed possible when he went away?

The cheeriness of his voice, the alertness of his bearing, were fully understood by the dozen troopers who rode beside the empty wagons they were escorting back to Fletcher from a smaller and more isolated post to which they had conveyed supplies.

"There won't no grass grow under the lieutenant's feet this day," an astute observer had remarked when he swung into his saddle that morning; "though he ain't likely to overwork man nor beast, even with his sweetheart waiting for him at the end of the march," — an opinion which was echoed by his comrades, who had proved their lieutenant by that "summering and wintering" in garrison and in field which gives good reason for the fact that one officer can win so much more effective service from a command than can another.

The welcomes at Fletcher were pervaded by surprise, when Jack, having dismissed his detail, clanked up the parade in complete accoutrement of sword and spurs to make his report at headquarters. The various verandas were deserted, for Fletcher is a worldly minded post, where

they dine late, and dress for dinner as conventionally as though civilization did not stride across three hundred miles of intervening wilderness to reach its gates. Mrs. Stuart, however, was standing in her doorway, thereby maintaining her reputation for omnipresence, which promoted among the garrison a Buddhistic belief in the celerity of movement acquired by bodies belonging to specially endowed souls.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Lombard!" she cried cordially. "Just in time, too, — Mrs. Colonel will be so pleased." The wife of the commanding officer was thus familiarly named for certain manifestations of domestic precedence.

"Any festivity to-night?"

"Merely a gathering of the clan to say good-by to her and to Miss Van Antwerp."

"I — I thought that they were not going until next week?"

"Miss Van Antwerp discovered that she must return home more speedily. So by hurrying she has got Mrs. Colonel ready for to-morrow's boat. See you there, of course, after dinner," she added, as her audience deserted her.

"You look rather done, Lombard," the adjutant declared, a few moments later, when Jack had concluded his report.

"We made an early start, and I'm disgracefully dusty," he answered lightly, suspecting sympathy, and spurning it. "A tub and a square meal will set me right."

But upon neither of these needs did he bestow the first half-hour after he

escaped to his quarters. Sunk in a big chair, his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, he stated the case to his own loyal heart and asked verdict of it. During his absence Sybil Van Antwerp had become suddenly anxious to leave Fletcher, a week sooner than had been her intention. Was not her reason for this change of plans a desire to avoid giving him a chance to utter the avowal which had trembled on his lips the evening he went away, — a desire to spare him the pain of hearing in words that which she knew her departure would tell him silently? Sweet! sweet! She found tenderness for all suffering, from that of the broken-legged terrier of whom she had been so careful to this hurt of another egotistical puppy, who had fancied that love might glorify the future of a cavalry lieutenant's wife even to her, "queen rose in the rosebud garden of girls."

Ah, God! Was it only fancy?

Jack sprang to his feet. Nothing but her own words should convince him that he had been mistaken. A man must hear his sentence of death explicitly spoken before he can gather courage to meet his fate with steadfastness.

Sybil Van Antwerp was told two bits of news, while at dinner, which disturbed the serenity she was wont to declare that a woman should wear, in hours of conflict, with the same trained endurance which enabled knights of old to support their armor through the battle: Jack Lombard had returned, and the starting of to-morrow's boat had been postponed twenty-four hours to wait for delayed freight. She was unused to defeat, and it tried her nerves (or her heart?) that, in spite of the energy she had expended in hastening the movements of her hostess, she should be forced to see Jack again, and probably to bestow that *coup de grace* whose cruel mercy she shrank from inflicting.

After dinner the drawing-room began

immediately to fill with a characteristic garrison gathering, composed of everybody who was anybody at Fletcher, and during a long hour she dreaded the moment whose coming she knew was inevitable. Yet when it came it found her unprepared.

"Miss Van Antwerp, will you ride with me to-morrow?" Jack's voice asked over her shoulder, while she stood talking to the adjutant on the broad veranda.

She looked away across moonlit prairie and river, and Jack looked at her. She had only to say no, — prettily, as she knew how to say it, — and the thing was done, the story was told. Why should she endure worse than this brief silence to-morrow? She turned to Jack, caught her breath sharply, and, with an odd sense of involuntariness, answered him, "Of course I will ride with you to-morrow. At four, as usual."

"Thank you," he murmured, vanishing instantly.

She dropped into a wicker chair, and sent the adjutant for some "claret cup." She was tired of that wide, gray prairie. She was tired of the simple, cheery folk about her. Ah, most of all she was tired of herself, her foolish, fickle self, who had been led by a passing whim to try six weeks among frontier-army scenes, so different from her wonted surroundings. This was not her world. She was wise to make haste back to New York, to the opera, the Patriarchs', the pleasant, familiar round she loved. Loved? She had always fancied that, nowadays, the word was written small, and meant many things. Why should it confront her in such large type, and mean — a cavalry lieutenant, with a record of which his regiment was proud, and no income beyond his meagre pay?

An hour later, the adjutant overtook Jack Lombard as he walked down the parade to his quarters, and made an embarrassed announcement.

"Miss Van Antwerp wishes to see you and me shoot at that outline on the bluff near Zenith City!" he exclaimed apologetically. "She has asked me to join your party to-morrow. But I'll be too busy to go, if you don't want me."

"Come along, old fellow," Jack answered, with a rather husky laugh. "I remember we boasted to her that we could better Frost's shot there. You — you can manage that she and I shall ride back alone."

There was a delicious hint of autumn freshness in the September afternoon, when the three left the post on the next day. After following the bluff for a couple of miles, their road lay through the ragged outskirts of Zenith City, down a steep slope to the riverside. From thence, gazing across the narrow ravine by which a small stream flowed into the Yellowstone, somebody's imagination had discovered the likeness of a blanketed and beplumed chief in the lightning-blasted fragment of a large cottonwood-tree upon a projecting ledge of the opposite cliff. This was one of the few objects of interest possessed by a neighborhood as yet without a history that anybody cared to remember, and fair visitors to Fletcher were brought to see it; especially since a certain "crack shot" on the staff of the general commanding the department had deprived the chief's war-bonnet of its topmost plume.

"Behold!" Sybil cried gayly, waving her hand toward the somewhat elusive apparition. "I ask you to knock another feather out of that warrior's crest, for the honor of the line against the staff!"

In reply to this malicious appeal to an established rivalry, the two officers unsling the rifles which they carried for the purpose, and the adjutant won the toss for first trial. The shot was, however, exceedingly difficult at such distance, and the bullet imbedded itself in the chief's broad shoulder.

"Lombard will do it," he said, reinforcing.

ing his horse back to Sybil's side as Jack took deliberate aim. "It is a fluke when I win a prize, but he is a dead shot every day in the year."

The next instant proved his words. The report of the rifle echoed about the bluffs mingled with a sharp splintering of wood, and the war-bonnet lost a second ornament. In spite of Sybil's profuse congratulations, Jack's elation vanished in one boyish "hurrah," and he followed his companions silently up to the level of the prairie. There the adjutant announced that an engagement in Zenith City forced him to leave them, with many regrets for the glorious gallop he could not share. Jack wordlessly turned his horse toward the wide stretch of sunburned plain, and Sybil, flushing haughtily, turned with him. She had wished to evade the scene to which these men compelled her, but she would not run away.

The gallop had been far and fleet when they forced their horses to a more sober pace.

"Nothing in civilization can touch this freedom, this" — she began, and paused. A light leaped into Jack's eyes as their glances met, and, bending forward, he laid a gauntleted hand on her saddle-bow.

"Forgive me," he said. "I must speak. If I had found you gone on my return to Fletcher, I should have applied for leave. I should have followed you East, to hear — what you meant to spare me. You don't know the amount of — of imagination of which a plain soldier is capable. I must hear from yourself, beyond doubt, beyond conjecture, beyond dreams, the certainty that you — that you" —

His voice sank. The dumb, imploring pain of his gaze hurt her fiercely, and there was no reproach in it. Her lips quivered; two tears trembled on her lashes.

"I'm a brute!" he murmured. "Yet until I hear you say that there is no hope for me, I — I shall never believe it!"

They had drawn rein, and the horses stood like statues during the moment of silence which ensued, — such silence as fills all the vital moments of our noisy world.

"I will make a confession to you, though it humiliates me" —

Her eyes faltered away from his, and wandered vaguely. She uttered a low cry.

"Indians! Do they mean danger?"

His glance, grown keen and cold, strained toward a distant group of unmistakably Indian horsemen.

"They are quiet everywhere this summer," he said slowly. "These are coming from Zenith City, and are probably a harmless party of bucks on their return to the reservation."

"Must we pass them?"

"They are between us and Fletcher. But we need not pass them near, unless you still have illusions concerning redskin picturesqueness," he answered, with rather perfunctory lightness.

Abruptly a chorus of yells arose from the advancing riders, and a wild waving of rifles at the full stretch of the holders' arms.

"Devils!" Jack muttered, as savagely as they yelled. Then his eyes sought her, and she smiled, a brave, white smile. "Dismount!" he exclaimed. "Kneel behind your horse; he stands fire!"

As she obeyed, he too slipped from his saddle and leaned across it, steadying his rifle.

"Thank God that this is not my revolver," he said. "I've six of them here at long range. They will run before they reach that tally!"

Partially sheltered by her horse, Sybil watched that whirling charge, wordless, prayerless, possessed by one intense longing for the dainty rifle with which she had scored some recent triumphs at target practice.

A puff of smoke, a report, a second — a bullet whistled close by Jack's head; yet he remained motionless. Confronting

nearly a dozen enemies with six rounds of ammunition, a man does not waste his chances. Another shot — Sybil's horse shrieked piteously, plunged, and fell, barely clearing her as she scrambled to her feet.

Jack's rifle barked at last, twice in succession, and two "bucks" swayed from their ponies. There was a dismayed halt in the attack, singularly simultaneous for a seemingly frantic "go as you please."

Jack glanced swiftly from that hesitating consultation to Sybil's dead animal, and back to his own which stood stone-still. He had ridden him three years; they had been through a campaign together. But these Montana Indians were rather robbers than warriors. His third bullet crashed straight to the heart of the horse, who died without a struggle.

"Why? why?" Sybil cried, stretching out her hands as though to stay a vanishing hope. He caught the trembling fingers and kissed them vehemently.

"They want our horses more than our lives," he said. "They may leave us, now that they have nothing to gain, and they see that I — Lie down!" he broke off, forcing her to her knees, for, with shouts of rage, the Indians swooped forward.

In the face of an almost unanimous volley he fired again, and while the third of their number rolled on the prairie, the others spread out their line, as though to surround that deadly rifle, yet ceased to advance.

Jack swayed, recovered himself as Sybil sprang to his side, and stared wildly at his foes.

"They have had about enough," he muttered. "Another pony riderless, and they will give us up."

"You are hurt — let me help you — I know how."

"Two shot left," he panted. "I'll risk one."

He lifted his rifle.

"I cannot see them!" he cried, in a voice whose anguish echoed through all her being.

Then he turned to her two blue eyes, terrible with that look which burned in eyes as true and tender when, during the Mutiny, English officers spent their last strength to slay their hearts' beloved — and she understood!

"Love — forgive — love" — he gasped, his fingers quivering along the weapon.

Force failed his will; his hold relaxed, and he sank, face down, upon his horse's flank.

Howling a now assured triumph, the Indians raced toward their prey. But Jack never shot straighter than did the dainty, desperate fingers which lifted his rifle as Sybil fired across his prostrate figure, and a fourth savage fell.

The white squaw could defend herself, those amazed warriors perceived. Within reach of her fatal aim each one felt his life too dear to risk further for her possession. How should they guess that only a single bullet remained to her, or that she meant it for Jack's unfulfilled purpose? Lust and greed and vengeance were routed by panic, as they counted their four dead comrades. They fled.

There was a faintest flutter of the heart whose stillness or whose stirring bounded her future, when Sybil opened Jack's blood-drenched coat. During the previous winter she had acquired slight skill in surgery at a fashionable hospital class, and tearing bandages from his shirt she stanching the hemorrhage. But he gave no sign of rallying.

Prayer, which had found no place in the Berserk ardor of resistance, thrilled her soul as she looked from his death-like face to the heavens gorgeous with sunset. Save him, dear God! Permit him not to drift out of life for lack of some restorative!

Water? Surely she remembered the

murmur of a stream which she had heard while Jack made his appeal to her, as one hears every tiniest note in life's great fugues. That stream must be near. Yet at any moment, from any quarter, their enemies might return.

The sun dropped suddenly behind the crimson horizon, and twilight drew grayly over the prairie. Jack sighed faintly. She touched the dark damp locks on his brow with her lips, and stumbled to her feet.

"God be merciful! Let me not die away from him!" this woman prayed, who an hour since had resolved to live apart from him.

She scarcely shuddered as she passed the bodies of the Indians, so absorbed was she in listening for sound of the survivors. She found the stream; she filled her straw hat to the brim with the cool freshness of the water, and was swiftly beside Jack again, bathing his face, forcing the drops between his lips, until, presently, his eyes opened, to stare up at her as at a stranger, and he spoke, to falter an order to his troop. His mind was afar, in that brief campaign which had linked his young name with honor. Stupor alternated with feeble restlessness, while the night wore on.

Above them the stars shone one by one in their accustomed places. The mysterious silence of earth's solitudes surrounded them. Vast and dim the prairie stretched away, — not toward the luxurious familiar life to which Sybil had meant to return, but toward that eternity through whose yet vaster dimness shone a single light of Love Divine, and such poor refractions of it as humanity can cherish.

Morning came at last. The horizon widened slowly, and Sybil, aware of dawn by its rosy reflection on Jack's white face, lifted her heavy eyes to behold a sight more blessed than that splendid dawn. For the first sunbeams touched gloriously the white canvas of a "prairie schooner."

Late in the succeeding afternoon, Sybil lay on a lounge in a sitting-room at Zenith City's big new International Hotel. Through the half-open door she could see the bed where Jack slept, while Mrs. Colonel watched yet nearer the slumber which the post surgeon pronounced to be so satisfactory after the operation for removing the bullet from his wound. Sleep seemed definitely to have departed from Sybil's shaken nerves, and she had won permission to rest here thankfully, rather than go to bed wretchedly in a distant room, where she could not realize by actual sight that Jack was safe.

The two ranchmen who rescued them had brought them to Zenith City, as shortening the dangerous journey for the lieutenant, and the town was exceeding proud of its guests. The tale the rescuers told of the group they found, the slain horses, the apparently dying man, and the pale calm of the watching woman, had lost nothing in the telling. Nor had the number of stiffly still witnesses to the fierceness of the fight suffered diminution by their account; though in the interest of justice it is regrettable that Lombard's deadly shooting figured slightly beside their report of the prowess of their heroine.

Popular enthusiasm seeks immediate utterance in the primitive frankness of frontier social relations. A tramp of many feet, a murmur of many voices, roused Sybil presently from her trance of happy exhaustion.

"They will wake him," she thought, rising nervously.

A knock at the door was followed by the entrance of the landlord, and of a tall individual whose majestic solemnity suggested an important mission.

"The mayor of Zenith City," announced the landlord.

"I have come, madam, to represent my fellow-citizens," began the mayor. He was the first incumbent of the office, and its glories were yet new to him. "We are proud to welcome such heroic

womanhood to our town, and we are desirous to give public expression to our sentiments. We therefore beg that you will accept a serenade from the Great Western Band — eh?" he broke off interrogatively, for Sybil had clasped her hands with a murmur that sounded more like dismay than delight.

"Please, *please* not a serenade!" she exclaimed, while the impulse to laugh, which had hitherto distraught her, quite vanished. "Lieutenant Lombard is asleep in the next room, and a sudden awakening might be very dangerous for him."

"The band is already under your window," hesitated the mayor, embarrassed between her alarm and his own conviction of powerlessness to prevent the serenade. For the Great Western Band was a yet more recent progress in civilization than the mayoralty, and correspondingly more popular. "I doubt if my fellow-citizens would listen to me" —

"They will listen to the lady," interrupted the landlord, who was quick of wit, as a man of his trade needs to be in a Montana town.

Sybil glanced from the mayor's visible impotence to Jack's open door. A preliminary shriek of brazen throats decided her purpose.

"I will explain to them from the window why I cannot accept their pretty compliment," she said hurriedly.

With an impressive gesture the mayor advanced to the window.

"Silence, gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "The lady whom we all desire to honor is about to address you."

Silence indeed, blended of surprise, gratification, and curiosity, possessed the crowd upon whose upturned faces Sybil looked down. Weather-browned, frontier-roughened faces they were, but with a sincerity of respect written on them which, in spite of the burlesque aspect the ovation had worn to her, deeply stirred Sybil's heart. The absurdity of the situation disappeared. She was not

Miss Van Antwerp, incredibly forced by circumstances to speak to a Western mob; she was a woman rescued from the very presence of death, thanking these kind neighbors for rejoicing in her safety.

"Friends!" she said clearly, — a fair picture she made, framed by the window, with her tired dark eyes, her bright loosened hair, and her slight, swaying figure in the riding-habit she yet wore, — "I thank you heartily for your sympathy; but I must ask you not to utter it, either by your band or by your voices, because Lieutenant Lombard is so ill that any excitement might be dangerous for him."

"Ain't we even to raise one hurrah for the first heroine we've seen in Zenith City?" somebody demanded.

"Not even one!" Sybil answered, with a smile that revealed other aspects of womanhood as unknown to her interlocutor as her heroism. "And Zenith City is full of such heroines as I am," she added, her voice thrilling with tears.

"Go home and ask your wives and your sweethearts whether there is a woman among them who will not fight for the man she loves!"

"Sybil," Mrs. Colonel said presently, when the crowd and the band and the mayor had quietly dispersed, "Jack heard you! Of course he wants you at once. But don't let him talk."

"That was not the confession you meant to make to me yesterday," Jack whispered after a while, his haggard eyes adoring her. "Are you sure that you will mean this to-morrow — and next year — and all our lives?"

"My love — my love!" she murmured. "You are to say just one word. Will you have the selfish woman who needed such terrible teaching to learn that love means as much nowadays as ever it did?"

But Jack, overstepping with masculine promptitude the boundary between submission and authority, faltered his first command, "Kiss me."

And she obeyed him.

Ellen Mackubin.

SOME MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE.

II.

IN Rockferry, my first remembered home, the personality of my father was the most cheerful element, and the one which we all needed, as the sunshine is needed by an English scene to make its happiness apparent. If he was at all "morbid," my advice would be to adopt morbidness at once. Perhaps he would have been a sad man if he had been an ordinary one. Genius can make charming presences of characters that really are gloomy and savage, being so magical in its transmutation of dry fact. People were glad to be scolded by Carlyle, and shot down by Dr. Johnson. But I am

persuaded by reason that those who called Hawthorne sad would have complained of the tears of Coriolanus or Othello; and, with Coriolanus, he could say, "It is no little thing to make mine eyes so sweat compassion." It was the presence of the sorrow of the world which made him silent. Who dares to sneer at that? When I think of my mother, — naturally hopeful, gently merry, ever smiling, — who, while my father lived, was so glad a woman that her sparkling glance was never dimmed, and when I have to acknowledge that even she did not fill us children with the zest of con-

tent which he brought into the room for us, I must conclude that genius and cheer together made him life-giving; and so he was enchanting to those who were intimate with him, and to many who saw him for but a moment. Dora Golden, my brother's old nurse, has said that when she first came to the family she feared my father was going to be severe, because he had a way of looking at strangers from under bent brows. But the moment he lifted his head his eyes flashed forth beautiful and kindly. She has told me that my mother and she used to think at dusk, when he entered the room before the lamps were lit, that the place was illuminated by his face; his eyes shone, his whole countenance gleamed, and my mother simply called him "their sunlight."

My sister's girlish letters are evidence of the enthusiasm of the family for my father's companionship, and of our stanch hatred for the Consulate because it took him away from us so much. He read aloud, as he always had done, in the easiest, clearest, most genial way, as if he had been born only to let his voice enunciate an endless procession of words. He read *The Lady of the Lake* aloud about this time, and Una wrote expressing our delight in his personality over and above that in his usefulness: "Papa has gone to dine in Liverpool, so we shall not hear Don Quixote this evening, or have papa either." Little references to him show how he was always weaving golden threads into the woof of daily humdrum. Julian, seven years old, writes to his grandfather, "Papa has taught Una and me to make paper boats, and the bureau in my room is covered with paper steamers and boats." I can see him folding them now, as if it were yesterday, and how intricate the newspapers became which he made into hulls, decks, and sails. At one time Una bursts out, in recognition of the unbroken peace and good will in the home, "It will certainly be my own fault if I am not pretty good

when I grow up, for I have had both example and precept."

The nurse to whom I have just referred has said that when Julian was about four, sometimes he would annoy her while she was sewing; and if his father was in the room, she would tell Julian to go to him and ask him to read about Robbie, who was Robinson Crusoe. He would sit quietly all the time his father read to him, no matter for how long. But her master finally told Dora not to send Julian to him in this way to hear Robinson Crusoe, because he was "tired of reading it to him." The nurse was a bit of a genius herself, in her way, and not to be easily suppressed, and when her charge became fidgety, and she was in a hurry, she made one more experiment with Robbie. Her master turned round in his chair, and for the first time in four years she saw an angry look on his face, and he commanded her "never to do it again." At three years of age Julian played pranks upon his father without trepidation. There was a "boudoir" in the house which had a large, pleasant window, and was therefore thought to be agreeable enough to be used as a prison-house for Una and Julian when they were naughty. Julian conveyed his father into the boudoir, and shut the door on him adroitly. It had no handle on the inner side, purposely, and the astonished parent was caged. "You cannot come out," said Julian, "until you have promised to be a good boy." Through the persistent dignity with which Hawthorne behaved, and with which he was always treated by the household, Julian had felt the down of playful love.

Here are two letters written to me while I was in Portugal with my mother, in 1856: —

MY DEAR LITTLE ROSEBUD, — I have put a kiss for you in this nice, clean piece of paper. I shall fold it up carefully, and I hope it will not drop out before it gets to Lisbon. If you cannot

find it, you must ask Mamma to look for it. Perhaps you will find it on her lips. Give my best regards to your Uncle John and Aunt Sue, and to all your kind friends, not forgetting your Nurse.

Your affectionate father, N. H.

MY DEAR LITTLE ROSEBUD, — It is a great while since I wrote to you; and I am afraid this letter will be a great while in reaching you. I hope you are a very good little girl; and I am sure you never get into a passion, and never scream, and never scratch and strike your dear Nurse or your dear sister Una. Oh no! my little Rosebud would never do such naughty things as those. It would grieve me very much if I were to hear of her doing such things. When you come back to England, I shall ask Mamma whether you have been a good little girl; and Mamma (I hope) will say: "Yes; our little Rosebud has been the best and sweetest little girl I ever knew in my life. She has never screamed nor uttered any but the softest and sweetest sounds. She has never struck Nurse nor Una nor dear Mamma with her little fist, nor scratched them with her sharp little nails; and if ever there was a little angel on earth, it is our dear little Rosebud!" And when Papa hears this, he will be very glad, and will take Rosebud up in his arms and kiss her over and over again. But if he were to hear that she had been naughty, Papa would feel it his duty to eat little Rosebud up! Would not that be very terrible?

Julian is quite well, and sends you his love. I have put a kiss for you in this letter; and if you do not find it, you may be sure that some naughty person has got it. Tell Nurse I want to see her very much. Kiss Una for me.

Your loving

PAPA.

The next letter is of later date: —

MY DEAR LITTLE PESSIMA, — I am very glad that Mamma is going to

take you to see "Tom Thump;" and I think it is much better to call him Thump than Thumb, and I always mean to call him so from this time forward. It is a very nice name, is Tom Thump. I hope you will call him Tom Thump to his face when you see him, and thump him well if he finds fault with it. Do you still thump dear Mamma, and Fanny, and Una, and Julian, as you did when I saw you last? If you do, I shall call you little Rose Thump; and then people will think that you are Tom Thump's wife. And now I shall stop thumping on this subject.

Your friend little Frank Hallet is at Mrs. Blodget's. Do you remember how you used to play with him at Southport, and how he sometimes beat you? He seems to be a better little boy than he was then, but still he is not so good as he might be. This morning he had some very nice breakfast in his plate, but he would not eat it because his mamma refused to give him something that was not good for him; and so, all breakfast-time, this foolish little boy refused to eat a mouthful, though I could see that he was very hungry, and would have eaten it all up if he could have got it into his mouth without anybody seeing. Was not he a silly child? Little Pessima never behaved so, — oh no!

There are two or three very nice little girls at Mrs. Blodget's, and also a nice large dog, who is very kind and gentle, and never bites anybody; and also a tabby cat, who very often comes to me and mews for something to eat. So you see we have a very pleasant family; but, for all that, I would rather be at home.

And now I have written you such a long letter that my head is quite tired out; and so I shall leave off, and amuse myself with looking at some pages of figures.

Be a good little girl, and do not tease Mamma, nor trouble Fanny, nor quarrel with Una and Julian; and when I come

home I shall call you little Pessima (because I am very sure you will deserve that name), and shall kiss you more than once.

N. H.

If he said a few kind words to me, my father gave me a sense of having a strong ally among the great ones of life ; and if I were ill, I was roused by his standing beside me to defy the illness. When I was seriously indisposed, at the age of three, he brought me a black doll, which I heard my mother say she thought would alarm me, as it was very ugly, and I had never seen a negro. I remember the much-knowing smile with which my father's face was indefinitely lighted up, as he stood looking at me, while I, half unconscious to most of the things of this world, was nevertheless clutching his gift gladly to my heart. The hideous ducky was soon converted by my nurse Fanny (my mother called her Fancy, because of her rare skill with the needle and her rich decorations of all sorts of things) into a beautifully dressed footman, who was a very large item in my existence for years. I thought my father an intensely clever man to have hit upon Pompey, and to have understood so well that he would make an angel. All his presents to us Old People, as he called us, were either unusual or of exquisite workmanship. The fairy quality was indispensable before he chose them. We children have clung to them even to our real old age. The fairies were always just round the corner of the point of sight, with me, and in recognition of my keen delight of confidence in the small fry my father gave me little objects that were adapted to them : delicate bureaus with tiny mirrors that had reflected fairy faces a moment before, and little tops that opened by unscrewing them in an unthought-of way and held minute silver spoons. Once he brought home to Julian a china donkey's head in a tall gray hat such as negroes and politicians elect to wear, and its brains were com-

posed entirely of borrowed brilliancy in the shape of matches. We love the donkey still, and it always occupies a place of honor. He brought me a little Bacchus in Parian marble, wearing a wreath of grapes, and holding a mug on his knee, and greeting his jolly stomach with one outspread hand, as if he were inwardly smiling as he is outwardly. This is a vase for flowers, and the white smile of the god has gleamed through countless of my sweetest bouquets. My father's enjoyment of frolicking fun was as hilarious as that accorded by some of us to wildest comic opera. He had a delicate way of throwing himself into the scrimmage of laughter, and I do not for an instant attempt to explain how he managed it. I can say that he lowered his eyelids when he laughed hardest, and drew in his breath half a dozen times with dulcet sounds and a murmur of mirth between. Before and after this performance he would look at you straight from under his black brows, and his eyes seemed dazzling. I think the hilarity was revealed in them, although his cheeks rounded in ecstasy. I was a little roguish child, but he was the youngest and merriest person in the room when he was amused. Yet he was never far removed from his companion, — a sort of Virgil, — his knowledge of sin and tragedy at our very hearthstones. It was with such a memory in the centre of home joys that the Pilgrim Fathers turned towards the door, ever and anon, to guard it from creeping Indian forms.

On Sundays, at sundown, when the winter rain had very likely dulled everybody's sense of more moderate humor, the blue law of quietness was lifted from the atmosphere ; and between five and six o'clock we spread butterfly wings again, and had blind man's buff. We ran around the large centre-table, and made this gambol most tempestuously merry. If anything had been left upon the table before we began, it was removed with rapidity before we finished. There

was a distinct understanding that our blindfolded father must not be permitted to touch any of us, or else we should be reduced forthwith to our original dust. The pulsing grasp of his great hands and heavy fingers, soft and springing in their manipulation of one's shoulders as the touch of a wild thing, was amusingly harmless, considering the howls with which his onslaught was evaded as long as our flying legs were loyal to us. My father's gentle laughter and happy-looking lips were a revelation during these bouts. But there were times when I used to stand at a distance and gaze at his peaceful aspect, and wonder if he would ever open the floodgates of fun in a game of romp on any rainy Sunday of the future. If a traveler caught the Sphinx humming to herself, would he not be inclined to sit down and watch her till she did it again?

I have referred to his large hand. I shall never see a more reassuring one than his. It was broad, generous, supple. It had the little depressions and the smoothness to be noticed in the hands of truest charity; yet it had the ample outlines of the vigorously imaginative temperament, so different from the hard plumpness of coarseness or brutality. At the point where the fingers joined the back of the hand were the roundings-in that are reminiscent of childhood's simplicity, and are to be found in many philanthropic persons. His way of using his fingers was slow, well thought out, and gentle, though never lagging, that most unpleasant fault indicative of self-absorbed natures. When he did anything with his hands he seemed very active, because thoroughly in earnest. He delighted me by the way in which he took hold of any material thing, for it proved his self-mastery. Strength of will joined to self-restraint is a combination always enjoyable to the onlooker; but it is also evidence of discomfort and effort enough in the heroic character that has won the state which we contemplate with so much

approval. I remember his standing once by the fire, leaning upon the mantelpiece, when a vase on the shelf toppled over in some way. It was a cheap lodging-house article, and yet my father tried to save it from falling to the floor as earnestly as he did anything which he set out to do. His hand almost seized the vase, but it rebounded; and three times he half caught it. The fourth time he rescued it as it was near the floor, having become flushed and sparkling with the effort of will and deftness. For years that moment came back to me, because his determination had been so valiantly intense, and I was led to carry out determinations of all sorts from witnessing his self-respect and his success in so small a matter. People of power *care* all the time. It is their life-blood to succeed; they must encourage their precision of eye and thought by repeated triumphs, which so soothe and rejoice the nerves.

He was very kind in amusing me by aid of my slate. That sort of pastime suited my hours of silence, which became less and less broken by the talkative vein. His forefinger rubbed away defects in the aspect of faces or animals with a lion-like suppleness of sweep that seemed to me to wipe out the world. We also had a delicious game of a labyrinth of lines, which it was necessary to traverse with the pencil without touching the hedges, as I called the winding marks. We wandered in and around without a murmur, and I reveled in delight because he was near.

Walking was always a great resource in the family, and it was a half-hearted matter for us unless we were at his side. His gait was one of long, easy steps which were leisurely and not rapid, and he cast an occasional look around, stopping if anything more lovely than usual was to be seen in sky or landscape. It is the people who love their race even better than themselves who can take into their thought an outdoor scene. In England

the outdoor life had many enchantments of velvet sward upon broad hills and flowers innumerable and fragrant. A little letter of Una's not long after we arrived in Rockferry alludes to this element in our happiness: —

"We went to take a walk to-day, and I do not think I ever had such a beautiful walk before in all my life. Julian and I got some very pretty flowers, such as do not grow wild in America. I found some exquisite harebells by the roadside, and some very delicate little pink flowers. And I got some wild holly, which is very pretty indeed; it has very glossy and prickery leaves. I have seen a great many hedges made of it since I have been here; for nothing can get over it or get through it, for it is almost as prickery as the Hawthorne [the bush and the family name were always the same thing to us children], of which almost all the hedges in Liverpool, and everywhere I have been, are made; and there it grows up into high trees, so that nothing in the world can look through it, or climb over it, or crawl through it; and I am afraid our poor hedge in Concord will never look so well, because the earth round it is so sandy and dry, and here it is so very moist and rich. It ought to be moist, at any rate, for it rains enough." But later she writes on "the eighteenth day of perfect weather," and where can the weather seem so perfect as in England?

After breakfast on Christmas we all ways went to the places, in that parlor where Christmas found us (nomads that we were), where our mother had set out our gifts. Sometimes they were on the large centre-table, sometimes on little separate tables, but invariably covered with draperies; so that we studied the structure of each mound in fascinated delay, in order to guess what the humps and hubbles might indicate as to the nature of the objects of our treasure-trove. The happy-faced mother, who could be radiant and calm at once, — small, but

with a sphere that was not small, and blessed us grandly, — received gifts that had been arranged by Una and the nurse after all the other El Dorados were thoroughly veiled, and our hearts stood still to hear her musical cry of delight, when, having directed the rest of us to our presents, she at last uncovered her own. Our treasures always exceeded in number and charm our wildest hopes, although simplicity was the rule. "How easy it is," my mother writes of a Christmas-tree for poor children, "with a small thing to cause a great joy, if there is only the will to do it!" But most deeply did we delight in the presents given to our beloved parents, whom we considered to be absolutely perfect beings; and there was nothing which we ever perceived to make the supposition unreasonable. In one of Una's girlish letters she declares: "I will tell you what has given me almost — nay, quite as great pleasure as any I have had in England: that is, that Mamma has bought a gold watch-chain. She bought it yesterday at Douglas." We had such thorough lessons in generosity that they sometimes took effect in a genuine self-effacement, like this. A letter from my mother joyfully records of my brother: —

"Julian was asking Papa for a very expensive toy, and his father told him he was very poor this year, because the Consulate had not much business, and that it was impossible to buy him everything that struck his fancy. Julian said no more; and when he went to bed he expressed great condolence, and said he would not ask his father for anything if he were so poor, but that he would give him all his own money (amounting to fivepence halfpenny). When he lay down, his face shone with a splendor of joy that he was able thus to make his father's affairs assume a brighter aspect. This enormous sum of money which Julian had he intended, at Christmas-time, to devote to buying a toy for baby or for Una. He intended to give his all, and

he could no more. In the morning, he took an opportunity when I was not looking to go behind his father, and silently handed him the fivepence halfpenny over his shoulder. My attention was first attracted by hearing Mr. Hawthorne say, 'No, I thank you, my boy; when I am starving, I will apply to you!' I turned round, and Julian's face was deep red and his lips were quivering as he took back the money. I was sorry his father did not keep it, however. I have never allowed the children to *hoard* money. I think the flower of sentiment is bruised and crushed by a strong-box; and they never yet have had any idea of money except to use it for another's benefit or pleasure. Julian saw an advertisement in the street of the loss of a watch, and some guineas reward. 'Oh,' said he, 'how gladly would I find that watch, and present it to the gentleman, and say, No reward, thank you, sir!'

One Christmas my mother writes: "The children amused themselves with their presents all day. But first I took my new Milton and read aloud to them the Hymn of the Nativity, which I do every Christmas." My sister, who was made quite delicate, at first, by the English climate, and acquired from this temporary check and the position of eldest child a pathetic nobility which struck the keynote of her character, writes from Rockferry: "This morning of the New Year was very pleasant. It was almost as good as any day in winter in America. I went out with Mamma and Sweet Fern [Julian]. The snow is about half a foot deep. Julian is out, now, playing. I packed him up very warmly indeed. I wish I could go out in the new snow very much. Julian is making a hollow house of snow by the rhododendron-tree." What not to do we learned occasionally from the birds. "The little robins and a thrush and some little sparrows have been here this morning; and the thrush was so large that she ate up the crumbs very fast, and the other poor little birds

did not dare to come near her till she had done eating." My father used to treat the Old and the New Year with the deepest respect. I never knew the moments to be so immense as when, with pitying gentleness, we silently attended the Old Year across the ghostly threshold of midnight, and my father at last rose reverently from his chair to open the window, through which, at that breath, the first peals would float with new promise and remembering toll.

We children were expected to come into the presence of the grown people and enjoy the interesting guests whom we all loved. My father was skillful in choosing friends: they were rare, good men, and he and they really met; their loves and interests and his were stirred by the intercourse, as if unused muscles had been stretched. I could perceive that my father and his best cronies glowed with refreshment. Mr. Bennoch was a great favorite with us. He was short and fat, witty and jovial. He was so different in style and finish from the tall, pale, spiritual Henry Bright (whom my mother speaks of as "shining like a star" during an inspiring sermon) that I almost went to sleep in the unending effort to understand why God made so sharp a variety in types. Mr. Bennoch wrote more poetry than Mr. Bright did, even, and he took delight in breathing the same air with writers. But he himself had no capacity more perfected than that of chuckling like a whole brood of chickens at his own jokes as well as those of others. The point of his joke might be obscure to us, but the chuckle never failed to satisfy. He was a source of entire rest to the dark-browed, deep-eyed thinker who smiled before him. The only anecdote of Mr. Bennoch which I remember is of a Scotchman who, at an inn, was wandering disconsolately about the parlor while his dinner was being prepared. A distinguished traveler — Dickens, I think — was dashing off a letter at the centre-table, describing the

weather and some of the odd fellows he had observed in his travels. "And," he wrote, "there is in the room at the present moment a long, lank, red-headed, empty-brained nincompoop, who looks as if he had not eaten a square meal for a month, and is stamping about for his dinner. Now he approaches me as I sit writing, and I hear his step pause behind my chair. The fool is actually looking over my shoulder, and reading these words" — A torrent of Scotch burst forth right here: "It's a *lee*, sir, — it's a *lee*! I never read a *word* that yer *wro*rt!" Screams from us; while Mr. Bennoch's sudden aspect of dramatic rage was as suddenly dropped, and he blazed once more with broad smiles, chuckling. I will insert here a letter written by this dear friend in 1861: —

80 WOOD ST., LONDON.

MY DEAR HAWTHORNE, — A few lines just received from Mr. Fields remind me of my too long silence. Rest assured that you and yours are never long out of our thoughts, and we only wish you were here in our peaceful country, far removed from the terrible anxieties caused by wicked and willful men on one side, and on the other permitted by the incompetents set over you. How little you thought, when you suggested to me the propriety of old soldiers only going into battle, that you should have been absolutely predicting the unhappy course of events! Do you remember adding that "a premium should be offered for men of fourscore, as, with one foot in the grave, they would be less likely to run away"? I observe that the Herald advises that "the guillotine should be used in cropping the heads of a lot of the officers, beginning at the city of Washington, and so make room for the young genius with which the whole republic palpitates." . . . Truly, my dear Hawthorne, it is a melancholy condition of things. Let us turn to a far more agreeable subject! It is pleasant to learn that, amid all the other

troubles, your domestic anxieties have passed away so far as the health of your family is concerned. The sturdy youth will be almost a man, and Una quite a woman, while Rosebud will be opening day by day in knowledge and deep interest. I hear that your pen is busy, and that from your tower you are looking upon old England and estimating her influences and the character of her people. Recent experiences must modify your judgment in many ways. A romance laid in England, painted as you only can paint, must be a great success. I struggle on, and only wish I were worthy the respect my friends so foolishly exhibit.

With affectionate regards to all, ever
yours truly,
F. BENNOCH.

On November 17, 1854, my mother writes to her father: —

"Last evening a great package came from Mr. Milnes [Lord Houghton], and it proved to be all his own works, and a splendid edition of Keats with a memoir by Mr. Milnes. This elegant gift was only a return of favors, as Mr. Hawthorne had just sent him some American books. He expended three notes upon my husband's going to meet him at Crewe Hall, two of entreaty and one of regret; but he declares he will have him at Yorkshire. Mrs. Milnes is Lord Crewe's sister. The last note says: 'The books arrived safely, and alas! alone. When I get to Yorkshire, to my own home, I shall try again for you, as I may find you in a more ductile mood. For, seriously, it would be a great injustice — not to yourself, but to us — if you went home without seeing something of our domestic country life: it is really the most special thing about our social system, and something which no other country has or ever will have.'"

Another note from Lord Houghton is extant, saying: —

DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE, — Why did not you come to see us when you were in

London? You promised to do so, but we sought you in vain. I wanted to see you, mainly for your own sake, and also to ask you about an American book which has fallen into my hands. It is called *Leaves of Grass*, and the author calls himself Walt Whitman. Do you know anything about him? I will not call it *poetry*, because I am unwilling to apply that word to a work totally destitute of art; but, whatever we call it, it is a most notable and true book. It is not written *virginibus puerisque*; but as I am neither the one nor the other, I may express my admiration of its vigorous virility and bold natural truth. There are things in it that read like the old Greek plays. It is of the same family as those delightful books of Thoreau's which you introduced me to, and which are so little known and valued here. Patmore has just published a continuation of *The Angel in the House*, which I recommend to your attention. I am quite annoyed at having been so long within the same four seas with you, and having seen you so little. Mrs. Milnes begs her best remembrances.

I am yours very truly,

RICHD. MONCKTON MILNES.

16 UPPER BROOK ST., June 30.

It is a perpetual marvel with some people why some others do not wish to be looked at and to be questioned. Dinner invitations were constantly coming in, and were very apt to be couched in tones of anxious surprise at the difficulty of securing my father. An illustration may be found in this little note from Mr. Procter (father of Adelaide Procter):—

Tuesday morning, 32 WEYMOUTH ST.

DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE,—It seems almost like an idle ceremony to ask you and Mrs. Hawthorne to dine here on Friday; but I cannot help it. I have only *just* returned from a circuit in the country, and heard this morning that

you were likely to leave London in a few days.

Yours always sincerely,

B. W. PROCTER.

It was desirable to meet such people as Mr. Procter, and I have heard enthusiastic descriptions, with which later my mother amused our quiet days in Concord, of the intellectual pleasures that such friendships brought, and of the sounding titles and their magnificent accessories, with human beings involved, against whom my parents were now sometimes thrust by the rapid tide of celebrity. But my father was never to be found in the track of admiring social gatherings except by the deepest scheming. In her first English letters my mother had written: "It is said that there is nothing in Liverpool but *dinners*. Alas for it!" The buzz of greeting was constant. It must have been delightful in certain respects. She sent home one odd letter as a specimen of hundreds of similar ones which came to my father from admirers. Yet very soon individuals make a crowd, and the person who attracts their attention is more nearly suffocated than the rest quite realize. His attempts at self-preservation are not more than half understood, and, if successful, are remembered with a dash of bitterness by the onlookers. But my parents were now and then glad to be onlookers themselves, as is shown by the following account:—

OLD TRAFFORD, MANCHESTER.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,—We are now in Old Trafford, close by the Palace of Art treasures, which we have come here expressly to see. There is no confusion, no noise, no rudeness of any kind, though there are thousands of the second-class people there every day. If you shut your eyes, you only hear the low thunder of *movement*. . . . Yesterday we were all there, and met—now whom do you think? Even *Tennyson*. He

is the most picturesque of men, very handsome and careless-looking, with a wide-awake hat, a black beard, round shoulders, and slouching gait; most romantic, poetic, and interesting. He was in the saloons of the ancient masters. Was not that rare luck for us? Is it not a wonder that we should meet? His voice is also deep and musical, his hair wild and stormy. He is clearly the "love of love and hate of hate," and "in a golden clime was born." He is the Morte d'Arthur, In Memoriam, and Maud. He is Mariana in the moated grange. He is the Lady Clara Vere de Vere and "rare, pale Margaret." There is a fine bust of him in the exhibition, and a beautiful one of Wordsworth. . . . Ary Scheffer's Magdalen, when Christ says, "Mary!" is the greatest picture of his I have ever seen. Ary Scheffer himself was at the exhibition the other day. . . .

Again Mr. Hawthorne, Una, and I were at the Palace all day. We went up into the gallery of engraving to listen to the music; and suddenly Una exclaimed, "Mamma! there is Tennyson!" He was sitting by the organ, listening to the orchestra. He had a child with him, a little boy, in whose emotions and impressions he evidently had great interest; and I presumed it was his son. I was soon convinced that I saw also his wife and another little son, — and all this proved true. It was charming to watch the group. Mrs. Tennyson had a sweet face, and the very sweetest smile I ever saw; and when she spoke to her husband or listened to him, her face showered a tender, happy rain of light. She was graceful, too, and gentle, but at the same time had a slightly peasant air. . . . The children were very pretty and picturesque, and Tennyson seemed to love them immensely. He devoted himself to them, and was absorbed in their interest. In him is a careless ease and a noble air which show him of the gentle blood he is. He is the most romantic-looking person. His complexion is *brun*,

and he looks in ill health and has a hollow line in his cheeks. . . . Allingham, another English poet, told Mr. Hawthorne that his wife was an admirable one for him, — wise, tender, and of perfect temper; and she looks all this; and there is a kind of adoration in her expression when she addresses him. If he is moody and ill, I am sure she must be a blessed solace to him. When he moved to go, we also moved, and followed him and his family faithfully. By this means we saw him stop at his own photograph, to show it to his wife and children; and then I heard them exclaim in sweet voices, "That is papa!" Passing a table where catalogues were sold, . . . his youngest son stopped with the maid to buy one, while Tennyson and his wife went on and downstairs. So then I seized the youngest darling with gold hair, and kissed him to my heart's content; and he smiled and seemed well pleased. And I was well pleased to have had in my arms Tennyson's child. After my raid I went on. . . .

Of this glimpse of the great poet fortunately accorded to our family my father writes in the Note-Books: "Gazing at him with all my eyes, I liked him very well, and rejoiced more in him than in all the other wonders of the exhibition." Again my mother refers to the interesting experience: —

MY DEAR ELIZABETH, — My last letter I had not time to even double up myself, as Mr. Hawthorne was booted and spurred for Liverpool before I was aware, and everything was huddled up in a hasty manner. It was something about Tennyson's family that I was saying. I wanted you to know how happy and loving they all seemed together. As Tennyson is in very ill health, very shy and moody, I had sometimes thought his wife might look worn and sad. I was delighted, therefore, to see her serene and sweet face. I cannot say, however, that

there was no solicitude in it; but it was a solicitude entirely penetrated with satisfied tenderness. . . .

I did not reply to your last long letter to me about slavery. . . . There is not a single person whom I know or ever talked with who advocates slavery. Your letters to me would be far more appropriate to a slaveholder. . . . I do not see how they apply to me at all. . . .

I retain this closing paragraph because there has been the customary misinterpretation of calm justice in the case of my father's moderation during the wild ardor of abolition. My mother often writes in eloquent exposition of her husband's and her own loyalty to the highest views in regard to the relations of all members of the human family; but she never convinced the hot fidelity of the correspondents of her own household.

Here are some glimpses of the happy life that surrounded my father in 1854:

July 18, DOUGLAS, MONA.

MY DEAR FATHER, — I little dreamed that I should next address you from the Isle of Man! Yet here we all are, with one grievous exception, to be sure; for Mr. Hawthorne, after fetching us one day, and staying the two next, went away to the tiresome old Consulate, so conscientious and devoted is he; for his clerk assured him he might stay a little. Yet I know that there are reasons of state why he should not; and therefore, though I am nothing less than infinitely desolate without him, and hate to look at anything new unless he is looking too, I cannot complain. But is it not wonderful that I am here in this remote and interesting and storied spot? — the last retreat of the little people called fairies, the lurking-place of giants and enchanters. . . . At Stonehenge we found a few rude stones for a temple. I could not gather into a small enough focus the wide glances of Julian's great brown, searching eyes to make him see even what

there was; and when finally he comprehended that the circle of stones once marked out a temple, and that the Druids really once stood there, he curled his lip, scornfully exclaiming, "Is that all?" and bounded off to pluck flowers. I think that, having heard of Stonehenge and a Druid temple which was built of stones so large that it was considered almost miraculous that they were moved to their places, he expected to see a temple touching the sky, perhaps. . . . Mr. Hawthorne came back the next Friday, much to our joy, and on Saturday afternoon we walked to the Nunnery with him, which was founded by St. Bridget. A few ruins remain, overgrown with old ivy vines of such enormous size that I think they probably hold the walls together. . . . Julian and Una were enchanted with the clear stream, and Julian was wild for turtles; but there are no reptiles in the Isle of Man. . . . I kept thinking, "And *this* is the rugged, bare, rocky isle which I dreaded to come to, — this soft, rich, verdant paradise!" It really seems as if the giants had thrown aloft the bold, precipitous rocks and headlands round the edge of the island, to guard the sylvan solitudes for the fairies, whose stronghold was the Isle of Man. I should not have been surprised at any time to have seen those small people peeping out of the wild foxgloves, which are their favorite hiding-places. So poetical is the air of these regions that mermaids, fairies, and giants seem quite natural to it. In the morning of the day we went to the Nunnery, Mr. Hawthorne took Julian and went to the Douglas market, which is held in the open air. . . . My husband said that living manners were so interesting and valuable that he would not miss the scene for even Peel Castle. One day, when Una and I went to shop in Douglas, we saw in the market square a second-hand bookstall. I had been trying in vain to get Peveril of the Peak at the library and bookstores, and hoped this person

might have it. So I looked over his books, and what do you think I saw? A well-read and soiled copy of the handsome English edition of Mr. Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*! Yes, even in *Mona*. We have heard of some families in England who keep in use two copies of *The Scarlet Letter*; but I never dreamed of finding either of these books *here*.

Sunday was the perfectest day in our remembrance. In the morning Mr. Hawthorne walked to Kirk Braddon, and the afternoon we spent on Douglas Head. It is quite impossible to put into words that afternoon. Such softness and splendor and freshness combined in the air; such a clearest sunshine; such a deep blue sea and cloudless blue heaven; such fragrance and such repose. We looked from our great height upon all the beauty and grandeur, and in Mr. Hawthorne's face was a reflection of the incredible loveliness and majesty of the scene. Una was a lily, and Julian a magnolia. I think that for once, at least, Mr. Hawthorne was satisfied with weather and circumstances. Towards sunset the mountains of Cumberland were visible, for the first time during our visit, on the horizon, which proved that even in England the air was clear that day. A pale purple outline of waving hills lay on the silvery sea, which, as it grew later, became opaline in hue. . . .

My mother gives, in a letter, a glimpse of the vicissitudes of the Consulate, — that precinct which I pictured as an ogre's lair, though the ogre was temporarily absent, while my father, like a prince bewitched, had been compelled by a rash vow to languish in the man-eater's place for a term of years: —

"In the evening Mr. Hawthorne told me that there were suddenly thrown upon his care two hundred soldiers who had been shipwrecked in the San Francisco, and that he must clothe and board them and send them home to the United States. They were picked up somewhere on the

sea and brought to Liverpool. Mr. Hawthorne has no official authority to take care of any but *sailors* in distress. He invited the lieutenant to come and stay here, and he must take care of them [the soldiers], even if the expense comes out of his own purse. I have seen since, in an American paper, a passage in which the writer undertakes to defend my husband from some dirty aspersions. It seems that some one had told the absolute falsehood that he had shirked all responsibility about the soldiers, and his defender stated the case just as it was, and that *Mr. Buchanan* declined having anything to do with the matter. The government *will* make the chartering of the steamer good to Mr. Hawthorne. . . . He has been very busily occupied at the Consulate this winter and spring, — so many shipwrecks and disasters, and vagabonds asking for money. He has already lost more than a hundred pounds by these impostors. But he is very careful indeed, and those persons who have proved dishonest were gentlemen in their own esteem, and it was difficult to suspect them. But he is well on his guard now; and he says the moment he sees a coat-tail he knows whether the man it belongs to is going to beg! His life in the Consulate is not charming. He has to pay a great penalty for the result of his toil. Not that he has any drudgery, but he is imprisoned and in harness. He will not let me take a pen in my hand when he is at home, because at any rate I see him so little."

Such paragraphs as the one I add, from a little letter of my sister's, often appear; but in this instance it was the glad exclamation of release, just before we removed to Italy: —

"Papa will be with us on Monday, free from the terrors of the old Consulate. Perhaps you can imagine what infinitely joyful news that is to us; and to him, too, as much, if not more so; for he has had all the work, and we have only suffered from his absence."

An interval of complete delight is thus described:—

RHYL, NORTH WALES.

MY DEAR FATHER, — Dr. Drysdale thought we needed another change of air, and so we came south this time. . . . The sun sinks just beside Great Orme's Head, after turning the sea into living gold, and the heights into heaps of amethyst. On the right is only sea, sea, sea. . . . I intended to go to the Queen's Hotel, and knew nothing about the manner of living in the lodging fashion. So we have to submit to German silver and the most ordinary table service. . . . Ever since our marriage we have always eaten off the finest French china, and had all things pretty and tasteful; because, you know, I would never have *second-best* services, considering my husband to be my most illustrious guest. But now! It is really laughable to think of the appointments of the table at which the Ambassador to Lisbon and the American Consul sat down last Saturday, when they honored me with their presence. And we did laugh, for it was of no consequence, — and the great bow-window of our parlor looked out upon the sea. We did not come here to see French china and pure silver forks and spoons, but to walk on the beach, bathe in the ocean, and drive to magnificent old castles, — and get rid of whooping-cough. I had the enterprise to take all the children and Mary, and come without Mr. Hawthorne; for he was in a great hurry to get me off, fearing the good weather would not last. He followed on Saturday with Mr. O'Sullivan, who arrived from Lisbon just an hour before they both started for Rhyll. . . . Julian's worship of nature and natural objects meets with satisfaction here. . . .

The following was also written from Rhyll:—

"While the carriage stopped I heard the rapturous warble of the skylark, and

finally discovered him, mounting higher still and higher, pressing upwards, and pouring out such rich, delicious music that I wanted to close my eyes and shut out the world, and listen to nothing but that. Not even Shelley's or Wordsworth's words can convey an adequate idea of this song. It seems as if its little throat were the outlet of all the joy that had been experienced on the earth since creation; and that with all its power it were besieging heaven with gratitude and love for the infinite bliss of life. *Life, joy, love.* The blessed, darling little bird, quivering, warbling, urging its way farther and farther; and finally swooning with excess of delight, and sinking back to earth! You see I am vainly trying to help you to an idea of it, but I cannot do it. I do not understand why the skylark should not rise from our meadows as well, and the nightingale sing to our roses."

Society and the sternness of life were, however, but a hair's-breadth away:—

"Monday evening Mr. Hawthorne went to Richmond Hill to meet Mr. Buchanan. The service was entirely silver, plates and all, and in a high state of sheen. The Queen's autograph letter was spoken of (which you will see in the Northern Times that goes with this); and as it happens to be very clumsily expressed, Mr. Hawthorne was much perplexed by Mr. Buchanan's asking him, before the whole company at dinner, 'what he thought of the Queen's letter.' Mr. Hawthorne replied that it showed very kind feeling. 'No,' persisted the wicked Ambassador; 'but what do you think of the *style*?' Mr. Hawthorne was equal to him, or rather, conquered him, however, for he said, 'The Queen has a perfect right to do what she pleases with her *own English*.' Mr. Hawthorne thought Miss Lane, Mr. Buchanan's niece, a very elegant person, and far superior to any English lady present. The next evening Mr. Hawthorne went to another dinner at Everton; so that on

Wednesday, when we again sat down together, I felt as if he had been gone a month. This second dinner was not remarkable in any way, except that when the ladies took leave they *all* went to him and requested to shake hands with him!

"No act of the British people in behalf of the soldiers has struck me as so noble and touching as that of the reformed criminals at an institution in London. They wished to contribute something to the Patriotic Fund. The only way they could do it was by *fasting*. So from Sunday night till Tuesday morning they ate nothing, and the money saved (three pounds and over) was sent to the Fund! Precious money is this."

There is an English region, stately, with a grand outline of sea and sand-hills, of hard-bosomed endless beach and vast sky, where my father stands forth very distinctly in my memory. This is Redcar, to which we fared on our return from Italy. When he went out, at fixed hours of the day, between the hours for writing, he walked over the long, long beach, very often, with my brother and myself; stopping now and then in his firm, regal tread to look at what nature could do in far-stretching color and beckoning horizon-line. Along the sand-hills, frolicking in the breeze or faithfully clinging in the strong wind to their native thimbleful of earth, hung the cerulean harebells, to which I ardently clambered, listening for their chimes. In the preface to *Monte Beni*, the compliment paid to Redcar is well hidden. My father speaks of reproducing the book (sketched out among the dreamy interests of Florence) "on the broad and dreary sands of Redcar, with the gray German Ocean tumbling in upon me, and the northern blast always howling in my ears." Nothing could have pleased him better as an atmosphere for his work; all that the atmosphere included he did not mean to admit, just then. And London was not so very far away.

On September 9, 1859, my mother says in her diary, "My husband gave me his manuscript to read." There are no other entries on that day or the next, except, "Reading manuscript." On the 11th she says, "Reading manuscript for the second time." The diary refers to reading the story on the next day, but on the two following days, in which she was to finish as much of the manuscript as was ready, there are wholly blank spaces. These mean more than words to me, who know so well how she never set aside daily rules, and how unbrokenly her little diaries flow on. In October, at Leamington, she mentions again "reading *Monte Beni*," and a few days later says, "I read the manuscript of *Monte Beni* again;" continuing for two days more. About a month later, on November 8, is recorded, in very large script, "My husband to-day *finished his book*, *The Romance of Monte Beni*."

I thought that the petty lodging in which we were established was an odd nook for my father to be in. I liked to get out with him upon the martial plain of sand and tremendous waves, where folly was not, by law of wind and light of Titan power, and where the most insignificant ornament was far from insignificant: the whorl of an exquisite shell, beautiful and still, as if just dead; or the seaweeds, that are so like pictures of other growths. I felt that this scene was a worthy one for the kind but never familiar man who walked and reflected there. We enjoyed a constant outdoor life. But in those uninspired hours when there was no father in sight, and my mother was resting in seclusion, I played at grocer's shop on the sands with a little girl called Hannah, whom I then despised for her name, her homely neat clothes, her sweetness and silence, and in retrospect learned to love. As we pounded brick, secured sugary-looking sands of different tints, and heaped up minute pebbles, a darkly clad, tastefully picturesque form would approach, — a

form to which I bowed down in spirit as, fortunately for me, my father. He would look askance at my utterly useless, time-frittering amusement, which I already knew was withering my brain and soul. In his tacit reproach my small

intellect delighted, and loftier thoughts than those of the counter would refresh me for the rest of the day; and I thankfully returned to the heights and lengths of wide nature, full of color and roaring waves.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

WORN is the winter rug of white,
And in the snow-bare spots once more
Glimpses of faint green grass in sight,—
Spring's footprints on the floor.

Upon the sombre forest gates
A crimson flush the mornings catch,
The token of the Spring who waits
With finger on the latch.

Blow, bugles of the south, and win
The warders from their dreams too long,
And bid them let the new guest in
With her glad hosts of song.

She shall make bright the dismal ways
With broideries of bud and bloom,
With music fill the nights and days
And end the garden's gloom.

Her face is lovely with the sun;
Her voice—ah, listen to it now!
The silence of the year is done:
The bird is on the bough!

Spring here,—by what magician's touch?
'T was winter scarce an hour ago.
And yet I should have guessed as much,—
Those footprints in the snow!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE PRESIDENCY AND SECRETARY MORTON.

THE field of the greatest political activity in America the last twenty years has been the administration of cities, and the cardinal point in political thought has been the divorce of city government from politics. Here is an apparent contradiction which indicates the elasticity of the term "politics." Like "religion," which is made to do service for visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction and for increasing the number of orphans, "politics" in the mouth of one man may mean the conduct of the state in honesty and sobriety, in that of another a job at the city hall. The fact remains that attention is centred on the problems which confront us in the administration of cities, and the drift of political thought has been steadily in the direction of concentrating power and responsibility in the hands of the mayor. Mr. Shepard's article upon *The Mayor and the City*¹ clearly shows that the several great cities of the country, in attempting to solve the problem of administration, have diminished the legislative and strengthened the executive function. And behind all the contrivances of organization stands always the need of a man in whom the city may have confidence. It may be said with almost equal certainty that the elevation of the mayoralty in power and responsibility is attracting toward the office a high type of citizenship.

It does not follow that this application of political principle extends to the offices of governor and President. One of the most important discriminations is that which holds the city to be a corporation, the State an organism; and though the functions of the mayor and of the governor are sometimes nearly identical, it is very clear that the qualifications for the one office are not necessarily the same

¹ *The Atlantic* for July, 1894.

as those for the other. To put it broadly, a man with a first-rate business training may make a most efficient mayor; he might make an incompetent governor. Nevertheless, those qualities which make a man a good administrator in the government of a great city do constitute an admirable reason for supposing he would make a good governor; and we have had in recent political history more than one capital illustration of the natural progress of a political career along these lines. Governors Greenhalge and Russell of Massachusetts are instances of men who have been tested in municipal office, and have owed their governorship largely to their success in city government. President Cleveland is an instance of a public man who has passed by successive steps of administrative office from the lowest to the highest, without entering the legislative service at all. It is not unreasonable to suppose that in the specialization which is all the while going on a sharper distinction will take place in public life, and those men who have aptitude and training in legislative or judicial practice will less frequently pass over into the domain of executive work, while the men clearly gifted with powers of administration will find their training in offices which bring those powers into exercise. The probability of such a general law is increased when it is considered how the operations of a political organism like our own, where the several functions of legislative, judicial, and executive authority are defined not only in the written law, but by an increasing body of precedents, tend toward a discrimination and a jealousy of encroachment one on the other.

Meanwhile, the scope of the executive function is steadily enlarging, not by the assumption of powers belonging to the other departments of government, but

by the natural enlargement of the field of normal activity. A familiar illustration of this may be found in the extension of the Cabinet of the President. Theoretically, the Cabinet is the division of the presidential function; and whereas at first it consisted of four officers, it now consists of eight. The Postmaster-General was not, at the beginning of the government, a member of the Cabinet. The Department of the Navy was a bureau of the War Department. The Department of the Interior was not created till 1849, and the Department of Agriculture, the latest of all, was erected in 1889. This process of subdivision is still going on. The Department of the Interior, especially, has several very active bureaus, and when we take into account the several commissions, as well as the Department of Labor, and consider how frequently, of late, there has been a demand for a Department of Transportation into which the Interstate Commerce Commission shall pass, it is evident that the central administration at Washington is assuming a greater significance with each decade.

Now, all these departments, with their increase of organization, are amplifications of the presidential office, and with the extension of the merit system in the civil service there is a tendency toward stability and the routine order of business. Moreover, with the release of the Cabinet officers from the vexatious task of paying political debts incurred by the party, there will be a more constant application of energy in administrative work, a larger field for the public man of ability, and, it may be added, a greater freedom for the exercise of the higher political functions. In a word, the expansion of the President's office gives greater opportunity for statesmanship, and there are many signs that in the future the President's Cabinet will have larger importance and dignity. A significant step was taken after the death of Vice-President Hendricks in 1885, when the

presidential succession bill was passed, providing for the advancement to the presidency, in case of the death of the incumbent of that office and of the vice-presidency, of members of the Cabinet in a designated order.

The influence of the several members in public policy is undoubtedly dependent in some degree upon the temperament and disposition of the President himself. His specific action is not legally controlled by the council which he calls about him, and there have been instances in our recent history where the Cabinet has not been influential with the President. Nevertheless, besides that each member has very large control in his own department, the tendency is toward the greater weight of the Cabinet. The increase of power and responsibility in the separate offices calls for abler men, and nine men cannot confer on public questions month in and month out without attaining a certain community of judgment. Discord, under these conditions, is more likely to be followed by rupture than by subjection.

We have dwelt at some length on these considerations, because, aside from the intrigues of political managers, there is a natural association of ideas between the office of a Cabinet secretary and the presidency. Supposing the President himself not a candidate for reelection, there is no unreasonableness in looking to his closest political and administrative associates for the man to be his successor, if his party is in the ascendancy. Such a man will have had the experience which comes from having had an active part in the exercise of presidential functions and from having been in the administrative council. Whatever other training he may have had or may have missed, this will have been significant. Moreover, his position will have tested somewhat his capacity for filling the more comprehensive rôle of the President, and his conduct in office will have disclosed, with more or less publicity, the

stuff of which he is made. To be sure, there are degrees of conspicuousness in the Cabinet. Mr. Olney, for instance, who has been successively Attorney-General and Secretary of State, and had no prominence as a public man before entering the Cabinet, would seem to demand an inquiry, if we are looking for a successor to the President in his own political family; or Mr. Carlisle, who has been long in public life, and whose office is most closely connected with concerns of national welfare. But we pass these by, and select for our consideration the member of the Cabinet whose department was the latest to be created, and who, though well known in his own State of Nebraska, may be said to have entered upon the arena of national politics when Mr. Cleveland sent his name to the Senate as Secretary of Agriculture. A good many Congressmen asked then, Who is Julius Sterling Morton? and his personal history is not now so generally known as to make a brief recital of it here superfluous.

He was born in Jefferson County, New York, in 1832, of parents English on one side, Scotch on the other. He was educated at Union College and the University of Michigan, was married soon after graduation, and started in the fall of 1854 for the newly organized Territory of Nebraska. Omaha was then the outpost of civilization, and the young couple went about fifty miles to the south, and chose for their homestead a site on the second lift or the intervale of the Missouri, two or three miles from what is now Nebraska City. They built their log cabin in pioneer fashion, and the spot has ever since been Mr. Morton's home. His wife died twenty years after their first coming. Four sons have grown to manhood, and are now heads of families. Ostensibly a farmer and stock-raiser, the young college graduate had a leaning toward journalism and public life. He at once took a lively interest in territorial affairs, and became a member of the

territorial legislature. Before going to Nebraska he had lived a short time in Detroit, and there became a protégé of General Cass. It was through Cass's influence that President Buchanan appointed Mr. Morton secretary of the Territory in 1858, an office which he held until 1861; and during a portion of that period, from September, 1858, till May, 1859, he was acting governor. In 1860 he was a candidate for Congress, and received a certificate of election from the governor; but in the fast-and-loose game of that period his opponent contrived to secure another certificate, and, reaching Washington before him, presented his certificate and took his seat. Mr. Morton, as contestant for a seat in a House which was overwhelmingly Republican, had small chance of success, and returned from Washington to Nebraska, made up his case, and awaited the result. He was unsuccessful, and this was the beginning of a series of defeats. He was the candidate of the Democratic party for governor in 1866 under the first state constitution, and was defeated. He ran for Congress the same fall, and was defeated again. In the long contest over the question of statehood, he was persistently opposed to the erection of the Territory into a State under the conditions then existing. Since 1866 he has been three times the candidate of his party for the governorship, and has been the standing candidate for a seat in the Senate; but during his entire political career the State has been steadfastly Republican, and it was not until 1893 that he came into power as a member of President Cleveland's Cabinet.

Meanwhile, his political activity found constant expression in writing and speaking. He started the *Nebraska City News* in 1855, and edited it for many years. Having formed a connection with Mr. Wilbur F. Storey, editor of the *Detroit Free Press*, when Mr. Morton lived in Detroit, he became a contributor to the *Chicago Times* when Mr. Storey as-

sumed control of that paper, and held a semi-editorial position on it. His writings, at first somewhat turgid, though charged with a rude wit and humor, became more direct as he developed in intellectual force, but have always suffered from a tendency to diffuseness. The subject to which he has given his most earnest thought has undoubtedly been political economy. He is a straight and unconditional free-trader of the school of Cobden, but he can scarcely be regarded as a mere doctrinaire; the temper of his mind and a strong practical sense forbid this.

Indeed, his entire course of public life, with a single exception, has been characterized by an uncommon independence of merely popular and superficial movements in their crude efforts after results at the expense of sound economic laws. In a paper on some unpublished letters of Thomas Jefferson, in the *Transactions of the Nebraska Historical Society*, of which Mr. Morton has been president for many years, he gives his ideal of the public servant in these words: "We need men of mental and moral courage, who shall study what they can do for rather than what they shall get from the commonwealth. Public affairs call persistently for public men who shall have fixed economic views, for which they are willing to forego offices, in behalf of which they are ever ready, with reason and fortitude, to face popular clamor, and if need be meet popular defeat. Men who esteem it more honorable to adhere to principle and meet disaster than it is to trim, to pander to popular vagaries and compass victory by deceit, will at last be honored in history." Mr. Morton applied this characterization to Jefferson, but he was thinking under his breath of himself, and he had justification for such thought.

It was not long after his settlement in Nebraska that the Territory was attacked by one of those fevers of speculation which leave the unhappy sufferer

an easy prey to financial quack medicine. Mr. Morton was a member of the Assembly, and at once took a position hostile to wild-cat banks and fiat money. He was made chairman of a special committee to which was referred a bill incorporating these banks, and brought in a minority report, which was evidently very heartily condemned by the majority, as it was denied a place in the house journal, though it appeared in the newspapers at the time. A period of artificial prosperity followed the establishment of the banks and the neglect of industry, and this prosperity was inevitably succeeded by disastrous hard times. The young apostle of sound finance to a reluctant community made a speech at the first Nebraska Territorial Agricultural Fair, September 21, 1859, in which, among other capital things, he delivered himself of this plain truth: "The scheme for obtaining wealth without labor, prosperity without industry, and growing into a community of opulence and ease without effort has been a complete failure. . . . If there are fortunes to be made in Nebraska, they are to be acquired by frugality and persevering exertion alone. The soil is to be tilled and taxed for the support of the dwellers thereon; and out of it, and it alone, is all true and substantial independence to be derived."

That was in 1859, and from that time to this, save once when, like other men, he fell under the fascinating influence of Pendleton and gave his adhesion for a brief period to the greenback heresy, he has never flinched from the maintenance of sound financial belief, and that in the midst of a perverse and untoward generation. In Nebraska, in 1892, he almost alone in the Democratic party resisted the efforts of the free coinage element to stampede the party into the fold of Populism. How courageous he could be in the support of an unpopular position appears from this incident. Early in January, 1893, just as the new legislature of Nebraska was assembling, and

upon the eve of the election of a United States Senator, there were suggestions made that a coalition should be formed between the Democrats and the Populists with a view to electing Morton. A considerable crowd had gathered in the rotunda of the principal hotel at Lincoln, where this talk was going on. Suddenly Mr. Morton stepped out of the crowd, and, ascending two or three steps of the main stairway, spoke substantially as follows:—

“It has come to my knowledge that there is some discussion as to the possibility of my election as Senator by the vote of a combination of Democrats and Populists; and as to this it seems to me proper that I should now say openly, as I do positively, that under no conditions will I accept an election to the office of Senator by the vote of the Populist party so long as it adheres to its vicious financial vagaries.” And yet the dream of this man all his days had been to be Senator.

Upon other public questions in which his own State was more definitely involved Mr. Morton has not gone with the crowd. That he should have been in the employ of the Burlington railway as a pamphleteer, during the popular attack on railways which found expression in the Potter laws, does not intimate that he sold his principles, but that he was a paid advocate on the side which he believed to be in the right. From the time of his speech at the Agricultural Fair, already cited, he has been a consistent supporter of the policy of state development through the improvement of its natural resources. Upon his own farm he has made costly experiments, for the purpose of introducing improved breeds of horses, cattle, and swine into the country. One of the sayings quoted from him and current among the farmers is, “A well-bred sow is to the farmer an inconvertible bond, her porkers the annual coupons,” and by pen and voice he has untiringly aimed

to promote the agricultural interests of his State. The most notable single exploit, and the one of which he never wearies in the telling, is the suggestion of Arbor Day in the schools, and the pursuit of this idea, with the result that the movement has extended to every State in the Union with the possible exception of three. At least a billion forest trees and many thousand fruit trees and vines in Nebraska may be said to have started from the seed which he planted and nourished in the public mind, and what was a treeless waste is dotted with vigorous forest growth.

It was unquestionably this devotion to agriculture and forestry, coupled with his unflinching support of Democratic doctrines and his reputation as a man of character and ability, which led Mr. Cleveland to call Mr. Morton to the head of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, in spite of the fact that Mr. Morton had from the beginning of Mr. Cleveland's presidential career been a bitter and unrelenting enemy of the President; for Mr. Morton, with all his heartiness, can be a vehement hater, and the attitude which Mr. Cleveland at the outset took toward the West could readily excite the animosity of a man whose temperament is not unlike Mr. Cleveland's in respect to positiveness. His career at Washington has been marked by two notable stands which he has taken. They are notable as illustrating the courage and the open-mindedness of the man. The first relates to the economical management of his department. Out of \$5,102,500 appropriated for his branch of the government since July 1, 1893, he had saved and turned back into the treasury, down to July 1, 1895, \$1,126,000, or over 20 per cent; and this had been done while the department had developed greatly, and the work of all its bureaus had been expanded and improved. There was expended in 1895 for purely scientific work 52 per cent of the total amount paid out as against 45

per cent paid out for the same class of work by his predecessor in 1893. The saving has been due to the reduction of the cost of carrying on the department, and especially to the stoppage of waste. Believing that the promiscuous free distribution of seeds by Congressmen was only a stupid abuse of a law originally passed to provide a new country with "rare, uncommon, and valuable" plants for cultivation, — the words of the statute, — Mr. Morton early set about its abolition. It was very characteristic of the man that, after appealing in vain to Congress to drop a wasteful appropriation, he went to work to execute the statute, providing for the distribution with a thoroughness and vigor that had never been equaled. For two years he scoured the known world, through special and consular agents, for rare and uncommon seeds, plants, etc., and purchased everything that seemed to be of the slightest use to this country. He supplied to Congressmen, it is said, ten million more packages of seed than they had ever received before. Of course the great bulk of them were of no use to our people, but the secretary accomplished his purpose. After advertising in all known markets, and buying and distributing in two years all the rare and uncommon seed left in the world, he stopped the business, and notified Congress there would be no more seed. No seed under the terms of the statute being found, no seed could be bought. So rural Congressmen must go seedless back to their constituents, or buy their electioneering grains and tubers themselves.

The other illustration of character drawn from the secretary's official life is in his attitude toward civil service reform. He began with a disbelief in it; he has come to be one of its most sturdy supporters. During his administration of the Department of Agriculture, only six out of its twenty-four chiefs of bureaus and divisions have been changed by

death, resignation, or removal. Secretary Morton filled five of these places by promoting skilled and experienced men in this department. The only question with him has been, Where can the best qualified men be found? and other things being nearly equal, he has given the preference to the men already in the service. At the head of the three new divisions established by him, he has appointed in similar manner three experts who were connected with the department under previous administrations. The same wise and benignant rule has been followed in filling all minor positions. The statistical and animal industry bureaus, which have been heretofore almost entirely given over to the spoilsmen, have been completely reorganized and brought under the civil service. As a result of his steady work for this cause, the whole department is now subject to civil service rules, except two positions filled by presidential appointment, and the four clerks of the secretary and assistant secretary.

Such, in brief, is the public record of Secretary Morton, nearly forty years in the opposition in Nebraska, with slight experience in political administration, for three years a member of the President's official household in Washington, and an administrator of public business. It is not surprising that he has acquired the habit of mind of one always in the opposition, which for a man of courage readily takes the form of recklessness of speech. He has worked out the greater problems in a somewhat theoretical fashion, so that his convictions are not always based upon large information and experience; and once possessed of a conviction, he is undeterred by possible consequences from delivering it with an uncompromising earnestness. Uncalled upon during a long career to put his political principles into practice, he has had small need to adjust them to existing conditions; but when he has been required to act, his practical sense has been forti-

fied by his speculative studies. With an active and alert mind, he has been open to new influences, and would not unlikely, if placed in a position of great responsibility, reason and act too quickly; but his frankness and open-mindedness would not make him an easy follower where principles which he had reached in his studies were assailable. No amount of pressure would move him. His strong, well-set physique impresses one who meets him with an agreeable sense of the man's vitality and vigor. His hospitable nature is evident at once, and he makes friends quickly. Indeed, there is an outflow of sentiment and cordiality which may produce a little uneasiness in

the mind of a cautious observer, and such an one would not be surprised to learn that this genial host could nurse with a vindictive energy a hatred which he had conceived of this or that man. The astute politician who wishes to shape Mr. Morton to his own ends will encounter a difficulty in the honesty and shrewdness of the man. Mr. Morton himself is not an astute politician, and he never will manage conventions or intrigue for power. He is not built on those lines, and he will not be wanted by the Democratic party. Nevertheless, he has in him the sort of stuff out of which better Presidents than presidential candidates are made.

NEW FIGURES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

IV. E. A. MACDOWELL.

"Honor the old, but bring a warm heart to the new." — ROBERT SCHUMANN.

SAVE in one blessed age of the world, never to come again, the great artist, in whatever line, has nearly always had a hard time in getting recognized at his true worth, and the composer of music has had a harder time than any of his brothers. This may be partially attributable to the nature of his art materials, which can never be counted upon as fixed. How few, in listening to music, realize that the tonal system underlying the harmony of to-day had barely been established two hundred years ago! The gamut, which is so familiar to us that we feel it must be coeval with musical man, and which we hold to be the true and only scale, is one among many scales existent and in actual use, and is, moreover, theoretically, by no means the most perfect of them all. The present diatonic series, major and minor, is retained because it suits the present ideal of musical

design in the so-called civilized countries, and is adapted to the instruments now in use in those countries. Should entirely new instruments be invented, so constructed as to make available certain tones of which our ears are now unconscious; should radically different notions of design arise and prevail, it is quite conceivable that a new scale might be required, resulting in altered harmonic relations, and consequently in a totally changed style of composition, to which the ears of coming generations would have to grow accustomed as those of the past have grown accustomed to each fresh development in the musical art.

A second and even more important reason why the composer makes slower way than other art workers towards a just and general recognition is that his conceptions need follow no models of anything in the visible, audible, palpable creation, but may be evolved *ad libitum* out of his own consciousness, and may

represent, for all that anybody knows, non-entities. Far more than the poet — his nearest of kin through the common bond of neglect or abuse — has the composer opportunities for uttering hidden things unintelligibly; for he prophesies in an esoteric tongue, and he may employ it in a way that shall puzzle the elect.

In all other arts the classics are the old; in music the true classics are the newest. The last word on sculpture was spoken two millenniums ago; the best poetry of those early times has caused perennial despair to poets ever since; as for painting, though late in attaining an equal degree of excellence with its sister arts,¹ it is doubtful whether pigments and canvas will in any future age speak a loftier message to man than they have already spoken.

But in music the last word can never be spoken. The latest of the fine arts to reach a highly artistic state of development, it promises to go on developing forever. Its forms are protean; its rules are temporary bridges over temporary floods, the rushing torrents of taste and custom. These bridges the real genius — who is neither radical nor conservative — makes use of when he can; but he reserves the privilege of ignoring them, and often boldly fords the flood or leaps over it. The changes that may be rung upon musical sounds, as regards their relative pitch, duration, accent, or combination, are not to be reckoned; their name is Infinitude, while the subject matter of which they are the symbols embraces all entities in the universe, uttering the unutterable, voicing the soul of man's soul.

Thus it will be readily seen why the great composer *par excellence* must always be far in advance of his age, since he not only undertakes to express more than has ever before been expressed in music, but at the same time has to edu-

cate his listeners to comprehend and accept his very methods, — methods wholly strange and of his own devising, wherein, it may be, he breaks without compunction every law of his art which they have been taught to regard as inviolable.

In view, then, of the strong tendency and wide opportunity of the composer toward discarding usage and convention, it is almost too much to hope for, that contemporary appraisal should ever do him entire justice. In such a case sympathy can perhaps reach down deeper and draw out more than scientific knowledge could do. For, after all, music is a means, not an end; its whole history is a reproof to those who would treat it chiefly as a thing of forms and technicalities; it breathes its living spirit into the souls of multitudes who know not theories. The composer has a message to deliver, and they to whom the message speaks clearly enough need have little concern with the terms in which it is delivered.

Let no one who may be unacquainted with the works of Edward MacDowell judge from these preliminaries that this young master in music is a scorner of all forms and standards that have come down out of the great past. He reverences these for what they are worth, whether intrinsically or as helps in building up his own art structures. But he is too potently individual to be made the slave of any system, too full of strong, original invention to revere rules for their own sake. Whatever will best express his thought, of that will he avail himself. It is the "thing-in-itself" he is pursuing; modes and methods are to him but modes and methods. He has been accused of "posing as original," — a senseless criticism, and not worthy of notice save that it points to the undoubted unconventionality of his ideas, which could seem hardly more novel to an unaccustomed ear if the scores had fallen out of Jupiter. To take them in, it is necessary that one should cultivate a quite new tonal sense and divest him-

¹ I omit mention of architecture, because as a primarily useful art its standard of perfection is relative.

self of many preconceived notions. We must be ourselves modern to the extremest extent of that term, if we would apprehend the message of this essentially modern composer.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to define anything concisely, especially

"To clothe a complex thing with a single word;"

but if I were asked to express in a line what is the main essential that makes for modernity in music, I should answer, the effective management of discords, whose æsthetic and expressive value began to be appreciated at a comparatively recent date.

Mr. MacDowell is well aware of the vast scope they offer both for pure sound-effects and for the utterance of all feelings and thought-suggestions, while his strong melodical instinct and what Richter would call his *Stimmführung* — referring to the invention and harmonious balancing of contrapuntal parts — give to his passages of greatest daring a positive delightfulness. The most emotional of musical artists, he is likewise the most intellectual, and makes himself felt as such in his slighter productions. Of his best compositions it might be said that the concentrated richness of these works makes them confusing to the popular ear, and in some cases, too, to the educated ear, until the latter has grown used to the composer's peculiarly subtle ways of stating his poetic views. His modulations have a meaning in themselves. His sequences accomplish more than leading us to something: they convey thought; they are logical sequences of musical sentiment. He gives us common scales run in unison, yet so set as to be of tragic import; listening to them, we believe we have never heard these scales before. With him tremolo and trill are not sheer noise or useless ornament, "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal," but thrill and quiver with the heart of the composition which they embellish. As a readily comprehended instance of Mr. Mac-

Dowell's aversion to "blank spaces," compare the revised with the early edition of the *Intermezzo*, First Suite. It may be likewise noted in any of his oft-repeated subordinate figures. They are more than simple accompaniment; they possess a distinct dramatic value, supplying the required atmosphere of serenity, sportiveness, pathos, or passion.

Let me illustrate this by the *Prélude* of the First Suite. Here a theme of great power and stateliness is carried by the left hand, and accompanied by arpeggios in figures, or groups, of six and five notes. The theme is in one voice, and has no coloring save that added by the ever-flowing, kaleidoscopic design of the treble. Nothing could be farther from the inane or the ordinary than this right-hand part. It is as essentially characteristic as the strong, weird melody to which it serves not only for a background, but for a varied harmonic support, directly enhancing the latter's significance by being nearly equivalent to a counter-theme.

The mention of this *Prélude* brings me to a consideration of that which distinguishes the most important piano works of MacDowell, namely, their marked orchestral character. This is more or less true of the two Suites; it is especially so of their opening movements. But though we find throughout both of them a comprehensive treatment of singularly noble themes, they are thin in comparison with the two sonatas. The designs of these are cast in symphonic moulds; their subjects are treated in large epic fashion, and the impression they give of volume and of wide tone-spaces, usually associated only with great masses of instruments, is at first startling. They are, in fact, nothing less than symphonies brought within the scope of a pianoforte keyboard.

Some may wonder why a man who has so complete an understanding and mastery of orchestral resources as MacDowell, and who, moreover, is overflowing with great ideas, should deliberately

choose to give many of those ideas no wider field to display themselves in than the limitations afforded by a single soulless instrument. But the bringing out of an orchestral work is not a simple matter. Manifold are the conditions that must converge and unite before an ideal presentation is possible; ideal from the composer's standpoint, — something quite important, and not always taken into account. Mr. MacDowell, being a piano virtuoso as well as a composer, naturally writes much for an instrument on which he can interpret his own music directly to the public without the intervention of another personality. Hence, that which enters his mind as a symphony suffers a change, and comes forth from the workshop a sonata.

There is an opinion frequently met with in certain quarters, a reference to which may not be out of place here. According to this opinion, the sonata form, is consigned to a hopeless antiquity. In a recent article upon Hadow's *Studies in Modern Music*,¹ the critic accuses Mr. Hadow of "weakness" in that "he accepts the sonata as the perfection of musical form." Yet Dr. Ernst Pauer, who should be an authority, says, "The sonata is by far the most important form, and may be considered the mainstay of modern music;" going on to show how the principles of its construction are the same as those that underlie the symphony, trio, quartette, overture, and even some of the lesser instrumental forms.

The writer in *The Nation* quotes Dr. Hubert Parry as saying, in *Art of Music*, that "the aspect of pianoforte music in general seems to indicate that composers are agreed that the day for writing sonatas is past;" though Dr. Parry himself elsewhere freely admits that the form "is most elastic and satisfying in practice," — an expression which would hardly seem applicable to a totally outworn model. This model served Schubert's purposes right well, also Chopin's,

¹ In *The Nation*, April 18, 1895.

notwithstanding that Mr. Hadow's critic states it as a "fact" that "all the great composers since Beethoven have turned their backs upon it." No one, I think, would assert that either Schubert or Chopin succeeded in making as much of the sonata as did Beethoven,

"in whose hands

The Thing became a trumpet;"

yet Schubert, at least, embodied some of his greatest thoughts very effectively in this "obsolete" form. Our writer furthermore remarks that "if all the critics in the world stood up for the sonata, it could not be saved." Perhaps not. But very possibly a great composer can save it. It is idle to insist that any form is obsolete so long as genius can express itself therein.

Not only does Mr. MacDowell, by his practice, refuse to consider the sonata as archaic, but, speaking with the unaffected note of authority, he says,² "Sonata form is a necessary thing;" adding, however, "But if the composer's ideas do not imperatively demand treatment in that form (that is, if his first theme is not actually dependent upon his second and side themes for its poetic fulfillment), he has not composed a sonata movement, but a potpourri, which the form only aggravates." And further on he writes, "Any collection of themes which has musical coherence embodies a form worthy of respect."

Had Mr. MacDowell invented the particular form in question, it could not fit his ideas more spontaneously and perfectly than it does in the *Sonata Tragica*. His selection of it forcibly illustrates his catholic attitude towards the past, as well as his independence of criticism and his immunity from fear of that bugaboo consistency. Great romanticist that he is, he finds room within the sternest of classic moulds for the free play of his freest imaginations. For there is nothing archaic nor even old-fashioned in his use of this ancient type. It is un-

² In *The Musical Herald*, January, 1892.

doubtedly better suited to the dignified treatment of a great subject than any purely modern form could be. Giving little scope for sensationalism, it is the natural exponent of "the grand style" applied to the pianoforte. In choosing it as the setting of his Tragedy in Tones, Mr. MacDowell has shown himself to be a genuine artist; he has also revealed, to an extent undreamed of before, the capacity of the piano for conveying the richest and broadest symphonic effects.

This extraordinary composition, while sufficiently formal to satisfy the worshippers of "schools," is so spontaneous as to make one forget all about schools and the fetters they have forged for submissive geniuses. In its themes and their treatment there is a breadth of tragic passion which gives to the whole that universal character demanded by true dramatic art; it is as old as — nay, older than — Æschylus; it is as new as Ibsen, and, let me add, much more healthful. The Sonata Tragica strikes at the start the highest key of sorrow; it carries us by the insistent force of its first subject straight into the thick of the eternal conflict between man and his environment. After a *scherzo* suggesting the wild, overstrained efforts of breaking hearts to simulate gleefulness, its slow third movement opens black with the blackness of an immemorial woe. Pathos, femininely tender, rises almost to the height of her brother Tragedy; but the closing *allegro* — the most elaborate movement of the sonata — clashes forth an energetic protest against despair; and the *coda* (*maestoso*), containing a quiet, chastened, comforting recollection of the tragic introduction, is the apotheosis of a noble grief which finds its rightful end in "Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory."

We listen in vain for the distinctly personal note; it may be sounding, but it is inaudible to our ears. These plaints are general; they voice the world's woe, not the individual's. No single human soul — not even King Lear — ever bore

such a burden. Only some mighty, typical character, standing for all mankind, ought artistically to be made to bear it. If Mr. MacDowell had named his sonata Prometheus, no one could charge him with failing to bring his work up to the level of his subject, nor would the demon of "programme music" itself experience much difficulty in searching therein after the exposition of a god's vengeance, a Titan's "dread endurance," the final triumph of the Earth-born, and of Love, who at last

"folds over the earth its healing wings."

There is in MacDowell an enchanting, extra-mundane quality which reminds of Shelley. The poet in tones, like the poet in words, breathes as his native air the atmosphere of a strange, high, thrice-clarified, rainbow-illuminated realm, where images, not of terror, but of stupendous beauty dwell, images that the programme fiend cannot fasten upon, because they are less images than suggestions, — suggestions of moods intellectual rather than sensuous, spiritual rather than intellectual. And the diction of our poet in tones (if I may speak of diction in reference to music) has at times, in common with that of his brother in verse, a splendor entirely foreign to our sphere, reflected as it were from the calm empyreal domain whence themes and inspiration are alike drawn. It is this splendid style which, notwithstanding the abstruseness of his themes, enables him to carry his listeners upwards with him; and if they cannot at first, without gasping, inhale the hypertenuous air, yet they come down to earth invigorated, and longing for another temporary translation.

That Mr. MacDowell can also deal cleverly and gracefully with the commoner themes his many lesser pieces plainly show. Yet, while never quite touching the level of the commonplace, it cannot be denied that he sometimes inclines to be dry, with a dryness arising certainly not from paucity of ideas,

but very possibly from too much self-restraint, as if he had sworn to strangle at their birth the chiefest faults of youth, — bombast, turgidity, over-elaboration; a good resolve, especially since, thanks to his inherent emotionalism, he is not in the least danger of injuring those virtues which are their nearest of kin. He has also occasionally fallen short of the best results by requiring of the piano what it is unable to do. In his sonatas, as I have already indicated, he has with amazing skill contrived to simulate the ear-filling, cumulative effect of grand orchestra, using the entire keyboard in a way that makes the performer appear to be at least four-handed, and so selecting his harmonic materials as to bring forward most vividly those points in which a pianoforte can best compete with the unspeakable fusion of tones produced when all varieties of wood, wind, and stringed instruments are played together. In several of his smaller pieces, however, he has wrought designs which nothing except the gliding, sustaining, swelling capacities of horns or bowed strings can ever adequately render. He has, it is true, often written these little *morceaux* in the duet form, thus gaining in solidity of movement and weight of tone. Yet take, for example, the opening of *Der Schwan* (No. 4 in *Mondbilder*), where for sixteen bars the right-hand performer is given a slow, sustained solo upon the highest keys of the piano; no one save a virtuoso would be able to do more than faintly suggest its potential beauty of color and shading. One cannot play this little piece, which is as daintily conceived as its prototype, the work of that absolute artist Hans Christian Andersen, and not long to hear it clearly and softly blown through hautboys, clarinets, bassoons, with their reedy, out-of-doors voices, or carried along on the smooth flowingness of violins. It is the same, but to a lesser degree, with *Nachts am Meere*, and also — though it be flat heresy to say it — with that mi-

raculous bit of tone-poetry, *The Eagle* (solo), which belongs to a much later opus.

The loss in hearing these upon the piano, for which they were written, is akin to the loss experienced in reading a poem translated from one language to another. But orchestras, even small ones, are not at the command of ordinary human mortals, while the piano we have always with us. The utterances of the great, even in translation, are worth much, and the passing fancies of one whose deep, conscious thoughts carry weight are exceedingly precious. All said, the matter is hardly a serious one. These compositions are so lovely, in spite of the inadequacy of hammers and strings to bring out all their loveliness, that one feels hypercritical in making any strictures upon them. Furthermore, they are interesting as marking a period when Mr. MacDowell was very decidedly under the influence of what is commonly known as a "school," though it is more properly denominated a "spirit," — that spirit which in its extremest manifestation leads its followers to search after musical designs that shall definitely suggest material images or the course of actual occurrences. The *Symphonic Poems* for full orchestra, *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*, and *Lancelot* and *Elaine*, show the composer at the height of his ardor for inventing such designs. *Hamlet* offers as bold a specimen of the dramatic concrete in music as can well be imagined. Here, truly, is meat for strong men, and, it would appear, meat too strong for some musical stomachs.

Yet, young as he was when the *Symphonic Poems* were produced, they are by no means his earliest serious work. Long before *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* came out, when he was between eighteen and twenty and studying in Germany under Ehlert and Raff, he composed and published his two piano Suites and his first Concerto, while *Lancelot* and *Elaine* was preceded by his second Concerto. Thus we find him almost in his boyhood han-

dling both piano and orchestral materials with something more than confidence, — with an audacity that is positively charming, and that wins attention, “willy-nilly.” He would always have his say, this boy, who, thank Heaven, has not yet lived out half the allotted years of man, and from the first word to the latest he has invariably spoken as one having a claim to be heard, “not as the scribes.”

His latest words are the Sonata Eroica and the Indian Suite, — the latter being constructed upon true North American Indian airs, — both of which, though already included in the printed list of his works, have but just now made their appearance before the public. Mr. MacDowell, who, while willing to leave his hearers’ imaginations ample room to range in, loves to let them know something of what he was thinking when composing, has not been content simply with designating his new sonata Eroica, but has placed under this title a motto at once vague and *bedeutend*. The title, like that of Tragicæ, creates a general sympathy with his mood, but “Flos Regum Arthurus,” as by means of a key, opens his deepest mind, and shows us that pure, heroic being, the flower of kings, whose origin, existence, and end form one of the most mysteriously romantic chapters in all the great book of romance, yet are as real as any reality of history. One cannot cast the eye hastily over this sonata and not observe the curious upward trend of nearly all its subjects, — a characteristic trait of MacDowell’s compositions, one which might readily be allowed by the psycho-physicists to denote the cheery, hopeful, American tendency of the man himself. But granting the notion to be fanciful, may not the trait stand metaphorically as symbolizing the thorough wholesomeness of his art? That art has a tonic principle, a spiritual ozone; it stimulates the energies instead of sapping them. Though it is modern, — yes, more than modern, anticipatory and belonging to the far hereafter, — it bears

no trace of that abominable thing with the abominable name, *fin de siècle*. Mr. MacDowell wishes his work to be beautiful, but before all he will have it strong; and from that strength, often excessive to those who demand that, seeking pleasure, they shall be straightway pleased, issues a beauty which, entering our souls like

“the awful shadow of some unseen Power,”

at first startling if not distressing us, gradually grows upon our affections, becoming at last “for its grace” most dear,

“and yet dearer for its mystery.”

The Sonata Eroica is laid out upon a wider plan than the Tragicæ. Although wanting in the immense, concentrated strength that makes the latter seem the product of some musical demiurge, its design, viewed as a whole, is far more varied; it is richer in subjects, and these are placed in more salient mutual contrast. It opens with a fine directness of manner which Mr. MacDowell has taught us to look for in his music; for, however abstruse or subtle his thought, he never mumbles in saying it. Over this, as over all his other works, is spread — borrowing a phrase of Fitzgerald’s — “a broad, Shakespearian daylight,” wherein the objects he pictures stand forth with absolute distinctness, even while we may fail of interpreting their profoundest intention. The assertiveness of his themes cannot be too much dwelt upon; “trenchant” is a fitting word for them; once heard they can never be mistaken nor forgotten. One of the most pronounced examples of this assertive quality is furnished in the first subject of the A-Minor Concerto; another is in the little fugue, Opus 13, — both products of boyhood; but it is no less manifest in Opus 50, the maturest creation of the grown man.

The Guinevere *motiv* — if we are right in so calling the graceful third subject, the very sweep of whose lines upon the printed page seems to betoken the sumptuous charm of that much-loved and much-for-

given queen — fastens itself upon the ear no less persistently than does the simple, solemn, pathetically premonitory strain that, in the opening bars of the sonata, brings before us as in a sudden vision Arthur, noble, brave, severely chaste, divinely just, but deep-hearted withal, and divinely loving. These two chief *motiven*, with the first *motiv* of the third movement, together form the gentler and more intellectual texture of the work; and against them are set with admirable effectiveness all the lighter or sterner elements that go to make up a complete tonal drama.

The *finale* falls upon us unexpectedly, like a veritable onslaught of heathenish hordes, in a short, sharp, quick, but strangely irregular, and what I should like to describe as an obstinate rhythm. This is broken in upon and swallowed up by an almost ear-splitting, thunderous burst of martial melody, already familiar to us under various guises, that soon dies away and melts into faint, gasping echoes of the first fierce subject; though, on another page, the two subjects renew their raging contest.

Right out of the midst of these suggestions of carnage and doubtful triumph rises the figure of the king in his terrible calm beauty and mightiness, but the Guinevere *motiv* has significantly vanished. The close of this stormy, highly colored movement has the same effect upon our spirits as the majestic passage with which Matthew Arnold concludes his *Sohrab and Rustum*.

It is impossible to study this last great composition of MacDowell's and not see whither all the strings of his manifold genius are leading him, especially if in connection with it we consider his orchestral work and his songs. There is little space left for me to dwell upon the latter, and there is much to say about them. As might be expected, they impress at once by their unconventionality. In first attempting to sing them, the vocal organs are confronted by what appear to

be "impossible" intervals and phrases, which, however, are so supported and justified by the harmony as to prove, in practice, entirely *singable*, while the melodies in themselves — true melodies are they — have often a reminder of the wild note, of the artless, inarticulate tones and intervals of nature's voices.

But if I say that, above all else, these songs are dramatic to a preëminent degree, I shall have pointed with sufficient clearness towards the all-mastering ambition of their composer. As surely as fruit follows flower, so surely will grand opera eventually flow from the pen that has given so many evidences of masterly handling, both in instrumental and in vocal music. Not that all successful composers for voice and orchestra are inevitably led to write opera, nor that it would be safe in all cases to predicate success in this complicated form of art from notable accomplishments in the others. It is the unquestionable dramatic instinct displayed in nearly everything MacDowell has written — an instinct which he in no wise strives to repress, but gives free rein to, his ripest work making the strongest and richest showing in this respect — that assures us of what he is manifestly destined to do. The well-known difficulty of finding an acceptable librettist may not improbably be obviated by him as Wagner obviated it, namely, by writing his own librettos; for he is a man of broad literary culture, and that he can wield a poetic pen is shown in the words set to a number of his own songs.

Sometimes a dream comes true. Here is one I would fain believe no bad, misleading vision: that of an American opera, sung by American singers, played by American performers, managed and conducted by native-born citizens. The thing is conceivable, and no one has a firmer faith in its possible fulfillment than Mr. MacDowell himself. It is sure to come. But how soon? Not so long as we refuse our own artists open and ready acclaim until they shall have gone away from us

and returned with credentials from other lands; not so long as everything European is accounted infinitely superior to anything American; not so long as the thousands and tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars, which should be kept at home and devoted to the establishing and maintenance of a national organization, — “large enough to be independent of cliques,” whose object would be “the fostering of art in America, not ignoring that of other countries,” — is yearly poured into the pockets of foreign artists. The old countries have much to teach us, — they have taught us much; there is one thing left for us to learn: that not by such means as we are now employing is a national art built up. Once upon a time these means were justifiable; they are so no longer. We are as rich as any people on earth in all the raw material needed for a great native opera; we are second to none in a genuine musical spirit. We lack only in our tastes that which has in other matters made the name “Yankee” a proud synonym for freedom and self-dependence. When we shall have gained æsthetically that which now characterizes us politically, the courage of our convictions, then will a man like Edward A. MacDowell find a chance to distinguish himself in what is theoretically, at least, the highest form of musical composition.

It is frequently asked, To what school does Mr. MacDowell belong? The reply, To none, is usually followed by the question, Will he then perhaps found one that shall be truly American?

A school may indeed arise that shall be called by his name, but such winged souls as he, who themselves refuse to be bound, will not bind in turn. All that an American or any other school can mean is, that certain great ones have done their greatest, and have been followed, sometimes slavishly, sometimes freely and intelligently, oftentimes unconsciously and just because an exceptional personality *must* impress itself to practical issues upon its generation.

If by living and acting his part — which, as he conceives it, is being himself, and no one else — Mr. MacDowell succeeds in teaching his fellow-countrymen that all art worthy the name has flourished only in proportion to its rejection of formality and established ways, only as it was the spontaneous outcome of an untrammelled individualism; if he can show them, musicians, painters, and the rest, that it is not necessary, even while taking the good that Europe still has for us, to believe in no good in and about ourselves, — if he can do these things, he will have founded as much of a school as our budding American geniuses need.

Edith Brower.

THE CASE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I. THE WITNESS OF THE TEACHER.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY recently circulated widely among superintendents and teachers of the public schools in every part of the country inquiries (1) as to the average number of pupils per teacher in the several grades of the public schools; (2) in what proportion the teachers have

changed their profession during the last ten years; (3) in what proportion they are more than thirty-five years of age; (4) as to the freedom of teachers from political or other improper influences on their appointment or removal; (5) as to the salaries of teachers of the sev-

eral grades, whether they have been increased within five or six years, whether they are regarded as sufficient, and whether higher salaries would attract to the profession men and women of greater ability and of more stable purpose; (6) as to the requirements for appointments, whether they are rigid and uniform, and whether a certificate is required from some normal or training school of higher grade; (7) as to the chances that teachers have for promotion from the lower grades, and whether it is the custom to fill the higher grades by promotion: whereto was added a request to give any further information in regard to the status of teachers which would naturally supplement these inquiries.

Accompanying this circular was the following letter:—

“The Atlantic Monthly, following its plan of paying especial attention to educational subjects, will take up for discussion the Status of the Teacher, and consider how the profession may be made a calling of greater dignity and of more suitable reward; for, clearly, teaching is not held in as high honor as it ought to be. It is doubtful, indeed, if the public school system will reach its proper efficiency until in every community the teacher’s status is as high as the status of any other profession. To lift the teacher into the highest esteem, two things are necessary:—

“(1.) To give efficient teachers security in their positions and freedom to do their best work.

“(2.) To pay them salaries large enough to make the profession attractive to the very ablest men and women, not as a makeshift, but as a life career.

“In discussing a subject of such importance, it is desirable to have as large a volume of facts at first-hand as possible. We therefore take the liberty to ask you to answer these questions concerning the

teachers in the public schools in your community.”

The replies, which have been both full and numerous, have been placed in my hands, together with a summary of their results, and are the basis of the following study. Their value was not expected to consist in accuracy, but rather in showing tendencies correctly. The statistical information that can be extracted from them is of less account than the fact that we have here fresh confessions and first-hand observations and experiences from men and women actually engaged in school work; those most competent to speak on these matters, but in the existing state of things least often heard from. There is every internal indication that the reports are absolutely frank and honest. They thus constitute a valuable protocol of data for points of view no less reliable than they are new, and which are, I think, certain to command the attention of friends of education throughout the country. The investigation should prove as useful as it is opportune.

In all 1189 teachers and superintendents have answered these questions, and every State and Territory in the Union is represented except New Mexico and Oklahoma, and the replies are, on the whole, well distributed over the different parts of the Union, although they are less numerous from the Southern and the far Western States than from the middle Western and New England States.¹ In all sections, the replies appear to be, with few exceptions, from the best teachers, and most of them are from men.

To begin with the first question, which asks the number of pupils per teacher: few returns specify grades, but, averaging these where they are given, and for each return and the returns for each State, we find that Maine reports fewest (35) and Montana most (58). Aver-

not seriously affect the result of his analysis.
—EDITOR.

¹ Since these letters were placed in Dr. Hall’s hands between three and four hundred more replies have been received, but they do

aging States by sections, we find that the Middle and New England States have fewest pupils per teacher (41 each) and the far Western and Pacific States most (45). Rhode Island has most among the New England States (52). In the Middle States the extremes are Virginia and Delaware (39 each) and Pennsylvania (44). In the Southern States the extremes are Arkansas (51) and Florida (34). In the Western States the extremes are Kansas (50) and South Dakota (40); and in the far Western States, Montana (58) and Washington (34). Everywhere, of course, the number of pupils per teacher in city schools is greater than in country schools.

These numbers, despite occasional laws that permit even more, are far too large, it need not be said, for any teacher to do good work with. A crude young teacher is constrained, and embarrassed even, in the presence of so many pairs of eyes, and a large share of her energy goes to keep order. To watch the mischievous pupils during every recitation is a constant distraction from the subject in hand. The flitting of the attention from one pupil to another, even for a woman, the periphery of whose retina is more sensitive for the indirect field of vision than a man's, is a steady strain. Moreover, what knowledge can the average teacher of such a large number have of individual pupils? And how little can she do to bring out that individuality wherein lies the power of teaching, and the unfolding of which makes or mars the later career of the pupil! No wonder the complaint of machine methods in our schools is so often heard. Both attention and love were made to have an individual focus, while mass-education has limitations in exact proportion to the size of classes. Every step, therefore, toward reduction in numbers is a great gain.

Passing to the second question, as to the proportion of teachers who have changed their profession during the last ten years, it would appear that 30 per

cent of those in New England have left the profession within a decade. In the Middle States this average is 40 per cent, in the Southern States it is 50 per cent, in all the Western States it is 65 per cent, and in the far Western and Pacific States it is 60 per cent. While many women leave school to marry, the fact that Massachusetts, where the female teachers outnumber the male a little more than ten to one, shows the lowest average of change, and that Alabama, where 62 per cent are males, reports 42 per cent as having changed, indicates that where male teachers predominate they are responsible for most of the changes.

It is well known that many young men teach as a makeshift for a few years, with no thought of making teaching a life-work. They do so to pay college debts or get money to study further, or to acquire the means for entering one of the other professions. Other statistics have shown that nearly one third of the teachers in many sections of the country change their vocation every year. The fact that so small a fraction of the teachers in the public schools have had any normal or professional training shows, also, how few regard it as a life-work. Of the \$95,000,000 paid for salaries of teachers for 15,000,000 children of this country, a large proportion is thus spent upon untrained and unskilled teachers who have little interest in making their work professional. No business could ever succeed or was ever conducted on such principles, and when we reflect that the "prentice hand" is here tried upon human flesh, blood, and souls the waste in all these respects is appalling. Those who claim that teaching can be learned only by experience are in part right, but even the school of experience is wretchedly inadequate in this country. Moreover, on the whole, it is the best teachers who leave. Here we are far behind other countries. It is only when a teacher has mastered the details of government and method that good work can be done.

When we come to the answers to the question, What proportion of teachers are over thirty-five years of age? the average estimate of the Middle States, 27 per cent, is the highest, and the average of the Western States, 17 per cent, is the lowest; while the far Western States average 18 per cent, and New England and the South 21 per cent. It would be an interesting question to ask how many of this large per cent of teachers more than thirty-five years of age have remained in the vocation because they succeeded as teachers, and how many are there because they could do no better in other callings. The fact that financial depression increases the average age of teachers as well as the number of male teachers, while good times decrease both, is significant. The social position of teachers is higher in the Western than in the Middle States, so their social position cannot account for these extremes. We have been told that the young make the best teachers for children; but if so, why not reinstate the monitorial system of pupil teachers? Again, we are sometimes told that older teachers are unprogressive; but this is not true of the best, who are also often needed as a conservative element against rash innovations. Nothing is more demanded in our teaching force at present (which, as has recently been pointed out, is nine times as large as our standing army) than leadership of maturity and ability. Those who have shaped the thinking and the reading of our young teachers have been, on the whole, incompetent for this highest and most responsible function in our national life. Until very recent years we had few teachers who had personally inspected foreign systems, could read other languages than English, and were acquainted with all grades of education from kindergarten to university work. In these respects, happily, the prospects are now brightening.

Very striking are the answers to the questions touching teachers' tenure of

their positions and security from improper influences. In New England, percentages reporting improper influence are as follows by States: Maine 33 per cent, New Hampshire 9 per cent, Vermont 8 per cent, Massachusetts 17 per cent, Rhode Island none, and Connecticut 40 per cent. This evil is potent, however, for appointments rather than for removals. These bad influences are prominent in the following order: church, politics, personal favor, and whims of citizens and committees. The master of a grammar school writes strongly against the policy of placing schools in the hands of division committees. Their chairman, he says, is virtually the committee, and almost always lives in the district. The rules forbid the employment of non-resident teachers at anything but the minimum salary. He favors a wider range of choice, and thinks appointments should be made by a general committee advised by supervisor and principal. The system of annual elections is often commented on adversely.

In the Middle States, 9 per cent in New Jersey, 33 per cent in New York, 40 per cent in Delaware, and 50 per cent in Pennsylvania report improper influences. Some sad revelations appear in these returns. One teacher tells of an applicant who was "asked, not as to his qualifications, but of the number of voters in his family." Another writes that the friends of a schoolbook publishing house would "drive out any teacher who would not favor their books." The civil service regulations in New York have bettered the conditions; and a teacher who has had experience in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York says that, on the whole, New York teachers are far above the average in intelligence and professional spirit.

In some of the Southern States very evil influences are reported. In small towns in Alabama teachers are said to be both removed and appointed by favor; positions in some places are rarely held

more than two terms, and some teachers take three different schools during the year. Lessons are short. "In some counties the teachers are said to pay each member of the school board from \$2.50 to \$5 to keep their positions," and 6 per cent report improper influence, as do 30 per cent in Georgia, 70 per cent in Kentucky, 25 per cent in Maryland, 40 per cent in Mississippi, 50 per cent in South Carolina and Tennessee, 45 per cent in Texas, 20 per cent in Virginia, and 60 per cent in West Virginia. In Kentucky, where teachers are commonly elected annually, "when boards change politically, sweeping changes of teachers often follow." In Mississippi teachers are said rarely to remain in positions more than one year. In Texas one teacher reports: "If your school board are Democratic, the teachers are Democratic; if Baptists, they must be Baptists." In West Virginia it is said that requirements are neither rigid nor uniform. "Politics is the bane of the school system; then comes personal favoritism. Colored teachers are special sufferers from politics."

For the far Western States the report of improper influence is as follows: California 60 per cent, Colorado 60 per cent, North Dakota 100 per cent (only four reports), Oregon 40 per cent, Utah 60 per cent, Washington 60 per cent. In California the state law gives the teacher life tenure of office, but this law is said to be "always evaded by politicians." Good state laws are overcome by corrupt school boards. Teachers are said to be "pliant, timid, and servile," and political "pulls" are potent. One report says that teachers' boarding-places affect their security; another calls them "cranks" and "cowards." Requirements are said to be "wholly unpedagogical, absurd, and criminally careless." In Colorado it is the same old story of the political "pull." Large cities seem freer from political influence than small towns. Local teachers are preferred to outsiders, which is a bad sign. In Idaho the condition looks

bad, and personal favoritism is said to keep teachers in office. In Oregon, where tenure is uncertain and teachers are often elected annually, the main difficulty seems to be in security of tenure. In Utah one report says that positions in some places are solely dependent on political influence. In Washington a city superintendent says: "We have practically no protection from political demagogues; this unfortunate condition is appalling in our Western country." He says further that tenure of position is affected by "personal friends and their influence, and by the lack of them." "We must trade with the merchants, bank with the bankers, take treatment of the doctors, consult the lawyers, connive with the politicians, and even go to school elections and work for the successful candidate."

For the Western States, the report of improper influences by percentages is as follows: Illinois 44 per cent, Indiana 33 per cent, Iowa 40 per cent, Kansas 80 per cent, Michigan 50 per cent, Minnesota 33 per cent, Mississippi 40 per cent, Missouri 50 per cent, Nebraska 65 per cent, Nevada 100 per cent, Ohio 40 per cent, Wisconsin 40 per cent. In Illinois many complain of church influence as a growing evil, and of local preference, always a sign of politics. Tenure is said to be affected by the evil doings of book publishers and agents. Chicago, however, is "a striking instance of a large city that has succeeded in putting its public schools on a fairly sound basis. The main difficulty is getting rid of poor teachers, although the rank and file seem more cultivated than the supervisors." In Iowa standards are low, home teachers are preferred, and few teachers remain more than a year in a place. In Michigan tenure of office is becoming more secure and legislation better, and smaller towns seem more free from political influence than large cities. It is reported from one of the large central Western cities that a member of the school board could not read or write.

In Nebraska church relations are said to affect tenure more than politics. In Minnesota the religious "pull" is reported more potent than the political, and preference for local teachers appears. In Ohio it is said that, owing to constant change in the teaching force, the teacher is "not recognized as a factor in social or political life. He is deprived of the privilege of free speech on all subjects, but especially on the one subject that concerns him most, namely, reforms in teaching. The people who should be the leaders in educational thought do not call their souls their own. They catch their breath in quick starts when they see a power over them wielding the club of dismissal." From Wisconsin it is reported, as one reason why teachers are not highly esteemed, that they "are often too much interested in commercial transactions of publishing houses." Another report says that the greatest drawback to teaching in the West is the impossibility of becoming an integral part of the community in which one lives. "Unless the teacher is a flatterer and keeps quiet on all political questions, he loses his position." "In some communities teachers are hired by the day or week."

From such answers it is impossible to resist the conclusion that civil service reform is greatly needed for teachers. As long as merit does not win there is little encouragement for teachers to make any kind of special preparation, or for communities to support normal and training schools. A teacher, however well fitted for the work, is hampered if there is any anxiety concerning his tenure of position, and any system in which merit does not lead to both permanence and promotion is bad, and certain to grow worse. Tenure by personal favor is even more corrupting than tenure by political or religious influences. Teachers ought to be, both by ability and by position, moral forces in the community, and their opinion ought to be best and final concern-

ing textbooks and school supplies; and yet, touching the latter, not only teachers, but superintendents evade their responsibilities. For myself, I wish to say that, after many years of acquaintance with school work in this country, I consider the present modes of introducing textbooks and other supplies as among the most degrading influences in the work of American public schools. Under existing conditions, vast as is the difference between good and poor books, the former would have exceeding small chance of success if not pushed by unworthy and now very expensive methods which are paid for by enhanced prices for books.

The answers relating to salaries show a great preponderance of opinion that these are insufficient. Sometimes exception is made in the case of poor teachers or of certain grades, but in most cases the opinion and even the language is emphatic that an increase in salaries would help the service. A Maine report says: "The great trouble is that our best teachers leave for better salaries almost as soon as they have learned their work." A Vermont teacher fears that any increase would bring a reaction against the schools on the ground of over-taxation, and so cripple them. Another adds that "higher salaries must go hand in hand with higher professional requirements; otherwise an increase of salaries would attract a large number of persons of inferior qualifications."

In Massachusetts only 9 per cent consider higher salaries inadvisable. One woman touchingly thinks a real lover of the work will be uninfluenced by such considerations. A Boston principal says: "Most masters take a pride in their profession, and I know a few instances of their refusing higher salaries in different businesses." An academy teacher says: "Higher salaries will make it possible to get men where women now hold, and to secure better men as superintendents and principals of the high school. Women are better than men, except in these

two places." One man says: "Salaries ought not to be uniform. Every teacher ought to be paid what he is worth. This is possible only when the pay-roll is not made public. This is done in a few cities; Hartford, Connecticut, for example."

In all parts of the country the vote is overwhelmingly in favor of more pay. This opinion is most nearly unanimous in the Southern States, where salaries are lowest, but it is also strong where salaries are highest. A Pennsylvania teacher says: "There is small pay and there is little gratitude for public school teachers. In an adjoining town one of the occupants of the poorhouse is a man who had devoted a long life to teaching in the public schools of that county. Now old and infirm, he finds himself, through no fault of his, an object of charity." Poor pay is both a cause and a result of lack of appreciation. In many localities salaries have been reduced. In most places and in most grades they are reported as stationary, while Wisconsin and New Jersey are the only States in which a general increase is reported. On the whole, I am impressed with the opinion of a Massachusetts teacher, who says: "Better schoolhouses, better equipments, better superintendents, and more general freedom and responsibility have done more than an increase of salary to improve the schools."

Mr. Hewes¹ has shown that the average salary of the American teacher, counting fifty-two weeks to the year, is \$5.67 per week for such male teachers as remain in the ranks, and \$4.67 for female teachers. "As a partial index of the disposition of our population to our public school system" this is not reassuring. The highest average salary, according to the Report of the Commissioner of Education, is \$1181 per year in Massachusetts, and the lowest \$213 per year in North Carolina. "The average pay of teachers in our public schools

¹ In a series of papers on the Public Schools which appeared recently in *Harper's Weekly*.

furnishes them with the sum of \$5 a week for all their expenses." In 1885 salaries were higher than they are now, but in 1889 the average salaries of American teachers were lower, so that, on the whole, we are just now improving. The \$95,000,000 spent in this country for teachers in the public schools every year must be divided among 368,000 teachers, — more than twice as many as in any other country of the world.

Although these figures take no account of the fact that many rural teachers are engaged in other vocations a large part of the year, they are appalling enough. And the reason for the displacement of male by female teachers, until in many parts of the country the former seem doomed to extinction, is apparent. At present, the American school system as a whole owes its high quality in no small measure to the noble character, enthusiasm, and devotion of women who make teaching not only a means of livelihood, but in addition thereto a mission service of love for their work and for children. To increase this love is to increase the best part of their services, and to diminish it is to degrade it to mere drudgery and routine. As the culture of women gradually rises, it becomes more and more evident how unjust have been the discriminations against them in this field, where in higher and higher grades of school work their services are becoming no less valuable than men's.

The question concerning rigid and uniform requirements and normal certificates evokes very diverse answers. In Maine they are reported as rigid in only a few cases. In New Hampshire one report says: "We need a state system of examining and licensing teachers. A large proportion in all district schools are young girls, sixteen to twenty years of age, utterly untrained. Some of them have natural tact sufficient to carry them through, but the majority fail, and accept the first offer of marriage." A superin-

tendent says that Boston and the towns about it take his best teachers, as the salaries he can pay will not hold them. In Vermont a report says: "We have practically no supervision. The town superintendents are not paid enough to enable them to devote their time and thought to the work." In Massachusetts 45 per cent report requirements as rigid and uniform, and normal school or college training as required. Normal school or college graduates are often preferred in other cases, but rarely insisted upon. A few years of successful experience are sometimes regarded as equivalent to a certificate. One principal favors giving teachers special subjects, and disregarding grades. One superintendent says: "Nearly all our new teachers are directly from the normal schools. If they are efficient at the end of one or two years, they leave for positions paying higher salaries; if not efficient, they are not retained." One teacher says: "Efficiency of schools is destroyed by the fear or inability of authorities to remove weak, popular teachers." A city superintendent says: "We get our teachers from any place in the country. This gives us a wide choice." And he adds: "It is senseless to let committeemen elect teachers. The superintendent should appoint them." He deplors that so much power is in the hands of local boards "whose members know nothing of educational theory, history, or practice." In Rhode Island about half the correspondents report normal school or college training as required. In one city a yearly examination is held. "Candidates are required to obtain 70 per cent, to have their names placed on the substitute list. After assisting three or four times, these substitutes are given regular positions." A Connecticut principal says: "The situation is peculiar in Connecticut. The district committee engages teachers, and the town committee examines them. This examination does not amount to much. The district commit-

tees, however, generally expect teachers with normal school training." Another says: "Too many young people without proper scholarship enter our normal schools. None but graduates of high schools should be admitted. Teachers ought to be retired and pensioned after a certain number of years of service." Another says: "We have annual election of teachers: this is wrong, after a teacher has succeeded one or two years." In New England, as a whole, about 42 per cent report normal school or college training as required. Vermont is said to have a state law requiring teachers to have such training. But it is as effective as the rules and regulations of the Boston public schools, which are said to require fifty-six pupils to a teacher.

Leaving New England and passing to the Middle States, we find New Jersey reporting requirements as generally uniform, and certificates as invariable. But its one normal school supplies only a small part of the teachers. In New York complaint is made that the normal school turns out too many theoretical teachers, and that it takes some years to make them effective. The system of annual elections is to be abandoned in the State, and the primary departments are weakest. In Delaware there is a rigid state law, and the indications from uniform state examinations are hopeful. In Pennsylvania requirements seem generally uniform, but not rigid, while lack of popular sentiment soon robs teachers of ambition or courage. Alabama and Georgia report no rigid requirements or examinations, and no good state law. Louisiana is no better. In South Carolina the teachers' standard of scholarship is low, and few hold first-rate certificates. Tennessee has annual examinations, but lacks uniformity, and a county certificate is all that is required. Both the Virginias lack rigidity and uniformity.

In the far West a state law (in California) gives a life tenure, and requires equal pay for men and women, but the condi-

tion of life tenure is said to be very commonly evaded. In Colorado only larger towns are improving under state statutes. In Oregon requirements are loose, teachers are often elected annually, and normal certificates are not required. Utah lacks uniformity; so does Washington, where the principal of a city high school says: "The greatest curse of the public school of any State is the laws pertaining to the normal schools. Most of these are conducted by little politicians, and they in one or two short years train boys and girls fresh from farm and high school into teachers licensed to teach forever. The raw, untrained, normal school graduate has more recognition before the law than would a W. D. Whitney. The country school and teacher are here, as they are everywhere, indescribable. The teacher is not paid sufficient to dress well. He is not required to know much, nor does he often pass beyond his requirements. The average district board member is sure to have some niece, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, 'who would make a right smart teacher,' or who would be able to 'learn 'em all that their paps and mams know'd.'" However, here and there, in town, city, and country, are found individuals who could not fail in their work. They are pouring their life freely and fully into their profession.

In the mid-Western States it appears that normal school graduates are not generally successful. In Illinois good men for principals are very scarce, and it is often said that superintendencies and school boards should not be political offices. In Indiana it seems that while the superintendents are often narrow, ignorant, and corrupt men, even the good ones labor under great difficulties in trying to raise the standard of an uninterested and unenthusiastic body of teachers. The rank and file seem to care little for their professional status. They complain bitterly of personal injustice, but they hardly breathe the proper spirit. Requirements are not rigid or uniform,

and county certificates are enough. In Iowa, where county superintendents are the most important school officers, they depend on politics for their position. Standards are neither uniform nor rigid. In Kansas requirements are rarely uniform outside of cities, and ignorant boards stand in the way of good work. The Kansas system, on the whole, seems poor. In Michigan want of rigid and uniform requirements is the main difficulty, although state legislation is improving. Missouri lacks state requirements, and there is more criticism of normal school graduates. In Nebraska requirements are flexible, and the superintendency is a political office. In Minnesota, as in other States where the normal school abounds, there is much theoretical work, but requirements are uniform and rigid.

The topics of this question present peculiar difficulties. Uniformity of requirements in widely different localities, and especially between city and country schools, is almost unattainable, and certainly is not found in the best countries in Europe. The ability of classes in different localities varies, and the supply of teachers is still more inconstant. The same is true of rigidity. Even German universities raise and lower professional standards according to the supply and demand. It must be admitted, too, that normal schools have often but crude material to deal with, and have lapsed into formal and theoretical ways in many places. These ways are now one of the worst features of education in this country. No system of certification can equal professional training. But, despite this, these are the ideals toward which legislation should strive; and in this country, at least, nearly all the steps toward centralization have been marks of progress; although in France this had been so extreme that the reverse is now true. The happy mean will unite the benefits of a large comparative view and the stimulus of local

pride. Here again, as at so many points, the incompetency of local boards is the chief hindrance. Even comparison of the schools of a city like Springfield, Massachusetts, which elects its school board on a ticket at large, with those of other cities of the same class in New England tells the story. The former method secures the services of men known throughout the city; the latter, of men known in their own wards.

The inquiry about promotions brings to view perhaps the greatest diversity of opinion and practice. Adjacent schools in the same city often announce opposite principles. The most frequent promotion is from sub-mastership to mastership; less often do promotions occur from grammar to high school grades. The general opinion is that all grades of grammar teachers should have the same pay. Most teachers prefer to work in the grade to which they are accustomed, and many say that nature fits each teacher to some particular grade where she succeeds, but she would fail if advanced. Many a good primary teacher is spoiled if transferred to upper grades. The same democratic spirit that lets a superior teacher go to a large town for a small advance, rather than break the dead level of the pay scale, favors absolute equality as between grades. Often where the method of certification puts teachers whose examinations rank lowest in the low grades, they are content to remain there unless a higher certificate improves materially their tenure or pay. How different this principle from that of the German Professor Rein, who would have teachers begin with the lower primary, and go up through all grades with the same class, for the sake of the better knowledge of individuality thus secured! But very few favor the plan of encouraging special teachers to teach the same subjects in all grades. - As this is a matter to which I have given some thought, I will express the opinion that the best plan is for class teachers for lower grades

to go up two or even four years with the same class; and for higher grades, that the class teacher's functions should gradually yield to those of the special teacher.

The last question of all, asking for general remarks, has evoked a vast and miscellaneous but very interesting body of suggestions, facts, and criticisms. A Maine man wants a rule forbidding teachers to do outside work for pay. A Boston man says that not one in a hundred of the male teachers in that city is a Boston boy. In Brookline (Massachusetts), Detroit, and elsewhere, education societies, mothers' clubs, and the like are organized with the distinct aim of bringing parents and teachers together, and excellent results are reported. In Brookline there is but one session a day in all schools. This gives the afternoon for rest, recreation, and successful teachers' meetings. A Connecticut principal, who had held his place for thirty years, and failed of reelection by the school committee last June, was chosen at a special election by a large majority of the citizens. A Minnesota superintendent urges that child study is a bad influence, as it has become a fad. Many complain of the low social status of the teacher, and in some places it is said to be impossible for teachers to find board in pleasant families. Another insists that eighth-grade pupils might just as well be two years younger. A West Virginia teacher reports that getting in debt to school officers is a good way of insuring a position on the teachers' staff, so that the debtor may be in a position to pay. And two teachers hint at dreadful evils they might detail, growing out of personal favor and patronage.

As a whole, these returns certainly give a new point of view. Some of the questions are directly intended to bring out defects rather than merits, but the names of these 1189 teachers and superintendents, many of whom are of the very highest standing, offer conclusive evidence, even if the spirit of the reports

did not sufficiently evince the fact, that there is almost no attempt at sensationalism, gossip, or expressions of personal disaffection. The evils are very real, grave, and widespread; whether a trifle more or less so than these rough estimates make out is of small account. They stand out in gloomy contrast with the glorification of the perfections of our system commonly heard in teachers' meetings, and by many thought necessary to insure a continuation of school appropriations. The two general impressions left on my own mind from a careful reading of the reports, here so inadequately condensed, may be summarized as follows:—

(1.) Nowhere has there ever been, to my knowledge, so clear and forceful a presentation of the evils of subjecting schools to political officers who are nearly lowest in the scale of political preference. It is worst of all when not only city and state superintendents, but even normal school principals must look to politics for a continuance in office. As long as this lasts appointment cannot be wisely made, tenure is not by merit, and the value to the community of every dollar of school money is greatly depreciated. The moral influence of such a system is wholly bad not only upon the community, but on every part of school work and on every person connected with it. It hurts the pupils most of all. The difference between a good and a fairly good teacher, to say nothing of a bad one, is incalculable, but, like all things of the soul, inappreciable to the general public. There are schools in my city, and other cities in my State, where I should prefer two years of schooling for a child of mine to four years in another school where the public makes little or no discrimination. The reforms needed, in my judgment, are, that the power of appointment and also of removal be given into competent and responsible hands; that school boards be elected on tickets at large; that with advancement up the

grades should go increase of pay, permanence, and dignity, but that good teachers in all grades should be paid more than poor teachers in any grade; that there be a great but gradual increase of special teaching as pupils pass up the grades; that the selection of textbooks be placed in expert and uncorruptible hands; and finally, that the functions of formal examinations be greatly reduced.

(2.) The question is very often suggested by these returns, whether the many graduates of normal schools are of such value to the public school system as teachers as the advocates of these schools claim. It is time this question were discussed, and nowhere is it more urgent than in Massachusetts, where four new normal schools are liable to give to existing traditions and practices a momentum they little deserve. Most of our American normal schools, not however without a good number of exceptions, have become institutions where form is exalted above substance, and often to the lasting detriment of the latter. If a teacher has and loves knowledge, and has a strong and quick feeling for childhood, a few simple and easily taught rules, devices, and a few dozen lessons each on the history of education and the human soul, are enough for the rank and file. It is so fatally easy to let method glide into the place of matter, to make intricate what God made plain, to make hard and formal what nature reveals at once to tact and to the native insight of childhood by judicious hints, that it is perhaps not strange that normal school work tends, as by an iron and universal law, to degenerate. Here is the source of most of the internal evils; low politics is responsible for most of those that are external. No part of our entire educational system so needs regeneration as the normal schools. The first step in the reform of these evils would be a commission of the right kind of experts, familiar with systems in other lands, to investigate and report. This should certainly

be done in Massachusetts before the state board appoints principals and allows courses to be shaped for the four new normal schools. It would be wasting a great opportunity not to inaugurate a new dispensation with these new institutions. I suggest that the governor appoint such a commission without delay, before it is too late. This step would be strongly opposed by most of the existing normal schools, but I believe it would be heartily approved by most other friends of education in the State. If such a commission were rightly selected and its report were adopted, it would mark an epoch in the history of public education in the State.

On the whole, many and crying as are these evils, and glaringly as they refute the Dr. Pangloss optimism and spread-eagleism so common in this country where teachers forgather, for one I am not discouraged, but would rather bid teachers hope. If a corresponding inquiry into the *best* points of our schools and teachers were made, and the results were massed

as these have been, the picture would be very bright. Somewhere in this great country, one feature here, another there, almost every reform in education has been successfully begun. Slowly from these vital points the heaven will pervade the lump. If I were to sum up all our needs into one great need, it would be that of sane and well-trained leaders. As a whole, American teachers are sheep without a shepherd, sadly lacking, but readily — often too readily — accepting intellectual guidance. They are often sorely confused between conflicting authorities; a little too eager for novelties, a little too prone to say, *Lo here, lo there*; responding heartily to every genuine enthusiasm and interest in their work, but as yet without any settled method, philosophy, or consensus of any kind; awaiting half unconsciously some clear dispensation of pedagogic art and science. That its star is already above the horizon, and is visible to all who love and know childhood aright, I believe with all my soul.

G. Stanley Hall.

A CHAPTER IN HUGUENOT HISTORY.

THE great religious movements of the past have a peculiar fascination for all readers of history. Like Hamlet and Faust, they have something in them to meet the demands of every mood. Nowhere else in history do we find such a curious interplay of human interests and passions. Religion and its multitudinous perversions have, like love, the power of drawing out the worst as well as the best in mankind. In the history of religious dissension, from the crusade against the strangely confused enlightenment of southern France in the thirteenth century to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, many of the actors stand out as exponents of cardinal virtues and

vices, not unlike Don Quixote, Macbeth, or L'Avare. Religion has proved a most elastic term, and its heroes form a motley collection: St. Louis, Jerome of Prague, Waldstein, Joan of Arc, Alexander VI., Savonarola, Louvois, Servetus, Richelieu, Æneas Sylvius, Ulrich von Hutten, Madame de Maintenon, Torquemada, Henry VIII., — a list where the contrasts are of too obvious a nature to require comment. History has shown that men may revolt from the established church because they come to differ from the majority upon more or less subtle matters of faith, or because they are losing money, or — more rarely, indeed — because they are tired of their wives.

The financial motive has been much neglected by historians. But Luther does not hesitate to invoke it, and to arouse the German nobility by the taunt that the Romans commonly held the drunken Germans to be too "dead-stupid" to know when they were being swindled. In short, in so-called religious history we find all gradations from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the solemn tragedies of Huss and Savonarola to the effort of the French government under Louis XIV. to save Huguenot souls at a specified number of livres each. The story of Protestantism in France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is in no way wanting in the peculiar interest attaching to great religious struggles, and Professor Baird can therefore rely upon the indulgence of the public in presenting the theme he has chosen.¹

It is unfortunate, however, that our author should have deemed it best to devote over half of his first volume to the dreary period of Huguenot history intervening between the death of Henry IV. and the fall of La Rochelle. Nowhere could the work have been condensed better than here. The important events and issues were susceptible of being treated in half the space, with great advantage to the reader's patience.

Among the lesser trials of the Huguenots during the period of toleration was their official designation as adherents of *la religion prétendu réformée*, a term employed in the Edict of Nantes itself. Professor Baird, strangely enough, seems to be under a misapprehension respecting this title, since he consistently employs the English word "pretended" as an equivalent for *prétendu*, and lays stress upon the "insulting" character of the epithet. But *prétendre* cannot commonly, if ever, be rendered by "pretend." It means to assert, claim, or allege, and carries with it no suggestion of deception

or bad faith. It is not likely that Henry intended to insult his late co-religionists. The expression was a natural, almost an inevitable one to apply to a really small fraction of the French nation, who by assuming the title of "reformed" asserted a preëminence over the great mass of Christian believers.

While the Huguenots had much to suffer during the earlier years of the reign of Louis XIII., a time of comparative quiet followed after the jealousy of Richelieu had been allayed by the fall of La Rochelle. The fortifications of the strong places assigned to the Protestants as "a retreat in case of oppression contrary to his Majesty's will" had been demolished after the last unsuccessful revolt, and the Calvinists no longer retained the powers of resistance granted them by the Edict of Nantes. This state of inoffensiveness and the absorbing foreign policy of the Thirty Years' War resulted in the Protestants being left to their own devices. The period of about thirty years following the destruction of the military power of the Huguenots was probably the season of their greatest material prosperity. Deprived of their former political and military importance, they turned to manufacture and trade, forming the most intelligent and energetic class of the French nation. Their numbers have been generally much exaggerated. It would appear that in the early part of the seventeenth century, of the fifteen million Frenchmen, a million, or somewhat more, were Huguenots. They thus constituted but a little over one fifteenth of the people, and were of course very unequally distributed throughout the provinces.

"In the membership of the Huguenot churches all ranks of society were represented. Persecution, however, had sifted out many of those who, in the initial stages of the history of the Reformation,

¹ *The Huguenots and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.* By HENRY M. BAIRD, Professor in the University of the City of New

York. In two volumes, with maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

attached themselves to it from interested motives, — both the ambitious nobles who sought support in political contentions, and that restless and unruly class whom contemporaries styled ‘atheists and Epicureans,’ leaders in insubordination and iconoclastic exploits. Yet if the lower populace was not now strongly Protestant, the Protestant nobles and gentry were still considerable in numbers and in influence. Many a church was composed almost exclusively of the best families of the region. . . . But in the large towns and cities the strength of the ‘pretended Reformed religion’ lay in the great middle classes. Trade, foreign and domestic, banking, manufactures, came more and more to fall into the hands of the Huguenots. Excluded, as time passed on, from hope of preferment in the various departments of the royal service, they pressed into those callings in which men of all creeds meet substantially as equals. Later in the century, a Venetian ambassador, Girolamo Venier, in a report to his government, asserted that at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes the Huguenot merchants transacted two thirds of the business of the country. This was, doubtless, a gross exaggeration even then. However this may be, there were many places where, as at Dieppe, the Roman Catholic merchants were few in number and of little wealth as compared with their Protestant townsmen.” When the proverb “Rich as a Huguenot” became current Professor Baird professes himself unable to say. It is curious to note, in view of this estimate of the Venetian ambassador, that a marked jealousy of Protestant political leaders has shown itself in France under the Third Republic.

The truce could not endure for long. The periodic assemblies of the Church of France offered opportunities for abusing the Protestants, and for the formulation of appeals to the king urging the suppression of heresy. Both the government and the courts regarded the

Huguenots with dislike and suspicion. The presumption was, naturally, always against the Protestant. The Edict of Nantes was not, as a prominent jurist explained, to be construed *gracieusement*, but strictly according to the letter, since Protestantism was only tolerated out of the goodness of the king’s heart. Louis XIV. had scarcely assumed control of the government before matters changed much for the worse. The perpetual nagging and injustice which the Protestants suffered at all times began to take a more serious form. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was not an abrupt or isolated act, but the culmination of a process of repression which, it was asserted, had been so successful as to render the edict no longer necessary.

The Huguenots had always been carefully limited as to their places of worship. Upon one pretense or another, the interdiction or demolition of nearly six hundred of their “temples” was sanctioned between 1660 and 1684. The worshipers were forced to resort to the churches which still remained, even if these were at great distance from their homes, and in spite of the insecurity of the roads. We are told that it was not rare to see ten or twelve thousand at a single service. Besides the constant unfair interpretation of the edict (and there are secret orders preserved, addressed to the judges, requiring them to withhold justice in the case of the Protestants), two decrees preceding the final revocation may be taken as sufficiently characteristic of the tendencies. The first, a subtly conceived bit of legislation, related to Protestants who, in the hope of having a share in the sums distributed to the newly converted or for other reasons, had embraced Catholicism only to relapse soon after into heresy. Such unstable sons of the Church seem not to have been negligible factors in the situation. It was therefore decreed in 1679 that after the names of such apostates had been once announced to the

ministers and consistories of the Protestant churches, should any such persons be admitted to divine worship, the consistory of the church in question was to be suppressed, and the minister deprived of the right to officiate. It was obviously open to any ill-disposed individual, by entering a large assembly where he could easily escape notice, to deprive a whole community of its services by simply asserting, under oath, that he had, since his conversion to Catholicism, been present at a Protestant service. This appears to have been exactly the way in which the law worked, and it excellently illustrates what the Huguenots suffered from the application of laws which seem at first thought neither harsh nor unjust.

A better known and much more shocking antecedent of the revocation was the decree of 1681, authorizing children to renounce Protestantism and embrace Roman Catholicism upon reaching the age of seven. This meant that if a child could be induced, by the offer of a toy or a bonbon, to say, for example, the words "Ave Maria," it was sufficient to indicate in the sight of the law a hopeful subject for conversion, if not an actual convert. The child was not permitted to retract its words, and could be abducted from its parents and placed in one of the institutions designed for this class of youthful converts. This miserable business is best understood from a document of pathetic simplicity, a list of the Huguenots of Alençon, drawn up by order of the government, upon which a later, doubtless clerical hand has jotted down the sentence for each family, indicating the children who were to be taken from their parents and placed in Catholic institutions. This Professor Baird reproduces as follows: "Thus Martha Boullay, a widow living in the Grande Rue, has three children: Jean aged six years, Anne Marie aged five, and Joseph aged six months. '*Take Jean and Anne Marie.*' A man of more importance, Jean le Conte, and his wife have but one little

girl, Anne, 'four years old and weakly.' '*Take Anne if she is in condition.*' Pierre Thifaine and his wife have three children: Ivan, a boy of three; Louise, a girl of eight; and Marie, a girl of five. '*Take Louise and Marie.*' . . . With regard to the little family of the widow Anne Ardesoif, consisting of four children, whose ages unfortunately run from four to twelve years, '*all are to be taken.*'" The dragonnades themselves can hardly be ranked with this measure as a source of domestic misery.

The fact that the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was but part and parcel of the public policy pursued in France during the preceding quarter of a century serves in a measure to explain the favorable attitude of liberal-minded Catholics towards the measure. Madame de Sévigné wrote to her cousin: "You have doubtless seen the edict by which the king revoked the Edict of Nantes. Nothing is so beautiful as all that it contains, and never has any king done, none will ever do, anything more memorable." Mademoiselle de Scudéry declares the king's act to be "a Christian and royal work." The king was applauded by the French Academy, which found a spokesman in the mild-mannered La Fontaine. This attitude towards what seems to us so notoriously gross and ill advised a breach of good faith is nevertheless perfectly explicable. It was due to a fatal misapprehension as to the success of the king's persevering efforts to convert his Protestant subjects. The statement was so often made as finally to be generally believed, that only an insignificant and seditious remnant survived of the once influential body of Protestants. It seemed justifiable now to proclaim that the longed-for unity in belief was once more established in France, after a century and a half of discord. The better heretics had seen the error of their ways, and the opprobrious Edict of Nantes, which in the eyes of the nation at large was a recognition of

the most hateful of national weaknesses, religious schism, was joyfully done away with, as no longer necessary. This view was carefully inculcated by the Church. The Protestant religion, it was claimed, no longer had the support of an intellectual and powerful element of French society, but was "now despised, abased, and henceforth reduced to seeing itself abandoned by all rational persons." These results, the clergy asserted, had been accomplished "without violence, without arms," nor so much by the force of the king's edicts as by his "exemplary piety." The Archbishop of Rouen congratulated Louis upon first gaining the hearts of the heretics, and suggested that perhaps they might never have returned to the bosom of the Church in any other way than "by the path strewn with flowers," opened to them by the king. This was doubtless very generally believed; and in spite of the anxiety which the emigration of the Huguenots caused the more thoughtful men connected with the administration, the revocation must have appealed to most Frenchmen as it did to Madame de Sévigné, — as nothing less than *la plus grande et la plus belle chose qui ait été imaginée et exécutée*. This view was supported by the absence of any attempt upon the part of the Huguenots to resort to arms before the circumscribed if persistent revolt of the Camisards in 1702. Yet Saint-Simon, in one of his bits of penetrating comment, views the matter in much the light in which the modern historian leads us to see it.

Professor Baird devotes over two hundred pages to the episode of the Camisards. He can scarcely hope to hold the interest of the average reader in so detailed a treatment of this local revolt. The reader cannot be severely reprehended if he finds more to the point the account Mr. Stevenson has given us of this matter in recounting his travels with patient Modestine. In no way unexampled as a medley of fanaticism and

self-restraint, of religious vagary and heroic martyrdom, this insurrection furnishes an instance of the difficulty governments have always had in coping with such intensive revolts. It shows clearly, moreover, what a change Protestant influence had undergone in France since the wars of religion when a Protestant gentleman bid fair to gain such an ascendancy over the mind of the king himself as to arouse the blind jealousy of the queen mother.

Professor Baird's chapters upon the Desert and the final recognition of the rights of Protestantism by the edict of toleration issued in 1787 form a valuable account of a neglected phase in the history of the eighteenth century. The laws relating to the Protestants were codified in the royal declaration of 1824. It was not new legislation, but a repetition of the old with a view to more complete execution. It thus furnishes a means of reviewing the legal status of the French Protestant. "On only one point," Professor Baird observes, "did a feeling of shame compel a slight alleviation. While reenacting the pains against the person and memory of those who died as relapsed persons, the infliction upon the corpses of Huguenots of that inhuman treatment which had raised the indignation of civilized Europe was purposely omitted. . . . But no more mercy was shown than heretofore to the living. Death remained the penalty for the Huguenot preacher. Indeed, the clause was added that this penalty should not hereafter be regarded as *commminatory*; that is, a penalty that might be inflicted or not at the discretion of the judges. The minister or preacher that fell into their hands must be sent to the gallows." The baptisms and marriages performed by Protestant ministers "in the desert," as the secret conventicles were picturesquely called, had of course no validity in the eyes of the law, and evidence based upon such ceremonies served only to convict the one urging it of unlawful attendance

at forbidden assemblies. The legal registration of births and marriages was inextricably confused with the most sacred rites of the Catholic Church, and the Protestant who refused to conform knew that his marriage was but concubinage in the eye of the law, and his children bastards with no rights of inheritance. The last execution of a Protestant preacher took place in 1762. In November, 1787, the civil status of non-Catholics was at last recognized.

Professor Baird's work indicates upon every page scholarly erudition and untiring industry. He has utilized much new, or at least comparatively unknown material, although he has very properly availed himself of the guidance of the careful Huguenot historian, Benoist, who completed a voluminous history of the revocation of the edict shortly after that event. While in no way bigoted, Professor Baird writes from a distinctly Protestant standpoint. He takes no pains to explain why the French government pursued so perverted a policy. He exhibits none of the scientific sympathy with the oppressor which is after all essential to the best historical work.

With all their stalwart virtues, the reader will surely agree that the volumes are sadly long. Our author fails conspicuously to stimulate his readers. And yet, with the mass of seductive reading bidding for its attention, the public becomes more impatient every day, and less inclined to supply by an honest effort to be interested what the historian has failed to furnish by a vivacious and philosophical handling of his subject. It is generally supposed that with the Florentine historians, Machiavelli, Guicciardini, and the rest, the old form of chronicles was replaced by more intelligent treatments of the past. Doubtless this is, in a way, very true, but as in the matter of superstition and intolerance, in forecasting the weather by the tilt of the moon, if not our fortunes by the stars, we can trace plenty of survivals of mediæval in-

tellectual frailty, so in historical writing even nowadays we often find little more grasp of the facts and little more historical insight than in the *Annals of Laurensheim* or the *Chronicles of Monstrelet*.

There are indications that those who write history feel the necessity of a change. Whether the new history be institutional, economic, or genetic, it is at least pretty well assured that the public will no longer patiently pass the winter evenings in its chimney corner, taking up volume after volume of the once classical narrative histories of the past. Bancroft and Thiers are still sold, but it may be doubted if they are often read. Every writer must needs be an impressionist in a measure. He must have an aim and calculate his effects. Much in Prescott's works is as out of date as Hans Memling's *Seven Joys of Mary*. Too much attention to the petals of the daisies and the embroidered facings of the tunics has frustrated the artist's aim. Perhaps the details of ceremonial connected with the abdication of Charles V. or the individual deeds of the valorous Camisards do but blur rather than clarify our historical conceptions. And then there are the grievous omissions,—essentials crowded out by non-essentials. A legend still passes current that the Renaissance began with the fall of Constantinople; for who can learn anything of Petrarch and his rôle in our histories? Endless illustrations could be given of common misapprehensions of no less magnitude. There are, as every student knows, undreamed-of possibilities in writing European history. From this standpoint Professor Baird's book is lamentably deficient. His style is, moreover, unfortunately wanting in those qualities which make the mere story a joy. It is therefore to be regretted that he did not content himself with an account in a single volume, which would have sufficed amply to give both the student and the general reader all that was of real importance.

MATTHEW ARNOLD IN HIS LETTERS.

WE are not to have an authoritative Life of Matthew Arnold, and it cannot be said that we need one, after we have been let into the history of his mind through his published writings, and of his heart through his letters.¹ The facts of his outward life are quickly summarized. Born Christmas Eve, 1822, the eldest son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, shortly after to become famous as a schoolmaster, and noteworthy as one of the religious prophets of modern England; a boy at Rugby, an Oxford student, and a fellow of Oriel; private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, then lord president of the Council; appointed to an inspectorship of schools in 1851, and married the same year, continuing for thirty-five years to hold this government office, — this is Matthew Arnold's short story. He made occasional visits to the Continent, usually in connection with his official work, and twice visited America, where he lectured, though his second visit was more especially on account of a daughter who had married an American. He died April 15, 1888, in his sixty-sixth year, leaving behind as a legacy to English literature eight volumes of essays and three of poems, besides a number of studies in educational problems, representative of his official work.

Arnold was so much in the public eye as a poet and an essayist, and the amount of his collected literary writings was so considerable, that he easily acquired from this source the reputation of an industrious man of letters, although any one who should take the trouble to divide his forty working years by his dozen volumes would not reckon the amount of writing unduly disproportionate. But when one comes to read these Letters, the vague impression that Matthew Ar-

nold held some official position in connection with English schools gives place to a recognition of the fact that school work was his vocation, essays and poems his avocation, so far as expenditure of time and the acquisition of livelihood might be taken for a basis of discrimination. Without looking too closely into the exact nature of his daily work, we may with little hesitation add Arnold to the list of those men of letters who do their literary work more effectively because of the substantial drudgery from which it is a partial escape; and it would not be an overnice inference from this double intellectual occupation that the constant dealing with educational problems inspired in Matthew Arnold much of the gospel of culture of which he was an evangelist. The close contact into which he came with the ordinary Englishmen and Englishwomen of his day through his regular tasks afforded him a very broad basis for his knowledge of the mass which he wished to leaven.

Matthew Arnold's writings taken with his daily work offer a pretty full explanation of his intellectual attitude; but the judgment which men might pass upon him from such evidence would be incomplete without the corrective or corroboration of personal acquaintance, and this the two volumes of Letters partially give to such as had not the advantage of knowing the man in his lifetime. They do not contain many adequate expressions of his opinions regarding politics, literature, education, or the men of his time, though there are offhand references to current events and persons, which have some piquancy, as when, for example, he says in a letter to M. Fontanés: "Have you seen a book by a certain Professor Henry Drummond, called SELL. In two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

¹ *Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-1888.* Collected and arranged by GEORGE W. E. RUS-

Natural Law in the Spiritual World, which has had an astonishing success over here? The best public, perhaps, does not much care for it; but the second best, all the religious world, and even the more serious portion of the aristocratical world have accepted the book as a godsend, and are saying to themselves that here at last is safety and scientific shelter for the orthodox supernaturalism which seemed menaced with total defeat. I should like much to know what you think of the book, though I can hardly imagine its suiting any public but that very peculiar and indirect-thinking public which we have in England. What is certain is, that the author of the book has a genuine love of religion and a genuine religious experience; and this gives his book a certain value, though his readers, in general, imagine its value to be quite of another kind." And again, here is a bit about Tennyson: "Is it possible for one who has himself published verses to print a criticism on Tennyson in which perfect freedom shall be used? And without perfect freedom, what is a criticism worth? I do not think Tennyson a great and powerful spirit in any line, — as Goethe was in the line of modern thought, Wordsworth in that of contemplation, Byron even in that of passion; and unless a poet, especially a poet at this time of day, is that, my interest in him is only slight, and my conviction that he will not finally stand high is firm. But is it possible or proper for me to say this about Tennyson, when my saying it would inevitably be attributed to odious motives?" Now and then he puts his working convictions into felicitous, almost epigrammatic form, as when, in a letter to a workingman, he writes: "As to useful knowledge, a single line of poetry, working in the mind, may produce more thoughts and lead to more light, which is what man wants, than the fullest acquaintance (to take your own instance) with the processes of digestion."

Once more, in referring to an elaborate attack made on him by Fitzjames Stephen, he remarks: "My sinuous, easy, unpolemical mode of proceeding has been adopted by me, first, because I really think it the best way of proceeding if one wants to get at and keep with truth; secondly, because I am convinced only by a literary form of this kind being given to them can ideas such as mine ever gain any access in a country such as ours."

If one were to take these Letters and compare them with the formal literary work on which Arnold was engaged during the same period, one might naturally come to look upon their writer as having a somewhat frugal mind, and as not disposed to waste much thought on his correspondents; in this respect the Letters suffer in comparison with the spontaneous flow of Lowell's. But a slight analysis will show that Arnold was governed much by the relation in which he stood to his correspondent. Many of his more careful judgments are contained in his letters to M. Fontanés, and now and then other friends outside of his family received letters which had more or less of a general, public character. The greater part of the two volumes, however, is occupied with letters written to his mother, his sisters, his wife, and his daughters, and the disclosure they make is most interesting; for to these he writes with an affectionate frankness which gives one a most agreeable impression of the sweetness of his nature. His letters to his mother have an undercurrent of feeling which conveys some notion of Mrs. Arnold's fine nature as well as of the deep loyalty of the son, — a loyalty not concerned with the possibility of any misunderstanding between them. Dr. Arnold died in 1842, shortly after Matthew had left Rugby for Oxford, and Mrs. Arnold survived him about thirty years, during which time she saw her son rise to distinction chiefly through a course which seemed to lead

him away from his father's position, although in a more significant sense Matthew Arnold's attitude was not illogically connected with his father's contentions. Yet there was not silence between mother and son upon religious themes. On the contrary, the son repeatedly wrote to his mother in a vein which was neither apologetic nor protesting, but frank and genuine. There is a fine respect shown by the son, and notably an unbounded admiration for his father, and eagerness to establish a community of judgment with him.

Something of Dr. Arnold's nature reappears in Matthew's lively interest during his travels, especially in Italy. Dr. Arnold, like his son, was keenly observant, but his observation was directed rather toward historical features and indications of political society; Matthew Arnold was on the lookout for those characteristics of people which offered points of comparison with the English whom he knew so well. Both were most animated in their description of scenery, and the reader receives a very pleasant impression of Matthew Arnold's delight in flowers, for which he was all the while searching, whether in America or on the Continent. But a closer spiritual likeness may be noted in the serious view which each took of himself. The keynote of Dr. Arnold's character was his earnestness, — an earnestness which appeared to make him quite responsible for the church and the state of England. Matthew Arnold never lost sight of his mission as the apostle of culture, and though by no means deficient in humor, and not at all arrogant in private expression, he shows a calm, serious regard of the work which he is accomplishing that tempts one sometimes to smile behind his hand.

Yet the reader comes easily to form some notion of the world which Arnold wished to create; and though he may

be amused at some of the outbursts of a nature which was constantly readjusting human life on a little more delicate scale, he recognizes, if he is open-minded, the simplicity and the largeness of the ideals which Arnold sets before himself. Truth, genuineness, good taste, — the cultivation of these is not ignoble, and the fact that one may go through life in the pursuit of them with a near-sighted sort of gaze may give opportunity for good-natured raillery, but does not lessen one's respect. Nor can the student of contemporary literature and society and religious faith fail to esteem the service of a man with such ideals, who employs some of the most refined weapons of rhetoric for slaying the dull dragons that block the way. Indeed, though Arnold's modes are somewhat ill adapted to the demands of a better America, Arnold's spirit is one greatly to be desired in the discussion of the same problems of life that confront us; and after one has entertained himself with some of the amusingly characteristic expressions in these Letters, — and the American portion offers some entertaining trifles, — there remains as a deposit in one's mind the impression of a generous nature, fastidious in a high degree, yet overflowing with true affection and wearing no mask. It is a genuine service which his family and the editor of these volumes have done to literature in permitting those who knew Matthew Arnold as a critic to know him also in his simple affectionateness.

Mr. Russell has shown almost unfailing tact in his editorial supervision; his notes are pertinent and reserved. He might have been a little more accurate in some trivial matters concerning Arnold's American experience, but the only serious charge to be brought against him is the unpardonable sin of neglecting to provide an index.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. The Red Badge of Courage, by Stephen Crane (Appletons), is a narrative of the experience of a raw youth in battle, and of the steady screwing of his courage to the point of heroism. So vivid is the picture of actual conflict that the reader comes face to face with war. He does not see its pomp, which requires a different perspective, but he feels the sickening horror of slaughter and becomes a part of the moving line of battle. The process of becoming a hero is so naturally unfolded that the reader no more than the hero himself is aware of the transformation from indecision and cowardice to bravery. This picture, so vivid as to produce almost the effect of a personal experience, is not made by any finished excellence of literary workmanship, but by the sheer power of an imaginative description. The style is as rough as it is direct. The sentences never flow; they are shot forth in sharp volleys. But the original power of the book is great enough to set a new fashion in literature. — The Red Cockade, by Stanley J. Weyman. (Harpers.) Whatever its popular success, The Red Cockade will disappoint Mr. Weyman's discriminating readers. The novel is ingeniously constructed, full of life and movement, and, we need not say, unfailingly readable, but there is no such ease and sureness of touch in indicating the spirit, the atmosphere of the time as is to be found in the author's tales of the France of the religious wars and of Henri Quatre. The highly conventional types of character which appear in the book show, so to speak, a merely conventional study of the epoch. — The Years that the Locust Hath Eaten, by Annie E. Holdsworth. (Macmillan.) It evinces an unmistakable power in the author that, notwithstanding the almost unrelieved and peculiarly irritating painfulness of her tale, it holds the reader steadily to the end. It is the story of the slow doing to death of a bright, hopeful young creature, sacrificed to the monstrous selfishness of her husband, an indolent dreamer, who talks eloquently of the great book which he has not even begun, and in the mean time allows his gently nurtured wife to be both household drudge and bread-winner. The moral

of the tale, so far as we can see, — and so strenuous a writer would probably insist that one must be found, — is that such a foolish and unequal marriage as the heroine's would inevitably lead to poverty and misery unspeakable. Society, as at present constituted, can hardly be held responsible for her sufferings. — Master Wilberforce, the Study of a Boy, by Rita. (Putnams.) The boy is an abnormally precocious infant with a passion for study, who amuses though he hardly convinces the reader; but he develops into a lad of a more usual type, and the story of his dawning love for the tempestuous girl who is his playmate and foil is prettily told. — At Tuxter's, by G. B. Burgin. (Putnams.) A cheerful and quite unrealistic tale of some dwellers in a squalid London street. So far as in him lies, the writer is a faithful follower of Dickens, but Mr. Burgin's humor is a very faint reflex of that of his master. — The Three Impostors, or The Transmutations, by Arthur Machen. Keynotes Series. (Lane, London; Roberts, Boston.) Studies in the horrible, pure and simple. Three human fiends, two pleasant-spoken men and an attractive young woman, are engaged in hounding a young man to a terrible death, and, to beguile the time thus spent, tell gruesome tales, with the properly vague psychological and occult touch and hints at the unnamable. The not inconsiderable literary and constructive skill which has gone to the making of the stories only partially veils their moral offensiveness. — Beatrice of Bayou Têche, by Alice Ilgenfritz Jones. (McClurg.) After a somewhat prolonged absence from American fiction, the white slave reappears in this tale. The book opens charmingly with the description of the child Beatrice and her home in the French quarter of New Orleans, and afterward of her introduction to the plantation on the Têche; but as the girl becomes the woman, the story, which is overcrowded with incident, grows commonplace and tediously diffuse. Though the infinitesimal drop of negro blood in the heroine's veins is not perceptible, even to a Southerner, yet it is sadly true that it might perhaps have spoiled her life in her own land. But then America is not the world, and there are various

highly civilized countries where success of every kind would await a woman possessed of dazzling beauty, a marvelous voice, extraordinary artistic ability, exceptional scholarship, phenomenal intelligence, and perfect health. Under the circumstances, a lifelong retirement to an isle in a far Eastern sea and a disuse of most of these good gifts hardly seem called for. — *Two Women and a Fool*, by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. With pictures by C. D. Gibson. (Stone & Kimball.) That Guy Wharton, a successful Chicagoan artist, is a particularly weak fool probably no reader will deny. The two women, whom he first meets as "co-eds" in college, are Dorothy, a good girl, and Moira, a worthless minx, with eyes that are lustrous, tantalizing, tormenting, dreamy, and fathomless by turns, who develops into a popular burlesque actress. From the lures of this vulgar enchantress the hero quite undeservedly escapes in the last page, doubtless to bestow the remains of his battered affections on Dorothy. The sketch is smartly written, with an occasional touch of cleverness worthy of a better use. — *A Hilltop Summer*, by Alyn Yates Keith. (Lee & Shepard.) Unpretentious but well-told stories of country life. The connection between them is that which exists between the people's lives, interwoven more or less closely as they are pretty sure to be in a small New England village. The details are generally so true to life that we can forgive a tendency towards the sentimental which occasionally shows itself. The final tragedy is unexpected and unnecessary, and the blending of humor and pathos in the conversation of the grief-stricken old couple is not particularly well done.

Books of and for Children. The *Second Jungle Book*, by Rudyard Kipling. Decorated by John Lockwood Kipling. (The Century Co.) "And this is the last of the Mowgli stories," one reads at the close of the book. We commend Mr. Kipling for the wise reserve he thus shows in his art, but we are glad he did not write these words in the previous volume after the death of Mowgli, and we are not sure whether or not he applies the term to all the so-called Jungle tales. Certainly literature is richer for the masterly story in this volume, *The Miracle of Purun Bhagat*, a story which will long live in the memory of those who read it. — *Stevenson's A Child's Garden of Verses* gives fresh delight through the illus-

trations which have been added by Charles Robinson, illustrations which show a kindred fancy, and often a fine imagination. One would have hesitated about putting this most winning book into the hands of a draughtsman, but his doubts would have disappeared upon seeing the picture which serves for *The End or The Land of Nod*. One is tempted sometimes to think that Robert Louis Stevenson's eternity of praise is to come through this little book. — *A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, edited by S. Baring-Gould. With illustrations by members of the Birmingham Art School, under the direction of A. J. Gaskin. (Methuen, London; Lippincott, Philadelphia.) A pretty book, with an archaic setting of border and occasional design. The effective wood-cutting is the most praiseworthy feature. (Scribners.) — *The Arabella and Araminta Stories*, by Gertrude Smith. With an Introduction by Mary E. Wilkins. Embellished with fifteen illustrative designs by Ethel Reed. (Copeland & Day.) We have had books in one syllable which were very hard reading. It was like walking on squares without stepping on the lines, to read them. This book for very young children is of a different order. It is based on the primary principle of repetition. As like unto *Arabella* as *Araminta* is, so are the doings and the reports of the doings of the two children. "Tell it over again" may be said of almost every sentence. If one can make his mind small enough in reading this book, he can get into an amusing toy world. We are curious to know how actual children of three or four will take to these stories, which are printed in very large type, for the benefit, probably, of the grandmothers who will read them aloud, for no child of the age interested could be expected to read the book to herself. "Embellishment" is a large word to apply to the puzzles in black-and-white, which are darkening, not illustrative designs. — *Children's Stories in American Literature, 1660-1860*, by Henrietta Christian Wright. (Scribners.) The lives and works of sixteen writers, from Audubon and Irving to Parkman and Holmes, are successively considered; a brief chapter devoted to our early literature serving as introduction to the book. These sketches are nearly as mechanical and as wanting in literary quality as those which used to be found in textbooks known as Compendiums

of English Literature, and they can hardly convey to young readers any very vivid ideas as to the personality of our greater writers. — Harper's Round Table, 1895. Harper's Young People, of which this is the sixteenth annual volume, changed its name in the spring of 1895. Its general character remains the same, but several "departments" are added, — The Camera Club, Interscholastic Sport, Stamps, Bicycling. A distinctive feature, and one which is significant of the times in which we live, is the space devoted to Interscholastic Sport. Under this heading "The Graduate" gives reports of contests in all branches of field and track athletics from all over the country, besides much sensible advice to the schoolboy athlete. The girls also come in for their share of attention in The Pudding Stick, which is conducted (or should we say wielded?) by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster. — Joseph the Dreamer, by Robert Bird. (Scribners.)

Literature. Vailima Letters, being Correspondence addressed by Robert Louis Stevenson to Sidney Colvin, November, 1890–October, 1894. In two volumes. (Stone & Kimball.) When one considers that this period covers the Samoan residence; that Mr. Colvin, five years Stevenson's senior, was his intimate friend and critic and go-between in the literary projects of these years; and that Stevenson wrote with all the freedom of his gay nature of his work, his Samoans, his thoughts on life and letters, himself even, one can guess how much there is to enjoy in these two trig volumes. The lover of Stevenson wants the trivial, for he is eager to be intimate with this most friendly of writers; and thus he will read of proofs and corrections and dealings with publishers and oily-skinned Samoans with an insatiable ardor. — Little Leaders, by William Morton Payne. (Way & Williams, Chicago.) Mr. Payne has collected from The Dial several of the thoughtful, sagacious papers on literary and educational topics which have made that journal so representative of sound criticism. There are some interesting appreciations at the close of the volume under the general heading In Memoriam, of which that on Huxley may be singled out as felicitous in its seizing upon salient points within brief compass. — In an agreeable pair of volumes M. J. Knight has brought together a Selection of Passages from Plato for English Readers,

from Jowett's translation. The aim has been to save the more distinctly dramatic and poetic elements of Plato, and thus offer an introduction to an acquaintance with his writings which might be forbidden by the formidable task of becoming familiar with his metaphysical speculations. Brief introductions and notes supply what is required for elucidation, and the reader gets a taste of the literature in a not altogether fragmentary way. (Macmillan.) — A Companion to Dante, from the German of G. A. Seartazzini, by Arthur John Butler. (Macmillan.) Access to this work of an eminent Dante scholar is a real convenience to an English student. The book belongs, indeed, not to the criticism which is literature, but to the criticism which gives apparatus. The Teutonic side is the more prominent in Seartazzini, and his book lacks entirely the fire and charm with which Carducci, for example, clothes his Dante scholarship. But it is valuable, despite a laboriousness of method which sometimes defeats its own end, for a departure from the Dante legend popularly repeated from the days of Boccaccio, and an independent and thorough investigation of real authorities. The present volume is decidedly more useful than the Handbook by Seartazzini translated by Professor Davidson in 1886; for it is more comprehensive in facts, and often less far-fetched in argument. Seartazzini retains, to be sure, his old claim that Beatrice was not Beatrice, but somebody else of a different name, because forsooth it would be immoral to suppose that Dante celebrated a married lady. But he has dropped the yet more fantastic assumption, triumphantly deduced from nothing, that "Gemma Donati was worthy not only of the love, but of the respect of Dante," and candidly confesses, after prolonged discussion, the obvious truth that concerning Dante's domestic life we know nothing at all. — Five Lectures on Shakespeare, by Bernhard Ten Brink. Translated by Julia Franklin. (Holt.) No student of Shakespeare can read this little volume without a keen regret that the writer's history of English literature should only have reached the Elizabethan age, and that these brief lectures, written for a popular audience, should be all that remains to us of a lifetime's study of the poet. We say "the poet" advisedly, for it was to Shakespeare, and not to Shakespearean literature,

that Ten Brink was primarily devoted, though of those books without end few foreign scholars could more justly estimate the relative worth or worthlessness. Though the lecturer can treat the various aspects of his subject but in outline, he writes with such rare knowledge, insight, and, we may add, sanity, that his book is eminently suggestive, and so has a value quite out of proportion to its size, in happy contrast to the effect produced by many ponderous Shakespearean tomes. The translation is usually excellent, but it is difficult to understand why the editor's introduction should have been omitted in the English version, as, under the circumstances, it might almost be called an essential part of the volume. — Two volumes — *Due Preparations for the Plague*, and *The King of Pirates*, with *Lives of Other Pirates and Robbers* — complete the new sixteen-volume edition of Defoe's *Romances and Narratives*, edited by George A. Aitken, and illustrated by J. B. Yeats. (J. M. Dent & Co., London; Macmillan, New York.) The former of the two volumes contains also *The Apparition of Mrs. Veal*. If our modern realistic writers would give to Defoe the attention they seem to give to newspapers, they might discover something of the secret of his power to impress his narratives on the belief. It is somewhat melancholy, however, to observe the down grade on which Defoe traveled, till at last his imagination was overpowered with thieves, strumpets, pirates, and ruffians. The edition now completed is edited with great skill and good judgment. — *Natural History of Selborne and Observations on Nature*, by Gilbert White, with the *Text and New Letters of the Buckland Edition*. Introduction by John Burroughs; illustrations by Clifton Johnson. In two volumes. (Appletons.) There is a special fitness in an introduction from Mr. Burroughs to this new edition of one of his favorite books. He has told us before, in *Indoor Studies*, why he likes Gilbert White's book, and has there pointed out some of the sources of its "perennial charm," but the present essay brings out characteristics of the Selborne parson which had not been touched upon before. The illustrations are almost all from photographs taken by Mr. Johnson, though the title-page would lead one to expect drawings. They show us the streets, houses, people, gardens, fields, and

woods of the Hampshire parish, with an occasional glimpse at its feathered inhabitants, apparently taken from "mounted groups." The subjects are attractive, and the photographs are well taken, and so numerous that we are sure the sun must have reproduced for us, under Mr. Johnson's direction, almost everything of interest that he shines upon in that neighborhood.

Poetry and the Drama. The *Father of the Forest*, and *Other Poems*, by William Watson. (Stone & Kimball.) Three or four longish poems, two lyrics, and three sonnets, all marked by Mr. Watson's seriousness of mind and literary attitude toward poetry. The *Tomb of Burns* is the best, because it most directly reflects Mr. Watson's distinctive excellence in the treatment of human subjects connected with the high realms of imaginative production. It is man in connection with nature that offers a theme to this poet, and thus such exalted images as Wordsworth and Burns afford inspire him most deeply. — *Macaire*, a Melodramatic Farce, by Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henley. (Stone & Kimball.) A three-act farce ending in a tragedy, but so nonsensical throughout that Macaire's death itself seems like a light jest. It ought to be acted like lightning, and it reads as if it were written between two pipes. — *To-Day and Yesterday*, by Edward Willard Watson. (Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.) — *Shadows of Yesterday*, by Charles Gifford Orwen. (Rochester, N. Y.) — *Dies Iræ*, *Nine Original English Versions*, by W. W. Nevins. (Putnams.) — *Undergrowth*, by George C. Bragdon. (R. J. Oliphant, Oswego, N. Y.) — *Pauline*, and *Other Poems*, by Arthur J. Stringer. (T. H. Warren, Printer, London, Ont.) — *Nicodemus*, by Grace Shaw Duff. Illustrated by Frederick C. Gordon. (Arena Publishing Co.) — *Acrisius*, *King of Argos*, and *Other Poems*, by Horace Eaton Walker. (George I. Putnam Co., Claremont, N. H.)

Biography. *Margaret Winthrop*, by Alice Morse Earle. In series *Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times*. (Scribners.) The letters between Winthrop and his wife have been drawn upon often, for they are among the most tender memorials of early Puritan life; but this is the first attempt, we think, to use them for setting forth the character of the wife toward

whom the great founder of New England showed such a lover's regard. After all, the book is quite as much a picture of New England and of John Winthrop. We suspect the subject of the sketch would have been somewhat dismayed at the notion of being treated as the occasion for a biography. Mrs. Earle's well-trained antiquarian mind leads her to lay too much stress upon the reproduction of documents in the ancient spelling. A little of this flavor goes a good way. Mrs. Earle has really gathered and used with skill pretty much all one could expect to find of the feminine aspect of early New England. — The Gillmans of Highgate, with Letters from Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Illustrated with Views and Portraits. Being a Chapter from the History of the Gillman family. By Alexander W. Gillman. (Elliot Stock, London.) The author appears to be engaged on an extensive family history, of which this volume is a fragment, but of more than genealogical interest, since inwoven with an account of this special branch are interesting memorabilia of Coleridge, hitherto unprinted notes, letters, and memoranda. The illustrations help to reconstruct Coleridge's outer life at James Gillman's house.

Nature and Travel. Vacation Rambles, by Thomas Hughes. (Macmillan.) Readers of The Spectator will recall the letters which for thirty years and more have appeared occasionally in that journal signed "Vacuus Viator." It was an open secret that they were by the author of Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby, and Mr. Hughes has now collected them into a plump volume, which may be read with genuine pleasure, since the author writes with a boyish freshness which is indifferent to the parade of knowledge and full of hearty enthusiasm. The rambles recorded were in Europe and America, and amongst other places visited was the settlement in Rugby, Tennessee, in which Mr. Hughes was personally interested. A slight veil secludes most American proper names from all but those who know or know something about the persons frankly and agreeably noted. — Constantinople, by F. Marion Crawford. Illustrated by Edwin L. Weeks. (Scribners.) Readers of Paul Patoff will not need to be told that Mr. Crawford can write of Constantinople and its inhabitants

with exceeding vividness and picturesqueness. Such a description, for instance, as that of a service at Agia Sophia during the last week of Ramazán is not easily forgotten, and may be matched in this book by the word-picture of the ever-changing throng on Galata Bridge. These sketches, admirably supplemented by the illustrations of Mr. Weeks, give wonderfully lifelike glimpses of places and people in this meeting-ground of Europe and Asia. It is interesting at present to note Mr. Crawford's well-defined opinions regarding the Turk, whom he is inclined to believe in, when he can be found, and is not a Greek, Armenian, Persian, or African calling himself by that name. "He is sober, he is clean, he is honest," qualities not especially characteristic of the so-called Christian population of his city. In a few graphic touches the writer so well indicates the mixture of races and creeds in this swarm of humanity that it seems a natural sequence that it should be the most ill governed of municipalities. The publishers have united with author and artist in making this little volume attractive. — The Gold Diggings of Cape Horn, a Study of Life in Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia, by John R. Spears. Illustrated. (Putnams.) This is a collection of miscellaneous information — with perhaps some misinformation? — picked up by a newspaper man on a journey to the end of the continent. The interest which this book possesses is that which naturally attaches to the novelty of the places and peoples visited, for Mr. Spears lays no claims to literary excellence, and we must confess to finding him for the most part exceedingly dull reading. The occasional coarse newspaper witticisms do not serve to enliven the narrative to any appreciable extent. The author gives us an account not so much of what he saw as of what he heard, and, in spite of the authoritative fashion in which he delivers himself, we may be pardoned for assigning it the value of all hearsay evidence. The chapters on the several tribes of Indians are the most interesting, but — we wish we could be sure it was all true. — Window and Parlor Gardening, a Guide for the Selection, Propagation, and Care of House Plants, by N. Jönsson Rose. With illustrations by the author. (Scribners.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Elicited Information.

It happened once that school-teaching was thrust upon me for a short season ; and I find, in looking over some of the examination papers belonging to the pupils, that my labors were not quite without results, some of which, if unexpected or unusual, are at least suggestive.

For instance, should we understand that soap was formerly used more freely among the Italians than in these days we might be led to suppose, because a student of Roman history writes, "Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed by a stream of lather" ? And is there more than meets the eye in this statement, "When the Greeks and Romans became Christians, then they had more to quarrel about" ? Is this further announcement to be disputed, "Alexandria was one of the chief cities of iniquity" (antiquity) ?

In these days of hygienic feeding and much teaching thereof, the following *résumé* of our requirements is gratifying for its simplicity and comprehensiveness : "The three necessary sorts of food are carbonaceous, nitrogenous, and nutritious." It is reassuring to be told by the same student that "a tooth is so set in the jaw that they are not apt to come out ;" and according to one's physical condition is the impression produced by reading that "the organs and tissues of the body are continually changing ; those which are present one moment are gone the next" !

To persons who have forgotten the "words of the book" it may be a little bewildering to read that "a hair under the microscope looks like the roof of a house." Perhaps the simile would have suggested itself only in a town of shingled roofs. We find among other beneficent provisions of nature that "the oil-glands are of great use to us : they oil the skin and hair, and keep water out." So the phrase "wet to the skin" acquires new meaning, while "wet through" is destined to become obsolete, since science shows it to be an impossible condition. I am sure that only in a reposeful New England town could be written, "The arm is *sometimes* used in carrying things and to hit with," and as an afterthought, or with a sort

of Western "keep-the-change" prodigality, is added, "There are two arms, and the leg is something like it."

On an American history paper I find that "Molly Pitcher's husband was wounded, and she went to get some water in a piteher, and that is how you can remember her name." Among the admirable and impressive facts in the life of Benjamin Franklin it is recorded that "when he went to bed at night he used to take a book with him and deprive himself of rest." "At length, finding himself in America without a penny, he became a great writer ;" whether because or in spite of the geographical and financial situation is not stated. It is interesting to hear that "when Andrew Jackson found time he fed the adopted baby." It is to be hoped that in the intervals some one else "found time."

It hardly seems consistent with our notions of Washington's dignity that he should "mount a pine log on wheels and parade round with it," nor should we advocate such an excess of politeness as that shown by Mrs. Motte when "she chose to have her house burned down, since the enemy could not be disobliged" (dislodged). On the other hand, the Americans were surely rather exacting when "they ordered the British to lower their collars."

It is not clear as to whether it was accident, design, or the writer's arrangement that led one of the patriots "to store the powder in a house with his wife and his mother-in-law."

Recent events have justified the laconic answer of "Riots" to the inquiry "What is the practical result of strikes ?" And perhaps in the last few years the force of the following definition may have been felt : "A draft is an order that you send to a man, instead of money, but it has to pass through several hands before the right person gets it."

The last extract from these papers, containing so many fresh points of view, is one which shows the value to us all of some knowledge of grammar and rhetoric, since "grammatical form may be shown by speaking and spelling correctly," and "apostrophe is that figure of speech in which

absent things are addressed as though present, and the ignorant as though intelligent."

Renan's Birthplace. — Thanks to its being still ten or twelve miles from a railway, Tréguier is not in the least modernized or beset by curiosity-hunters. The drive, moreover, from Lannion gives an idea of the peaceful scenery amid which Renan was reared. It is an undulating country of pastures and orchards, with little wayside or moorland oratories dedicated to saints unknown outside Brittany, and with peasants' cottages, not nestling together as in most parts of France, but standing isolated in the fields. The sea is not visible even from a high table-land, and we must not imagine Renan familiar with the melancholy ocean. Tréguier is on a river, or creek, five miles from the open sea, and the boy's long rambles with his mother can seldom have brought him within hearing or sight of the waves breaking on the granite coast. Nor does Tréguier, at the first view, give the impression of an ecclesiastical atmosphere. It is sleepy and old-fashioned rather than religious. There are, indeed, three convents, besides the hospital, or poor-house, which is in charge of nuns; but these are not visible from the street, being concealed by high granite walls. Little, too, is to be seen externally of the college, or seminary, which Renan in his later days vainly sought permission to revisit. The cathedral, though the only religious edifice for the twenty-seven hundred inhabitants, is the smallest in Brittany, and its graceful spire, granite like the rest of the structure, was not erected till just before the Revolution. Then unbishoped by being annexed to St. Brieuc, Tréguier has not even a sub-prefect to represent civil authority. Not a single house in the town looks less than a century old, and the half dozen streets are almost lifeless. It is strange to find such a Sleepy Hollow lit up by electricity, but these incongruities are not infrequent in France. A natural oyster-bed is an element if not of prosperity, of well-being; for the small but delicate mollusk is in high repute, and cod and mackerel fisheries give employment to the people.

My driver, though so ardent an antiquary that he volunteered to walk through the town with me, pointing out with admiration all the picturesque houses, had evidently

never heard of Renan. Visitors must not expect, indeed, to find the great writer honored in his own country. In so Catholic a town no statue of him is likely to be tolerated in our time, even were strangers to subscribe for it; nor is the Grande Rue, a winding and usually narrow street of dingy granite houses, with very few shops, and those decidedly third-rate, likely to be renamed Rue Renan. Nor do his works or his photograph appear at any shop window. The landlady of the Lion d'Or directed me, however, to his house, a plain granite building one hundred and fifty years old, looking as if it might have seen better days. A baker's shop now occupies the frontage, while the back, the first floor, and the attics are let as tenements. The shop was where Renan's mother sold groceries and marine stores till the death of her husband, on whose coasting voyages she depended for supplies. On the first floor his sister Henriette must have afterwards carried on the school by which she bravely tried not only to maintain her mother and young brother, but to pay off the debts left by an enterprising but unbusinesslike father. On her departure for Paris in 1835, mother and son contented themselves with two or three rooms, letting all the rest. One of these is on the ground floor, and is shown to visitors as Renan's bedroom, now adorned, by the irony of events, with Catholic pictures. It looks out on a small yard and garden. The back attic, which was Renan's study, commands a view of the country. The garden, though stocked with vegetables and fruit trees, contains a few flowers, and the elderly woman who is now the tenant of it and of part of the house — she remembers Renan's mother well, describing her as a model woman, but apparently she knew little of the son until late in life, when, passing the summer at a neighboring village on the coast, he occasionally visited the spot — offers flowers to strangers, more numerous since his death, as mementos. What a tale that study could tell of mental conflicts while Renan was hesitating whether to risk breaking his mother's heart by renouncing the priesthood of a church in which he no longer believed! But for Henriette's counsels and purse, as is evident from their recently published correspondence, he might perhaps have silenced his scruples, and become at least a Catholic

professor, possibly a Catholic bishop, in lieu of three years' drudgery as usher in an insignificant boarding-school, and, as late as 1852, of earning fifty cents a night in cataloguing manuscripts at the Paris Library, after a literary mission to Italy for the Academy of Inscriptions. But Wisdom is justified of her children.

This intellectual evolution, by which, at twenty-six, Renan, in his then partially printed *L'Avenir de Science*, had reached all the conclusions developed in his later works, is not easily explained by heredity, albeit Henriette, twelve years his senior, had previously passed through a like crisis. The father, who was drowned, or drowned himself, when Ernest was only five years old, is described by him as melancholy, but this may apply only to his later days of adversity. Another authority depicts him as corpulent, courageous, taciturn, but hot-tempered and, like so many Breton sailors, addicted to the bottle. What is certain is that he had no aptitude for business, which defect, together with his obesity, he bequeathed to his son. His wife, a Lannion beauty, was lively and sanguine, very pious, but with so much of primitive heathenism blended with her religion as to allow a friendly witch to ascertain Ernest's chances of recovery from a dangerous illness by taking his shirt to a holy well and seeing whether it would float or sink. Both parents, so far as we can judge, were commonplace. So also was the elder son, Alain, who, beginning life as a bank clerk, then failing in business at St. Malo, became bookkeeper in a Paris business house, unable either to assist Henriette in maintaining mother and brother and paying off the father's forbearing creditors, or to advise Ernest in his mental conflicts. It is true that the paternal uncle, Pierre, was a sort of untutored genius, a belated troubadour or bard, averse to work, the life and soul of village taverns, with his fund of stories and jokes, or retold chapters of Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and the Diable Boiteux, books rescued by him from a priestly expurgation of his brother's scanty library. Who had collected these forbidden books does not appear; perhaps the paterfamilias in his voyages. It is not derogatory to Renan to suggest that he resembled this ne'er-do-well uncle, who died by the roadside, more than his parents, — which of course

implies inheritance of qualities from a common ancestor; for atavism is the only explanation of the difference between Henriette and Ernest and the rest of the family. Renan's own theory of the influence of his mother's Gascon ancestry would fail to account for uncle Pierre. Grandfather Renan, moreover, must have been an intelligent man, or he would not have migrated from a fishing village to Tréguier, nor have sent his son to Brest to learn English and navigation, which proved useful acquirements to him when captured by a privateer and imprisoned on English pontoons.

As for the *milieu*, on which Taine lays so much stress, other Breton towns, indeed the very nearest, Lannion, possess much more architectural charm, and other Breton districts have much wilder scenery. Regarding the legend of the submerged town of Is, its spires sometimes visible, its chimes sometimes audible, it was not peculiar to that region, for several localities compete for the site. Tréguier is perhaps exceptionally disinclined to enterprise or money-making, and this would help to account for Renan's indifference to wealth, his dislike to pushing his way, whether in soliciting a post or entering a car; but it does not explain his own or Henriette's mental evolution. Most of his schoolfellows must have become parish priests, devoid alike of his gifts and his doubts. We can no more explain why Tréguier produced Renan than why it produces oysters. It is in both cases an unconscious production, the very reverse of Oxford, which, as a waggish alderman of my acquaintance once told a parliamentary committee, has "two manufactures, parsons and sausages." Brittany has produced but one Renan, for Chateaubriand and Lamennais do not count; they sprang from that part of Brittany which is Norman in speech, and at least semi-Norman in race. But Britain — whether the island or the peninsula is uncertain — produced also Pelagius; and a curious analogy might be traced between the optimistic rationalism of the earlier and that of the later heretic.

However baffling, too, in other respects, a visit to Tréguier leaves a distinct conviction that Breton was Renan's mother tongue. Breton is still the predominant language, not only in the working class, but among the *bourgeois*, and seventy years ago French must have been as rare in the towns

as it is now in the villages, for which the English Bible Society has provided a Breton version of the Bible. My driver, a man of forty, did not know a syllable of French until he joined the army, and the present occupants of Renan's house habitually use Breton. Renan tells us, moreover, that his mother spoke Breton admirably, and her folk-lore would have lost half its charm in French, while uncle Pierre would assuredly have been unintelligible in that tongue in village inns. It is not a little surprising to find that one of the greatest of French stylists was thus of alien race and speech. It is as though Macaulay, the grandson of a Presbyterian minister in the Hebrides, had lisped in Gaelic.

The Master in Arts. — We have been wrestling with a big problem in our corner of the wide club-room, and since "the like events may be expected to happen hereafter in the order of human things," — as hath been said, through Jowett's lips, by grave Thucydides, — our struggle may interest other coteries no less.

The chief portico for our Museum of Arts and Sciences is to have six columns, and, ergo, five intercolumniations, which it is desired to surmount with five supreme names; perhaps, also, with the statues of their immortal bearers. (The general problem, whether lists of names are fittingly placed upon exterior walls at all, was regarded as settled affirmatively beforehand. Our own feeling is, that all external detail should be architectural in its effect, subsidiary to the main design and purpose; ornamental, indeed, but with a certain austere simplicity and unity in the complete impression made, even upon the casual visitor at his first approach. The place for exhaustive and scholarly catalogues is provided within the edifice.) So arose the old question, What and how many are the creative and beneficent arts which glorify human life, and who are their typical masters?

Since speech is, on the one hand, our decisive mark of superiority over the brute, and imagination, on the other, our link upward toward the Divine, it was generally agreed that Shakespeare the poet claimed the central space.

Architecture might well demand especial recognition above the other arts of design, here, above all, at the entrance she herself supplies. But, fortunately, Angelo was

sculptor, too, as well as the shaper who "groined the aisles of Christian Rome,"

while Phidias was not alone the creator of Olympian Zeus and Athenian Pallas, but master of construction in the Periclean city at the same time. So these two — again with no dissent — supply the stalwart corner figures, adequately representing the arts of design united, in their two supreme epochs; and the relative dignity of these two arts need not be argued. Our own belief is that, in her ideal aim, in her material, in her loftiest triumphs, Sculpture is at least the equal and twin sister of Architecture.

If the seated Zeus of Phidias in the Olympian shrine had chosen to stand erect, he would without effort have thrust his royal head and shoulders through the frail temple roof the architect had woven over him. The Athenian Acropolis may well have been regarded as the true pedestal of the imperial Athenè Promachos, whose glimmering helmet-crest was seen from Sounion, or as a graded approach to that holiest place in whose dim recess the chryselephantine marvel of Phidian art received her votaries, the Parthenon, or Maiden's Bower. The Memnon statue in Egypt and the Rhodian Colossus, Michelangelo's Moses and David, the Hermann monument and our own Liberty Enlightening the World, may remind us that there is no limit for the heroic dimensions of sculpture, if only the adequate pedestal, a sufficiently remote point of view, can also be assured.

As all architecture finds its first suggestion in the hut, in the mere necessity of shelter, so sculpture first arose, doubtless, from a desire to preserve the outlines of the perishable human frame. As that divinely fashioned and divinely inhabited frame is nobler than its purely material protection, so the colossal statue, if worthily conceived and placed, is at least as fitting, as independent, as imperishable, as the lordliest edifice. Indeed, the most lasting monuments of man, the pyramids, are perhaps in the borderland between the arts of architect and sculptor.

Finally, the positions on either side the master were assigned to the two more perishable arts, or those, at least, whose antique masterpieces have almost vanished from the world. That Beethoven is the Shakespeare of music was not questioned. The prevailing cry, however, which gave Raphael, and

painting, the final niche, overbore many and persistent doubts in one mind; doubts, indeed, for whose allaying (or confirmation) the present appeal is chiefly taken.

A previous embassy had been sent to a certain oracle of high and deserved repute. In true oracular fashion, the response failed to meet our chief doubts; but it was declared that poetry, the supreme art of expression, must be recognized in all its three unrivaled masters. The sides of the projecting (and projected) portico afforded one intercolumniation each, and therewith an opportunity to obey the mandate. So Dante will support his fellow-Florentines on the one side; and on the other, Homer, adequately distinguished beside Phidias, happily marks also the transition to the classical wing proper, and indeed counts as one of the twelve greatest Hellenes, who are to be named, if not figured, upon the architrave of this Grecian section. The latter list is in itself a very pretty problem, but we may leave it to the Hellenists, while we return to Raphael and to the doubts hinted at already.

First, then, a bold paradox after the manner of the Platonic Socrates: Is painting one of the great creative arts at all? In origin it was ancillary to architecture, and, as we now know, to sculpture no less. Even on the great Stoa at Athens, and in the Delphian Leschè, it merely furnished a masterly adornment for structures which architecture had left essentially completed. So Rubens's Descent from the Cross was but a splendid ornament added to the cathedral of Antwerp. No cathedral was ever built around a picture merely or chiefly to enshrine it; no Rospigliosi palace ever crystallized its blocks of stone about a painted Aurora.

Moreover, alone of artists, the painter sets before himself, as his chief aim, deception! With ignoble materials, mere pigments and stains, upon a petty rectangular cloth, or at best upon a stretch of crumbling plaster, he, like the Indian magician, bids us see what our own prosaic senses will never suffer us to believe actually present. Again, the Theseum if not the Parthenon, the Hermes though not the chryselephantine triumphs of Phidian art, have crossed the centuries essentially intact, as imperishable as Homeric epic,

"And shall endure, long-lasting as the world."

If they are lonely on the earth, it is the hand of man, not time, that has overthrown their kindred. The colors of Polygnotos, on the other hand, are more utterly vanished than the notes of Terpander's lyre! Is this art, petty in its materials, aiming to deceive, unable to preserve its own memorials, one which can give its votary the immortality denied to his work?

Even if painting deserves the equal rank which, by the general voice, is undoubtedly accorded to it, yet its peculiar province and potency lie in coloring. Therefore, its true home is not Florence nor Rome, but Venice; and Titian, master of color, is, *ipso facto*, foremost and typical among painters. We hold no brief, however, even for him.

The question we wish rather to raise, perhaps a hydra-headed cluster of questions, is this: Does not artistic prose in general, or history, or oratory, or ethics, deserve one of these five seats? In particular, is not Plato, or Socrates, or the Platonic Socrates, as the creator of a lofty ethic, both scientific and ideal, more conspicuous (even in absence) than any colorist can be? If the dominant ethical belief of the modern civilized world denies Plato's orthodoxy, the Hebrew Paul would offer one further advantage; for no single race would then be laid under contribution for two among our five monarchs. The name of Paul's master could probably not be inscribed, even in the central position, in any list, without raising the question over which a disunited Christendom has merely ceased to fight and persecute to the death, — the question on which no agreement or compromise is possible, whether that be the name of a man at all.

But on all the lesser problems here raised this is but an echo of Ajax's cry, a prayer for light. Bacon and Hawthorne, doubtless a host beside, ordered well and impressively the great classes of benefactors to men; but our problem is set afresh by the peculiar environment and occasion.

A Protest. — I want to raise my voice in polite objection to "a novel suggestion" recently made in the Club.

You must all remember the advice to novelists to consider the uses of a "spiritual Don Juan," and the sketch, for their guidance, of his relations with the lady who loved him despite his piteous efforts to turn her love to hate.

Here, in my opinion, is a Mrs. Harris.

"I don't believe there's no such a person." I mean, I don't believe in the spiritual Don Juan of noble intellect, who first tries to make himself loved, and then to undo his fatal work with ridicule. As for the lady who loves unasked and in spite of all, I know she is real, in the novelist's sense. She is so familiar to any close observer of matters between the sexes that I have about made up my mind that woman is naturally the aggressor in love; that is, that there are more women than men fitted for the initiator's part, and that one reason why things go so badly is that the poor men are trained to believe themselves pursuers, when in fact they are pursued. Anyway, that training must certainly put them to dreadful disadvantage when they are pursued; and I rejoice that the misunderstood gentleman (I am sure he is charming) of the guiding sketch bears the obloquy of his position bravely, and will not, as so many a man has done, make believe that he loves because he is beloved. He has Thoreau's example to support him, and he can comfort himself with the obvious reflection that if a woman was found gallant enough to attack Thoreau, no one can be considered safe from siege, and none necessarily deemed blame-worthy when it comes.

Of course I am misbehaving myself, after the usual manner of the controversialist, — I am setting forth the other side as it was *not* stated; but I cannot believe in a superior and able man who seeks to win women's love, and does it by vague suggestions of admiration and sympathy only, and has no use for it when he has it. Why shouldn't he give expression in a modest way to his admiration and sympathy if he feels these sentiments, and why shouldn't he feel them for many women whom he does not love nor wish to love him? What charm can

there be in any society that discourages him in this civilized course? In fact, in the more special sense, how can there be any society where he, for such conduct, is looked upon askance?

I speak feelingly, because I have suffered so deeply for social interchange when such pleasures would have been possible had not the unwritten code of rural circles in the Northern States all but forbidden association between the sexes except on the ground of courtship to the end of marriage. I find that code intolerably coarse, among other things. Accidents certainly will happen, and both men and women, if they live at all, run the risk of falling in love with the wrong people; but I do not believe that a society that permits — nay, demands — some touch of romance in its manners, that embodies in its traditions and etiquette subtle shades of masculine gallantry and feminine graciousness (as do all the older and more civilized of the Occident), subjects its members to any more risk of unhappiness thereby; and the gain in happiness, I submit, is inestimable.

I have betrayed my sex plainly enough (unless the New Woman has blinded you to the old signs), and I might as well now boldly state what you are sure to infer; that is, that I like men to like me and to show it, and that I deeply deplore anything calculated to make them more cautious about it than they are now. I have known in my life several men who displayed, without provocation, a noble disposition to protect me from their dangerous charms, who took pains to make it clear in time that they must not be loved. They afforded me some pleasure, — that it were ungrateful to deny — but as models of manners and taste I did not care about them, and I do not desire to see their tribe increase in the land.

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THE OLD THINGS.

I.

MRS. GERETH had said she would go with the rest to church, but suddenly it seemed to her that she should not be able to wait even till church-time for relief: breakfast, at Waterbath, was a punctual repast, and she had still nearly an hour on her hands. She prepared, in her room, for the little rural walk (she knew the church to be near), and on her way down again, passing through corridors, observing imbecilities of decoration, the æsthetic misery of the big, commodious house, she felt the displeasure of the evening before violently aggravated, — a renewal, in her spirit, of that secret pain unfailingly inflicted by ugliness and stupidity. Why did she consent to such contacts, why did she so rashly expose herself? She had had, Heaven knew, her reasons, but the whole experience was to be sharper than she had feared. To get away from it and out into the air, into the presence of the sky and the trees, the flowers and the birds, was a pressing nervous necessity. The flowers at Waterbath would probably go wrong in color, and the nightingales sing out of tune; but she remembered to have heard the place described as possessing those advantages that are usually spoken of as natural. There were advantages enough that it clearly did not possess. It was hard for her to believe that a woman could look presentable who had been kept awake all night by the wall-paper in her room; yet none the less, as in her

fresh widow's weeds she rustled across the hall, she was sustained by the consciousness, which always added to the unction of her social Sundays, that she was, as usual, the only person in the house incapable of wearing in her preparation the horrible stamp of the same exceptional smartness that would be conspicuous in a grocer's wife. She would rather have perished than have looked *endimanchée*.

She was, fortunately, not challenged, the hall being empty, with the other women engaged, precisely, in arraying themselves to that dire end. Once in the grounds, she recognized that, with a site, a view that struck the note, set an example to its inmates, Waterbath ought to have been charming. How she herself, with such elements to handle, would have taken the wise hint of nature! Suddenly, at the turn of a walk, she came on a member of the party, a young lady, seated on a bench in deep and lonely meditation. She had observed the girl at dinner and afterwards: she was always looking at girls with an apprehensive or speculative reference to her son. Deep in her heart was a conviction that Owen would, in spite of all her spells, marry at last a frump; and this from no evidence that she could have represented as adequate, but simply from her deep uneasiness, her belief that such a special sensibility as her own could have been inflicted on a woman only as a source of suffering. It would be her fate, her discipline, her cross, to have a frump

brought hideously home to her. This girl, one of the two Vetches, had no beauty, but Mrs. Gereth, scanning the dullness for a sign of life, had been straightway able to classify such a figure as the least, for the moment, of her afflictions. Fleda Vetch was dressed with an idea, though perhaps with not much else; and that made a bond when there was none other, especially as in this case the idea was real, not imitation. Mrs. Gereth had long ago generalized the truth that the temperament of the frump is amply consistent with a certain usual prettiness. There were five girls in the party, and the prettiness of this one, slim, pale, and black-haired, was less likely than that of the others ever to occasion an exchange of platitudes. The two less developed Brigstocks, daughters of the house, were in particular tiresomely "lovely." A second glance, this morning, at the young lady before her conveyed to Mrs. Gereth the soothing assurance that she also was guiltless of looking hot and fine. They had had no talk as yet, but this was a note that would effectually introduce them if the girl should show herself in the least conscious of their community. She got up from her seat with a smile that but partly dissipated the prostration Mrs. Gereth had recognized in her attitude. The elder woman drew her down again, and for a minute, as they sat together, their eyes met and sent out mutual soundings. "Are you safe? Can I utter it?" each of them said to the other, quickly recognizing, almost proclaiming, their common need to escape. The tremendous fancy, as it came to be called, that Mrs. Gereth was destined to take to Fleda Vetch virtually began with this discovery that the poor child had been moved to flight even more promptly than herself. That the poor child no less quickly perceived how far she could now go was proved by the immense friendliness with which she instantly broke out, "Is n't it too dreadful?"

"Horrible — horrible!" cried Mrs.

Gereth, with a laugh, "and it's really a comfort to be able to say it." She had an idea, for it was her ambition, that she successfully made a secret of that awkward oddity, her liability to be rendered unhappy by the presence of displeasing objects. Her passion for the exquisite was the cause of this, but it was a passion she never advertised nor gloried in, contenting herself with letting it regulate her steps and show quietly in her life, remembering that there are few things more soundless than a deep devotion. She was therefore struck with the acuteness of the little girl who had already put a finger on her hidden spring. What was dreadful, what was horrible, was the intimate ugliness of Waterbath, and it was that phenomenon these ladies talked of while they sat in the shade and drew refreshment from the great tranquil sky; to which no blue saucers were tacked. It was an ugliness fundamental and systematic, the result of the abnormal nature of the Brigstocks, from whose composition the principle of taste had been scrupulously omitted. In the arrangement of their home, some other principle, remarkably active, but uncanny and obscure, had operated instead, with consequences depressing to behold, consequences that took the form of a universal futility. The house was bad, in all conscience, but it might have passed if they had only let it alone. This saving mercy was beyond them; they had smothered it with trumpery ornament and scrapbook art, with strange excrescences and bunchy draperies, with gimcracks that might have been keepsakes for maid-servants and nondescript conveniences that might have been prizes for the blind. They had gone wildly astray over carpets and curtains; they had an infallible instinct for disaster, and were so cruelly doom-ridden that it rendered them almost tragic. Their drawing-room, Mrs. Gereth lowered her voice to mention, caused her face to burn, and each of the new friends confided to the

other that in her own apartment she had given way to tears. There was in one of them a set of comic water-colors, a family joke by a family genius, and in the other a souvenir from some recent exhibition, that they shudderingly alluded to. The house was perversely full of souvenirs of places even more ugly than itself, and of things it would have been a bounden duty to forget. The worst horror was the acres of varnish, something advertised and smelly, with which everything was smeared; it was Fleda Vetch's conviction that the application of it, by their own hands and hilariously shoving each other, was the amusement of the Brigstocks on rainy days.

When, as criticism deepened, Fleda dropped the suggestion that some people would perhaps see something in Mona, Mrs. Gereth caught her up with a groan of protest, a smothered cry of "Oh, my dear!" Mona was the eldest of the three, the one Mrs. Gereth most suspected. She confided to her young friend that it was her suspicion that had brought her to Waterbath; and this was going very far, for on the spot, as a refuge, a remedy, she had clutched at the idea that something might be done with the girl before her. It was her fancied exposure, at any rate, that had sharpened the shock of the place; made her ask herself, with a terrible chill, if fate could really be plotting to saddle her with a daughter-in-law out of such a house. She had seen Mona in her appropriate setting, and she had seen Owen, handsome and stupid, dangle beside her; but the effect of these first hours had happily not been to darken the prospect. It was clearer to her that she could never accept Mona, but it was after all by no means certain that Owen would ask her to. He had sat by somebody else at dinner, and afterwards he had talked to Mrs. Firmin, who was common enough, but, fortunately, married. His stupidity (which in her need of expansion she almost named to Fleda) had two aspects: one of them his monstrous

lack of taste, the other his exaggerated prudence. If it should come to a question of carrying Mona with a high hand, there would be no need to worry, for that was rarely his manner of proceeding.

Mrs. Gereth had begun to say a word to her companion about Poynton (Fleda had asked if it was n't wonderful), when she heard a sound of voices that made her stop short. The next moment she rose to her feet, and Fleda could see that her alarm was by no means quenched. Behind the place where they had been sitting the ground dropped with a certain steepness, forming a long grassy bank, up which Owen Gereth and Mona Brigstock, dressed for church, but making a familiar joke of it, were in the act of scrambling and helping each other. When they had reached the even ground, Fleda was able to read the meaning of the exclamation in which Mrs. Gereth had expressed her reserves on the subject of Miss Brigstock's personality. Miss Brigstock had been laughing and even romping, but the circumstances had n't contributed the ghost of an expression to her countenance. Tall and straight and fair, long-limbed and strangely festooned, she stood there without a look in her eye or any perceptible intention of any sort in any other feature. She belonged to the type in which speech is an unaided emission of sound, and the secret of being is impenetrably and incorruptibly kept. Her expression would probably have been beautiful if she had had one, but whatever she communicated she communicated, in a manner best known to herself, without signs. This was not the case with Owen Gereth, who had plenty of them, and all very simple and natural. Robust and artless, a bouncing boy but a gentleman, he looked pointlessly active and pleasantly dull. Like his mother and like Fleda Vetch, but not for the same reason, this young pair had come out to take a turn before church.

The meeting of the two couples was sensibly awkward, and Fleda, who was

sagacious, took the measure of the shock inflicted on Mrs. Gereth. There had been intimacy — oh yes, intimacy as well as puerility — in the horse-play of which they had just had a glimpse. The party began to stroll together to the house, and Fleda had again a sense of Mrs. Gereth's quick management in the way the lovers, or whatever they were, found themselves separated. She strolled behind with Mona, the mother possessing herself of her son, her exchange of remarks with whom, however, remained, as they went, suggestively inaudible. That member of the party in whose intenser consciousness we shall most profitably seek a reflection of the little drama with which we are concerned received an even livelier impression of Mrs. Gereth's intervention from the fact that, ten minutes later, on the way to church, still another pairing had been effected. Owen walked with Fleda, and it was an amusement to the girl to feel sure that this was by his mother's direction. Fleda had other amusements as well: such as noting that Mrs. Gereth was now with Mona Brigstock; such as observing that she was all affability to that young woman; such as reflecting that, masterful and clever, with a great bright spirit, she was one of those who impose themselves as an influence; such as feeling, finally, that Owen Gereth was singularly handsome and admirably stupid. This young person had, even from herself, wonderful secrets of delicacy and pride; but she came as near distinctness as in the consideration of such matters she had ever yet come at all in now surrendering herself to the idea that it was of a pleasant effect and rather remarkable to be stupid without offense, — of a pleasanter effect and more remarkable, indeed, than to be clever and horrid. Owen Gereth, at any rate, with his inches and his absence of effort, was neither of these latter things. She herself was prepared, if she should ever marry, to contribute all the cleverness,

and she liked to think that her husband would be a force grateful for direction. She was in her small way a spirit of the same family as Mrs. Gereth. On that flushed, overflowing Sunday a great matter occurred; her little life became aware of a singular quickening. Her meagre past fell away from her like a garment of the wrong fashion, and as she came up to town on the Monday, what she stared at, from the train, in the suburban fields, was a future full of the things she particularly loved.

II.

These were neither more nor less than the things with which she had had time to learn from Mrs. Gereth that Poynton was full. Poynton, in the south of England, was this lady's established, or rather her disestablished home, having now duly passed into the possession of her son. The father of the boy, an only child, had died two years before, and Owen was occupying, in London, with his mother, for May and June, a house good-naturedly lent them by Colonel Gereth, their uncle and brother-in-law. His mother had laid her hand so engagingly on Fleda Vetch that in a very few days the girl knew it was possible to suffer in Cadogan Place almost as much as they had suffered at Waterbath. The kind colonel's house was also an ordeal, but the two women, for the ensuing month, had at least the compensation of suffering together. The great drawback of Mrs. Gereth's situation was that, thanks to the rare perfection of Poynton, she was condemned to suffer almost wherever she turned. She had lived for a quarter of a century in such warm closeness with the beautiful that, as she frankly admitted, life had become for her a kind of fool's paradise. She didn't say it in so many words, but Fleda could see she held that there was nothing in England to compare to Poynton.

ton. There were places much grander and richer, but there was no such complete work of art, nothing that would appeal so to those who were really informed. Fortune, in putting such elements into her hand, had given her an inestimable chance: oh, she knew how rarely well things had gone with her, and that she had tasted a happiness vouchsafed indeed to few.

There had been, in the first place, the exquisite old house itself, early Jacobean, supreme in every part: it was a provocation, an inspiration, a matchless canvas for the picture. Then there had been her husband's sympathy and generosity, his knowledge and love, their perfect accord and beautiful life together, twenty-four years of planning and seeking, a long, sunny harvest of taste and curiosity. Lastly, she never denied, there had been her personal gift, the genius, the passion, the patience of the collector, — a patience, an almost infernal cunning, that had enabled her to do it all with a limited command of money. There would n't have been money enough for any one else, she said with pride, but there had been money enough for her. They had saved on lots of things in life, and there were lots of things they had n't had, but they had had in every corner of Europe their swing among the Jews. It was fascinating to poor Fleda, who had n't a penny in the world nor anything nice at home, and whose only treasure was her subtle mind, to hear this genuine English lady, fresh and fair, young at fifty, declare with gayety and conviction that she was herself the greatest Jew who had ever tracked a victim. Fleda, with her parents dead, had n't so much even as a home, and her nearest chance of one was that there was some appearance her sister would become engaged to a curate. Her grandfather paid some of her bills, but he did n't like her to live with him; and she had lately, in Paris, with several hundred other young women, spent a year in a studio, arming

herself for the battle of life by a course with an impressionist painter. She was determined to work, but her impressions, or somebody's else, were as yet her only material. Mrs. Gereth had told her she liked her because she had an extraordinary *flair*; but under the circumstances a *flair* was a questionable boon: with the particular springs she had hitherto known there would have been more comfort in a chronic catarrh. She was constantly summoned to Cadogan Place, and before the month was out was kept to stay, to pay a visit of which the end, it was agreed, should have nothing to do with the beginning. She had a sense, partly exultant and partly alarmed, of having quickly become necessary to her imperious friend, who indeed gave a reason quite sufficient for it in telling her there was nobody else who understood. From Mrs. Gereth, in these days, there was an immense deal to understand, though it might be freely summed up in the circumstance that she was wretched. She told Fleda that she could n't completely know why till she should have seen the things at Poynton. Fleda could perfectly grasp this connection, which was exactly one of the matters that, in their inner mystery, were a blank to everybody else.

The girl had a promise that the wonderful house should be shown her early in July, when Mrs. Gereth would return to it as to her home; but even before this initiation she put her finger on the spot that, in the poor lady's troubled soul, ached the hardest. This was the misery that haunted her, the dread of the inevitable surrender. What Fleda had to sit up to was the confirmed appearance that Owen Gereth would marry Mona Brigstock, marry her in his mother's teeth, and that such an act would have incalculable bearings. They were present to Mrs. Gereth, her companion could see, with a vividness that at moments almost ceased to be that of sanity. She would have to give up Poynton, and

give it up to a product of Waterbath, — that was the wrong that rankled, the humiliation at which Fleda would be able adequately to shudder only when she should know the place. She did know Waterbath, and she despised it, — she had that qualification for sympathy. Her sympathy was very real, for she read deep into the matter; she stared, aghast, as it came home to her for the first time, at the cruel English custom of the expropriation of the lonely mother. Mr. Gereth had apparently been a very amiable man, but Mr. Gereth had left things in a way that made the girl marvel. The house and its contents had been treated as a single splendid object; everything was to go straight to his son, and his widow was to have a maintenance and a cottage in another county. No account whatever had been taken of her relation to her treasures, of the passion with which she had waited for them, worked for them, picked them over, made them worthy of each other and the house, watched them, loved them, lived with them. He appeared to have assumed that she would settle questions with her son, that he could depend upon Owen's affection. And in truth, as poor Mrs. Gereth inquired, how could he possibly have had a prevision — he who turned his eyes instinctively from everything displeasing — of anything so abnormal as a Brigstock? He had been in ugly houses enough, but had escaped that particular nightmare. Nothing so perverse could have been expected to happen as that the heir to the loveliest thing in England should be inspired to hand it over to a girl so exceptionally tainted. Mrs. Gereth spoke of poor Mona's taint as if to mention it were almost a violation of decency, and a person who had listened without enlightenment would have wondered of what lapse the girl had been, or had indeed not been guilty. But Owen from a boy had never cared, had never had the least pride or pleasure in his home.

"Well, then, if he does n't care" — Fleda exclaimed, with some impetuosity; stopping short, however, before she completed her sentence.

Mrs. Gereth looked at her rather hard. "If he does n't care?"

Fleda hesitated; she had not quite had a definite idea. "Well — he'll give them up."

"Give what up?"

"Why, those beautiful things."

"Give them up to whom?" Mrs. Gereth asked, staring.

"To you, of course, — to enjoy, to keep for yourself."

"And leave his house as bare as your hand? There's nothing in it that is n't precious."

Fleda considered; her friend had taken her up with a smothered ferocity by which she was slightly disconcerted. "I don't mean, of course, that he should surrender everything; but he might let you pick out the things to which you're most attached."

"I think he would, if he were free," said Mrs. Gereth.

"And do you mean, as it is, that *she* 'll prevent him?" Mona Brigstock, between these ladies, was now nothing but "she."

"By every means in her power."

"But surely not because she understands and appreciates them?"

"No," Mrs. Gereth replied, "but because they belong to the house, and the house belongs to Owen. If I should wish to take anything, she would simply say, with that motionless mask, 'It goes with the house.' And day after day, in the face of every argument, of every consideration of generosity, she would repeat, without winking, in that dry, dead voice, 'It goes with the house, — it goes with the house.' In that attitude they 'll shut themselves up."

Fleda was struck, was even a little startled, with the way Mrs. Gereth had turned this over, — had faced, if indeed only to recognize its futility, the notion of a battle with her only son. These

words led her to make an inquiry which she had not thought it discreet to make before ; she brought out the idea of the possibility, after all, of her friend's continuing to live at Poynton. Would they really wish to proceed to extremities ? Was no good-humored, graceful compromise to be imagined or brought about ? Could n't the same roof cover them ? Was it so very inconceivable that a married son should, for the rest of her days, share with so charming a mother the home she had devoted more than a score of years to making beautiful for him ? Mrs. Gereth hailed this question with a wan, compassionate smile ; she replied that a common household, in such a case, was exactly so inconceivable that Fleda had only to glance over the fair face of the English land to see how few people had ever conceived it. It was always thought a wonder, a "mistake," a piece of overstrained sentiment ; and she confessed that she was as little capable of a flight of that sort as Owen himself. Even if they both had been capable, they would still have Mona's hatred to reckon with. Fleda's breath was sometimes taken away by the great bounds and elisions which, on Mrs. Gereth's lips, the course of discussion could take. This was the first she had heard of Mona's hatred, though she certainly had not needed Mrs. Gereth to tell her that in close quarters that young lady would prove secretly mulish. Subsequently, Fleda recognized, indeed, that perhaps almost any girl would hate a person who should be so markedly averse to becoming her mother-in-law. Before this, however, in conversation with her young friend, Mrs. Gereth furnished a more vivid motive for her despair by asking how she could possibly be expected to sit there with the new proprietors and accept — or call it, for a day, endure — the horrors they would perpetrate in the house. Fleda reasoned that they would n't, after all, smash things nor burn them up ; and Mrs. Gereth admitted, when pushed, that she did n't

quite mean they would. What she did mean was that they would neglect them, slight them, leave them to clumsy servants (there was n't an object of them all but should be handled with perfect love), and in many cases probably wish to replace them by pieces that would answer some vulgar modern notion of the convenient. Above all, she saw in advance, with dilated eyes, the abominations they would inevitably mix up with them, — the maddening relics of Waterbath, the little brackets and pink vases, the sweepings of bazaars, the family photographs and favorite texts, the "household art" and household piety of Mona's early home. Was n't it enough simply to contend that Mona would approach Poynton in the spirit of a Brigstock, and that in the spirit of a Brigstock she would deal with her acquisition ? Did Fleda really see *her*, Mrs. Gereth demanded, spending the remainder of her days with such a creature's elbow in her eye ?

Fleda had to declare that she certainly did n't, and that Waterbath had been a warning it would be madness to overlook. At the same time she privately reflected that they were taking a great deal for granted, and that, inasmuch as, to her knowledge, Owen Gereth had positively denied that he was engaged, the ground of their speculations was by no means firm. It seemed to our young lady that, in a difficult position, Owen conducted himself with some natural art ; treating this domesticated confidant of his mother's wrongs with a simple civility that almost troubled her conscience, so freely she reflected that she might have had for him the air of siding with that lady against him. She wondered if he would ever know how little, really, she did this, and that she was there, since Mrs. Gereth had insisted, not to betray, but essentially to protect him. The fact that his mother disliked Mona Brigstock might have made him dislike the object of her preference, and it was

detestable to Fleda to remember that she might have appeared to him to offer herself as an exemplary contrast. It was clear enough, however, that the poor young man had no more sense for a motive than a deaf man for a tune, a limitation by which, after all, she could gain as well as lose. He came and went very freely on the business with which London abundantly furnished him, but he found time more than once to say to her, "It's awfully nice of you to look after Mummy." As well as his quick speech, which shyness made obscure, — it was usually as desperate as a "rush" at some violent game, — his child's eyes in his man's face put it to her that, you know, this really meant a good deal for him and that he hoped she would stay on. With a girl in the house who, like herself, was clever, Mummy was conveniently occupied; and Fleda found a beauty in the candor and even in the modesty which apparently kept him from suspecting that two such wiseheads could possibly be occupied with Owen Gereth.

III.

They went, at last, the wiseheads, down to Poynton, where poor palpitating Fleda had the full revelation. "Now do you know how I feel?" Mrs. Gereth asked when, in the wonderful hall, three minutes after their arrival, her young companion dropped on a seat, with a soft gasp and a roll of dilated eyes. The answer came clearly enough, and in the rapture of that first walk through the house Fleda Vetch took the total measure. She perfectly understood how Mrs. Gereth felt, — she had understood but meagrely before; and the two women embraced with tears over the tightening of their bond, — tears which, on the girl's part, were the natural and usual sign of her submission to perfect beauty. It was not the first time she had cried for the joy of admiration, but it was the

first time the mistress of Poynton, often as she had shown her house, had been present at such an exhibition. She exulted in it; it quickened her own tears; she assured her companion that such an occasion made the poor old place fresh to her again and more precious than ever. Yes, nobody had ever, that way, felt what she had achieved: people were so grossly ignorant, and everybody, even the knowing ones, as they thought themselves, more or less dense. What Mrs. Gereth had achieved was indeed an exquisite work; and in such an art of the treasure-hunter, in selection and comparison refined to that point, there was an element of creation, of personality. She had commended Fleda's *flair*, and Fleda now gave herself up to satiety. Preoccupations and scruples fell away from her; she had never known a greater happiness than the week she passed in this initiation.

Wandering through clear chambers where the general effect made preferences almost as impossible as if they had been shocks, pausing at open doors where vistas were long and bland, she would, even if she had not already known, have discovered for herself that Poynton was the history of a devotion. The devotion had been jealous, but it had not been narrow; there reigned a splendid rigor, but it rested on a deep curiosity. It was all France and Italy, with their ages composed to rest. For England you looked out of old windows, — it was England that was the wide embrace. While outside on the low terraces she contradicted gardeners and criticised colors, Mrs. Gereth left her visitor to finger fondly the brasses that Louis Quinze might have thumbed, to sit with Venetian velvets just held in a loving palm, to hang over cases of enamels and pass and repass before cabinets. There were not many pictures, — the panels and the stuffs were themselves the picture; and in all the great yainscoted house there was not an inch of pasted paper. What

struck Fleda most in it was the high pride of her friend's taste, a fine arrogance, a sense of style which, however amused and amusing, never compromised nor stooped. She felt, indeed, as this lady had intimated to her that she would, both a respect and a compassion that she had not known before; the vision of the coming surrender filled her with an equal pain. To give it all up, to die to it, — that thought ached in her breast. She herself could imagine clinging there with a closeness separate from dignity. To have created such a place was to have had dignity enough; when there was a question of defending it, the fiercest attitude was the right one. After so intense a taking of possession she too was to give it up; for she reflected that if Mrs. Gereth's remaining there would have offered her a sort of future (it stretched away in safe years on the other side of a gulf), the advent of the others could only be, by the same law, a great vague menace, the ruffling of a still water. Such were the emotions of a hungry girl whose sensibility was almost as great as her opportunities for comparison had been small. The museums had done something for her, but nature had done more.

If Owen had not come down with them nor joined them later, it was because he still found London jolly; only the question remained of whether the jollity of London was not merely a diplomatic name for the jollity of Mona Brigstock. There was indeed in his conduct another ambiguity, — something that required explaining so long as his motive did n't come to the surface. If he was in love, what was the matter? And what was the matter still more if he was n't? The mystery was at last cleared up: this Fleda gathered from the tone in which, one morning at breakfast, a letter just opened made Mrs. Gereth cry out. Her dismay was almost a shriek: "Why, he's bringing her down, — he wants her to see the house!" They flew, the two

ladies, into each other's arms, and, with their heads together, soon made out that the reason, the baffling reason, why nothing had yet happened was that Mona did n't know, or Owen did n't, whether Poynton would really please her. She was coming down to judge; and could anything in the world be more like poor Owen than the ponderous probity which had kept him from pressing her for a reply till she should have learned whether she liked what he had to offer her? That was a scruple it had naturally been impossible to impute. If only they might fondly hope, Mrs. Gereth wailed, that the girl's expectations would be dashed! There was a fine consistency, a sincerity quite affecting, in her arguing that the better the place should happen to look and to express the conceptions to which it owed its origin, the less it would speak to an intelligence so primitive. How could a Brigstock possibly understand what it was all about? How, really, could a Brigstock logically do anything but hate it? Mrs. Gereth, even as she whisked away linen shrouds, persuaded herself of the possibility, on Mona's part, of some bewildered blankness, some collapse of admiration that would prove disconcerting to her swain, — a hope of which Fleda, at least, could see the absurdity, and which gave the measure of the poor lady's strange, almost maniacal disposition to thrust in everywhere the question of "things," to read all behavior in the light of some fancied relation to them. "Things" were of course the sum of the world; only, for Mrs. Gereth, the sum of the world was rare French furniture and Oriental china. She could, at a stretch, imagine people's not having, but she could n't imagine their not wanting and not missing.

The young couple were to be accompanied by Mrs. Brigstock, and with a prevision of how fiercely they would be watched Fleda became conscious, before the party arrived, of an amused, diplomatic pity for them. Almost as much

as Mrs. Gereth's her taste was her life, but her life was somehow the larger for it. Besides, she had another care now: there was some one she would n't have liked to see humiliated even in the form of a young lady who would contribute to his never suspecting such delicacy. When this young lady appeared, Fleda tried, so far as the wish to efface herself allowed, to be mainly the person to take her about, show her the house, and cover up her ignorance. Owen's announcement had been that, as trains made it convenient, they would present themselves for luncheon, and depart before dinner; but Mrs. Gereth, true to her system of glaring civility, proposed and obtained an extension, a dining and spending of the night. She made her young friend wonder against what rebellion of fact she was sacrificing in advance so profusely to form. Fleda was appalled, after the first hour, by the rash innocence with which Mona had accepted the responsibility of observation, and indeed by the large levity with which, sitting there like a bored tourist in fine scenery, she exercised it. She felt in her nerves the effect of such a manner on her companion's, and it was this that made her want to entice the girl away, give her some merciful warning or some jocular cue. Mona met intense looks, however, with eyes that might have been blue beads, the only ones she had, — eyes into which Fleda thought it strange Owen Gereth should have to plunge for his fate, and his mother for a confession of whether Poynton was a success. She made no remark that helped to supply this light; her impression, at any rate, had nothing in common with the feeling that, as the beauty of the place throbbed out like music, had caused Fleda Vetch to burst into tears. She was as content to say nothing as if, Mrs. Gereth afterwards exclaimed, she had been keeping her mouth shut in a railway tunnel. Mrs. Gereth contrived, at the end of an hour, to convey to Fleda that it was plain she

was brutally ignorant; but Fleda more subtly discovered that her ignorance was obscurely active.

She was not so stupid as not to see that something, though she scarcely knew what, was expected of her that she could n't give; and the only mode her intelligence suggested of meeting the expectation was to plant her big feet and pull another way. Mrs. Gereth wanted her to rise, somehow or somewhere, and was prepared to hate her if she did n't: very well, she could n't, she would n't rise; she already moved at the altitude that suited her, and was able to see that, since she was exposed to the hatred, she might at least enjoy the calm. The smallest trouble, for a girl with no nonsense about her, was to earn what she incurred; so that, a dim instinct teaching her she would earn it best by not being effusive, and combining with the conviction that she now held Owen, and therefore the place, she had the pleasure of her honesty as well as of her security. Did n't her very honesty lead her to be belligerently blank about Poynton, inasmuch as it was just Poynton that was forced upon her as a subject for effusiveness? Such subjects, to Mona Brigstock, had an air almost of indecency, and the house became uncanny to her through such an appeal, — an appeal that, somewhere in the twilight of her being, as Fleda was sure, she thanked Heaven she *was* the girl stiffly to draw back from. She was a person whom pressure, at a given point, infallibly caused to expand in the wrong place, instead of, as it is usually administered in the hope of doing, the right one. Her mother, to make up for this, broke out universally, pronounced everything "most striking," and was visibly happy that Owen's captor should be so far on the way to strike; but she jarred upon Mrs. Gereth by her formula of admiration, which was that anything she looked at was "in the style" of something else. This was to show how much she had seen, but it only showed she had

seen nothing; everything at Poynton was in the style of Poynton, and poor Mrs. Brigstock, who at least was determined to rise, and had brought with her a trophy of her journey, a "lady's magazine" purchased at the station, a horrible thing with patterns for antimacassars, which, as it was quite new, the first number, and seemed so clever, she kindly offered to leave for the house, was in the style of a vulgar old woman who wore silver jewelry and tried to pass off a gross avidity as a sense of the beautiful.

By the day's end it was clear to Fleda Vetch that, however Mona judged, the day had been determinant; whether or no she felt the charm, she felt the challenge; at an early moment Owen Gereth would be able to tell his mother the worst. Nevertheless, when the elder lady, at bedtime, coming in a dressing-gown and a high fever to the younger one's room, cried out, "She hates it; but what will she do?" Fleda pretended vagueness, played at obscurity, and assented disingenuously to the proposition that they at least had a respite. The future was dark to her, but there was a silken thread she could clutch in the gloom, — she would never give Owen away. He might give himself, — he even certainly would; but that was his own affair, and his blunders, his innocence, only added to the appeal he made to her. She would cover him, she would protect him, and beyond thinking her a cheerful inmate he would never guess her intention, any more than, beyond thinking her clever enough for anything, his acute mother would discover it. From this hour, with Mrs. Gereth, there was a flaw in her frankness: her admirable friend continued to know everything she did; what should remain unknown was the general motive.

From the window of her room, the next morning before breakfast, the girl saw Owen in the garden with Mona, who strolled beside him with a listening parasol, but without a visible look for the

great florid picture that had been hung there by Mrs. Gereth's hand. Mona kept dropping her eyes, as she walked, to catch the sheen of her patent-leather shoes, which she kicked forward a little — it gave her an odd movement — to help her to see what she thought of them. When Fleda came down, Mrs. Gereth was in the breakfast-room; and at that moment, Owen, through a long window, passed in, alone, from the terrace, and very endearingly kissed his mother. It immediately struck the girl that she was in their way, for had n't he been borne on a wave of joy exactly to announce, before the Brigstocks departed, that Mona had at last faltered out the sweet word he had been waiting for? He shook hands, with his friendly violence, but Fleda contrived not to look into his face: what she liked most to see in it was not the reflection of Mona's boot-toes. She could bear well enough that young lady herself, but she could n't bear Owen's opinion of her. She was on the point of slipping into the garden when the movement was checked by Mrs. Gereth's suddenly drawing her close, as if for the morning embrace, and then, while she kept her there with the bravery of the night's repose, breaking out, "Well, my dear boy, what *does* your young friend there make of our odds and ends?"

"Oh, she thinks they're all right!"

Fleda immediately guessed from his tone that he had not come in to say what she supposed; there was even something in it to confirm Mrs. Gereth's belief that their danger had dropped. She was sure, moreover, that his tribute to Mona's taste was a repetition of the eloquent words in which the girl had herself recorded it; she could indeed hear, with all vividness, the pretty passage between the pair. "Don't you think it's rather nice, the old shop?" "Oh, it's all right!" Mona had graciously remarked; and then they had probably, with a slap on a back, run another race up or down a

bank. Fleda knew Mrs. Gereth had not yet uttered a word to her son that would have shown him how much she feared; but it was impossible to feel her friend's arm round her and not become aware that this friend was now throbbing with a strange intention. Owen's reply had scarcely been of a nature to usher in a discussion of Mona's sensibilities; but Mrs. Gereth went on, in a moment, with an innocence of which Fleda could measure the cold hypocrisy: "Has she any sort of feeling for nice old things?" The question was as fresh as the morning light.

"Oh, of course she likes everything that's nice." And Owen, who constitutionally disliked questions, — an answer was almost as hateful to him as a "trick" to a big dog, — smiled kindly at Fleda, and conveyed that she would understand what he meant even if his mother did n't. Fleda, however, mainly understood that Mrs. Gereth, with an odd, wild laugh, held her so hard that she hurt her.

"I could give up everything without a pang, I think, to a person I could trust, I could respect." The girl heard her voice tremble under the effort to show nothing but what she wanted to show, and felt the sincerity of her implication that the piety most real to her was to be on one's knees before one's high standard. "The best things here, as you know, are the things your father and I collected, things all that we worked for and waited for and suffered for. Yes," cried Mrs. Gereth, with a fine freedom of emphasis, "there are things in the house that we almost starved for! They were our religion, they were our life, they were *us*! And now they're only *me*, — except that they're also *you*, thank God, a little, you dear!" she continued, suddenly inflicting on Fleda a kiss that was almost a fierce peck. "There is n't one of them I don't know and love — well, as one remembers and cherishes the happiest moments of one's life. Blind-fold, in the dark, with the brush of a

finger, I could tell one from another. They're living things to me; they know me, they return the touch of my hand. But I could let them all go, since I have to, so strangely, to another affection, another conscience. There's a care they want, there's a sympathy that draws out their beauty. Rather than make them over to a woman ignorant and vulgar, I think I'd deface them with my own hands. Can't you see me, Fleda, and would n't you do it yourself?" she appealed to her companion, with glittering eyes. "I could n't bear the thought of such a woman here, — I *could n't*. I don't know what she'd do; she'd be sure to invent some deviltry, if it should be only to bring in her own little belongings and horrors. The world is full of cheap gimeracks, in this awful age, and they're thrust in at one at every turn. They'd be thrust in here, on top of my treasures, my own. Who would save *them* for me, — I ask you who *would*?" and she turned again to Fleda with a dry, strained smile. Her handsome, high-nosed, excited face might have been that of Don Quixote tilting at a windmill. Drawn into the eddy of this outpouring, the girl, scared and embarrassed, laughed off her exposure; but only to feel herself more passionately caught up, and, as it seemed to her, thrust down the fine open mouth (it showed such perfect teeth) with which poor Owen's slow cerebration gaped. "You would, of course, — only you, in all the world, because you know, you feel, as I do myself, what's good and true and pure." No severity of the moral law could have taken a higher tone in this implication of the young lady who had not the only virtue Mrs. Gereth actively esteemed. "You would replace me, *you* would watch over them, *you* would keep the place right," she austere-pursued, "and with you here, — yes, with you, I believe I might rest, at last, in my grave!" She threw herself on Fleda's neck, and before Fleda, horribly shamed, could shake her

off, had burst into tears which could n't have been explained, but which might perhaps have been understood.

IV.

A week later Owen Gereth came down to inform his mother that he had settled with Mona Brigstock ; but it was not at all a joy to Fleda (conscious how much to himself it would be a surprise) that he should find her still in the house. That dreadful scene before breakfast had made her position false and odious ; it had been followed, after they were left alone, by a scene of her own making with her fatal hostess. She notified Mrs. Gereth of her instant departure : she could n't possibly remain after being offered to Owen, that way, before her very face, as his mother's candidate for the honor of his hand. That was all he could have seen in such an outbreak, and in the indecency of her standing there to enjoy it. Fleda had, on the prior occasion, dashed out of the room by the shortest course, and, in her confusion, had fallen upon Mona in the garden. She had taken an aimless turn with her, and they had had some talk, rendered at first difficult and almost disagreeable by Mona's apparent suspicion that she had been sent out to spy, as Mrs. Gereth had tried to spy, into her opinions. Fleda was diplomatic enough to treat these opinions as a mystery almost awful ; which had an effect so much more than reassuring that at the end of five minutes the young lady from Waterbath suddenly and perversely said : " Why has she never had a winter garden thrown out ? If ever I have a place of my own, I mean to have one." Fleda, dismayed, could see the thing, — something glazed and piped, on iron pillars, with untidy plants and cane sofas ; a shiny excrescence on the noble face of Poynton. She remembered at Waterbath a conservatory where she had caught a bad cold in the

company of a stuffed cockatoo fastened to a tropical bough, and a waterless fountain composed of shells stuck into some hardened paste. She asked Mona if her idea would be to make something like this conservatory ; to which Mona replied, " Oh no, much finer ; we have n't got a winter garden at Waterbath." Fleda wondered if she meant to convey that it was the only grandeur they lacked, and in a moment Mona went on : " But we have got a billiard-room, — that I will say for us ! " There was no billiard-room at Poynton, but there would evidently be one, and it would have, hung on its walls, framed at the " stores," caricature portraits of celebrities, taken from a " society paper."

When the two girls had gone in to breakfast, it was for Fleda to see at a glance that there had been a further passage, of some high color, between Owen and his mother ; and she had turned pale in guessing to what extremity, at her expense, Mrs. Gereth had found occasion to proceed. Had n't she, after her clumsy flight, been pressed upon Owen in still clearer terms ? Mrs. Gereth would practically have said to him : " If you'll take *her*, I'll move away without a sound. But if you take any one else, any one I'm not sure of, as I am of her, Heaven help me, I'll fight to the death ! " Breakfast, this morning, at Poynton, had been a singularly silent meal, in spite of the vague little cries with which Mrs. Brigstock turned up the under side of plates, and the knowing but alarming raps administered by her big knuckles to porcelain cups. Some one had to respond to her, and the duty assigned itself to Fleda, who, while pretending to meet her on the ground of explanation, wondered what Owen thought of a girl still indelicately anxious, after she had been grossly hurled at him, to prove by exhibitions of her fine taste that she was really what his mother pretended. This time, at any rate, their fate was sealed : Owen, as soon as he should get out of

the house, would describe to Mona that lady's extraordinary conduct, and if anything more had been wanted to "fetch" Mona, as he would call it, the deficiency was now made up. Mrs. Gereth in fact took care of that, — took care of it by the way, at the last, on the threshold, she said to the younger of her departing guests, with an irony of which the sting was wholly in the sense, not at all in the sound: "We have n't had the talk we might have had, have we? You'll feel that I've neglected you, and you'll treasure it up against me. *Don't*, because really, you know, it has been quite an accident, and I've all sorts of information at your disposal. If you should come down again (only you won't, ever, — I feel that!), I should give you plenty of time to worry it out of me. Indeed, there are some things I should quite insist on your learning; I should permit you at all, in any settled way, *not* to learn. Yes, indeed, you'd put me through, and I should put you, my dear! We should have each other to reckon with, and you would see me as I really am. I'm not a bit the vague, mooning, easy creature I dare say you think. However, if you won't come, you won't, *n'en parlons plus*. It is stupid here, after what you're accustomed to. We can only, all round, do what we can, eh? For Heaven's sake, don't let your mother forget her precious publication, the female magazine, with the what-do-you-call-'em? — the grease-catchers. There!"

Mrs. Gereth, delivering herself from the doorstep, had tossed the periodical higher in air than was absolutely needful, — tossed it toward the carriage the retreating party was about to enter. Mona, from the force of habit, the reflex action of the custom of sport, had popped out, with a little spring, a long arm, and intercepted the missile as easily as she would have caused a tennis-ball to rebound from a racket. "Good catch!" Owen had cried, so genuinely pleased that practically no notice was taken of his

mother's impressive remarks. It was to the accompaniment of romping laughter, as Mrs. Gereth afterwards said, that the carriage had rolled away; but it was while that laughter was still in the air that Fleda Vetch, white and terrible, had turned upon her hostess with her scorching "How *could* you? Great God, how *could* you?" This lady's perfect blankness was, from the first, a sign of her serene conscience, and the fact that, till indoctrinated, she did n't even know what Fleda meant by resenting her late offense to every susceptibility gave our young woman a sore, scared perception that her own value in the house was just the value, as one might say, of a good agent. Mrs. Gereth was generously sorry, but she was still more surprised, — surprised at Fleda's not having liked to be shown off to Owen as the right sort of wife for him. Why not, in Heaven's name, if she absolutely *was* the right sort? She had admitted, on explanation, that she could see what her young friend meant by having been laid, as Fleda called it, at his feet; but it struck the girl that the admission was only made to please her, and that Mrs. Gereth was secretly surprised at her not being as happy to be sacrificed to the supremacy of a high standard as she was happy to sacrifice her. She had taken a tremendous fancy to her, but that was on account of the fancy — to Poynton, of course — Fleda herself had taken. Was n't this latter fancy then so great, after all? Fleda felt that she could declare it to be great indeed when really, for the sake of it, she could forgive what she had suffered, and, after reproaches and tears, asseverations and kisses, after learning that she was cared for only as a priestess of the altar and a view of her bruised dignity which left no alternative to flight, could accept the shame with the balm, consent not to depart, take refuge in the thin comfort of at least knowing the truth. The truth was simply that all Mrs. Gereth's scruples were on one side, and that her rul-

ing passion had in a manner despoiled her of her humanity. On the second day, after the tide of emotion had somewhat ebbcd, she said soothingly to her companion: "But you *would*, after all, marry him, you know, darling, would n't you, if that girl were not there? I mean, of course, if he were to ask you," Mrs. Gereth had thoughtfully added.

"Marry him if he were to ask me? Most distinctly not!"

The question had not come up with this definiteness before, and Mrs. Gereth, clearly, was more surprised than ever. She marveled a moment. "Not even to have Poynton?"

"Not even to have Poynton."

"But why on earth?" Mrs. Gereth's sad eyes were fixed on her.

Fleda colored; she hesitated. "Because he's too stupid!" Save on one other occasion, at which we shall arrive, little as the reader may believe it, she never came nearer to betraying to Mrs. Gereth that she was in love with Owen. She found a dim amusement in reflecting that if Mona had not been there, and he had not been too stupid, and he verily had asked her, she might, should she have wished to keep her secret, have found it possible to pass off the motive of her action as a mere passion for Poynton.

Mrs. Gereth evidently thought of little but marriage in these days, for she broke out with sudden rapture, in the middle of the week: "I know what they'll do: they *will* marry, but they'll go and live at Waterbath!" There was positive joy in that form of the idea, which she embroidered and developed: it seemed so much the safest thing that could happen. "Yes, I'll have you, but I won't go *there*!" Mona would have said, with a vicious nod at the southern horizon: "we'll leave your horrid mother alone there for life." It would be an ideal solution, this ingress the lively pair, with their spiritual need of a warmer medium, would playfully punch in the ribs of her ancestral home; for it

would not only prevent recurring panic at Poynton; it would offer them, as in one of their gimcrack baskets or other vessels of ugliness, a definite daily felicity that Poynton could never give. Owen might manage his estate, just as he managed it now, and Mrs. Gereth would manage everything else. When, in the hall, on the unforgettable day of his return, she had heard his voice ring out like a call to a terrier, she had still, as Fleda afterwards learned, clutched frantically at the conceit that he had come, at the worst, to announce some compromise; to tell her she would have to put up with the girl, yes, but that some way would be arrived at of leaving her in possession. Fleda Vetch, whom from the first hour no illusion had brushed with its wing, now held her breath, went on tiptoe, wandered in outlying parts of the house and through delicate, muffled rooms, while the mother and son faced each other below. From time to time she stopped to listen; but all was so quiet she was almost frightened: she had vaguely expected a sound of contention. It lasted longer than she would have supposed, whatever it was they were doing; and when finally, from a window, she saw Owen stroll out of the house, stop and light a cigarette, and then pensively lose himself in the plantations, she found other matter for trepidation in the fact that Mrs. Gereth did n't immediately come rushing up into her arms. She wondered whether she ought n't to go down to her, and measured the gravity of what had occurred by the circumstance, which she presently ascertained, that the poor lady had retired to her room and wished not to be disturbed. This admonition had been for her maid, with whom Fleda conferred in lowered tones; but the girl, without either fatuity or resentment, judged that, since it could render Mrs. Gereth indifferent even to the ministrations of disinterested attachment, the scene had been tremendous.

She was absent from luncheon, where indeed Fleda had enough to do to look Owen in the face; there would be so much to make that hateful in their common memory of the passage in which his last visit had terminated. This had been her apprehension, at least; but as soon as he stood there she was constrained to wonder at the practical simplicity of the ordeal, — a simplicity which was really just his own simplicity, the particular thing that, for Fleda Vetch, some other things of course aiding, made almost any direct relation with him pleasant. He had neither wit, nor tact, nor inspiration: all she could say was that when they were together the alienation these charms were usually depended on to allay did not occur. On this occasion, for instance, he did so much better than “carry off” an awkward remembrance: he simply did not have it. He had clean forgotten that she was the girl his mother would have settled upon him; he was conscious only that she was there in a manner for service, — conscious of the dumb instinct that, from the first, had made him regard her not as complicating his intercourse with that personage, but as simplifying it. Fleda found it beautiful that this theory should have survived the incident of the other day; found it exquisite that whereas she was conscious, through faint reverberations, that for her kind little circle at large, whom it did not concern, her tendency had begun to define itself as parasitical, this strong young man, who had a right to judge her and even a reason to loathe her, did not judge and did not loathe, let her down gently, treated her as if she pleased him, and in fact evidently liked her to be just where she was. She asked herself what he did when Mona denounced her, and the only answer to the question was that perhaps Mona did not denounce her. If Mona was inarticulate, he was not such a fool, then, to marry her. That he was glad Fleda was there was at any rate sufficiently shown

by the domestic familiarity with which he said to her, “I must tell you I’ve been having an awful row with my mother. I’m engaged to be married to Miss Brigstock.”

“Ah, really?” cried Fleda, achieving a radiance of which she was secretly proud. “How very exciting!”

“Too exciting for poor Mummy. She won’t hear of it. She has been slating her fearfully. She says she’s a ‘barbarian.’”

“Why, she’s lovely!” Fleda exclaimed.

“Oh, she’s all right. Mother must come round.”

“Only give her time,” said Fleda. She had advanced to the threshold of the door thus thrown open to her, and, without exactly crossing it, threw in an appreciative glance. She asked Owen when his marriage would take place, and in the light of his reply read that Mrs. Gereth’s wretched attitude would have no influence at all on the event, absolutely fixed when he came down, and distant by only three months. He liked Fleda seeming to be on his side, though that was a secondary matter, for what really most concerned him now was the line his mother took about the house, her declared unwillingness to give it up.

“Naturally I want my house, you know,” he said, “and my father made every arrangement for me to have it. But she may make it devilish awkward. What in the world’s a fellow to do?” This it was that Owen wanted to know, and there could be no better proof of his friendliness than his air of depending on Fleda Vetch to tell him. She questioned him, they spent an hour together, and, as he freely reproduced his row, she found herself saddened and frightened by the material he seemed to offer her to deal with. It was devilish awkward, and it was so in part because Owen had no imagination. It had lodged itself in that empty chamber

that his mother hated the surrender because she hated Mona. He did n't of course understand why she hated Mona, but this belonged to an order of mysteries that never troubled him: there were lots of things, especially in people's minds, that a fellow did n't understand. Poor Owen went through life with a frank dread of people's minds: there were explanations he would have been almost as shy of receiving as of giving. There was, therefore, nothing that accounted for anything, though in its way it was vivid enough, in his picture to Fleda of his mother's virtual refusal to move. That was simply what it was; for did n't she refuse to move when she as good as declared that she would move only with the furniture? It was the furniture she would n't give up; and what was the good of Poynton without the furniture? Besides, the furniture happened to be his, just as everything else happened to be. The furniture, — the word, on his lips, had somehow, for Fleda, the sound of washing-stands and copious bedding, and she could well imagine the note it might have struck for Mrs. Gereth. The girl, in this interview with him, spoke of the contents of the house only as "the works of art." It did n't, however, in the least matter to Owen what they were called; what did matter, she easily guessed, was that it had been laid upon him by Mona, been made in effect a condition of her consent, that he should hold his mother to the strictest responsibility for them. Mona had already entered upon the enjoyment of her rights. She had made him feel that Mrs. Gereth had been liberally provided for, and had asked him cogently what room there would be at Ricks for the innumerable treasures of the big house. Ricks, the sweet little place offered to the mistress of Poynton as the refuge of her declining years, had been left to the late Mr. Gereth, a considerable time before his death, by an old maternal aunt, a good lady who had spent

most of her life there. The house had in recent times been let, but it was amply furnished, it contained all the defunct aunt's possessions. Owen had lately inspected it, and he communicated to Fleda that he had quietly taken Mona to see it. It was n't a place like Poynton, — what dower-house ever was? — but it was an awfully jolly little place, and Mona had taken a tremendous fancy to it. If there were a few things at Poynton that were Mrs. Gereth's peculiar property, of course she must take them away with her; but one of the matters that became clear to Fleda was that this transfer would be immediately subject to Miss Brigstock's approval. The special business that she herself now became aware of being charged with was that of seeing Mrs. Gereth safely and singly off the premises.

Her heart failed her, after Owen had returned to London, with the ugliness of this duty, — with the ugliness, indeed, of the whole horrid conflict. She saw nothing of Mrs. Gereth that day; she spent it in roaming, with sick sighs, and feeling, as she passed from room to room, that what was expected of her companion was really dreadful. It would have been better never to have had such a place than to have had it and lose it. It was odious to *her* to have to look for solutions: what a strange relation between mother and son when there was no fundamental tenderness out of which a solution would irrepressibly spring! Was it Owen who was mainly responsible for that poverty? Fleda could n't think so when she remembered that, so far as he was concerned, Mrs. Gereth would still have been welcome to have her seat by the Poynton fire. The fact that from the moment one admitted his marriage one saw no very different course for Owen to take made her all the rest of that aching day find her best relief in the mercy of not having yet to face her hostess. She dodged and dreamed and romanced away the time; instead of inventing a remedy

or a compromise, instead of preparing a plan by which a scandal might be averted, she gave herself, in her sentient solitude, up to a mere fairy tale, up to the

very taste of the beautiful peace with which she would have filled the air, if only something might have been that could never have been.

Henry James.

CHINA AND THE WESTERN WORLD.

A RETROSPECT AND A PROSPECT.

I.

WHILE crossing any of the great oceans by steamer, and watching the dance of the waves that lift and swing the vessel, you sometimes become conscious of under movements much larger than those of the visible swells, — motion of surgings too broad to be perceived from deck. Over these unseen billowings the ship advances by long ascents and descents. If you carefully watch the visible waves, you will find that each one repeats the same phenomenon upon a very small scale. The smooth flanks of every swell are being rapidly traversed by currents of little waves, or ripples, running up and down. This surface-rippling is complicated to such a degree that it can be accurately noted only by the help of instantaneous photography. But it is so interesting to watch that if you once begin to observe it, you will presently forget all about the dimension and power of the real wave, the huge underswell over which the foaming and the rippling play.

In the study of those great events which are the surges of contemporaneous history, that which corresponds to the currents and countercurrents on the wave surface is apt to occupy public attention much more than the deeper under motion. All the confusion of details and theories furnished by official reports, by local observation and feeling, by the enterprise of trained newspaper correspondents, may have special value for some

future historian; but, like the ripples and the foam on the flanks of a wave, it covers from ordinary view that mightier motion which really made the event. Surges which break thrones or wreck civilizations are seldom considered in themselves at the moment of their passing. The sociologist may divine; but the average reader will overlook the profounder meaning of the movement, because his attention is occupied with surface aspects.

The foreign press-comments upon the war between Japan and China have furnished many illustrations of this tendency to study the ripples of an event. Probably no good history of that war — no history based upon familiarity with complete records, and upon a thorough knowledge of the social and political conditions of the Far East anterior to 1893 — can be written for at least another fifty years. Even the causes of the war have not yet been made fully known; we have only official declarations (which leave immense scope for imagination) and a host of conflicting theories. One theory is that Japan, feeling the necessity of opening her territories to foreign trade, and fearing that China might take advantage of the revision of the treaties to flood the country with Chinese emigrants, declared war for the purpose of being able to exclude China from the privileges to be accorded to Western nations. Another theory is that war was declared because ever since 1882, when

Li-Hung-Chang presented his Emperor with a memorial about plans for the "invasion of Japan," China had been preparing for an attack upon her progressive neighbor. A third theory is that Japan declared war in order to divert national feeling into less dangerous channels than those along which it had begun to flow. A fourth is that the declaration of war was designed to strengthen the hands of certain statesmen by creating a military revival. A fifth is that Japan planned the conquest of China merely to display her own military force. And there have been multitudes of other theories, some of them astonishingly ingenious and incredible; but it is safe to say that no single theory yet offered contains the truth. Nevertheless, it has been altogether on the strength of such theories that Japan's action in declaring war has been criticised; and many of the criticisms have been characterized by extraordinary injustice.¹

Now, the critics of Japanese motives and morals have been in the position of persons studying only the currents and cross-currents upon the surface of a swell. For the ideas of statesmen, the diplomacy of ministers, the vague rumors suffered to escape from cabinet councils, the official utterances, the official correspondence, the preparations, the proclamations, — all were but the superficial manifestations of the fact. The fact itself was that the vast tidal wave of Occidental civilization, rolling round the world, had lifted Japan and hurled her against China, with the result that the Chinese Empire is now a hopeless wreck. The deep, irresistible, underlying forces that set the war in motion were from the Occident; and this unquestionable fact once recognized, all criticisms of Japan from the moral standpoint become absurdly hypocritical. Another indubitable fact worth

considering is that only by doing what no Western power would have liked to attempt single-handed has Japan obtained the recognition of her rights and of her place among nations. She tore away that military scarecrow of Western manufacture which China had purchased at so great a cost, and exposed the enormous impotence which it had so long shielded.

II.

The spectacle of the power of Japan and the helplessness of China startled the Western world like the discovery of a danger. It was evident that the Japan of 1894 could execute without difficulty the famous menace uttered by Hideyoshi in the fourteenth century: "*I will assemble a mighty host, and, invading the country of the great Ming, I will fill with the hoar frost from my sword the whole sky over the four hundred provinces.*" The idea of a China dominated by Japan at once presented itself to English journalists. It would be quite possible, they declared, for Japan to annex China, since the subjugation of the country would require little more than the overthrow of an effete dynasty and the suppression of a few feeble revolts. Thus China had been conquered by a Tartar tribe; she could be subdued much more quickly by the perfectly disciplined armies of Japan. The people would soon submit to any rulers able to enforce law and order, while not interfering too much in matters of ancient custom and belief. Understanding the Chinese better than any Aryan conquerors could do, the Japanese would be able to make China the most formidable of military empires; and they might even undertake to realize the ancient Japanese prediction that the Sun's Succession was destined to rule the earth. On this subject the *St. James Gazette* was particu-

¹ Especially those made by a portion of the London press. How little the real condition of Japan was known up to the time of the war may be inferred from the fact that a leading

English journal declared ten thousand Chinese troops could easily conquer Japan *because of the absence of national feeling in the latter country!*

larly eloquent; and a few of its observations are worth quoting, as showing the fancies excited in some English minds by the first news of the Japanese triumphs:—

“The Japanese dynasty would make no startling changes; China would still be China, but it would be ‘Japanned China.’ An army and a navy, an organization by land and sea, would grow up under the hand of the Mikado. In ten or fifteen years’ time a Chino-Japanese government would have an army of two millions of men armed with European weapons. In twenty-five years the available force might be five times as great, and the first couple of millions could be mobilized as quickly, let us say, as the armies of Russia. If such a power chose to start on a career of conquest, what could resist? Nothing at present in Asia, not even Russia, could stand against it, and it might knock at the door of Europe. The combined Western powers might resist the first shock, — might overcome the first five millions of Chinese riflemen and Tartar cavalry; but behind that would come other five millions, army after army, until Europe itself was exhausted and its resources drained. If this seems a wild dream, consider what a Japan-governed China would be. Think what the Chinese are; think of their powers of silent endurance under suffering and cruelty; think of their frugality; think of their patient perseverance, their slow, dogged persistence, their recklessness of life. Fancy this people ruled by a nation of born organizers, who, half allied to them, would understand their temperament and their habits. The Oriental, with his power of retaining health under conditions under which no European could live, with his savage daring when roused, with his inborn cunning, lacks only the superior knowledge of civilization to be the equal of the European in warfare as well as in industry. In England we do not realize that in a Japanese dynasty such a

civilization would exist: we have not yet learned to look upon the Mikado as a civilized monarch, as we look upon the Czar. Yet such he is, undoubtedly. And under him the dreams of the supremacy of the yellow race in Europe, Asia, and even Africa, to which Dr. Pearson and others have given expression, would be no longer mere nightmares. Instead of speculating as to whether England or Germany or Russia is to be the next world’s ruler, we might have to learn that Japan was on its way to that position.”

The reference to Dr. Pearson shows, as we shall see hereafter, that his views had not been carefully studied by the writer. But the possibilities suggested by the *Gazette* may be said to have really existed, presupposing non-interference by Western powers. Interference was, of course, inevitable; but the danger imagined from Japan reappears in another form as a result of the interference. China under a Russian domination would be quite as dangerous to the Occident as under a Japanese domination. Russia is probably a better military organizer than Japan, and would scarcely be more scrupulous in the exploitation of Chinese military resources. If the Japanese believe that their dynasty will yet hold universal sway, not less do Russians believe that the dominion of their Czar is to spread over the whole world. For the Western powers to allow Russia to subjugate China would be even more dangerous than to suffer Japan to rule it. But while it would have been easy to prevent the annexation of China by Japan, it will not be easy to prevent the same thing from being done by Russia. A host of unpleasant political problems have thus been brought into existence by the late war. What is to be done with China, now practically at the mercy of Russia? Is her vast territory to be divided among several Western powers, as Russia desires? Is her empire to be reproped and maintained, like that of Turkey, so as to preserve peace? No-

body can answer such questions just now. Nothing is even tolerably certain except that China must yield to Western pressure, and that she will be industrially exploited to the uttermost, sooner or later. Meanwhile, she remains a source of peril, — the possible cause of a tremendous conflict.

Momentous as all this may seem, the new political questions stirred up by the fall of China from her position as the greatest of Far-Eastern nations are really surface questions. The most serious problem created by the late war is much broader and deeper. No international war or any other possible happening is likely to prevent the domination of China by some form of Occidental civilization; and when this becomes an accomplished fact we shall be face to face with the real danger of which Dr. Pearson's book was the prediction. All future civilization may be affected by such domination; and even the fate of the Western races may be decided by it. The great Chinese puzzle to come is neither political nor military; it cannot be solved either by statecraft or by armies; it can be decided only by the operation of natural laws, among which that of physiological economy will probably be the chief. But just as English critics of the late war ignored the real cause of that war, the huge westward surge of forces that compelled it, so do they now ignore the fact that the same war has set in motion forces of another order which may change the whole future history of mankind.

III.

The Far-Eastern question of most importance was first offered for English sociological consideration in Dr. Pearson's wonderful volume, *National Life and Character*, published about three years ago.¹ While reading a number of criticisms upon it, I was struck by

¹ By Macmillan & Co. In the *Revue Bleue* and other French periodicals some phases of the question had been previously treated by

the fact that a majority of the reviewers had failed to notice the most important portions of the argument. The rude shock given by the book to the Western pride of race, to the English sense of stability in especial, to that absolute self-confidence which constantly impels us to the extension of territory, the creation of new colonies, the development of new resources reached by force, without any suspicion that all this aggrandizement may bring its own penalty, provoked a state of mind unfavorable to impartial reflection. The idea that the white races and their civilization might perish, in competition with a race and a civilization long regarded as semi-barbarous, needed in England some philosophical patience to examine. Abroad the conditions were otherwise. Far-seeing men, who had passed the better part of their lives in China, found nothing atrocious in Dr. Pearson's book. It only expressed, with uncommon vigor and breadth of argument, ideas which their own long experience in the Far East had slowly forced upon them. But of such ideas, it was the one that most impressed the Englishman in China which least impressed the Englishman in London. A partial reason may have been that Dr. Pearson's arguments in 1893 appeared to deal with contingencies incalculably remote. But what seemed extremely remote in 1893 has ceased to seem remote since the victories of Japan. The fate of China as an empire can scarcely now be called a matter of doubt, although the methods by which it is to be decided will continue to afford food for political speculation. China must pass under the domination of Western civilization; and this simple fact will create the danger to which Dr. Pearson called attention.

It is true that the author of *National Life and Character* did consider the possible writers, but in so different a manner that the whole of Dr. Pearson's work appears as a totally original presentation of the subject.

sibility of a military awakening of China; but he also expressed his belief that it was the least likely of events, and could hardly be brought about except through the prior conversion of all China to the warrior-creed of Islam. Recent events have proved the soundness of this belief; for the war exposed a condition of official cowardice and corruption worse than had ever been imagined, — a condition which could not fail to paralyze any attempt to rouse the race out of lethargy. With the close of the campaign the world felt convinced that no military regeneration of China was possible under the present dynasty. Spasmodic attempts at revolution followed; but some of these exhausted themselves in the murder of a few foreign missionaries and in foolish attacks upon mission stations, with the usual consequences of Christian retaliation, — executions and big indemnities; and other uprisings, even in the Mohammedan districts, have failed to accomplish anything beyond local disorder. Nothing like a general revolution now appears possible. Without it the reigning dynasty cannot be overthrown except by foreign power; and under that dynasty there is not even the ghost of a chance for military reforms. Indeed, it is doubtful if the Western powers would now permit China to make herself as strong as she was imagined to be only two years ago. In her present state she will have to obey those powers. She will have to submit to their discipline within her own borders, but not to such discipline as would enable her to create formidable armies. Nevertheless, it is just that kind of discipline which she will have to learn that is most likely to make her dangerous. *The future danger from China will be industrial, and will begin with the time that she passes under Occidental domination.*

IV.

For the benefit of those who have not read his book, it may be well to repro-

duce some of Dr. Pearson's opinions about this peril, and also to say a few words about the delusion, or superstition, which opposes them. This delusion is that all weaker peoples are destined to make way for the great colonizing white races, leaving the latter sole masters of the habitable world. This flattering belief is without any better foundation in fact than the extermination of some nomadic and some savage peoples of a very low order of capacity. Such extinctions have been comparatively recent, and for that reason undue importance may have been attached to them. Older history presents us with facts of a totally different character, with numerous instances of the subjugation of the civilized by the savage, and of the destruction of a civilization by barbarian force. It would also be well to remember that the most advanced of existing races is very far from being the highest race that has ever existed. One race, at least, has disappeared which was immensely superior, both physically and morally, to the English people of to-day. I quote from Francis Galton: "The average ability of the Athenian race was, on the lowest possible estimate, nearly two grades higher than our own, — that is, about as much as the ability of our race is above that of the African negro. This estimate, which may seem prodigious to some, is confirmed by the quick intelligence and high culture of the Athenian commonalty, before whom literary works were recited, and works of art exhibited, of a far more severe character than could possibly be appreciated by the average of our age, — the calibre of whose intellect is easily gauged by a glance at the contents of a railway book-stall. . . . If we could raise the average standard of our own race only *one* grade, what vast changes would be produced! . . . The number of men of natural gifts equal to those of the eminent men of the present day would be increased tenfold [2433 to a million, instead of 233]."

Mr. Galton goes on to prove that, could we raise the average ability to the Athenian level, or *two* grades higher, the result would be that for every six men of extraordinary ability whom England can now produce, she would then produce thirteen hundred and fifty-five.¹ Perhaps so gifted a race will never again appear upon earth. Yet it has utterly disappeared. Probably the remark will be made that its disappearance was due chiefly, as Mr. Galton seems to believe, to moral laxity. Well, the very title of Dr. Pearson's book ought to have indicated to those who reviewed it superficially that he was considering the probable results of moral laxity upon modern civilization. One of our dangers is to be sought in the ever-increasing greed of pleasure and the decay of character. The mental and the moral capacities of the so-called higher races are showing, Dr. Pearson believed, those signs of exhaustion which would indicate that the maximum development of our civilization has almost been reached. The fact is certainly significant that the most naturally gifted of all European races, the French, is showing itself, like the Athenian race, relatively though not normally infertile. There are doubtless other causes for this, such as those considered by Mr. Spencer;² but the decay of character can scarcely be the least. For all Occidental civilization this will be one of the perils from within. The peril from without will be the industrial competition of the Far East.

Before we consider Dr. Pearson's views, another remark may be offered about the exaggerated belief of the Western races in their own unparalleled superiority. Monstrous as may seem to

some the fancy that a non-Christian Oriental race may be able to dominate Christendom in the future, we have to face the fact that a non-Christian and an Oriental people financially rule Western civilization to-day. The world's finances are practically in the hands of a race persecuted by Christianity for thirteen centuries, — a race undoubtedly modified in the Occident by large interfusion of Western blood, but nevertheless markedly preserving its Oriental and unmistakable characteristics. And the recent anti-Semitic manifestations in Europe represent the modern acknowledgment of Aryan inability to cope with particular powers possessed by that race. I might even cite from a remarkable German study, published about ten years ago, and written to prove that whenever the percentage of Hebrews in a Gentile population begins to exceed a certain small figure, then "life becomes intolerable for the Gentiles." But I wish to call attention to general rather than to special superiority. The intellectual power of the Jew is by no means limited to business. The average of Jewish ability surpasses that of the so-termed Aryan in a far greater variety of directions than is commonly known. Out of 100,000 Western celebrities, the proportion of Jews to Europeans in philology, for example, is 123 to 13; in music, it is 71 to 11; in medicine, it is 49 to 31; in natural science, it is 25 to 22.³ In departments of genius as diverse as those of chess-playing and acting, the Jewish superiority is also powerfully marked. It has been said that the Jewish capacity was developed by Christian persecution; but, not to mention the fact that such persecution selected its victims rather from

¹ Hereditary Genius, "On the Comparative Worth of Different Races," pages 329-332, edition of 1892. Concerning the physical development of the Greek race, I would recommend the reader to glance at Taine's extraordinary grouping of evidence bearing on the question, in his *Philosophie de l'Art* and in

L'Idéal dans l'Art. Mr. Mahaffy has written a book to prove the English boy superior to the Greek boy; but his argument involves the denial of facts accepted by equally good authority.

² Principles of Biology, vol. ii. chap. xii.

³ I take the figures accepted by Lombroso. See his *Man of Genius*.

the best than from the worst of a Jewish population, this explanation would place within comparatively recent times the evolution of mental powers which have distinguished the race from the most ancient times. Jewish capacity was rather the cause than the consequence of persecution. Ages before Christianity (as might be inferred even from Genesis and from Exodus, or from the book of Esther) the race had been hated and persecuted because of its capacity. That capacity was restrained by special legal disabilities in Rome. It provoked murder and pillage even under the tolerant rule of the Arabs in Spain; ¹ and the attitude of Mohammedan races toward the Jews in Africa and in Asia has been, on the whole, scarcely more tolerant than that of Christian nations.

So much for the fancied mental supremacy of the Western nations. The delusion that other races are providentially destined to disappear before the so-called Aryan has been attacked by Dr. Pearson with a vast array of systematized facts and observations, including the results of studies made by himself in many parts of the world. Although it is true that some races, unable to bear the discipline of our civilization, have already disappeared, or are quickly disappearing, — such as the Tasmanian and Australian aborigines, certain Maori peoples, and North American Indian tribes, — Dr. Pearson has shown that these accomplished or threatened extinctions illustrate only the exceptions to the general rule of the effect of Western expansion upon alien races. Under our social system the condition of being able to live is to work hard, to work steadily, and to work intelligently. Those unable to do this either perish at once, or sink into the slough of vice and crime which underlies all our civilization, or else find themselves reduced to a condition of mis-

ery worse than any normal experiences of savage life. But there are many inferior races, both savage and semi-savage, which thrive under the discipline of the higher races, and so multiply after the introduction of Occidental order into their territory that their multiplication itself becomes an effective check upon the further growth of the dominating race. Thus the Kaffir has multiplied under British protection, and the Javanese under Dutch. Thus the populations of the Straits Settlements and of British India steadily increase. The history of the various English, French, and Dutch colonies yields wide evidence that many weaker races, far from vanishing before the white, greatly increase in number. Such increase necessarily sets a limit to white multiplication in those regions, — seeing that all labor needed can be supplied by natives at rates for which no white men would work, even supposing the climate were in all cases favorable to Europeans.

Climate, however, is another question in this relation. Climate also sets a limit — probably a perpetual limit — to the expansion of the higher races. The tropics, apparently, can never become their habitat. In what has been termed the "pyrogenic region" the white races cannot maintain themselves without the aid of other races. Their domination now, as in the past, we find to depend upon constant supplies of fresh strength from a colder region, and their numbers have never increased beyond an insignificant figure. The West Indies, from which the white race is slowly but surely vanishing, furnish a strong example: the estates are passing into the hands of the former slave race. Tropical Africa may be held, but never can be peopled by Europeans. Left to themselves for a few generations, the English in Hindustan would vanish utterly, like those Greek conquerors who, after Alexander, ruled Indian kingdoms. The state of Spanish and Portuguese tropical colonies in both hemispheres tells

¹ For particulars of the rising against the Jews in Spain under the Arabs, see Dozy's history.

eloquently the story of the limits set by nature to white expansion.¹

In the temperate zone, where the Western races come into contact with races indubitably civilized, though in some respects less highly organized, the former can only temporarily gain ground, for the white races can be most effectually underlived by peoples of nearly equal intelligence in production and in commerce. The Occidentals may conquer and rule, but they have even less chance of multiplying at the expense of Chinese than of multiplying at the expense of Hindus. All the great Oriental races have proved themselves able to learn enough of the wisdom of the West to more than hold their own in matters of manufacture and trade. Under Occidental government a civilized Oriental race not only grows, but grows rich. In the matter of labor, whether common or skilled, the white artisan has no chance to compete with Orientals upon their own soil, or — except in the manufactures wholly depending upon the applied sciences — upon any other soil. White labor has never been able to compete on equal terms with Oriental labor.

V.

Those confessions, which all European nations have made at various epochs of their history, — and which some have made in our own time, — of inability to cope with the Jewish people upon equal terms have other sociological meanings than such as might be implied by difference in average mental ability. They must also be considered as suggestive of the incapacity of societies not yet emerged from the militant stage to compete with a people essentially commercial from an epoch long anterior to the foundation of those societies. It is noteworthy that just in proportion as the militant form

of society has changed toward the industrial, anti-Semitic feeling has diminished, whereas it is strengthened again by any reverse social tendency. The most essentially industrial nations, America and England, to-day give no exhibitions of anti-Semitic feeling; but with the military expansion of other societies or the marked return to military forms we find the sentiment reviving. Russia, Germany, and even republican France have given manifestations of it; those of Russia proving absolutely mediæval and ferocious.

Now, we must remember, while considering the question of future race competition in the Far East, that the evolution of Occidental civilization from the militant toward the industrial state is yet far from complete, as its propensities to aggression bear witness; while the Chinese, however much below our level in certain phases of development, are a people that reached the industrial type of society thousands of years ago.

In Dr. Pearson's book it is plainly stated that the industrial competition of China would be incomparably more dangerous to Western civilization than that of any other nation, not only because of its multiformity, but also because it is a competition to which nature has set no climatic limits. Thrifty and patient and cunning as Jews, the Chinese can accommodate themselves to any climate and to any environment. They can live in Java or in Siberia, in Borneo or in Thibet. Unlike the modern Jews, however, they are more to be feared in industry than in commerce; for there is scarcely any form of manual skilled labor at which they are not capable of killing white competition. Their history in Australia has proved this fact. But in commerce also they are able to hold their own against the cleverest merchants of other races.

¹ Long before Dr. Pearson, Herbert Spencer had noticed these limits. He had also observed, "With social organisms, as with individual organisms, the evolution of superior types does not entail the extinction of all inferior ones."

(Sociology, vol. ii.) But Mr. Spencer has never given detailed attention to the special problems first studied in detail by the author of *National Life and Character*.

They are adepts at combination, excellent financiers, shrewd and daring speculators. Though not yet rivals of Europeans in that class of production dependent upon the application of modern science to manufacture, they have given proof of ability to master that science whenever the study can profit them. They are learning thoroughly the commercial conditions of every country which they visit; and though the history of their emigration began within recent times, they are already to be found in almost every part of the world. They have swarmed along the coasts of North and South America, and found their way to the West Indies. Every part of the East knows them. They do business in the cities of India; they created Singapore. They have multiplied in the Malay peninsula, in Sumatra, in Hawaii, in numbers of islands. They are said to have provoked, by threatening the existence of Dutch rule in Java, the massacre in which nine thousand of their race perished. Both Australia and the United States have found it necessary to legislate against their immigration; and the Chinese ability to supplant the Malay races in the Eastern tropics has produced astonishing results within the memory of men now living.

What America and Australia have been obliged to protect themselves from, all Europe may have cause to fear before the close of the next century. [Once China has been penetrated by the forces of Western civilization, her population will begin to display new activities, and to expand in all possible directions. Chinese competition will have to be faced, probably, very much sooner than had been expected.]

VI.

A very significant fact bearing upon this problem has been furnished by the influence of Occidental civilization in Japan.

Although the author who declared the Western type of society to be, in many

respects, "one of the most horrible that has ever existed in the world's history" was certainly more than half right; although it is true that we see "boundless luxury and self-indulgence at one end of the scale, and at the other a condition of life as cruel as that of a Roman slave, and more degraded than that of a South-Sea islander;" although our civilization be one which opens the gate of fortune to aggressive cunning, and closes it as long as possible against the highest qualities of character and of intellect, — nevertheless that civilization enormously multiplies the chances for energy, for talent, for practical abilities of almost every description. While crushing and destroying in one direction, it opens a hundred ways for escape in another. Though the feeble, the stupid, and the vicious are brayed alive, the strong, the clever, and the self-controlled are not only aided, but are compelled to better themselves. The condition of success is not merely that effort shall be constant, but also that the force of the effort itself shall be constantly increased; and those able to fulfill that condition without a mental or a physical break-down are tolerably certain to win at last what they wish, — perhaps even more than they wish. While the effort exacted is large, the return is, in the majority of normal cases, more than proportional. Life must be lived upon a bigger scale than in the past; but the means so to live can be earned by the more vigorous. Although, by the law of antagonism between individuation and genesis, the higher races ought to be the less fertile races, other conditions being equal, they are not so, having been able to create for themselves conditions unknown in previous eras, and opportunities still undreamed of by races accustomed to simple natural living. Hence the phenomenon that a non-Aryan race, able and willing to adopt Western civilization, or even to submit contentedly to its discipline, will begin to multiply more rapidly under the new

conditions, even while those conditions entail forms of suffering previously unknown. Up to a certain stage of development the opportunities of life will be increased even more than the difficulties; for previous resources will be enlarged, and new ones found and developed, while countless means of conquering natural obstacles will be furnished by scientific knowledge to those capable of using them.

Penetrated by the influences of Western civilization, the population of Japan began almost simultaneously to expand. Within twenty-two years it has increased *more than twenty-five per cent.* In the year 1872 it was 33,110,825. In 1892 it was 41,388,313. It is now over 42,000,000. And this increase has been in despite of repeated epidemics, and great losses of life due to floods and earthquakes. Improved sanitation, enforcement of hygienic laws, attention given to drainage and to systems of water supply have certainly helped the increase, but could not alone explain it. The explanation is to be sought rather in the greatly widened opportunities of life furnished by the sudden development of the country. During the same period the increase in the total volume of the export and import trade has been 534 per cent. The total of customs duties has more than quadrupled. Wages are said to have risen 37 per cent.¹ Among facts showing agricultural development is the increase in the area of cultivated land. That of land under wheat and barley is put at 58.5 per cent, and of land under rice at 8.4. Improved methods of agriculture may help to account for the increase of rice production by 25.5 per cent during the last fifteen years alone. In the same period of fifteen years, the increase in silk production has been 300.2 per cent, and in that of tea

240.3. In the year 1883 there were 84 manufactories using steam or hydraulic power. In the year 1893 there were 1163; in cotton-spinning the development has been enormous, — 1014 per cent in a single decade.

I think that the myriad new opportunities to earn a little more than a good living which this immense expansion implies should suffice of themselves to account for that increase of population which is even now offering a new problem to the Japanese government, and which has been only temporarily met by the acquisition of Formosa and the Pescadores, by the project for a Japanese Mexican colony, by the shipment of laborers to Hawaii and to other places, and by the overflow into Australia, where the Japanese labor question threatens to become as unpleasant as was the Chinese question in Dr. Pearson's time. The whole meaning of this increase of population will best appear when I remind the reader that, in one sense of the term, the Japanese are by no means a fertile race. Large families are comparatively rare, — a family of nine or ten children being quite uncommon, and the birth of twins so rare as to be considered an anomaly. Nevertheless, the Japanese population has increased over 25 per cent, while that of England has increased only about 7 per cent. This, of course, is temporary, and a check must eventually come; but the period of that check is apparently still far off.

Imagine, then, the consequence of a corresponding commercial and industrial development upon a Chinese population of four or five hundred millions, — probably more fertile than the Japanese, declared by the Japanese themselves superior in all the craft of commerce and the secrets of finance, matchless as mere mechanical workers, and capable of liv-

¹ Probably at the open ports only. I take these figures from the Japan Daily Mail, which republished them from the Kokuminno-Tomo. I personally know, however, that in some pro-

vinces there has been yet practically no rise in wages worth mentioning. The cost of skilled labor in the open ports has increased greatly.

ing and multiplying under conditions according to which the Japanese artisan would refuse to live! Compel China to do what Japan has voluntarily done, and the increase of her population within one century will probably be a phenomenon without parallel in the past history of the world.

VII.

Here, however, there come up some doubts to be considered. Can China be forced to develop herself as Japan has done? And is not Western industrialism likely to be protected from Chinese competition by the irreducible character of Chinese conservatism? Japanese development has been voluntary, patriotic, eager, earnest, unselfish. But will not the Chinaman of the year 2000 resemble in all things the familiar Chinaman of to-day?

I must presume to express a conviction that the character of Chinese conservatism has never been fully understood in the West, and that it is just in the peculiar one-sidedness of that conservatism that the peril reveals itself. Japan has certainly been more thoroughly studied than China; yet even the character of Japan was so little understood two years ago that her defeat by China was predicted as a matter of course. Japan was imagined to be a sort of miniature of China, — probably because of superficial resemblances created by her adoption of Chinese civilization. It often occurs to me that the old Jesuit missionaries understood the difference of the races infinitely better than even our diplomats do to-day. When, after having studied the wonderful quaint letters of these ecclesiastics, one reads the judgments uttered about the Far East by modern journalists, and the absurdly untruthful reports sent home by our English and American missionaries, it is difficult to believe that we have not actually retrograded, either in common

honesty or in knowledge of the Orient. I tried to make plain in a former paper¹ that a characteristic of Japanese life was its fluidity; and also that this characteristic was not of yesterday. All the modern tales about the former rigidity of Japanese society — about the conservation of habits and customs unchanged through centuries — are mostly pure fiction. The assimilative genius of the race is the proof. Assimilative genius is not the characteristic of a people whose customs and habits have been conservatively fixed beyond the reach of change. "A mind that would grow," said Clifford, "must let no ideas become permanent except such as lead to action. Towards all others it must maintain an attitude of absolute receptivity, — admitting all, being modified by all, but permanently biased by none. To become crystallized, fixed, in opinion and mode of thought is to lose that great characteristic of life by which it is distinguished from inanimate nature, — the power of adapting itself to circumstances. This is true even of the race. . . . And if we consider that a race, *in proportion as it is plastic and capable of change*, may be considered as young and vigorous, . . . we shall see the immense importance of checking the growth of conventionalities."² The relation between the essentially mobile and plastic character of Japanese society and that assimilative genius which could successively adopt and remodel for its own peculiar needs two utterly different forms of civilization should certainly be obvious. But according to the same sociological law expressed by Professor Clifford, the Chinese race would be doomed to disappear, or at least to shrink up into some narrow area, — supposing it really incapable of modification. In Europe the generally received opinion about China seems to be that her conservatism is like the conservatism of the ancient Egyptians, and must

¹ See *The Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1895.

² *Lectures and Essays*, "Some Conditions of Mental Development."

eventually leave her people in a state of changeless subservience like that of the modern fellaheen. But is this opinion true?

Perhaps we should look in vain through the literature of any other equally civilized people for a record like that in the *Li-Ki*, which tells us that anciently, in China, persons "guilty of changing what had been definitely settled," and of using or making "strange garments, wonderful contrivances, and extraordinary implements," were put to death! But modern China is not to be judged by her ancient literature, but by her present life. Men who know China also know that Chinese conservatism does not extend to those activities which belong to trade, to industry, to commerce or speculation. It is a conservatism in beliefs, ethics, and customs, and has nothing to do with business. A conservatism of this sort may be a source of power; it is not likely to be a source of weakness. Whether in Japan or in India, Canada or Australia, Cuba or Chili, Siberia or Burmah, the Chinaman remains a Chinaman. But while so remaining he knows how to utilize the modern inventions of industry, the modern facilities of communication, the new resources of commerce. He knows the value of cable codes; he chartered steamers, builds factories, manages banks, profits by the depreciation or the rise of exchange, makes "corners," organizes stock companies, hires steam or electricity to aid him in his manufacturing or speculating.¹ As a merchant his commercial integrity is recognized by the foreign merchants, of every nation, who deal with him. He keeps his costume and his creed, observes his national rules of propriety, maintains his peculiar cult at home; but the home may be a granite front in America, a bungalow in India,

a bamboo hut in Sumatra, a brick cottage in New Zealand, a fireproof two-story in Japan. He avails himself of the best he can afford abroad when the use of the best is connected with a commercial advantage; and when this is not the case he can put up with much worse than the worst. His conservatism never interferes with his business: it is a domestic matter, a personal matter, affecting only his intimate life, his private expenditure. His pleasures and even his vices — provided he be not a gambler — are comparatively inexpensive; and he clings to the simplicity of his ancestral habits even while controlling — like the Chinese merchant at the next corner of the street in which I live — a capital of hundreds of thousands. This is his strength; and in our own West, through centuries, it has been the strength of the Jews.

Perhaps China can never be made to do all that Japan has done; but she will certainly be made to do what has given Japan her industrial and commercial importance. She is hemmed in by a steadily closing ring of foreign enemies: Russia north and west, France and England south, and all the sea power of the world threatening her coast. That she will be dominated is practically certain; the doubt is, how and by whom. Russia cannot be trusted with the control of those hundreds of millions; and a partition of Chinese territory would present many difficult problems. Very possibly she will be long allowed to retain her independence in name, after having lost it in fact. She will not be permitted to exclude foreigners from her interior during any great length of time. If she will not build railroads and establish telegraph lines, the work will be done by foreign capital, and she will have to pay

¹ At the time of the great silver depreciation a clever trick was reported from one of the Chinese open ports. Some Chinese forgers were able to put into circulation a considerable quantity of unlawful coin; but when the coin was

examined it proved to be true metal! Nevertheless, a handsome profit must have been made, because of the temporary difference between the market price of silver and the value of the money.

for it in the end. She will be exploited as much as possible; and, for the sake of the exploiters, foreign military power will force order, sanitary law compel cleanliness, engineering provide against catastrophes. She cannot be compelled to change her creeds or to study Western science in all her schools; but she will have to work very hard, and to keep her cities free from plague. By remaining otherwise unchanged, she will become, not less dangerous, but more dangerous.

From the most ancient times Chinese multiplication has been checked at intervals by calamities of such magnitude that, to find any parallel for them in Western history, we must recall the slaughters of the Crusades and the ravages of the Black Death. Enormous famines, enormous inundations, frightful revolutions provoked by misery, have periodically thinned the number of China's millions. Even in our own era there have been disasters too large for the imagination to realize without difficulty. The Tai-ping rebellion cost twenty millions of lives, the later Mohammedan revolt in the West more than two million five hundred thousand; and comparatively recent famines and floods have also swept millions out of existence. But whatever Western power rule China hereafter, that power will have to oppose and to overcome, for reasons of self-interest, all those natural or unnatural checks upon multiplication which have hitherto kept the population at a relatively constant figure. The cholera and the plague must be conquered, the inundations must be prevented, the famines must be provided against, and infanticide must be prohibited.

As for the new political situation in the East, the guarantee of the Chinese indemnity to Japan by Russia, the rumors of a European combination to offset Russia's financial diplomacy, the possibilities of an Anglo-Japanese alliance, the supposed project for a Russian railway through Manchuria, the story of a secret

Russo-Chinese compact, the state of anarchy in Korea following upon the brutal murder of the queen, the tangle of interests and the confusion of perils, — all this I confess myself utterly unable to express any opinion about. At this writing nothing appears clear except that China will be controlled, and that Japan has become a new and important factor in all international adjustments or readjustments of the balance of power in the Pacific.

VIII.

No successful attempt has yet been made, by any one familiar with the Far East, to controvert the views of Dr. Pearson. Not one of the many antagonistic reviews of his work has even yielded proof of knowledge competent to deal with his facts. Professor Huxley indeed suggested — in a short appreciative note appended to his essay, *Methods and Results of Ethnology*¹ — that future therapeutic science might find ways to render the tropics less uninhabitable for white races than Dr. Pearson believed. But this suggestion does not touch the question of obstacles, more serious than fever, which a tropical climate offers to intellectual development, nor the question of race competition in temperate climates, nor any of the important social problems to which Dr. Pearson called attention. Religious criticisms of the book have been numerous and hostile; but they have contained nothing more noteworthy than the assertion that Dr. Pearson's opinions were due to his want of faith in Providence. Such a statement amounts only to the alarming admission that we should hope for some miracle to save us from extermination. Various journalists on this side of the world have ventured the supposition that a Western domination of China might gradually force up the standard of Chinese living to such a degree as would leave Oriental competition no more to be dreaded than international competition at home; and

¹ Collected Essays, 1894.

they have cited the steady increase of the cost of life in Japan as a proof of the possibility. But even could it be shown that the cost of living in Japan is likely, say at the close of the twentieth century, to equal the average cost of life in Europe, it were still poor reasoning to argue that the influence of Occidental civilization must necessarily produce similar results in China, under absolutely different conditions and among a people of totally opposite character. What distinguishes the Chinese race from every other civilized race is their inherent power to resist, under all imaginable circumstances, every influence calculated to raise their standard of living. The men who best know China are just the men who cannot conceive the possibility of raising the standard of Chinese living to the Western level. Eventually, under foreign domination, the social conditions would certainly be modified, but never so modified as to render Chinese competition less dangerous, because the standard of living would not be very materially affected by any social reforms. On the other hand, it is not difficult to imagine conditions at home which would rapidly force down the living-standard, and manifest themselves later in a shrinkage of population. That the future industrial competition between Occident and Orient must be largely decided by physiological economy is not to be doubted, and the period of the greatest possible amount of human suffering is visibly approaching. The great cause of human suffering, and therefore of all progress in civilization, has been pressure of population; but the worst, as Herbert Spencer long since pointed out, has yet to come: "Though by the emigration that takes place when the pressure arrives at a certain intensity temporary relief is from time to time obtained, yet as by this process all habitable countries must become peopled, it

¹ Principles of Biology, "Human Population in the Future," vol. ii. chap. xiii.

follows that in the end the pressure, whatever it may then be, must be borne in full."¹ In such an epoch the races of the Occident can only maintain their standard of living by forcing other races out of existence; and in the mere ability to live they will probably find themselves overmatched.

What Chinese competition would then mean cannot be imagined without a clear understanding of one ugly fact which distinguishes modern civilization in the West from ancient civilization in the Far East, — its monstrous egotism. As Professor Huxley has shown, the so-called "struggle for existence" in Western society is not really a struggle to live, but a struggle to enjoy, and therefore something far more cruel than a contest for the right to exist.² According to Far-Eastern philosophy, any society founded upon such a system of selfish and sensual intercompetition is doomed to perish; and Far-Eastern philosophy may be right. At all events, the struggle to come will be one between luxurious races, accustomed to regard pleasure, at any cost, as the object of existence, and a people of hundreds of millions disciplined for thousands of years to the most untiring industry and the most self-denying thrift, under conditions which would mean worse than death for our working masses, — a people, in short, quite content to strive to the uttermost in exchange for the simple privilege of life.

Pessimistic as Dr. Pearson's views seemed to most readers at the time when his book was first published, they now command more attention than was accorded to them before the late war between China and Japan. They are forcing new convictions and new apprehensions. It is certain that the conditions of society in Western countries are not now ameliorating; and it is not difficult to believe that the decay of faith,

² Evolution of Ethics, Prolegomena, xiv.

the substitution of conventionalism for true religion, the ever-growing hunger of pleasure, the constant aggravation of suffering, may be signs of that senescence which precedes the death of a civilization. It is possible that the races of the Occident have almost exhausted their capacity for further development, and even that, as distinct races, they are doomed to disappear. Nor is it unnatural to suppose that the future will belong to the races of the Far East.

But a more optimistic view of the future is also possible. Though there be signs in Western civilization of the disintegration of existing social structures, there are signs also of new latent forces that will recreate society upon another and a more normal plan. There are unmistakable growing tendencies to international union, to the most complete industrial and commercial federation. International necessities are rapidly breaking down old prejudices and conservatisms, while developing cosmopolite feeling. The great fraternities of science and of art have declared themselves independent of country or class or creed, and recognize only the aristocracy of intellect. Few thinkers would now smile at the prediction that international war will be made impossible, or doubt the coming realization of Victor Hugo's dream of the "United States of Europe." And this would signify nothing less than the final obliteration of national frontiers, the removal of all barriers between European peoples, the ultimate fusion of Western races into one vast social organism. Such fusion is even now visibly beginning. The tendency of Western civilization in its present form is to unite the strong while crushing the weak, and individual superiority seeks its affiliations irrespective of nationality.

But the promise of international coalescence in the West suggests the probability of far larger tendencies to unification in the remoter future,—to unification

not of nations only, but of widely divergent races. The evolutionary trend would seem to be toward universal brotherhood, without distinctions of country, creed, or blood. It is neither unscientific nor unreasonable to suppose the world eventually peopled by a race different from any now existing, yet created by the blending of the best types of all races; uniting Western energy with Far-Eastern patience, northern vigor with southern sensibility, the highest ethical feelings developed by all great religions with the largest mental faculties evolved by all civilizations; speaking a single tongue composed from the richest and strongest elements of all preëxisting human speech; and forming a society unimaginably unlike, yet also unimaginably superior to, anything which now is or has ever been.

To many the mere thought of a fusion of races will be repellent, because of ancient and powerful prejudices once essential to national self-preservation. But as a matter of scientific fact we know that none of the present higher races is really a pure race, but represents the blending, in prehistoric times, of races that have individually disappeared from the earth. All our prejudices of nationality and race and creed have doubtless had their usefulness, and some will probably continue to have usefulness for ages to be; but the way to the highest progress can be reached only through the final extinction of all prejudice,—through the annihilation of every form of selfishness, whether individual or national or racial, that opposes itself to the evolution of the feeling of universal brotherhood. The great Harvey said, "*Our progress is from self-interest to self-annihilation.*" Modern thought indorses the truth of that utterance. But the truth itself is older by thousands of years than Harvey; for it was spoken, long before the age of Christ, by the lips of the Buddha.

Lafcadio Hearn.

THE FLUTE.

*Puffed up with luring to her knees
The rabbits from the blackberries,
Quaint little satyrs, and shy, and mute,
That limped reluctant to the flute,
She needs must seek the forest's womb
And pipe up tigers from green gloom.*

Grouped round the dreaming oaten quill
Those sumptuous savages were still,
Rich spectral beasts that feared to stir,
And haughty and wistful gazed on her,
And swayed their sleepy masks in time,
And growled a drowsy under-rhyme.

Tune done, that agile fancy stopped,
The lingering notes in mid-air dropped;
The flute stole from her parted kiss,
Her cheeks for sorcery burned with bliss.
Then grew a deadly muttering there;
And sudden yellow eyes aglare
Blazed furious over wrinkled lips
And teeth on her. Her finger-tips
Trembled a little as they woke
The second tune beneath the oak,
A lilt that charmed and lulled to mute
The uneasy soul within the brute.

And all that warbling ecstasy
Was winged with terror, and daintily
Ceased on the wild and tragic face
And desperate huddle of her grace:
For with the hush began to gride
Their sullen, soulless, evil-eyed,
Intolerable rage, blown hot
Upon her. The third tune was caught
With trouble from unuttered air:
And still as autumn they sat there.

The breathless seventh tune died out
Like withered laughter: all about
The frantic silence ran a race.
She stirred, she moaned, she crawled a space.
There leaped a vast and thunderous roar;
A huge heart-shaking tumult tore
About the oak. Filing away,
They trod the stained flute where it lay.

OLD-TIME SUGAR-MAKING.

AFTER the Ides of March, the faint exhalations that always pervade the forest are overborne in maple woodlands by wafts of an odor of mingled pungency and sweetness. A native need not trace it to its source to be informed that sugar-making has begun. But if one were impelled to run counter on the aerial trail, here dissolved to invisibility in the tempered air, there crawling through it, an attenuated film of blue vapor, further on enfolding twigs and branches in a thicker cloud, it would soon lead him among maples dripping their sap through metal spouts into bright tin buckets, with a liquid, musical tinkle as pleasant to the ear as the subtle aroma of the woods is to the nostrils. In the midst of a wide cordon of these steadfast sentinels that signal with a faint clangor of fairy kettledrums the approaches of spring, he would find the modern sugar-house, windowed, doored, chimneyed, and perhaps painted, and in every way quite at odds with its sylvan neighborhood. The homely picturesqueness that the artist and the poet love has been sacrificed to profit, comfort, and convenience, in the prim modern sugar-house with its patent evaporators and automatic feeders.

The rude shanty that sheltered the old-time sugar-makers was part and parcel of the woods, as picturesque as an old tree, its log walls and bark roof as mossy, and gray with lichens. The whole front was its always open door hospitably welcoming every comer to the freedom of the interior, a seat on an inverted sap-tub, or a place on the bed of straw or fir twigs. There were a few utensils—a dipper, skimmer, and frying-pan—hanging on the walls; a gun leaning in one corner, a pair of snowshoes and a neck-yoke for carrying sap in the other. Its furniture was scarcely as complete as that of an Indian wigwam.

Close in front was a fireplace of rudest construction, a mere low wall of rough stones, partially fencing in the heat on three sides, while from the fourth warmth and light poured into the interior of the building. The chimney was wide as the world, and the smoke at the will of every wind, often making a smoke-house of the shanty, whose inmates took refuge outside, or held steadfast in the belief that smoke is wholesome, or flattered themselves with the old adage that beauty draws smoke.

A great potash-kettle was hung over the fire by a log chain from the end of a goodly straight tree, trimmed of its branches, and pivoted and balanced on a stump so that the kettle could be swung off or over the fire at will. At a convenient distance, beside the fireplace, stood the store-trough, hollowed out of a huge trunk, and large enough for a giant's bathtub. There was a small kettle at hand for the final process of sugaring-off: and this completed the outfit of the camp, which with everything that pertained to it was in perfect harmony with its wild environment.

Old-time sugar-makers tapped the trees by chopping a slanting notch in the sapwood; then they drove a gouge well in beneath the lower end of the notch, and inserted a wooden spout in the gouge cut. The method was primitive and barbarous enough to have originated with the Indians, and it is not unlikely that it did, and was learned of them by the first white sugar-makers, then passed down from generation to generation of their descendants, till some one hit upon the neater device of using the gouge for the entire operation, and a later some one invented the more expeditious plan of boring the tree with an auger, and plugging the hole with a round-tipped spout of pithy sumac.

The old giants bore their wounds bravely, healing them year after year, and year after year suffering new ones, till they were belted with scars, and out of a fresh wound in an old cicatrix their colorless blood dripped where it had first fallen into the rough-hewn sap-trough, or it may be into the more convenient wooden bucket.

It does not appear that any record was made of aboriginal methods of tapping the maple and converting its sap into sugar, nor is the oldest maple old enough to tell us, though it had the gift of speech or sign-making intelligible to us. We can only guess that the primitive Algonquin laboriously inflicted a barbarous wound with his stone hatchet, and with a stone gouge cut a place for a spout, so far setting the fashion which was long followed by white men, with only the difference that better tools made possible. Or we may guess that the Indian, taking a hint from his little red brother, Niquasese, the squirrel, who taps the smooth-barked branches, broke these off and caught the sap in suspended vessels of birch bark, than which no cleaner and sweeter receptacle could be imagined. Doubtless the boiling was done in the earthen kokhs, or pots, some of which had a capacity of several gallons. According to Indian myths, it was taught by a Heaven-sent instructor.

The true story of the discovery of maple-sugar making is in the legend of Woksis, the mighty hunter. Going forth one morning to the chase, he bade Moqua, the squaw of his bosom, have a choice cut of moose meat boiled for him when he should return; and that she might be reminded of the time he stuck a stake in the snow, and made a straight mark out from it in the place where its shadow would then fall. She promised strict compliance, and, as he departed, she hewed off the desired tidbit with her sharpest stone knife, and filling her best kokh with clean snow for melting, hung it over the fire. Then she sat

down on a bearskin, and began embroidering a pair of moccasins with variously dyed porcupine quills. This was a labor of love, for the moccasins, of the finest deerskin, were for her lord. She became so absorbed in the work that the kokh was forgotten, till the bark cord that suspended it was burned off, and it spilled its contents on the fire with a startling, quenching, scattering explosion that filled the wigwam with steam and smoke. She lifted the overturned vessel from the embers and ashes by a stick thrust into its four-cornered mouth; and when it was cool enough to handle, she repaired it with a new bail of bark, and the kokh was ready for service again. But the shadow of the stake had swung so far toward the mark that she knew there was not time to melt snow to boil the dinner.

Happily, she bethought her of the great maple behind the wigwam, tapped merely for the provision of a pleasant drink, but the sweet water might serve a better purpose now. So she filled the kokh with sap, and hung it over the mended fire. In spite of impatient watching it presently began to boil, whereupon she popped the ample ration of moose meat into it, and set a cake of pounded corn to bake on a tilted slab before the fire. Then she resumed her embroidery, in which the sharp point of each thread supplied its own needle.

The work grew more and more interesting. The central figure, her husband's totem of the bear, was becoming so life-like that it could easily be distinguished from the wolves, eagles, and turtles of the other tribal clans. In imagination she already beheld the moccasins on the feet of her noble Woksis; now stealing in awful silence along the war-path; now on the neck of the fallen foe; now returning jubilant with triumph, or fleeing homeward from defeat, to ease the shame of failure by kicking her, in which case she felt herself bearing, as ever, her useful part. So she dreamed and worked stitch by stitch, while the hours passed un-

heeded, the shadow crept past the mark, the kokh boiled low, and the cake gave forth a smell of burning. Becoming aware of this obvious odor, she sprang to the fire. Alas, the cake was a blackened crisp, and lo, the once juicy piece of meat was a shriveled morsel in the midst of a gummy dark brown substance!

She snatched kokh and cake from the fire, and then, hearing her husband coming, she ran and hid herself in the nearest thicket of evergreens; for she knew that when he found not wherewith to appease the rage of hunger he would be seized with a more terrible one against her. Listening awhile with a quaking heart, and catching no alarming sound, but aware instead of an unaccountable silence, she ventured forth and peeped into the wigwam. Woksis sat by the fire eating with his fingers from the kokh, while his face shone with an expression of supreme content and enjoyment. With wonder she watched him devour the last morsel, but her wonder was greater when she saw him deliberately break the earthen pot and lick the last vestige of spoiled cookery from the shards. She could not restrain a surprised cry, and discovering her he addressed her:—

“O woman of women! didst thou conceive this marvel of cookery, or has Klose-kur-Beh been thy instructor?”

Being a woman, she had the wit to withhold the exact truth, but permitted him to believe whatever he would.

“Let me embrace thee!” he cried, and upon his lips she tasted the first maple sugar.

The discovery was made public, and kokhs of sap were presently boiling in every wigwam. All were so anxious to get every atom of the precious sweet that they broke the kokhs and scraped the pieces, just as Woksis, the first sugar-eater, had done. And that is why there are so many fragments of broken pottery, and so few whole vessels to be found.

If our own early sugar-maker loved his ease, he might sometimes wish the

art had never been discovered; for his occupation was still less than it is now “half work and half play,” as described by one who never could have had the work to do in earnest. His shoulders laden with the neck-yoke and heavy buckets, his feet with the trailing snowshoes that alone made walking possible, it was downright work for a man to tramp for hours over the yielding snow, from tree to tree, at each of which a heavy, clumsy sap-trough had to be lifted and emptied. Perhaps there were oxen and sled and cask to ease the longer journey to the camp, but even then there was enough of plodding work to keep him from amusing himself with close observation of nature. Yet he was alert for all signs.

While exploring a path for his broad shod feet, he noted the littered surface of the snow becoming gray with restless myriads of snow-fleas, black atoms, as innumerable and unstable as storm-blown snowflakes, and therefrom he forecast a thaw. When the prophecy was fulfilled, the raccoons awoke, and journeyed forth in the night. He was likely to see crossing his yesterday's track their later tracks, and sometimes the broad trail of a whole fat and furry household, well worth his turning hunter for and following to their next lodgings, in times when coonskins were a standard of values. It might be that a bear, not having seen his own shadow on St. Matthew's Day, had made a record of his wanderings.

Sometimes the sap-gatherer saw the light imprint of a hare's pads, blotted out at intervals by the long leaps of a pursuing lynx. Sometimes he saw the ingathering wolves' tracks, spun one by one like strands into a fateful cord that the tireless pack had drawn on to its end among the scattered bones of a hunted deer. More rarely, the round footprints of a panther were seen beside the netted impressions of the snowshoes. It could hardly have been pleasant to read the record so recently made of the great cat

nosing along the human trail, then stopping and gazing hungrily after it, then slouching stealthily away, perhaps not so far but that the wicked eyes were even now watching the burdened, unarmed figure toiling slowly over the snow. If it is the proof of a good panther story that it makes chills run down one's back to read or hear it, it must freeze one's spinal marrow to be part of such a story, with its possible conclusion impending.

The solitary worker had visible and harmless attendants and interested observers in the nuthatches, nasally piping their spiral course down the gray boles; the friendly chickadees, flitting an arm's-length above and about him, and clinging, topsy-turvy, to the nearest twigs; the jays, raising a hue and cry after him; and the squirrels, at times thrown into paroxysms of rage or derision at his appearance, at other times rasping their butternuts with perfect indifference to his coming and going. With the same disregard the hairy and downy woodpeckers turned their backs upon him while they industriously chiseled the trees for their meagre fare, and he caught but occasional glimpses of their great relative, the log-cock, traversing the woods with loping flight and far-resounding cackle. Almost daily he shared surprise with one or more partridges; he always having the larger part, whether the unsuspected bird burst forth from the naked branches above him, or a gray stump before him suddenly became animated and took noisy flight, for which he was never quite prepared, even when he saw the "sugar snow" newly embroidered with the dainty track. On this fair page of snow were recorded the nightly wanderings of the fox and skunk, whether direct or devious, hurried or deliberate, and also hints of their purpose. The hare, too, had made fresh inscriptions, but it could only be guessed whether a dozen had held a midnight revel or one had gone March mad.

While the sap was being brought in, the kettle was kept boiling and the greedy

fire fed from hand to mouth, as many a household fire was a hundred years ago, when the near forest stood with bountiful hand outstretched to the door. Here it was held to the very fireside, where from a huge log the ready axe cut and split the proper lengths as needed. When store-trough and kettle were full and a supply of wood had been chopped, labor was not relieved by a play-spell, but only by a respite of alert leisure, wherein the walloping caldron was frequently replenished, the fire fed, the snowshoes mended, the ripped mittens restitched, the gun oiled and its priming refreshed, or some fur-bearer's skin taken off and stretched.

Meal-getting came at irregularly recurrent periods, when hunger and opportunity were in conjunction, and was spiced with the excitement of uncertainty that always attends amateur cookery. The fried pork might chance to be done to a turn, or be rescued, half scorched and half raw, from the flaming pan; and the potatoes might come out of the ashes at the right minute, fit food for an Irish king, or, belated, be outwardly a cinder, inwardly desiccated emptiness. If the cook was luxurious enough to toast his rye-and-Indian bread on a forked stick, it was apt to fall into the fire at the last turn, but, though gritty with ashes, it was still a luxury when overlaid with sugar or syrup; and concerning the eggs boiled in sap in a convenient skillet there was no question.

One unreckoned item of cookery, the bit of fat salt pork suspended from the kettle bail, that kept the sap from boiling over, swallowed and cast up by the saccharine billows, was constantly boiled, but never eaten, except in the infinitesimal contribution to a sea of sap. A suspicion of its savor, lapped wafts of smoke, the subtle aroma of the woods' breath, wind-blown leaves, and bits of bark gave the old-time dark-colored maple sugar a wild, woodsy flavor that has been tamed out by the neater modern processes, just as modern culture has well-nigh taken the

tang out of our dialect, — refinements, no doubt, yet one likes to know a Yankee by the flavor of his speech, and maple sugar by its taste.

If the sugar-maker had a helper to share his labor, the loneliness was relieved; otherwise it was only mitigated by some visitor bringing into the woods a waft of humanized atmosphere from the farms, with neighborhood news, and possibly that of the world, but two or three months old, in the latest paper. There might be a grand invasion of the camp by a score of young folks coming to the feast of "sugaring-off," when the hot syrup was cooled into dabs of waxy sugar in sap-tubs filled with clean snow, and each tub was a centre of love-making and merry-making, and the old woods rang with an unwonted clamor of jest and laughter and song. When the merry-makers were gone, and the last echo of their departing voices had faded out far behind them, a deeper silence brooded in the forest and a heavier loneliness fell upon the enforced hermit, who invoked no blessings on the unknown inventor of maple sugar, though but for him there would have been no sweet for the pioneer save the uncertain spoils of the wild bees.

It might be that he, though solitary as the owl whose solemn challenge of the coming storm boomed through the starlit woods, was not lonely when alone, but was a true woods-lover, finding congenial comrades in the humblest visitors: the chickadees that came for scattered crumbs, the scolding jays, the jeering squirrels, the woodpeckers that explored his recent woodpile and hammered the logs of his shanty.

When daylight climbed out of the woods and departed from the mountain-tops, and night encompassed the camp, the fire was his boon companion, that for the bountiful food bestowed upon it fed his imagination with pictures in its shifting flames and pulsing embers. It sang roaring battle-songs to him. It fired booming cannon-shots and rattling vol-

leys of musketry of mimic battle, while armies of soot-sparks charged up the black slopes of the kettle toward the shore of the turbulent sea that surged and seethed under clouds of steam and smoke. It encircled itself with tall spectres that came and vanished, and came again; with shadowy goblins that danced in the edge of gloom, and leaped up as if snatching at other goblins that briefly soared on vaporous wings and then dissolved in darkness. Daylight itself could not give such cheer as the fire's warmth and radiance, nor greater protection; for the fire held at bay, far out in the darkness, unseen prowlers, whose slow steps could be heard stealthily crunching the snow-crust. It kept guard while the spent watcher slept. When he awoke at dawn it was burned to ashes and embers, snapping out with muffled explosions, and spinning slender threads of smoke that trailed away and unraveled into invisible air, and the quiet surface of the kettle gave off only a fluctuating web of vapor.

Perhaps a "sugar snow" had fallen while he slept, and he awoke to a transformed scene. The littered, dingy surface of the old snow was overlaid with immaculate whiteness, every branch and twig laden with it, the furrowed trunks inlaid with it, and yesterday's pervading gray so changed to universal whiteness that it all seemed like the unreal vision of a dream which further waking might dispel. It became a very apparent reality when the round of the tapped trees was made, and every trough and spout cleared; for though April snow has as great virtues as May dew, being a sovereign balm for weak eyes, a most excellent cosmetic, and a fertilizer of the earth, it will not make sugar nor improve it. He was fortunate who escaped a howling storm that filled the woods with the roar of the angry wind and the clash of naked branches, and blurred earth and trees and sky with a wild scurry of driven snow. The swinging kettle was a dusky blotch, the long crane reached

out of the misty chaos without visible support, and flame, smoke, ashes, and snow drifted alee along the ground in a torn, fluttering tangle. The beleaguered sugar-maker cowered under his blankets in the furthest corner of his shelter, sallying forth only to succor the fire; and thus coldly fed and housed, he waited in solitary discomfort till the fury of the storm was spent. After such a storm came the wearisome labor of mining for the drift-covered woodpile and various articles that lay unmarked beneath the new surface, and then the weary round on constantly loading snowshoes, and the toilsome delving for each buried trough.

So in fair weather and foul the work went on, while the breath of spring grew softer, and the tops of cradle-knolls, warm with color of last year's leaves and bright with patches of green moss, began to show above the coarse-grained snow. There was a wholesome odor of naked earth and the subtler fragrance of quickened trees; bees began to journey abroad in the tempered air, gathering diluted sweets along the slow trickle of the sap-spouts, and busy to little apparent profit over the scentless squirrels just unfolded from their downy buds; a butterfly voyaged indolently in the flood of sunshine, and flies buzzed to

and fro in spasms of purposeless flight, and drowned themselves by scores in the troughs; the buds grew plethoric with swelling life, and tinged the gray woods with a blush of purple; and presently the hylas rang their shrill bells for the final run of sap, with the disposal whereof the sugar-making season closed and the sugar-maker departed.

The drifting last year's leaves and the fresh verdure of the forest floor began to obliterate the traces of human occupancy, covering the cold ashes and foot-worn mould with dun decay and verdant life. Nothing looked strange but the black dome of the inverted kettle. The shanty asleep in the thickening shade became the home of wood-mice and squirrels, the wildest wood-birds perched and sang on its roof, and the fox peered in at the open front with bold curiosity. The trees slowly healed their wounds, and one may find some patriarch of maples still bearing the scars of its ancientappings, and in the black leaf-mould at its foot a shell of crumbling wood that was once a sap-trough.

These are the passing memorials of the old-time sugar-maker's rude craft, and you will scarcely find so distinct a trace of the woodsy flavor of his sugar in the product of his successor's art.

Rowland E. Robinson.

A SON OF THE REVOLUTION.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE HON. DAVID COBB TRUE, MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE FOR BLANKE COUNTY, IOWA, PREPARED FOR HIS SON, THEN AGED ONE YEAR AND THREE MONTHS.

THE year 1894 found me keeping the first anniversary of my marriage on my own farm. The farm was well worth ten thousand dollars, but I had bought it for thirty-eight hundred because of the cloud over the title. I have told you, my dear boy, how, the year after I was graduated

from the state university, I bought the farm, selling my share in my father's estate (which consisted of farm-lands in Scott County, mainly), and putting every penny I owned into this farm, the repairs and the stock. But the farm was a beauty. To be sure, there was the ques-

whether the squatter's title would hold water; and the Land Improvement Company had been fighting the squatters for ten years, winning in one court, and losing, maybe, in another. But the man who owned this property sold it to me the cheaper for that, and I was young enough to be both daring and sure of my own opinion. Ralph Haines, my best friend in college, and one of the best fellows in the world, was dead set against it. He maintained that the land belonged to the company, and not to the squatters, who, according to him, had no show either in law or in equity. Perhaps if I had heard him talk before I was really committed, and before the craving for the beautiful farm had gotten into my veins, — for I had an inherited love of the earth, come down to me from a long line of farmer's folk; I loved the very smell of the ground, and the lovely roll of the black, moist soil under my ploughshare, — perhaps, I say, if I had heard him talk before I saw the farm I might have heeded him. Ralph had plenty of sense. But I had seen the farm, I was committed; and I was not going to back off in my own tracks, not I! I am a slow man to decide, but having decided, your mother says I am stiff as a nail in a hickory board. I was resolved to risk it, and Ralph came with me for a year or two to work on shares. Ralph had no money, and had worked himself through the university. It was a good thing having him by me; and the way we worked that year — well, there is only one man who has described the way men can work on a farm, and his is the only adjective that names its quality rightly. Hamlin Garland calls the toil "ferocious." It was, that first year, in '91, and not much better in '92; but when '93 came, and I married your mother, I had paid every cent I owed on my stock and machinery, and had a pretty little house, as well as a splendid barn, ready for her when she came.

"And this is all yours?" she said, look-

ing at me, and then dropping her eyes in the pretty, shy way she has. "Oh, Dave, how could you think I should be lonely here?"

You see, son, she had been a teacher in the city, as I have told you, and I was afraid she would n't take kindly to the farm. I can remember how my heart seemed to turn a kind of somersault, and I felt a tingle of happiness all over. I guess my voice was n't quite steady as I answered, "It's all ours, dearest, and I'll try my best to make you happy."

It was the second I said it that something made me look up, and there at the window, outside, was Ralph's face. It was not the mere seeing him looking in on us which sent a chill through my mood; for if a man has n't the right to put his arm around his own wife, what rights has he? Not at all; it was the look on Ralph's face, — a look of compassion. I can't call it anything else now, though it only puzzled and worried me then. Instantly the face was gone; and in a minute Ralph, glowing with welcome and cordiality, was bowing at the door. Yet, try my best, I could n't get that sorrowful expression of his out of my mind. The next morning I understood it a little. Said Ralph, we being out in the barnyard milking the cows, "Say, Dave, Joe Mawdlin was here yesterday."

"Was he? What did he want?" I asked, not attending much, but watching the stream rattle into the pail, and thinking what a good bargain that red cow was, half Jersey I was sure.

"He wanted you to join with him and the other fellows in fighting the Land Improvement Company. Case appealed to the Supreme Court, you know."

"Did it go against us?"

Ralph nodded, not looking up. I felt as if the cow had kicked me in the head.

"I have spent two hundred dollars already, fighting that case," I growled, "and now, I suppose, he wants a hundred more from me."

"Hundred and fifty," says Ralph, still mighty busy with his milking.

I said nothing. I am not much of a fellow to talk when I am muddled in my mind, and that was the way I felt at this minute.

"The company had a man around, too," says Ralph, "offering to compromise. *He* wanted to see you; told me he'd take forty-five hundred for this place,—thousand down, and rest on long time."

That made me mad, somehow. I could feel my face getting warm. The image of the agent in his well-fitting clothes, with his shining cuffs and his ready cigars and his jokes, made my gorge rise. I thought of myself in the muck, toiling before the sun rose, and I ground my teeth.

"He says the farm is worth ten thousand, with the orchard and the fences and the buildings, and the land's rich."

"And who made it worth that?" I flung out savagely. "Who set out the trees, and built, and planted, and fertilized, and drained? Was it he or his d— company? I guess not! There was n't anything but prairie and scrub-oak trees and willow on the river when they bought it; and they bought it for a song, and paid so little they forgot they had it till better men than they came down, not knowing, and made homes here, and gave the value to the land, and now they jump on us. It is n't fair!"

"Well, you know they've always said they owned it."

"They have n't spent a lick on the land."

"They could n't very well," returned Ralph, with a laugh that somehow set my temper on edge, "when they had n't the land. They have spent a heap of money laying."

"D— them!" said I, which was n't argument, but relieved my feelings.

"Razzer's compromised," said Ralph.

Old Simeon Razzer was the richest man in the county, reputed as shrewd as he was hard. That was a blow, but I

would n't show it to Ralph. I only granted, and I milked the cow more gently, because I felt a currish impulse to vent my rage and fright on her, and bang her if she moved.

"Say you're right, and they *are* blood-suckers or anything else you want to call them." Ralph spoke earnestly now, and looked at me. But I would n't look up; I went on milking, with my jaws set. I hope when you come to read these things, David, boy, your father won't be the pig-headed idiot that he was then. "Call them anything, but don't you see, Dave, you're in the trap; and ain't it better to pay to get out than to stay swearing and be killed? Oh, I say, bluster a bit to the agent, if you like,—it may get you a better bargain; but close with him, after all; two good years will put you back to where you think yourself now, and better. What I say is, don't risk your farm, you a married man, on a chance! Razzer would n't have paid out six thousand dollars in cold cash if he'd thought there was any real show of winning."

"Razzer's an old man; he's lost his grip."

"Don't you believe it," said Ralph; "he's got plenty of sand in him still, but he's got more sense. Say, Dave, you know you've got the thousand dollars in bank, or will have when your corn is sold, and I've got five hundred; between us we can fix up a good bargain, and I'll give you my word to stay by you here till you have paid every last cent on your mortgage,—how's that?"

"That's mighty kind of you, Ralph," I said, softened, "but I won't throw away money that way."

Nevertheless I did turn it over in my mind, and if Ralph had had the wit to plant his arguments, and then leave them alone to sprout, he might have had his will with me; but he was young and hot-headed, and I was young, and as hot-headed as he, really, under my phlegmatic looks; and he began at me again.

I asked him did he really think those sharks were right? and he admitted that he did think it. And the uptake of the matter was that Ralph grew red under his freckles until his hair and his skin were the same hue, — he was a handsome fellow, but he had the reddest shock of hair I ever did see, — and he brandished his fists, and swore that the farmers out our way were a lot of socialists who wanted to repudiate their debts, and walked off in a huff. He came back and begged my pardon for his bad temper, inside the hour; but it was for his manner, and not for his words, and the sting of them rankled in me just the same.

I thought I would talk with the neighbors. We were four miles from a little town that depended on the farming country, but was working up some small manufactures, — a woolen mill, some saw mills and canning works; quite a bustling place. I used to go over and listen to the talk. Naturally enough, as I should have considered, almost every one having a squatter's title to his land, the sentiment was strongly against the company.

There were some gifted talkers in the "all sorts stores" of the town, who used to sit on barrels, and eat dried apples and hard prunes, and rail at the railroads and the Rothschilds, and right all the farmers' wrongs; and I spent many a half-hour listening to them, and many another half-hour pondering over their speeches. They all regarded the Land Improvement Company as a set of thieves who had no chance of collecting their claims, and they laughed at the agent.

"If they was to get a judgment, they could n't collect," Mawdlin declared furiously; "we would n't let 'em!"

I swallowed it all except that. "If the courts decide against us, for one, I won't resist them," said I. "My great-great-grandfather fought in the Revolution, and my father fought in '61, and there's been too much fighting in our family for this country for me to fight against her."

You see I had just joined the Sons of the Revolution (your mother is responsible for that), and I was fresh primed with the family history. You are a lineal descendant, Davy, of the famous General David Cobb, of Taunton, Mass., judge and general in the Revolutionary days; and your grandfather, Captain David Cobb True, although fortune did n't favor him with the opportunities of his mother's great-grandfather, was just as brave and faithful a man. "But," I went on, "I'm not in favor of compromising any more than the next man, and here's my check, Mr. Mawdlin, for my hundred and fifty." So in a fool moment I cut my bridges behind me, you may say.

The thought in all our minds was that if worst came to worst we might buy ourselves off, then as well as now, forgetting that the terms after a defeat are not likely to be the same as the terms before, and never dreaming that money might be less plentiful in future than it was now. Which shows what fools we were!

The years '93 and '94 were hard ones. In '93 came the panic, and never did Iowa know a crueller year on the crops than '94. Days of drought lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months; and then the hot winds rose to blast the poor, long-enduring corn. Did ever a welcome cloud soften the pitiless glare, it scattered while we were blessing it, and the horrible mocking sunshine was there as before. It was sickening to walk between the corn-rows and look at the wilted tassels and the yellow tips. With my windmill I brought water up from the creek, and I saved my corn; I saved some of my onions, not all. Ordinary years I can get two or three hundred bushels an acre on my onion land; I only got sixty that year; and what the bugs and the sun spared sprouted in the late rains, and were so poor I hated to haul them to market. The potatoes dried into marbles, and the cholera got into the hogs. I stamped that out by changing pastures

and burning the dead swine; but I lost ten big fellows before the disease had its last word with me. Then, on top of it all came the news that we had lost our case. It came on our anniversary day, too. Ralph knew it, but he would n't tell it. Ralph and I were at political loggerheads, and not the good friends we had been; still, he would not have spoiled the day with such tidings. No, it came in the most rasping way, old Simeon Razzer shouting it as he passed.

I would n't give him the pleasure of chuckling over my bitter discomfiture; so I pulled myself together and only nodded, as one who is hearing no news. But I rode to town and got the paper, and came home assured of the fact and in as black a mood as a man needs to be.

Your mother was waiting for me. And the minute I saw her I felt the fighting instinct climbing up in me; I had something to fight for. I was n't beaten yet by a long way, and I would n't be beaten. I held up my head and rode up to the gate, smiling.

"Oh, Dave, is n't it true, after all?" she cried.

"True as that this is a dirty, mean world, Honor," said I; "but what then? We are not so badly off. I know the year has been bad and we have n't made much, but I've put three hundred more into the bank on top of that thousand. I can make my first payment any time they want, and what's a thousand-dollar mortgage on such a farm as ours? We'll clear it off in no time. We've had two bad years; next year is bound to be a good one, and we'll be all right!"

"Oh, Dave," said she, "what a good farmer you are!"

You will have, when you fall in love, my son, a number of pictures of the woman you love, and a few that are unlike any of the others and stand out in your memory. I can shut my eyes and see the light in your mother's brown eyes, that always made me think of the water of a spring with strange lovely shadows

in it; and I can see her in her pink frock, standing poised a little on one hip, her pretty, sleek black head reared back and her chin drawn in, looking up quickly under those beautiful eyebrows of hers, the smile beginning to quiver about her mouth and the flush to creep up her soft cheek. Ah, I was a proud man to have brought that look, and a happy man as well, in spite of the Supreme Court!

But it was only for a moment; then "carking care," as the poet calls it, began to nibble at my heart again. I had a letter. The company had risen a bit in their demands, although it was true enough that they were not rising much. They asked five thousand now, or forty-five hundred cash. I had n't exchanged a word with Ralph on the subject. He would n't mention it, lest he should seem to be twitting me with his better foresight; and meanwhile I was calling him names because he was hard and unsympathetic. We had somehow gotten out of the old touch, and whatever either one did it was certain to rasp the other. One night, however, Ralph spoke. He came up the walk later than usual; he had been to town. I heard his steps under the poplar-trees. They were not elastic as usual; he walked like a desperately tired man, and when he entered the room he looked white.

"I'll get your supper, Ralph," said your mother, who always liked him, and was kind, smoothing over my blunders.

"No, thank you, Mrs. True," he answered in a subdued voice, not like his own. "I only wanted a word with Dave on business."

"I'll be getting your supper ready while you're having it, then," said she as she left us.

"Dave," said Ralph, sinking his voice, "have you got much money in the Templeton bank?"

I told him how much, and added, "Nothing wrong with the bank, is there?"

"I don't know," said he gloomily; "but I heard to-day of a good many

people quietly withdrawing their deposits, and I've been to town and made inquiries."

"Well?"

"The bank ain't fixed for a run; and that's what they'll have. They've lent a lot of money to farmers; and since the decision the security ain't worth much."

"The bank has other customers. You have n't any trust in anything, Ralph. It ain't the part of a good citizen to be drawing money out of his bank and maybe starting a run."

That set the discussion going. I admit that what I said was not suited to a brisk young fellow with the temper that goes with his hair, for I insinuated that his anxiety about the bank was only an excuse to ask for his money (what I owed him), which I said he might have any time for the asking. I could see that he changed color; he rubbed his wrists nervously under his sleeves.

"If you're willing to risk your money, then, I ain't willing to risk mine," said he sulkily. "Will you pay me what you owe me?"

"When? To-night?"

"If you please."

"Oh, very well," said I; and I drew him the check. "I guess you won't care to work with such a poor business man as you think me," I could n't help saying as I handed him the slip of paper.

"I did n't say I thought that," said Ralph sharply. "I only said you were so obstinate that if you'd put yourself in a hole you'd stay in it just to show you knew what you were about when you fell in, and that a hole was a nice place after all!"

"Oh, you've been making fun of me behind my back, have you?" I burst in furiously, for it put me beside myself to think of him turning on me when I was in such straits. "Well, I guess this farm can be run without your talents, unless they sell me out and you hire out

to them!" The minute the words were past my tongue I could have bitten it; I knew better.

Ralph went white. He spoke in a gentle, low voice: "If you think that, it *is* time for me to go." And he was out of the room before I could frame an apology that should not be too humble; for I was angry still.

Your mother was distressed when she heard the news. I put a careless face on it, but I felt sore myself at such an ending. We had been like brothers, Ralph and I, and I missed him at every turn; it seems strange, though it really is n't strange, that the more I missed him, the more my heart smote me, the sorer I was over his criticisms of me, and the less inclined I felt to yield to his judgment. I would n't show his fears the respect of going to town and looking up the bank: the hen-house needed white-washing, and I gave it two coats; I made some cribs for my corn.

But the third day, about one o'clock, Ralph raced down the road on a horse shining wet. He hailed me before he reached the gate.

"There's a run on the bank!" he yelled. He reined up his horse, looking down on me gaping at him. "Get your saddle on Prince!" he cried. "It will take you less time to saddle than to ride this horse; I got the best out of him coming here."

Under his fiery haste I saddled and rode away, only calling to your grandmother Matthews, who was with us that month, that I was going off on business, and would be back soon. As I saddled, Ralph explained: "I was out in the country; only came back this morning. I read the papers on the cars; then I went up to the bank. The run was on; it began yesterday. The bank has been sending right and left for help, but the trouble is, its correspondents have n't any confidence in its securities — Don't stand gaping at me, man; hurry, hurry for your wife's sake!"

I did hurry. Prince was as wet as Ralph's horse when I drew rein on the main street. The street was full of people, not walking or running, but huddled in knots; and women were mixed among the men, many of them weeping and wringing their hands, with their little bags swaying from their wrists. The men talked in loud voices, so that a strange kind of roar arose, pierced now and then by wails of the women crying aloud; and one man (who had lost his hat, and I remember the very look of his black hair matted on his wild white face) was shrieking curses against some one or something, quite unheeded. I did not need to ask a question; I was too late; the bank had closed its doors.

It was a bad failure, far-reaching in its effects. As it was the only bank in the county, farmers could get no money to market their crops. There seemed no sale for anything in the local markets. I was glad to sell my corn for twenty cents to a firm that had offered me thirty and been refused; and I worked like an ox to get the corn off to them, although I was to receive no ready money, only a note for ninety days.

When the bank shut down, the factories closed. At the same time the workmen needed credit the worst, and the stores were afraid the most to give it; and you see it was hard times all over the country in '94. The year before the tramping armies had swept through our roads and been well entreated; this year there was no organized brigandage, merely miserable stragglers, a desultory and intermittent passage of haggard men and ragged, tramping women. They were none of them violent, and we had not the heart to send away their distress unfed. Often, though, while my wife would be telling me their stories, something would gripe my throat like a tiger's claw with the thinking how she and I and the baby that we thanked God was coming to us might be at the same pass, come next year, and I would jump up to strangle

the groan on my lips. I had no ray of hope except the money coming for my corn. I could get barter for my other crops, but no money, and I had no money to market them elsewhere. My credit, which in normal times would have helped me, was clean gone and useless. I had asked every man in the county accounted able to lend, and every man had refused me. I had no kin to help: my only brother was having all he could do to keep his own head above water; I could n't fall back on the women. Ah, it was a horrible time! A horrible month, that November, '94!

During it all I tried to hide my dreadful misgivings from your mother. I fancied that I had succeeded, she was so bright and cheerful.

There was only one chance—if you could call it a chance—that I had n't tried. I said that I had asked all the men accounted able to lend me money for my first payment. I said wrong. There was one man whom I had not asked, because to ask him seemed such a useless humiliation. I mean old Razzer. Now everything else had failed, I began to take that idea up. I could perhaps get him to discount my corn notes and lend me money enough to make my first payment, with a second mortgage as additional security if he demanded. The interest charges would be terrible, but the horse cannot talk back to the whip, so the end was I went to old Razzer's with my teeth set. Our latest interview had been at a store in town, and in it he had denounced the squatters, and given David True the option of being either a swindler or an idiot. He was too old a man for me to answer according to his spleen. I had simply laughed and gone away. I wondered whether there was anything aggravating and impertinent in that laugh. Well, time would tell, I had answered. Time was telling, and quite the wrong way.

Not far from his own gate I met the old man driving to town in a shabby

buggy, hunched over his dashboard, and flabbing the fat sides of his horses with his reins, like a woman. He was a withered, undersized man, with gimlet eyes and a handsome Roman nose, and he had a trick of continually chewing gum. The doctor told us once that he had been broken of an inordinate love of tobacco by that device. Now, as usual, his lank jaws were working. He had neither wife nor child, and was reputed a revengeful, hard man. But your mother made excuses for him, because, in pioneer times, he had been tarred and feathered, and beaten too (of course before the tarring and feathering), for a crime of which it later appeared he was innocent. She would have it that his sufferings had imbittered him; and she put a woman in the case, and the woman in the wrong, as tender-hearted women will. I used to tell her that it was a pity uncle Simeon could n't hear her pleading his cause. I am sure that day I wished heartily that he could have heard her. However, there was no retreat, and I gave a hitch to my courage and blurted out my errand.

"Humph!" he grunted. I did n't relish the way he blinked his keen little eyes at me. "Money's terrible tight nowadays, most terrible tight. I dunno when I ever seen it so tight. I guess it *never* was so tight. S'pose you know Clench and Haskins have failed?"

Clench and Haskins were the firm that had bought my corn. I felt dizzy, but I managed to say, "Is that so?"

"Ye-es. Pretty bad break, I hear. And Toomey, general merchandise, he's gone under, too. Bin carryin' the workmen at the mills, hopin' they would resoom, but resoomin' don't seem to be the order of things. Woolen factory's shet down, waitin' to see which way the cat'll jump. Consider'bul destitootshun, I hear."

"These are horrible times!" burst from me.

"Ye-es. 'Tain't so funny cheatin' your

creditors as you fellers expected. Time is tellin'. Ye-es."

"No, Mr. Razzer, it is n't a bit funny. I guess you were right, and I *am* a fool. But I'm not a swindler, and if you kindly would help me, I'd pay" —

"Ye-es, I guess you would be willin' to prommus to pay 'most anything, but maybe you would n't have it to pay. Sorry, son, but these, as you say, are horrible times, an' resky, an' the old man has got to hang on to what little he's saved."

I was conscious that he was getting solid, cruel satisfaction out of the sight of me, with my dry mouth, and my hands working on the reins, — for the life of me I could n't keep them steady, — and the beads of water thickening on my brow. But I kept at it, offering him a second mortgage and his own rate of interest. "It's a splendid farm," I pleaded, "well worth ten thousand. The mortgage would be safe" —

"Maybe, son, maybe," he interrupted, with a cynical grin; "but say, what's to hinder my buyin' that farm for myself, 'stid of *you*?"

I turned cold, but I hit back. "Nothing," said I, "but a conscience and a heart, two things you have n't got. I was a fool to come to you!"

"No, son," he chuckled, "you was a fool not to come a year earlier!"

"That's true, too," said I, "if it's any comfort to you to hear it. Good-morning."

I would n't let my head drop until I was past the corner, but then it hung until I became aware of my own fences. Good fences they were, woven wire, with poles I cut when I thinned the maple grove, a two by four railing, and a stout six-inch baseboard. I never knew a fence to keep out stock better. The fence was painted green. Ralph, your mother, and I painted it one day; took our luncheon and made a picnic out of it. I looked at the fence; I looked at the shorn fields where my beautiful corn had waved, and

the little house with its flower-garden in front and the white curtains tied with ribbon, my home, that was like heaven to me (you'll never know until you marry a good woman, my boy, — which God grant! — how happy she can make you, and how much dearer your wife will be than your sweetheart), — I looked as long as I could see, then I drove into the barnyard. I unharnessed those horses, and I sat down and cried, — I did. And I told your mother that I got a speck of sawdust in my eye; and she flicked it out, for I put it in on purpose. Whether that may be a lie or not, your great-grandfather, who was a minister and “an eminent man of God,” will have to decide when we meet.

After dinner, which I could n't eat, I went out again; this time to town, having a load of potatoes for pretext, though I knew that there was no sale for them. The weather was warm for the season, and the sunlight lay on yards still green and moist almost as in summer, yet I had a grim fancy that had the town been scourged by pestilence it would have looked no otherwise. Half a dozen of the small brick stores had boards over their windows; three more flaunted big yellow cards bearing in black letters *To Let*. The customary cheerful bustle of red and green wagons and unhitched teams and men chaffering above the loaded wagons, — how could it be so utterly gone? Mine were the only wheels to make a noise. I even could imagine — since I was listening to my raven's croakings — that the men leaning listlessly over their deserted counters or sitting on their empty doorsteps had their faces drawn awry by a touch of helpless fright akin to that in the faces of a plague-smitten crowd. The man who sat on his stoop, his head sunk on his breastbone and his arms sagging, it would not be hard to suppose finished by the destroyer. In such wretched distraction of soul I allowed my horses to pick their own way. Therefore I presently found my-

self on Mill Street, so called because mostly workers in the mills lived there. Here more people were visible, but of no better cheer than on the other street. It struck me that the spirals of smoke from the chimneys were few and thin. And the men looked at my potatoes, scowling.

A woman lifted her hand to halt me. “Will you sell a nickel's worth?” said she.

I had seen her face before. In a second I remembered where: she was one of the crowd that had been too late at the bank.

“You lost money in the bank failure, did n't you?” said I. “How are you getting along?”

“Jest dying by inches,” said she; “and I guess it's a good thing, too, if it was n't so slow. It would be better if there was a pawnshop. Say, you ain't wanting any furniture, are you?”

“I'm too poor to buy anything. I suppose they are bad off, too?” jerking my thumb back at the houses.

“We could n't be worse off, short of starving, mister,” cried a man, “and by G— we'll be that soon!”

“That's so,” wailed a woman.

“Well, the Lord help you,” said I. “I'm almost as hopeless as you are, but you're welcome to these potatoes, anyhow.”

It went to my heart to see how orderly the poor things were, and how of their own accord they would name absent women or sick men who ought to have a share. They were not voluble in their thanks, — the American workman is not used to charity, and has no taint of the beggar's unctuous civility; but I understood them, and my heart was sore for them. Nevertheless it was lighter than when I left home.

I talked with a good many people. One workingman's speech struck me. He said: “Some folks say it's the farmers' fault, and some folks say it's the Land Company's; nobody says it's the

workingman's fault, but I notice it's the workingman's got the heavy end to carry, jest as he always has. He's the one always suffers, no matter who's to blame. Now they talk of stopping the holding of the courts, so the company can't git out writs; maybe that'll help the farmers, but where's the help for us? It ain't going to put food in our children's mouths. Looks to me like the farmers tried to skin the Land Company, and now the Land Company is skinning them, and we're somehow getting skinned by mistake, too!"

Afterwards I thought a good deal of other things in that talk, but then I was all absorbed by what he said about the courts. It was the rumor in the air; and Mawdlin, whom I met not a block from Mill Street, told me that the next session of court would never meet this year. Half the county was on the delinquent list. What with the bank failure and the farmers going broke and the poor crops, men were desperate, striking at the first thing in sight. Mawdlin and his crew were ranting round the town, stirring up discontent and talking every sort of frantic nonsense. Repudiation was in every man's mouth. They did not seem to consider that the matter was gone beyond the state courts; all they thought was that if the evil day could be postponed the legislature might do something. Well, it's coming out right for most of the poor fellows now, the Land Company giving them such a long day; but it looked black then. Many a man saw the work of ten years swept away for nothing; and no wonder he lost his head. The minds of men were frenzied by such a succession of blows; they ran about aimlessly like horses in a fire, seeing destruction, yet rushing into it because they knew not which way to turn for safety.

"Come, True," says Mawdlin, "you're with us, ain't you?"

"No, I ain't," says I sulkily.

"Well, don't be, then: one man less

won't keep the courts a-runnin', and your farm will be saved to you jest the same!"

I kept thinking of that as I drove home. I could n't help a ghastly sense of comfort, yet I felt ashamed to the bone. Here was I sitting passive while the mob smashed the laws of my country! My father had fought for her. I kept the sword he waved at Donelson on our parlor wall, hanging below the engraving of the old Revolutionary general whose name I bore. I had a twinge whenever I looked at it. The words of the oath I took in the militia (where I served two years) nagged my ears. I began to be bitterly ashamed of my late vote and of my politics. Maybe a letter that came from Ralph about this time made me the more angry at myself. I had tried to find him to thank him for his warning about the bank; but not a sign of him was left. Instead, one day (when he must have known that I was away from home) he came, chatted in a friendly way (just like the old Ralph) with the women, and left a package for me. The package was a roll of bank-notes. And this was his letter:—

DEAR OLD DAVE, — You did n't suppose I took that money to keep, did you? I ate it to save it, as my mother used to say. I inclose it and the rest of the money I have; it may help you with your first payment. Don't you try to send it back, for you won't find me; I'm off on the tramp. But I'll turn up if they monkey with the court. Remember me kindly to the folks.

RALPH.

P. S. I never made fun of you behind your back. What I said, I said before you and old Razzer. You're a mule, David, but you're the best fellow I know.

I did remember. I remembered the very time. Of course it was then; why had n't I thought of it before? I was a pig-headed idiot to have doubted old

Ralph, who toted me off on his back and saved me when I sprained my ankle in that hazing scrape! Davy, boy, it 's bitter owning up to you what a cur your father was; but I want you to know the kind of a friend he had.

Now I began to see all things differently. As I sat with that letter in my hand and the sun glinting the hilt of my father's sword, I went over Ralph's arguments; and they hit me hard.

The land did belong to the company. They bought it when nobody else wanted it. There had been no underhand work with the squatters. They knew the risk, and they had taken it with their eyes open. My own squatter had not deceived me; and indeed I doubt whether he had charged me so much more than his work on the land was worth. The price paid him and the price demanded by the company, put together, were n't as much as I counted the land to be worth, myself. Bitterly I admitted that Ralph was right. And now he had gone away, stripping himself for me and mine in that stormy time. David, my son, don't you ever forget! Yet—I cannot understand it—my stubborn temper would n't entirely give way. I knew I was wrong; but I would n't come out and say so. I would n't do anything to stop the holding of the court, but I could n't bring myself to go to the sheriff and say, "Look here: what one man can do to protect the judiciary of his country I'm your man to try to do!"

No; I sat and stared moodily from the letter to the sword, and the old general's firm brows and powdered hair on the wall, and Rogers's clay soldier on the mantelpiece, aiming his last shot.

My head ached and my heart was heavy as lead. All at once I felt your mother's hand rumpling my hair. I lifted my own hand up to capture it and kiss it,—such a soft little hand!

"Dave," said your mother, "it 's awful about the courts, is n't it? Mr. Razer passed this morning, and he told me

that Mawdlin has raised a regular army of men to prevent the holding of the court or issuing any writs, and they are going to resist the officers if they try to eject the settlers. They are going to meet to-morrow before daybreak, at his house."

"Yes, it looks bad," said I, patting her hand.

"Do you suppose the old general knows about it?" said she, glancing up at the picture. He was one of her heroes; it was she found the engraving in a magazine and had it framed. "Dave, what did he do at Taunton?"

Now, Davy, she knew that old story as well as I; but I think she knew it would work me up to tell it. And it did.

"Why, it was after the Revolution. Manufactures, trade, all business was flat on its back. A silver dollar was worth seventy-five; corn was seventy-five dollars a bushel, board five hundred dollars a week. Landed property was worthless, and the taxes were something awful. So the general dissatisfaction turned on the courts and was going to prevent collections, just as they want to do now. Grandfather Cobb was a judge of the probate court; and when he heard that a mob was howling in front of the courthouse, he put on his old Continental regimentals, the old buff and blue, and marched out alone. 'Away with your whining!' says he. 'If I can't hold this court in peace, I will hold it in blood; if I can't sit as a judge, I will die as a general!' Though he was one man to hundreds, he drew a line in the green, and told the mob that he would shoot with his own hand the first man that crossed. He was too many for the crowd, standing there in his old uniform in which they knew he had fought for them; and they only muttered, and after a while dispersed. They came again the next term of court; but he had his militia and his cannon all ready for them, then; and this time when they got their answer they took it, went off, and never came back."

"And you are his descendant; are n't you proud of it?" said she, sliding her hand out of mine, and stroking my forehead.

I did n't dare to frown, for all the pain I was in, and I did n't dare to speak lest I should groan.

"They ought to hold the courts, ought n't they, Dave?"

I nodded.

"Dave, can't *you* do anything to help them hold them?"

"Honor," said I, "if they hold court to-morrow, I shall be a ruined man. I meant not to tell you."

"Do you mean about the farm, Dave? Why, I knew that all along."

I drew a deep breath; whatever might happen, the worst was over for me.

"But you will try just the same?" said she.

The tears choked me as I clasped her, and cried out to those dead men: "Look at her: do you see what a wife I've got? I'd be a cur if I would n't go now!"

I saddled my horse the next morning, early. I put a pistol in one pocket and a luncheon in the other. We made no long parting; I don't think people who feel intensely trust themselves with any needless pull on their emotions. She had a breakfast better than common for me; and we talked about the things to be done, and were cheerful. Only at the very minute of parting she clung to me for a second, and the look on her sweet face almost unmanned me. But instantly she was smiling, and telling me not to lose my mittens, and get something hot to drink.

About a mile from town a horseman caught up with me, Ralph himself. We had not seen each other's faces since the day of the bank run. But I said nothing of that; I called out, "Where you going so fast?"

"To the sheriff, to offer myself as a deputy. Where *you* going?"

"Same place, same errand," said I. "Let's go together!"

"Now you're talking!" he shouted, his voice breaking with a kind of laugh; and I laughed too.

So we galloped on together. There was no need of talk between us any more, except on our errand. Ralph said the soldiers had been summoned, but it would be three hours before they could get there.

We found the streets full. Down on Mill Street a fellow on a barrel was abusing the "plutocrats" until his voice cracked under his fury. "Join your brothers!" he screamed. "Fight for your rights!"

Then — but I really don't quite know how it happened — we had pushed him off the barrel, and I was on it, calling them to hear me. Perhaps they might not have listened, but a woman called out that I was the man with the potatoes.

"Talk away!" half a dozen voices answered, and the boys cheered shrilly, not as knowing anything, but glad of the chance for their lungs, which are always eager for noise.

I have a voice that reaches far; and I humbly believe that the Lord put words into my mouth that day. "Boys," said I, "this is none of *your* funerals; keep out of it! What will you gain if they do prevent holding the courts, and the troops come into the county, and it gets a bad name? The farmers think they stand to win something, but all the workingman will get or can get is the chance of being killed or crippled. Now, it is my funeral. If that court meets to-morrow I'm a ruined man; but I'm going straight to the sheriff to offer him my services. I bought my farm knowing the claim against it; and I'm man enough, when I play a game, not to howl when I lose. The law has decided against me: all right; it's more important that this country's laws should be respected than that I should have a farm. Where are we if we don't respect the laws? My father fought for this country and this country's laws; and his son is ready

to fight for them to-day." I went on. I don't know all I said; at such times a man is transported out of himself; I could feel the sparks fly out of my soul into theirs. I begged them to join me and help defend the courts.

"And get a dollar 'n' a half a day as deputies, every man!" shouted Ralph.

The men laughed, then they cheered; in short, we had them. We set forth in columns of four, very fairly aligned, considering, and marched through a gathering but peaceful crowd to the court-house.

The sheriff had hunted up two old cannon and two scared-looking gunners, whose heads kept oscillating the wrong way; and he had some ten gun-barrels bristling on the court-house steps. He hurried forward to meet us, waving a pocket handkerchief. He was a little man, with spectacles and a forgotten pen behind his ear. He did not look like a warrior.

"Why, it's Mr. True!" he exclaimed in a tone of relief, recognizing me. "Say, Mr. True, this is a bad business, opposing the laws of the United States."

"It is indeed," I answered, "and all these good men and true are of the same opinion." With that I stated our business.

He was so relieved he almost fell on my neck. He swore us in, just as we stood, we holding up our right hands and taking the oath together, for there was no time for ceremony. Then he distributed what arms he had, a mighty queer assortment. Ralph and I, being used to firearms, and thus able to load a gun without shooting either ourselves or our comrades (which is one of the principal dangers to the patriotic citizen soldiery), were entrusted with the only two Winchester in the possession of the county. Moreover, to my surprise, as the only military man present, I found myself virtually in command.

The first thing that I did was to change gunners, putting one of my own men (who

used to be in the fireworks business, and understood a fuse, if he did n't a gun) at one of the cannon, and his honor the judge at the other. The judge was a resolute man, and had a toy cannon at home which he used to blaze away with Fourth of July, so he understood the principle of the thing.

I wanted to change position, and haul the cannon out into a place to command the street; but before I could get one gun tackled to our horses the mob filled the place, running down a cross-street. But I had managed to have the big flag out, two lawyers having nailed it to the window. I did n't believe they would stone the flag, however little they minded stoning us, their old neighbors.

They came, choking the streets up in a twinkling, and heartening themselves with yells. I saw Mawdlin's tallow face and big black eyebrows. He was the only man with a sword. I could see it glinting in the sunbeams above the heads of the crowd. The same glance showed me, at one of the opposite windows, old Razzer, working his lank jaws as coolly as if at a sale.

The mob was partly armed with shot-guns and pitchforks, but most of them had nothing better than brickbats, which made a dull red spatter among their dark ranks. More than half the whole crowd were boys. Nobody knows how many boys there are in the world until there is a fire or a row! I did n't suppose we had so many in the county.

On the whole, I was rather cheered by the sight of the foe. The danger was a rush, which I hoped our men might stand (but was n't sure), and a lot of poor fellows getting hurt before we could beat them off.

"When are your soldiers coming?" I said, low, to the judge.

He muttered back: "The Grand Army men won't be here for two hours. Company B may get here by one."

I fell back on my ancestor's wits. First I had the gunners stand to their

pieces and make ready ; then I gave the word, and all the line of bayonets, in pretty fair concert for beginners, dropped into present arms.

"They ain't any of them loaded, you know," whispered the sheriff, "nor we ain't got any cartridges 'cept blank ones, — only those you and your friend there have got."

This was a cheering bit of news ; but since I was playing a bluff game, I saw my way thereby to play a stronger one. I never in the world should have dared to order those raw soldiers to cock their truly loaded weapons until ready to fire ; but now I fearlessly gave the order, and the crowd (which was very still) could hear the rippling clink of the triggers running down the line. It is an ugly sound.

"How are they taking it ?" said I to Ralph ; and he answered, "They are looking mighty sober ; two or three of them have quietly got rid of their brickbats."

I stepped out into the space between us and the mob, walking until I was close enough to touch the nearest with my outstretched bayonet. Ralph and the sheriff marched on either side ; or, to be accurate, Ralph marched, and the sheriff wriggled along under my left arm. "If there is any mistake, and one of those cartridges is loaded, we'll be sure to get it in the back !" he whispered in an anguished tone. "Somebody'll be nervous and pull the trigger ; and it's bound to be *that one* !"

I stopped, I drew a line in the dirt, I lifted up my voice to its strongest note : "If a man of you crosses that line, we fire !"

"In the name of the law, I command you all to disperse !" said the sheriff.

I doubt whether six people heard him. Every man in the crowd, however, heard the judge's ringing shout : "You know me, and I tell you I shall uphold the laws if it cost the life of every man here, including my own !"

Our men cheered that, and I could see a waver in the opposite ranks ; then a boy, in a boy's foolhardy spirit, flung a brickbat. The next second, quick as the flash to a gun, Ralph, in one tiger spring, had hauled the boy out of the ranks, and before a man could stir to rescue he had administered two resounding kicks on the proper place, and actually flung young master over the nearest heads, bawling, "Tell your mother to finish !"

Anybody would have laughed to see the fellow sprawl in the air ; his own party sent up a roar, — a moment of good humor that gave me my chance. I got upon the court-house steps and began to talk. Many of them knew me ; they knew my case, — that I spoke truly when I said the court would bring judgment against me.

"Go home," I begged, "go home and talk it over with your wives. There's many a man here against his wife's will, who knows how nine times out of ten, when he goes against his wife's sense, he's sorry afterward. You're giving her another chance to throw it against you how she told you so !" (Here some one in the crowd laughed. After all, we were Americans together.) "Go home. You are in a bad fix ; don't make it worse ! The men who are promising you that everything will be all right, aren't they the same men who would n't let you compromise when you could have raised the money and done it ? Did anything they ever promised you come true ? Why are you believing them now ? Those fellows have fooled me once, but they never shall fool me again. This they are advising you to do, do you know what it is ? It's treason, that's what it is ! It's worse to be a traitor than to make a bad bargain."

"That's right !" called a voice. "Mawdlin's a liar from Wayback !"

Then I appealed to them, picturing the risk they were running, and the sure defeat before them. No matter what I

said, I contrived to appeal to their latent misgivings and fears as well as their sense of fair play and patriotism. And it is always to be considered that a mob is never all partisans; a great portion always is composed of curiosity-seekers. I saw Mawdlin could n't hold his men. They began to slip away from the outskirts; they were no longer packed tight. It was time for our trump card.

"How would it do," I had said to the judge, "to have a little bonfire somewhere to divert them, and have the fire department charge down the street?"

Now the moment was come. "Dave, you're a daisy!" Ralph cried, as we stepped back; and the judge added, "You are going to pull us out of this scrape without bloodshed, I do believe, Mr. True!"

Not to drag my tale, the device succeeded. The firebells rang; the firemen swept down the street, and the boys went to the fire. The boys eliminated from the crowd, there was n't much of a crowd. As the street cleared, the deputies (that's we) advanced with fixed bayonets, feeling mighty fine. In five minutes we held the square. In half an hour the judge opened court. The sheriff, on the steps, was just proclaiming (in a grand, loud voice, not a quaver about it), "Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! The district court of the county of Blanke, of the State of Iowa, is now open!" when the drums of the National Guard beat, and we could see Company B marching down the street, in a hollow square, trig, determined-looking young fellows, whom we greeted with our heartiest cheer.

I served through the day. But I got

leave, for it was plain all was over, to come home at night. Your grandmother met me at the gate, smiling all over her face. "Don't make a noise, Dave," said she; "you'll wake the baby!"

And that is why you, who were to be called after your maternal grandfather, were christened David Cobb. Your mother would have it so. The first words she said to me, as I knelt beside her, sobbing in spite of myself to think that I should have been away from her in that mortal pain and peril, were, "We'll name him David Cobb, for I know what his father did this day; and the old general will be proud of him!"

And who do you suppose brought the news? Well, old Razzer. There he was on the porch, too, waiting for me; and I nearly fell off, so bewildered was I at the sight of him.

"S'prised, ain't you?" says he. "Well, True, you are a man, you are; and I'm willin' to lend you that money, myself. Of course at ten per cent. I kinder bin likin' you ever since you owned up you was wrong and sassed me so; and now I see you're safe!"

He was better than his word: he helped me not only then, but afterwards; and it is owing to him that I ran for the legislature next year, being in the way of making speeches, my wife said, and a good deal owing to him that I was elected. I wanted to call the baby Ralph Razzer, for the two friends who stood so stanchly by his father when he needed friends the worst; but when they both sided with your mother against me, what could I do? Only write this story out for you, boy, and bring you up to love and honor them both!

Octave Thanet.

AN ARCHER'S SOJOURN IN THE OKEFINOKEE.

LATE in March I entered the northern fringe of the great Okefinokee Swamp, having in mind a plot against the birds, most particularly the ivory-billed woodpeckers. My purpose was to collect facts and to do some good shooting with the bow. The dry conscience of a student had in this instance decorated itself with highly flamboyant garments of poetical stuff made to please a savage imagination. Once more I was alone in a wilderness, with a sennight of absolute freedom before me.

The man who conveyed me, bag and baggage, in his primitive ox-wain, to the dilapidated cabin had gone, promising to return at the week's end. No sooner was he out of sight than I began to make myself at home by stretching my hammock across one corner of the single large room; and after I had hung my bacon on one side of the fireplace and my bag of meal on the other, and had found a rude corner shelf for the rest of my simple supplies, out I went to look around. Getting one's bearings is of importance before beginning a campaign.

In front of the cabin, half a bowshot from the shutterless doorway, ran a sluggish, ditchlike stream, four yards wide and of a color suggesting weak coffee. The water had no bad taste, however, being quite free of vegetable or mineral impurities except the coloring matter, which must have come from dead leaves. All around stretched a heavy wood, here and there undergrown with cane. The cabin stood on what the Crackers call a "knob," which is a barely perceptible rise of the ground. It had been built by a party of surveyors, years ago.

A profound stillness pervaded the forest; the silence was unbroken; not even a bird twittered; and so my first impression was that I should see little of avian

life round about. This is not an uncommon experience in the wild woods, as I well knew, yet I felt a wave of misgiving pass through me. The sun was nearly down, and it was a decided relief to get my axe and chop some fat pine, or "lightwood," as they say in the South. Moreover, while my working mood was on, I constructed a shutter, or curtain, of brush for the cabin's doorway.

An outline of the Okefinokee Swamp is shown on any good map of Georgia and Florida. My *locus* may be approximately found by drawing a line exactly southeast from Blackshear, in the former State, a distance of twenty miles. Immediately west of the cabin, a vast shallow pond, thickly set with cypress-trees and fringed with cane and stretches of aquatic bushes and lily pads, marked the beginning of the swamp proper. Behind this gloomy region the sun went down, filling the treetops with a strange glow, while I was cooking my frugal dinner.

Doubtless the enjoyment to be had from

"a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,"

is due somewhat to temperament, and not every man will be able to get even a smack of it. As for myself, each new camping-place proves my susceptibility to the charm of solitude. A torch of lightwood burning on the sand hearth filled the cabin with its yellow splendor while night came on, and I find in my book of notes the following entry:—

"First dinner eaten. Comfortable cabin. Pitch dark out-doors, with a fog brewing. Cool enough to make fire pleasant to sit by."

Another note, jotted down on rising next morning, might be thought contradictory of the phrase "comfortable cabin;" for it records that "I lay awake

an hour late last night. The moon, which arose toward midnight, got the better of the fog, and stared at me through a large hole in the roof. What awoke me was a big owl. It lit on the rib-pole overhead with a startling whack. A little later it gave a yell savage enough to chill one's blood, and loud enough to compare well with a panther's scream. I was sitting bolt upright in my hammock fumbling for my bow, first thing I knew."

It is morning, I might say the first morning, after settling in a new camp, that gives the controlling impression. I awoke with a distinct thrill of delight, hearing a twitter in the trees, and a fresh breeze was playing upon me through the spaces between the logs of my cabin's wall. I bounced out, and ran, stripped to Adamic freedom, down to the little stream, a tributary or branch of the Sattilla, and wallowed in its chill water as long as I dared. Then a hard rub-down, clothes, and breakfast.

At the time of which I write there probably was not a dwelling within ten miles of me. Since then a railroad has been built across part of the swamp hard by. During my stay in the cabin and my excursions round about it I but twice heard sounds reminding me of mankind, and I saw no human being. The following entries in my notebook refresh my memory:—

"While eating breakfast heard an ivory-billed woodpecker cackling far over in the swamp.—Had a sloppy, happy time. Went after Campephilus, and got a wood-duck.—Shall have to carry two quivers when I go into the watery parts of this region to shoot: heavy arrows in one, light in other."

I remember that first long and fruitless chase, following the ivory-bill by his voice without once seeing him. It was mostly wading in from two to six inches of water, between close-set cypresses and water-oaks. Doubtless the wary bird could hear a long way the splashing noise of my feet, and so easily kept beyond

my vision. At all events, I had my toilsome tramp in vain, save the killing of the wood-duck on the stream near my cabin.

My next book-entry is explicit: "Got back at high noon. Plucked my duck, a fine fat young fellow, not a year old. It was a rattling good shot. Hit him at forty yards with a heavy, blunt arrow. Had got nearly back to cabin when I spied him on the brook. Shall have a roast of him for dinner this evening."

On a later page I find this: "Read nearly all the afternoon in Virgil's Georgics, and heard thrushes sing in the boskets eastward. Have eaten almost the whole of my duck. Delicious with bacon and ash-cake. Sorted and mended arrows. Am bound to get an ivory-bill tomorrow."

But I did not even hear an ivory-billed woodpecker next day, nor yet the day after. My notes show that I explored a considerable pine ridge two miles north-east of the cabin. "Saw large holes in dead trees, old nests of either log-cocks or ivory-bills. Two small, lank deer ran past me just after I had heard a gun in the remote distance." I remember that I found myself involuntarily skulking at the thought of a sportsman with a gun being anywhere in my wilderness. A panther would have been preferable.

Most of my notes were written by the light of fat pine splinters, at night, between dinner and bed. Here is one of a self-conscious turn: "Wonder how it would affect an average man of affairs to look in upon me here! This forlorn cabin deep in a primitive wood; I sitting tailor-fashion on the ground writing by torchlight; my bows leaning in the corner; beside them my quivers full of arrows; yonder my hammock; a smell of scorched bacon and broiled birds still lingering on the air. How little suffices to make a willing man happy!"

The chief element in my enjoyment of a sojourn like the one now under discussion is the sense of loneliness and isola-

tion always uppermost. Doubtless a perfect understanding of the anachronism in archery makes the bowman of to-day seek primeval surroundings. I can say for myself that my first thought, when the time has come for an outing, is of some sylvan region where nature has never been seriously disturbed. There I can find true recreation. My cabin in the Okefinokee suited me, because it would not have suited any other civilized man, and because the life it offered was absolute freedom.

The big owl came every night, hitting the rib-pole harder each time, and yawping in a way that I could not get used to. What came of it appears in the following entry: "Was on the *qui vive* for my owl last night, and when it came I grabbed my bow, and peeped and peered, trying to get a glimpse of the monster through some crack in the roof, but must have failed had it not changed its perch from the rib-pole to the top of the rickety stick-and-dirt chimney. Then I saw how big it was, its entire bulk showing against the sky through the rent in the clapboards. I drew a steel-headed arrow clean up to the point and let drive. That ended my trouble." I found the old fellow next morning a rod from the house, dead enough; but my arrow had clipped right through, and gone I never knew where.

It has been my luck to have owls bother me in my lonely camps. More than once the persistent whining of screech-owls has made me leave a place otherwise very attractive. As for the big bird that I knocked off the chimney-top, he probably had a better claim than I to possession of the cabin; but I could not afford to be ousted by him. Indeed, so attached to the place had I grown that when my man of the ox-wain came promptly to bear me away, I sent for some more bacon, meal, rice, and sugar, and stayed ten days longer.

Spring came on with a rush in the swamp; everything flaunted rich green-

ery. By the 3d of April it was like June. Still there were not many birds, until one day they deluged the forest. It was as if a sudden tide had borne them up from the south. At daybreak I heard their chattering and twittering, their whistling, their warbling, a very pandemonium of early throat-swellings and syrinx-shaking; above them all the voice of an ivory-bill, a clarion call to his mate and a challenge to me.

Very few are the naturalists who have studied the ivory-billed woodpecker (*Campephilus principalis*) in its native haunts. I have been surprised to find that many persons priding themselves upon their ornithology are not aware that the log-cock and the ivory-bill belong to different genera. More than a hundred letters came to me in response to a slight paper I had printed on this subject, and in most of them I was informed that the ivory-bill had, until a few years past, been a bird quite common in the heavy woods near where each of the letter-writers lived. Of course it was the log-cock (*Hylotomus pileatus*), not the ivory-bill, that these persons remembered. The former is the great black woodpecker, about the size of a crow, which fifty years ago was common over a large part of our country east of the Mississippi River, and in some places farther west. But the ivory-bill, larger and more beautiful, has always been a rare bird. Neither Wilson nor Audubon knew much about it at first-hand, and nobody since their day has found out anything very notable on the subject. Hence my visit to the Okefinokee, and the enthusiasm of the following entries in my book:—

"Was out this morning at daycrack. Had heard an ivory-bill trumpeting eastward. Forgot to take my souse in the brook; ate not a bite of breakfast; seized my tackle and scurried away, buckling my quiver-belt as I ran. Delicious morning, — green leaves, sweet smells, and an ambrosial breeze. My rubber boots felt

almost cold to my feet and legs when I waded the brook. Had a glimpse of Campophilus while I was making a detour southward to pass between him and the swamp. Knew him by the sparkling white he showed and by a flare of carmine. I ran through a cane-brake, then over an acre of fallen dead trees and into a bay thicket, where I found good cover under which to creep. For a while I did not hear him; then he began hammering on a ghostly, barkless old pine. I could see parts of the tree, but not the bird. What blows! They sounded strangely through the woods. When I came within sixty yards of the tree, I let myself down and crawled to the thicket's edge. There he was, his broad back toward me, and his flaming red head flashing up and down while he pecked, or to this side and that when he peeped around the trunk to see if there was any danger. Now was my time. He was a magnificent specimen, in full plumage. Had an arrow ready, — the best of my lot, — pewter-headed, feathered with peacock. Drew up, but found my left arm shaky. Buck fever at sight of a woodpecker!

"I was excited. I knew very well that one shot would close the incident. Moreover, I should probably not have another such opportunity during my outing. And it came into my mind that the chances were many against hitting that bird. I let down my bow-arm and rubbed it, meantime trying to settle myself. But my big bird was about to fly, I knew by a certain wag of his body. Up went my bow again, and I pulled steadily, swiftly, with just a pause for aim. Aim! If I had time, I could write an essay showing that, in archery, aim is a point of life rich with a subtle extract of delight. You condense all your capacity and press it hard there. Your lungs are full, your brain is drawn to a focus, your steadfast eyes glitter. Look at that left arm! Outthrust like a boxer's when he punches, rigid as a cast-

iron bar, it points the way; and the right arm drawn back as if to strike, three fingers of its hand hooked upon the string. There's a statue for you! When you loose, the old note of Apollo rings far and free. And of course I missed. Such is luck; but it was a close call. My arrow's pewter head hit with a loud 'rap-p-p-p,' which echoed like an axe-stroke, an inch or two (call it three) above him and to the right."

I killed two perfect specimens during my stay and examined several old nests, besides observing with my glass a whole morning's work of a pair of ivory-bills at nest-making. They had chosen a large pine-tree, dead for years and quite stripped of its boughs, and were delving a hole into it just below a projecting knot. I could not get very near them, as the tree stood in an open space; but with the glass I could see all their proceedings, of which here is my note made on the spot:—

"Male ivory-bill at work about fifty feet up, making a round hole about four inches in diameter. He strikes five or six blows, then flings out fragments of rotten wood. Very suspicious and watchful, stopping often to look all about, wagging his head. Great red topknot and snow-white beak. When he reaches into the hole he disappears, save his tail, which is slightly spread. Female came and relieved him, going briskly to work in his place. He flew away."

From what I know of other woodpeckers, it probably was a matter of two weeks' time finishing that excavation. The ivory-bill usually digs deep, making a jug-shaped cavity, the entrance being at the top of the neck. I have examined many of these pits, mostly in the wildest lowlands of Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida, and they are all of the same form, albeit differing in the length and course of the neck, which is controlled by the nature of the wood through which it is dug.

Day after day I was tireless in my

explorations. The great swamp had so many secrets to taunt me withal that I could not be idle. Not even the dark nights could keep me in the cabin. Once I groped my way for a long distance northward, trying to get a shot at some large animal which I could hear, but could not see. Of this incident I find the following note : —

"Awoke last night. Some animal sniffing at a crack near my hammock. Listened; heard it shuffling along in the leaves; then it sniffed again and made a raucous sound, between a whine and a cough. Got up slyly, slipped on boots, took bow and quiver, and went to the door. Heard a snarling cry; not loud, but strange. Slipped through the brush door-curtain and stepped forth, ready to shoot. Footfalls just around corner of cabin. Very dark; could not see, but went in that direction with bow half drawn. Animal hissed like a cat and moved away slowly. I followed, straining my eyes. Sky clear, packed with stars; a pleasant temperature, no air stirring; wood still, silent, gloomy. Followed the thing on; heard it trot through a pool of water and stop; felt my way a little farther; thought I saw it; let drive at it; but off obliquely to the right it snarled and moved on. So it led me a stumbling, fumbling chase, all to no end, save that when at last it loped away for good I discovered that I did not know where I was, and I lay down right there and slept till daylight, to find that I was nearly a mile from the cabin. When I got back, lo, my bacon was gone!"

Every sportsman of adequate experience will understand the following entry: "While I had the bacon I ate very little of it. Now it's gone I am raving hungry for it."

Wherefore it behooved me to shoot something edible, and a later note runs thus: "Breakfast, dinner, and supper, rice and ash-cake. Out all the morning, viciously alert; tramped miles in

swamp and on hammock; saw nothing to shoot."

Next day I had better luck, when I found a marshy glade with an irregular pond in the middle, and had two hours of unmixed delight skulking from point to point, under cover of grass tufts and marsh shrubs, outwitting some killdees. It is of indescribable interest to me now, remembering how I shot till my arms ached. The birds were shy, and the shots were long; moreover, I had to use my tackle in very trying attitudes, as I could not stand upright without discovering myself to my quarry. The arrows would hit in the mud and knock up a spray of it close to the flickering, see-sawing game, and then what flying! But the glade seemed to have them charmed, for not a bird left it; they merely winged a circle or two and dropped in another part. I got a small bag of them in the long run, — five the record states, — and in due time spitted them at my cabin fire. A laconic note sums up the result : —

"Birds like tangled shoe-strings; meat clung to skeleton as if sewed fast. Fragrant enough, but dry as chips. And now it is raining."

I had to dig a trench in the ground to drain out the water falling into the cabin through the ample rent in the roof; but, fortunately, my hammock was in a dry place, and I took great care of the provisions. It rained all night, furiously a part of the time, and I slept half awake. Next day was clear, cool, glorious, with a sea-smell in the air. This fine weather held during the rest of my stay, bringing out the full power of spring, and I was loath to go: almost tempted, against duty, to dicker with my ox-wain man for another week. Any reader must sympathize when the following notes meet his eye : —

"To-day has been my best, and it is my last here. Found an enchanted spot this morning, a pond lightly fringed with rushes. High bank of dry sand on one side, where I lay and dreamed, looking

through a window-like opening in the growth at the shallow water's edge thirty yards away. I could see clean across to the rushes, reeds, and heavily wooded swamp beyond. And while I looked there came a stately white heron of full plumage wading across my vision. Slowly, step by step, with awkward yet supremely graceful motion, it passed and was gone. That was a poem of the Okefinokee."

"Good thing men are not all alike, else this solemn old swamp would to-day be swarming with pleasure-seekers, and my occupation would be gone."

"If there were nothing to prevent, how gladly I would go on living here, eating ash-cake and rice, shooting, studying, being free!"

"For seventeen days I have been here, as happy, healthy, and busy as any bird, and it has cost me, all told, three dollars and forty cents!"

There may be malaria in the Okefinokee at certain seasons, though persons who are supposed to know say the contrary. I was not troubled with mosquitoes, saw few snakes; no frogs, and the air felt and smelt pure. Twice there was fog at night, which lifted soon after sunrise without disagreeable influence. I drank the water of the stream by my cabin, and found it good enough. No sweeter sleep ever refreshed a tired man than fell upon me night after night in my hammock.

I could tell the greatest stories of my bow-shooting, had I archers to listen, for I did keep the air buzzing with my arrows early and late, and therein was the chief fascination of it all. I took great comfort in my notebook, making of it a familiar confidant. Reading the pages now gives me wafts from the swamp, and I hear the birds at dawn begin to flute from distance to distance.

In one sense "desolation" is the fit word for the Okefinokee, and in every

sense the whole region is, and probably will always be, a solitude given over to solemnity and silence. Yet it has its glowing spots, its nooks and corners of intense expression. By the following note — my book has many like it — a glimpse is afforded of an oasis, so to call it, in the plashy cypress waste: —

"This day, 9 April, I found a place where the ground was almost hidden under yellow flowers of the pitcher-plant, acres and acres of them. They have a moonshine flash when the wind tosses them; and when still the whole field shimmers dreamily, a smouldering fire of straw-colored gold."

Apparently, there are few birds' nests in the swamp proper, but in the thickets and brakes which fringe it around I saw many. Even the log-cocks and ivory-bills choose the pine-trees rather than the cypresses. Near the sluggish little streams there are wild haw thickets. In these I noted jays, cardinal grosbeaks, various thrushes, and many warblers. Of woodpeckers, my list contains ivory-bill, log-cock, golden-wing, red-cockade, red-belly, downy, hairy, yellow-belly, and red-head. The belted kingfisher was abundant beside the streams and open ponds, but herons were scarce.

Departing from the Okefinokee, I had my Parthian shot, as this note reminds me: "Wagon had not gone two miles when I saw a pair of jays in a clump of bushes. The first glimpse of them showed something unusual in their coloring. Jumped out of wagon with bow and quiver. Driver waited while I went sneaking along. Birds were Florida jays. Got one, male, at second shot. A beautiful specimen, and far north of its reputed limit."

Among my many outings, I remember none with more pleasure than that which I have named *An Archer's Sojourn in the Okefinokee*.

Maurice Thompson.

SOME MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE.

III.

My first frequent companionship with my father began in Italy, when I was seven years old. We entered Rome after a long, wet, cold carriage journey that would have disillusionized a Doré. As we jolted along, my mother held me in her arms, while I slept as much as I could; and when I could not, I blessed the patient, weary bosom upon which I lay exhausted. It was a solemn-faced load of Americans which shook and shivered into the city of memories that night. In Monte Beni, as he preferred to call The Marble Faun, my father speaks of Rome with mingled contempt for its discomforts and delighted heartiness for its outshining fascinations. "The desolation of her ruin" does not prevent her from being "more intimately our home than even the spot where we were born." A ruin or a picture could not satisfy his heart, which accepted no yoke less strong than spiritual power. Before our farewell to it, the Eternal City had painted itself upon our minds as the sunniest, most splendid precinct in the world. In the spring my sister wrote: "We are having perfectly splendid weather now, — unclouded Italian skies, blazing sun, everything warm and glorious. But the sky is too blue, the sun is too blazing, everything is too vivid. Often I long for the more cloudy skies and peace of that dear, beautiful England. Rome makes us all languid. We have to pay a fearful price for the supreme enjoyment there is in standing on the very spots made interesting by poetry or by prose, imagination or (which is still more absorbing) truth. Sometimes I wish there had never been anything done or written in the world! My father and I seem to feel in this way more than the rest. We agree about Rome as we did about England."

In the course of the winter my mother had written of our chilly reception thus:

NO. 37 VIA PORTA PINCIANA, 2D PIANO,
PALAZZO LARAZANI, ROME.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH, — I could not have believed I could be in Rome a day without announcing it to you in words and expressions which would have the effect at least of the bell of St. Peter's or the cannon of St. Angelo. . . . But my soul has been iced over, as well as the hitherto flowing fountains of the Piazza di San Pietro. I have not been able to expand like corn and melons under a summer sun. Nipped have been all my blossoming hopes and enthusiasms, and my hands have been too numb to hold a pen. Added to this, Mr. Hawthorne has had the severest cold he ever had, because bright, keen cold he cannot bear so well as damp; and Rosebud has not been well since she entered the city. It is colder than for twenty years before. We find it enormously expensive to live in Rome; our apartment is twelve hundred a year.

But I am in Rome, Rome, *Rome!* I have stood in the Forum and beneath the Arch of Titus, at the end of the Sacra Via. I have wandered about the Coliseum, the stupendous grandeur of which equals my dream and hope. I have seen the sun kindling the open courts of the Temple of Peace, where Sarah Clarke said, years ago, that my children would some time play. (It is now called Constantine's Basilica.) I have climbed the Capitoline and stood before the Capitol, by the side of the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, — the finest in the world [my father calls it "the most majestic representation of kingly character that ever the world has seen"], — once in front of the Arch of

Septimius Severus. I have been into the Pantheon, whose sublime portico quietly rises out of the region of criticism into its own sphere, — a fit entrance to the temple of all the gods. How wise was the wise and tact-gifted Augustus to reject the homage of Agrippa, who built it for his apotheosis, and to dedicate it to the immortal gods! It is *now* dedicated to the Immortal God.

And I have been to St. Peter's! There alone in Rome is perpetual summer. You have heard of the wonderful atmosphere of this world of a basilica. It would seem to be warmed by the ardent soul of Peter, or by the breath of prayer from innumerable saints. One drops the hermetical seal of a curtain behind, upon entering, and behold, with the world is also shut out the bitter cold, and one is folded, as it were, in a soft mantle of down, as if angels wrapped their wings about us. I expanded at once under the invisible sun. There have been moments when I have felt the spell of Rome, but every one says here that it dawns gradually upon the mind. It would not have been so with me, I am convinced, if I had been *warm*. Who ever heard of an icicle glowing with emotion? What is Rome to a frozen clod? . . .

We were not able to seize upon the choicest luxuries of living, as our accommodations, even such as they were, proved to be expensive enough to hamper us. We had all expected to be blissful in Italy, and so the inartistic and inhuman accessories of life were harder to bear there than elsewhere. I remember a perpetual rice pudding (sent in the tin ten-story edifices which caterers supply laden with food), of which the almost daily sight maddened us, and threw us into a Burton's melancholy of silence, for nothing could prevent it from appearing. We all know what such simple despairs can do, and, by concerted movement, they can make Rome tame. If we had sustained ourselves on milk, like Romulus

and Remus, and dressed in Russian furs, we might have had fewer vicissitudes in the midst of the classic wonders on all sides. But spring was faithful, and at its return we began to enjoy the scenes of most note within and beyond the walls: the gleaming ruins, and fresh, uncontaminated daisies that trustfully throve beside some of them; the little fountains, with their one-legged or flat-nosed statues strutting grotesquely above them, — fountains either dry as dead revelers or tinkling a pathetic sob into a stone trough; the open views where the colors of sunlit marble and the motions of dancing light surrounded the peasants who sprang up from the ground like belated actors in a drama we only keep with us out of childish delight.

My father had never looked so serious as he did now, and he was more slim than in England. He impressed me as permeated by an atmosphere of perception. A magnetic current of sympathy with the city rendered him contemplative and absorbent as a cloud. He was everywhere, but only looked in silence, so far as I was aware. The Marble Faun shows what he thought in sentences that reveal, like mineral specimens, strata of ideas stretching far beyond the confines of the novel. While he observed Rome, as he frequently mentions, he felt the sadness of the problems of the race which there were brought to a focus. Yet it is a singular fact that, notwithstanding this regret for her human pathos, perhaps the best book he ever wrote was created among the suggestive qualities of this haven of mercy, — the book which inculcates the most sterling hope of any of his works. I saw in my walks with him how much he enjoyed the salable treasures and humble diversions of the thoroughfare, as his readers have always perceived. Ingenuous simplicity, freedom from self-consciousness and whitewash, frank selfishness on a plane so humble that it can do little harm, — all this is amusing and restful after long hours with transcen-

dental folk. My father looked in good spirits as we moved along. When he trafficked with an Italian fruit-vender, and put a few big hot chestnuts into his pocket, with a smile for me, I (who found his smile the greatest joy in the world) was persuaded that really fine things were being done. The slender copper piece which was all-sufficient for the transaction not only thrilled the huckster with delight, but became precious to me as my father's supple, broad fingers held it, dark, thin, small, in a respectful manner. He caressed it for a moment with his large thumb, — he who was liberal as nature in June, — and when the fruit-vender was wrought up to the proper point of ecstacy he was allowed to receive the money, which he did with a smile of Italian gracefulness and sparkle, while my father looked conscious of the mirthfulness of the situation with as lofty a manner as you please. As for the peasant women we met, under their little light-stands of head-drapery, they were easily comprehensible, and expressed without a shadow of reserve their vanity and tiger blood by an openly proud smile and a swing of the brilliantly striped skirt. The handsomest men and women possible, elaborately dressed, shone beside tiers of the sweetest bunches of pale violets, or a solitary boy, so beautiful that his human splendor scintillated, small as he was, sat in the pose and apparel that the world knows through pictures, and which pigment can never well render any more than it can catch the power of a sunset or an American autumn. The marble-shops were very pleasant places. A whirring sound lulled the senses into dreamy receptiveness, as the stone wheel heavily turned with soft swiftness, giving the impression that here hard matter was controlled to a nicety by airy forces; and a fragrance floated from the wet marble lather, while the polishing of our newly-picked-up mementos from the ruins went on, which was as subtle as that of flowers. A man or two, hoary

with marble-dust and ennobled by the "bloom" of it, stood tall and sad about the wheel, and we handed to these refined creatures our treasures of giallo-antico and porphyry and other marbles picked up "for remembrance" (and no doubt once pressed by a Cæsar's foot or met by a Cæsar's glance), in order to observe the fresh color leap to the surface, — yellow, red, black, or green. Far more were we thrilled at finding scraps of iridescent glass lachrymals, containing all the glories of Persian magnificence, while pathetically hinting of the tears of a Roman woman (precious only to herself, whatever her flatterers might aver) two thousand years ago.

The heart of Rome was acknowledged to be St. Peter's, and its pulse the Pope. The most striking effect the Holy Father produced upon me, standing at gaze before him with my parents, was when he appeared, in Holy Week, high up in the balcony before the mountainous dome, looking off over the great multitude of people gathered to receive his blessing. Those eyes of his carried expression a long way, and he looked most kingly, though unlike other kings. He was clothed in white not whiter than his wonderful pal-lor. My father implies in a remark that Pio Nono impressed him by a becoming sincerity of countenance, and this was so entirely my infantile opinion that I became eloquent about the Pope, and was rewarded by a gift from my mother of a little medallion of him and a gold scudo with an excellent likeness thereon, both always tenderly revered by me.

Going to the Pincian Hill on Sunday afternoons, when my father quite regularly made me his companion, was the event of my week which entertained me best of all. To play a simple game of stones on one of the gray benches in the late afternoon sunshine, with him for courteous opponent, was to feel my eyes, lips, hands, all my being, glow with the fullest human happiness. When he threw down a pebble upon one of the squares

which he had marked with chalk, I was enchanted. When one game was finished, I trembled lest he would not go on with another. He was never fatigued or annoyed — outwardly. He had as much control over the man we saw in him as a sentinel on duty. Therefore he proceeded with the tossing of pebbles, genially though quietly, not exhibiting the least reluctance, and uttering a few amused sounds, like mellow wood-notes. Between the buxom groups of luxuriant foliage the great stream of fashion rolled by in carriages, the music of the well-trained band pealing forth upon the breeze; and in the tinted distance, beyond the wall of the high-perched garden which surrounded us, the sunset shook out its pennons. Through the glinting bustle of the crowd and the richness of nature my father peacefully breathed, in half-withdrawn brooding, either pursuing our pebble warfare with kindest stateliness, or strolling beside lovely plots of shadowed grass, fragrant from lofty trees of box. An element by no means slight in the rejoicing of my mind, when I was with him of a Sunday afternoon, was his cigar, which he puffed at very deliberately, as if smoking were a rite. The aroma was wonderful. The classicism which followed my parents about in everything of course connected itself with my father's chief luxury, in the form of a bronze match-box, upon which an autumn scene of harvest figures was modeled with Greek elegance, and to this we turned our eyes admiringly during the lighting of the cigar. At last it would grow too late to play another game, and my father's darkly clothed form would be drawn up, and his strongly beautiful face lifted ominously. Before leaving the hill we went to look over the parapet to the west, where stood, according to Monte Beni, "the grandest edifice ever built by man, painted against God's loveliest sky."

Among the friends much with us was the astronomer, Miss Maria Mitchell,

whom we had long known intimately. She smiled blissfully in Rome, as if really visiting a constellation. Her voice was richly mellow, like my father's, and her wit was the merry spray of deep waves of thought. The sculptor, Miss Harriet Hosmer, it was easy to note, charmed the romancer. She was cheerfulness itself, touched off with a jaunty cap. Her smile I remember as one of those very precious gleams that make us forget everything but the present moment. She could be wittily gay; but there was plenty of brain power behind the clever *mot*, as immensities are at the source of the sun-ray. Many friends were in Rome, both as residents and as tourists, and in all my after-life our two winters there were the richest of memories, in regard both to personalities and exquisite objects, and to scenes of artistic charm. Yet, as I have said elsewhere, if the tall, slender figure of my father were not at hand, even my mother's constantly cheering presence and a talkative group of people could not warm the imagination quite enough. He says, in speaking of the Carnival, "For my part, though I pretended to take no interest in the matter, I could have bandied confetti and nosegays as readily and riotously as any urchin there." These few words explain his magnetism. The decorous pretense of his observant calm could not make us forget the bursts of mirth and vigorous abandon which now and then revealed the flame of unstinted life in his heart. And I, watching constantly as I did, saw a riotous throw of the confetti, a mirthful smile of Carnival spirits, when my father was radiant for a few moments with a youth's, a faun's merriment.

Having quoted a letter of my sister's which expresses his opinion and her own of the irksomeness of sight-seeing, however heroic the spot, I will add this little paragraph from the next winter's correspondence, when, though only fifteen, she wrote very well of Europe and America, concluding: "It shows you have not lived

in Europe, dear aunt, and do not know what it is to breathe day after day the atmosphere of art, that you can think of our being satisfied. We have seen satisfactorily, but the longer we stay, the higher and deeper is our enjoyment, and the more are our minds fitted to understand and admire, and the nearer do our souls approach in thought and imagination to that fount of glory and beauty from which the old artists drew so freely."

My mother's letters describing my sister's illness with Roman fever recall the many persons of interest whom we saw in Rome. She writes: "Carriages were constantly driving to the door with inquiries. People were always coming. Even dear Mrs. Browning, who almost never goes upstairs, came the moment she heard. She was like an angel. I saw her but a moment, but the clasp of her hand was electric, and her voice penetrated my heart. Mrs. Ward, also usually unable to go upstairs, came every day for five days. One day there seemed a cloud of good spirits in the drawing-room, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Story, and so on, all standing and waiting. Magnificent flowers were always coming, baskets and bouquets, which were presented with tearful eyes. The American minister constantly called. Mr. Aubrey de Vere came. Every one who had seen Una in society or anywhere came to ask. Mrs. Story came three times in one day to talk about a consultation. The doctor wished all the food prepared exactly after his prescription, and would accept no one's dishes. 'Whose broth is this?' 'This is Mrs. Browning's.' 'Then tell Mrs. Browning to write her poesies, and not to meddle with my broths for my patient!' 'Whose jelly is this?' 'Mrs. Story's.' 'I wish Mrs. Story would help her husband to model his statues, and not try to feed Miss Una!' General Pierce came three times a day. I think I owe to him, almost, my husband's life. He was divinely tender, sweet, sympathizing, and helpful."

The entries in my mother's diary so abound in names of persons met day by day, names both unknown to the world and familiar to it, that it is hard to see how there was time for sight-seeing or illness, or the reading which was kept up. The wife of a distinguished sculptor in Rome afterwards said in a letter that this year of 1859 was remarkable for its crowd of tourists, and added that 1860 proved very quiet. It does not sound quiet to hear that she had just enjoyed a horseback ride with Mr. Browning; but Americans and English certainly did have rich enjoyment in Italy in those days, and grew exacting. The jottings of the diary stir the imagination quite pleasantly, beginning January 16, 1859. "Mr. Browning called to visit us. Delightful visit. I read Charlotte Brontë for the second time. — Mrs. Story sent a note to my husband to invite him to tea [my mother being housed with my sick sister] with Mr. Browning. — Mr. Horatio Bridge spent the evening. — Read Frederick the Great. Oh, such a rubbishy style! — Mr. Motley called, and brought *Paradise Lost* for Una. — I went to the sunny Corso with my husband, who is far from well. Mrs. Story asks us to dine with Mr. de Vere, Lady William Russell, Mr. Alison, Mr. Browning, and other interesting people. — Lovely turquoise day. I prepared Julian's Carnival dress. Went to the Hoars' balcony, and the Conservatori passed in gorgeous array. The George Joneses took Una to drive in the Corso, and the Prince of Wales threw her a bouquet from his balcony. I read the *Howadj* in Syria as I sat at the Hoars' window. — I had a delightful visit from E. Hoar. She saw the Pope yesterday, and he blessed her. Mrs. Story looked very pretty in a carriage at the Carnival, with a hat trimmed with a wreath of violets. — Mr. and Mrs. Story called for us to go to the Doria Villa. We had a glorious excursion, finding rainbow anemones and seeing wonderful views. Mr. Christopher

Cranch joined us. — I went to the Vatican for the first time this year, with E. Hoar. We met there Mr. Hawthorne escorting Mrs. Pierce and Miss Vandervoort. We went through all the miles of sculpture. — Una and I called on Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Pickman, Mrs. Hoar, and met Mrs. Motley. In the afternoon I went with E. Hoar to Mr. Story's studio. Mrs. Pickman called on me. — Mr. Hawthorne and I and Julian went to call on Miss Cushman, and to Mr. Page's studio. Mr. Motley had made a long call early in the day, and teased Mr. Hawthorne to dine with him, to meet Lord Spencer's son. — Mrs. Story brought Una the first lilies-of-the-valley that have bloomed in Rome this year. I went with Rose to Trinità dei Monti to hear the nuns sing vespers. Coming out, I met Miss Harriet Hosmer. — Superb day. I went with my husband to call at Miss Hosmer's studio, and met the Hon. Mr. Cowper, who stopped to talk. Mr. Browning darted upon us across the Piazza, glowing with cordiality. Miss Hosmer could not admit us, because she was modeling Lady Mordaunt's nose. — Governor Seymour called. — I took Rose to a window in the Carnival. It was a mad, merry time. A gentleman tossed me a beautiful bouquet and a bonbon. — Julian and I went to the Albani Villa with Mrs. Ward and Mr. Charles Sumner. A charming time. — In the twilight I went with Mr. Hawthorne to the Coliseum and the Forum. It grew to lovely moonlight. — After dinner I went to the Pincian gardens with Mr. Hawthorne and Julian. It was moonlight. — Mr. Sumner made a long call."

Between our two winters in Rome we spent the summer in Florence, to which we journeyed by carriage over a road that was hung like a rare gallery with landscapes of the most picturesque description, and bordered close at hand by many a blue or crimson or yellow Italian anemone with its black centre. This ex-

perience was all sunshine, all pastime. On the way, stopping at Lake Thrasy-mene, my mother wrote: —

May 29, 1858.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH, — I have just been watching the moon rise over the lake, exactly opposite the window of our parlor. We thought to go out and see the moonlight this evening, when I saw on the horizon what seemed a mighty conflagration, which I immediately supposed must be the moon, though I had never seen it look so red. The clouds were of a fiery splendor, and then the flaming rim of the moon appeared above the mountains, like the shield of some warrior of the great battle between Flaminus and Hannibal on this spot, rising with its ghostly invisible hero to see how it was now on the former field of blood. The "peace supreme" that reigns here this evening distances all thought of war and terror. We left Perugia this afternoon at three o'clock, with the finest weather. Our drive was enchanting all the way, along rich valleys and up mountains. And when climbing mountains we have two milk-white steers which majestically draw us along. Their eyes are deep wells of dark, peaceful light, that seem to express broad levels of rich waving grain, pure lapsing streams, olives and vines, and every other sign of plenty and quiet husbandry, with no end of dawns, twilights, and cool thickets. The golden age of rural life slumbers in their great orbs. Byron calls them "the purest gods of gentle waters."

June 7th. Here we are, then, in enchanting Florence! I shall try to send you a journal by the Bryants, who are here now. The Brownings are close by, and we are going to see them soon. The language has yet to be made in which to describe beautiful, beautiful Florence, with its air of nectar and sherbet and soft odors, its palaces, Arno, and smooth streets, arched bridges, and all its other charms and splendors. . . .

We were hot in the city of Florence. My only consolation was to eat unnumbered cherries and apricots, for I did not as yet like the figs. My brother and I sometimes had a lurid delight in cracking the cherry and apricot stones and devouring the bitter contents, with the dreadful expectation of soon dying from the effects. Altogether I considered our sojourn in the town house, Casa del Bello, a morose experience; but it was, fortunately, short. My mother had a different feeling: she wrote home to America, "It is a delightful residence." Without doubt it contained much engaging finery. Three parlors, giving upon a garden, were absorbed into the "study" for my father alone; and my mother was greatly pleased to find that fifteen easy-chairs were within reach of any whim for momentary rest between the campaigns of sight-seeing. To add to my own arbitrary shadow and regret of that time, the garden at the rear of the house was to me damp; full of green things and gracefully drooping trees, doubtless, but never embracing a ray of sunshine. Yet it was hot; all was relaxing; summer prevailed in one of its ill-humored moods. To make matters worse, my brother had caught in this Dantesque garden a brown bird, whether because sick or lame I know not. But an imprisoned bird it certainly was; and its prison consisted of a small, cell-like room, bare of anything but the heart-broken glances of its occupant. My father objected to the capture and caging of birds, and looked with cold disapproval upon the hospitable endeavor of my brother to lengthen the existence of a little creature that was really safer in the hands of Dame Nature. Presently the bird from the sad garden died, and then indeed Florence became intolerable to me! I wandered through the long, darkish hall that penetrated our edifice from front to back, and I sometimes emerged into the garden's bosky sullenness in my unsmiling misery. Again my mother's testimony proves my

mind to have been strangely influenced by what to her was "a garden full of roses, jessamine, orange and lemon trees, and a large willow-tree drooping over a fountain in its midst," with a row of marble busts along a terrace: altogether a place that should have filled me with kittenish glee. The Note-Books, to be sure, suggest that it harbored malaria. I looked with painful disappointment upon the unceasing dishes of fresh purple figs, which everybody else seemed to enjoy. I saw pale golden wine poured from poetic bottles braided with strands of straw, like pretty girls' heads of flaxen hair; and I was surprised that my father had the joyousness to smile, though sipping what he was later to call "Monte Beni sunshine."

That nothing of misery might be excluded from my dismal round of woe, the only people whom I could go to see were the Powers family, living opposite to us. Mr. Powers petrified me by the *sang-froid* with which he turned out, and pointed out, his statues. Great artists are apt to be like reflections from a greater light,—they know more about that light than about themselves; but Mr. Powers seemed to me to defy art to lord it over his splendid mechanical genius, the self he managed so well. To prove beyond a doubt that material could not resist him, he would step from the studio into an adjoining apartment, and strike off button-like bits of metal from an iron apparatus which he had invented. It was either buttons or Venuses with him, indifferently, as I supposed.

Gray to me, though "bright" to my mother, were the galleries and narrow halls of marble busts, where started back into this life old Medicean barbarians, of imperial power and wormlike ugliness; presided over, as I looked upon them in memory during my girlhood, by that knightly form of Michelangelo's seated Lorenzo de' Medici, whose attitude and shadowed eyes seem to express a lofty disapproval of such a world.

A morning dawned when the interest in living again became vigorous. A delicate-looking, essentially dignified young gentleman, the Count da Montaùto, seemingly considerably starved, but fascinatingly blue-blooded, appeared in our tire-some house. I heard that we were to remove to a villa at Bellosguardo, a hill distant fifteen minutes' drive from the city, where the summer was reasonable; and as the count owned this haunt of refreshment, I became enthusiastically tender in my respect for him. For years afterwards my sensibilities were exercised over the question as to where the count was put while we enjoyed the space and loveliness of Montaùto; I did not know that he had a palace in town. His sad, sweetly resentful glance had conveyed to me the idea, "Must I still live, if I live beneath my rank, and as a leaser of villas?"

One day, happy day, we toiled by carriage, between light-colored walls, sometimes too high for any view, — that once caused my mother a three hours' walk, because of a misturn, — over little hot, dusty roads, out and up to the villa. My father and brother had already walked thither; and my brother's spirits, as he stood beside the high iron gateway, in front of the gray tower which was the theme, or chief outline, of the old country-seat, were pleasant to witness, and illustrated my own pent-up feelings. He shouted and danced before the iron bars of the gate like a humanized note of music, uncertain where it belonged, and glad of it.

Our very first knowledge of Montaùto was rich and varied, with the relief from pretentiousness which all ancient things enjoy, and with the appealing sweetness of time-worn shabbiness. The walls of the hall and staircase were of gray stone, as were the steps which led echoingly up to the second story of the house. My sister exclaims in delight concerning the whole scene: "This villa, — you have no idea how delightful it is! I think there must be pretty nearly a hundred rooms

in it, of all shapes, sizes, and heights. The walls are never less than five feet thick, and sometimes more, so that it is perfectly cool. I should feel very happy to live here always. I am sitting in the loggia, which is delightful in the morning freshness. Oh, how I love every inch of that beautiful landscape!" The tower and the adjacent loggia were the features that preëminently sated our thirst for suggestive charm, and they became our proud boast and the chief precincts of our daily life and social intercourse. The ragged gray giant looked over the road-walls at its foot, and beyond and below them over the Arno valley, rimmed atop with azure distance, and touched with the delicate dark of trees. Internally, the tower (crowned, like a rough old king of the days of the Round Table, with a machicolated summit) was dusty, broken, and somewhat dangerous of ascent. Owls that knew every wrinkle of despair and hoot-toot of pessimism clung to narrow crevices in the deserted rooms, where the skeleton-like prison frameworks at the unglazed windows were in keeping with the dreadful spirits of these unregenerate anchorites. The forlorn apartments were piled one above the other until the historic cylinder of stone opened to the sky. In contrast to the barrenness of the gray inclosures, through the squares of the windows throbbed the blue and gold, green and lilac, of Italian heavens and countryside.

At the dangers of the stairway my father laughed, with flashing glances. He always laughed (it was a sound peculiarly passionate and low, full, yet unobtrusive) at dangers in which he could share himself, although so grave when, in the moral turmoil, he was obliged to stand and watch uneven battle; not the less sorry for human nature because weakness comes from our ignoring the weapons we might have used. But on those trembling stairs he approved of the risk we ran, while cautioning me not

to drop through one of the holes; and then stumbled within an inch of breaking his own neck, and laughed again.

"While gropingly descending these crazy steps one dusky evening, I gratified Julian exceedingly by hitting my nose against the wall," he admits in the Note-Books. Who would not enjoy seeing a monarch come to so humble a contact with the bulwarks of his tower? Especially if he were royal enough not to take offense at one's mirth, as this one never did. Reaching the topmost heights of the stone pile, shaggy with yellow moss, we eagerly pressed to the battlements and drank in the view, finding all Florence spread out before us, far down from the breeze and light and prospect of our perch, — understanding the joy of falcons that are long hooded, and then finally *look*.

On one side of the tower was the lawn, hemmed round by a somewhat high semicircular stone wall. In front of it was Florence, pinnaced and roof-crowded, across the gentle valley. Not far away rose Galileo's rival tower, and the habitations of one or two friends. On another side of the keep the valley dipped more decidedly; and in the foreground clustered a collection of trees upon a grassy slope, divided from the villa lawn by a low wall, over which my father and mother sometimes bought grapes, figs, pomegranates, and peaches grown upon the place, which were smilingly offered by the count's *contadini*. These from their numbers were unrecognizable, while their prices for the exquisite fruit were so small that it was a pleasure to be cheated. Behind the tower stretched lengthily the house, its large arched doorway looking upon all comers with a frown of shadow. Still further behind basked a bevy of fruit gardens and olive-tree-dotted hillsides with their vines of the grape. We used to sit on the lawn in the evenings, and sometimes received guests there; looking at the sky, moon, comet, and stars ("flowers

of light," my mother called them) as if they were new. Any mortal might have been forgiven for so regarding them, in the sapphire glory of an Italian night. My mother's untiring voice of melodious enthusiasm echoed about the group in ejaculations of praise.

Some of the rooms I studiously avoided. The forlorn cavern of a parlor, or ball-room, I remember to have seen only once. There was a painful vacuum where good spirits ought to have been. Along the walls were fixed seats, like those in the apse of some morally fallen cathedral, and they were covered with blue threadbare magnificence that told the secrets of vanity. Heavy tables crowded down the centre of the room. I came, saw, and fled. The oratory was the most thrilling place of all. It opened out of my sister's room, which was a large, sombre apartment. It was said to attract a frequently seen ghost by the force of its profound twilight and historic sorrows; and my sister, who was courageous enough to startle a ghost, highly approved of this corner of her domain. But she suddenly lost her buoyant taste for disembodied spirits, and a rumor floated mistily about that Una had seen the wretched woman who could not forget her woes in death. In Monte Beni this oratory is minutely pictured, where "beneath the crucifix . . . lay a human skull . . . carved in gray alabaster, most skillfully done . . . with accurate imitation of the teeth, the sutures, the empty eye-caverns." Everywhere the intense picturesqueness gave material, at Montaito, for my father's romance. Stella, whom he invited into her story without changing her name, was a sympathetic object in my now somewhat alarmed and lonely days. I call her an "object," because I could not understand a word she said, and she soon gave up opening her lips when we were together. She looked kind, in spite of her rocky hardness of Italian feature, and she fed me on dried melon-seeds when I was

at the lowest tide of depression. Sometimes she was to be found at the well, close to the entrance-arch. There the faithful servant let down a bucket by its heavy chain with a doomsday clank. The sunlight revealed the smallness and brilliancy and number of her black braids and the infinite multitude of her wrinkles, as well as the yellowness of her dangling gold earrings and the texture of her parchment-like arms, which were the color of glossy brown leaves. Sometimes she would awaken me from soporific melancholy by allowing herself to be found upon her knees in her bedroom, a bare and colorless region, her great black crucifix hanging in majestic solitude upon the wall above her handsome old head. I thought her temporarily insane to pray so much, and at all to an audience; but I recognized the gentleness of the attacks, and I somehow loved her for them. Even to the ignorance of error truth can be beautiful. To give a clearer glimpse of the villa, which with our life there became one of the most precious of our memories, and a glimpse also of one or two people and events, I will insert this letter from my mother:

August 14, 1858.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH, — Una and Rose were getting pale for the first time in their lives, and Mr. Hawthorne was languid and weary of the city life, and an English lady, a friend of the Brownings, told us of this villa, which the Count da Montaito wished to let this summer, though never before, and so we tried for it and got it. It is a most enchanting situation, and the villa is immensely large and very nice. We have an old mediæval tower at the oldest end, in which Savonarola was confined, and from its summit we have a view which one might dream of, but seldom see. We are so high, however, that from the first floor we have a sweeping view, and look down on the most sumptuous valley of the Arno from our western windows, —

a level plain, cultivated every inch with grapes and olives and other fruits; and all round rise up soft hills, and the Apennines afar off where the sun sets. We see the noble white steers slowly moving in the valley, among the trees, ploughing as in the days of Cincinnatus. An infinite peace and quiet reign. We hear birds, and in the evening the cue owl utters his melodious, melancholy one note. The world does not disturb us. The air is as pure and fresh as air can possibly be, blowing from the sweet, carefully tended plain, and sweeping down from the mountains. Near us is the villa and tower of Aurora Leigh, just at the end of our estate, and farther off is Galileo's tower, where he studied the heavens. Northeast from us lies the beautiful Florence, burning in the bottom of the cup of hills, with all its domes and campaniles, palaces and churches. Fiesole, the cradle of Florence, is visible among the heights at the east, and San Miniato, with its grove of cypresses, is farther off to the south. There is no end of beauty and interest, and the view becomes ideal and poetic the moment the sun begins its decline; for then the rose and purple mists drape the hills, and mountains — the common earth — turn to amethysts, topazes, and sapphires, and words can never convey an idea of the opaline heavens, which seem to have illimitable abysses of a penetrable substance, made up of the light of pearls. Literally and carefully I speak of the *light* of pearls, with the opaline changes. I am quite happy that I have seized the image. The effect is of a roundness with the confused yet clear outline of a pearl, an outline which also is not one, and the light looks living and absorbing. One evening, after the sun went down, rays of blue and rose came from it in a half-wheel shape, so ineffably delicate that if we looked too pryingly they were not there, but if we glanced unawares there they were. It was more like the thought of them than the realities. This summer we have our

first sight of Italian sunsets, for we were assured we should have fever if we were out at the hour in Rome. We began by watching them from the bridges over the Arno, which are perhaps the finest points of view, because the river is added. It flows east and west, and so we have all the glory by standing on either of the bridges. The arches, the reflections in the waters, the city's palaces and churches, the distant hills, all come in for a part of the pomp and splendor, — all that man can do, all that God has done, for this lovely land. Una's chamber is in the tower [but approached from the house], a large, lofty, vaulted chamber, with an oratory attached, full of Madonnas, pyxes, "and all sorts," as Mr. Browning says. There is a regular chapel besides. Mr. Hawthorne has a delightful suite of study, saloon, dressing-room, and chamber, away from all the rest of the family.

August 25th. Last evening Miss Ada Shepard and I went to a neighboring villa to see some table-turning, which I have never seen, nor anything appertaining to spirits. Mr. Frank Boott was there and a Fleming, Una's drawing-master. We tried patiently for two hours with the table, but though it trembled and wavered, nothing came of it; so Miss Shepard then took a pencil and paper for the spirits to write, if they would. [The attempt on Miss Shepard's part was now, and always afterwards, successful. My mother speaks of several somewhat vulgar spirits who caused great merriment.] Then Ada felt quite a different and new power seize her hand, rapidly writing: "Who?" "Mother." "Whose mother?" "Mrs. Hawthorne's. My dear child, I am with you. I wish to speak to you. My dearest child, I am *near* you. I am oftener with you than with any one." Ada's hand was carried forcibly back to make a strong underline beneath "near," and it was all written with the most eager haste, so that it agitated the medium very much, and me too; for I had

kept aloof in mind, because Mr. Hawthorne has such a repugnance to the whole thing. Mrs. Browning is a spiritualist. Mr. Browning opposes and protests with all his might, but he says he is ready to be convinced. Mrs. Browning is wonderfully interesting. She is the most delicate sheath for a soul I ever saw. One evening at Casa Guidi there was a conversation about spirits, and a marvelous story was told of two hands that crowned Mrs. Browning with a wreath through the mediumship of Mr. Hume. Mr. Browning declared that he believed the two hands were made by Mr. Hume and fastened to Mr. Hume's toes, and that he made them move by moving his feet. Mrs. Browning kept trying to stem his flow of eager, funny talk with her slender voice, but, like an arrowy river, he rushed and foamed and leaped over her slight tones, and she could not succeed in explaining how she *knew* they were spirit hands. She will certainly be in Rome next winter, unless she goes to Egypt. You would be infinitely charmed with Mrs. Browning, and with Mr. Browning as well. The latter is very mobile, and flings himself about just as he flings his thoughts on paper, and his wife is still and contemplative. Love, evidently, has saved her life. I think with you that "Aurora Leigh overflows with well-considered thought;" and I think all literature does not contain such a sweet baby, so dewy, so soft, so tender, so fresh. Mr. Hawthorne read me the book in Southport, but I have read it now again, sitting in our loggia, with Aurora's tower full in view. . . .

This loggia opened widely to the air on two sides, so that the opalescent views were framed in oblong borders of stone that rested our rejoicing eyes. Under the stone shade, in the centre of the Raphaellesque distances, many mornings were passed ideally. Visitors often joined us here. Among them was Miss Elizabeth Boott, afterwards Mrs. Duveneck,

who came with her little sketch-book. She made a water-color portrait of my father, which, as the young artist was then but a girl, looked like a cherub of pug-nosed, pink good nature, with its head loose. I can see that little sketch now, and I feel still a wave of the dizziness of my indignation at its strange depiction of a strong man reduced to dollhood. Miss Boott being a true artist in the bud, there was, of course, the eerie likeness of some unlike portraits. It became famous with us all as the most startling semblance we had ever witnessed. I sincerely wish that the ardor with which the young girl made her sketch could have been used later on a portrait, which certainly would have been superbly honest and vigorous, like all the work that has come from her wonderfully noble nature and her skillful perception. Another young lady appeared against the Raphaelesque landscape. She was very pretty in every way, and my mother was delighted to have her present, and showered endearing epithets upon her. Her large brown eyes were alluring beyond words, and her features pathetically piquant and expressive. Her face was rather round, pale, and emphatically saddened by the great sculptor Regret. She sat in picturesque attitudes, her cheek leaning against her hand, and her elbow somewhere on the back or arm of her chair; yet her positions were never excessive, but eminently gentle. She had been disappointed in love, and one was sure it was not in the love of the young man. She was too pretty to die, but she could look sad, and we all liked to have her with us, and preferred her charming misery to any other mood.

The roads going to and fro between the cream-colored stone walls of the surrounding country were unsparingly hot. I can feel now the flash of sunbeams that made me expect to curl up and die like a bit of vegetation in a flame. I tried to feel cooler when I saw the peasant women approaching, bent under their

loads of wheat or of brush. If they had no shading load, it made me gasp to observe that their Tuscan hats, as large as cart-wheels and ostensibly meant to shadow their faces, were either dangling in their hands or flapping backward uselessly. It seemed to be no end of a walk to Florence, and the drive thither was also detestable, — all from the heat and dust, and probably only at that time of year. The views of many-colored landscape, hazy with steaming fields, were lovely if you could once muster the energy to gaze across the high road-walls when the thoroughfare sank down a declivity. After a while there were cottages, outside of which ancient crones sat knitting like the wind, or spinning as smoothly as machines, by the aid of a distaff. Little girls, who were full-fledged peasant women in everything but size, pecked away at their knitting of blue socks, proud of their lately won skill and patient of the undesired toil. They were so small and comely and conformable, and yet conveyed such an idea of volcanic force ready to rebel, that they entranced me. Further inside the heart of the city upstarted the intoxications of sin and the terrible beggars with their maimed children. I never lost the impressions of human wrong there gathered into a telling argument. The crowded hurry and the dirty creatures that attend commercial greed and selfish enjoyment in cities everywhere weltered along the sidewalks and unhesitatingly plunged into the mud of the streets. It seemed to me even then that something should be done for the children maimed by inhuman fathers, and for their weeping mothers too. My father did not forget in his art the note he found in beautiful Florence, though it was too sad to introduce by a definite exposition, and falls upon the ear, in Monte Beni, like a wordless minor chord.

I sometimes went with my mother when she called at Casa Guidi, where the Brownings lived. I had a fixed idea

that Galileo belonged to their family circle; and I had a vision of him in my mind which was quite as clear as Mrs. Browning ever was (although I sat upon her lap), representing him as holding the sun captive in his back yard, while he blinked down upon it from a high prison of his own. The house, as I recall it, seemed to have a network of second-story piazzas, and the rooms were very much shadowed and delightfully cool. Mr. Browning was shining in the shadow, by the temperate brightness of mind alone, and ever talking merrily. Cultivated English folk are endowed with sounding gayety of voice, but he surpassed them all, as the medley of his rushing thought and the glorious cheer of his perception would suggest. Mrs. Browning was there: so you knew by her heavy dark curls and white cheeks, but doubted, nevertheless, when you came to meet her great eyes, so dreamy that you wondered which was alive, you or she. Her hand, usually held up to her cheek, was absolutely ghostlike. Her form was so small, and deeply imbedded in a reclining-chair or couch-corner, that it amounted to nothing. The dead Galileo could not possibly have had a wiser or more doubtfully attested being as a neighbor. If the poor scientist had been there to assert that Mrs. Browning breathed, he would probably have been imprisoned forthwith by another incredulous generation. My mother speaks, on her second visit to Rome, of the refreshment of Mr. Browning's calls, and says that the sudden meetings with him gave her weary nerves rest during the strain of my sister's illness. She could not have rejoiced in his spirited loveliness more than the little girl by her side, who sometimes languished for direct personal intercourse in all the panorama of pictures and statues, and friends absorbed in sight-seeing. I had learned to be grateful for art and ruins, if only they were superlative of their kind. I put away a store of such in my fancy. But Mr.

Browning was a perfection which *looked at me*, and moved vigorously! For many years he associated himself in my mind with the blessed visions that had enriched my soul in Italy, and continued to give it sustenance in the loneliness of my days when we again threw ourselves upon the inartistic mercies of a New England village. He grouped himself with a lovely Diana at the Vatican, with some of Raphael's Madonnas and the statue of Perseus, with Beatrice Cenci and the wild flowers of our journeys by *vettura*, besides a few other faultless treasures deeply appreciated by me. We all noticed Mr. Browning's capacity for springing through substances and covering space without the assistance of time.

My mother says in her little diary of Rome, "I met Mr. Browning; or rather, he rushed at me from a distance, and seemed to come through a carriage in his way." It was as if he longed to teach people how to follow his thoughts in poetry, as they flash electrically from one spot to another, thinking nothing of leaping to a mountain-top from an inspection of "callow nestlings," or any other tender fact of smallest interest. Not one of all the cherubs of the great masters had a sunnier face, more dancing curls, or a sweeter smile than he. The most present personality was his; the most distant, even when near, was the personality he married. I have wondered whether the Faun would have sprung with such untainted jollity into the sorrows of to-day if Mr. Browning had not leaped so blithely before my father's eyes. "Browning's nonsense," he writes, "is of a very genuine and excellent quality, the true babble and effervescence of a bright and powerful mind; and he lets it play among his friends with the faith and simplicity of a child." Contrasts such as these which I have hinted at excite the imagination like fine old wine, and I have always enjoyed knowing that my father had such an abundance of them in Italy.

I think I must be right in tracing one of the chief enchantments of the story of Dr. Grimshawe to these months upon the hill of Bellosguardo. For at Montaito one of the terrors was the cohort of great spiders. There is no word in the dictionary so large or so menacing as a large spider of the Dr. Grimshawe kind. Such appear, like exclamations, all over the world. I saw one as huge and thrilling as these Italian monsters on the Larch Path at the Wayside, a few years later; but at Montaito they really swaggered and remained. We perceive such things from a great distance, as all disaster may be perceived if we are not more usefully employed. A presentiment whispers, "There he is!" and looking unswervingly in the right direction, there he is, to be sure. I could easily have written a poor story, though not a good novel, upon the effectiveness of these spiders, glaring in the chinks of bed-curtains, or moving like shadows upon the chamber wall or around the windows, and I can guess my father's amusement over them. They were as large as plums, with numerous legs that spread and brought their personality out to the verge of impossibility. I suppose they stopped there, but I am not sure. No wonder the romancer humorously added a touch that made a spider of the doctor himself, with his vast web of pipe-smoke!

The great romance of Monte Beni is thus referred to by Mr. Motley and his wife; I give a few sentences written by the latter, a friend of many years' standing, and I insert Mr. Motley's letter entire:—

WALTON-ON-THAMES,
April 13, 1860.

DEAREST SOPHIA, — . . . My pen continues to be the same instrument of torture to me that you remember it always was in my youth, when I used to read your letters with such wonder and delight. This spell is still upon me, for I appreciate the magic of your mind now

as much as I did then, and have treasured up every little bit of a note that you wrote me in Rome. I like your fresh feminine enthusiasm, and always feel better and happier under its influence. . . . I am glad that you were so much pleased with Lothrop's letter of praise and thanksgiving; a poor return at best for the happiness we had derived from reading Mr. Hawthorne's exquisite romance. . . . I shall not now attempt to add any poor words of mine to his expressive ones, except to assure you of my deep sympathy for the infinite content and joy you must feel in this new expression of your husband's genius. We were so much pleased to find that he was willing to come to us in London, which we hardly dared to hope for. . . . At least I can promise to *attend* to him as little as possible. . . . We have taken for the season a small house in Hertford Street, 31, which belongs to Lady Byron, who has fitted it up for her granddaughter, Lady Annabella King. . . . The eldest brother, Lord Ockham, is a mechanic, and is now working in a machine-shop in Blackwall Island, where he lives. This eccentric course is rather, I fear, the development of a propensity for low company and pursuits than from anything Peter the Greatish there is about him. His father, who is the quintessence of aristocracy, has cast him off. . . . Lothrop was very much gratified by all the fine things you said about him, and so was I; for praise from you means something and is worth having, because it comes from the heart. There is another volume written, . . . but another must be written before either is published.

Ever your affectionate M. E. M.

The "letter of praise and thanksgiving" referred to above is as follows:—

WALTON-ON-THAMES.

MY DEAR HAWTHORNE, — I can't resist the impulse to write a line to you,

in order to thank you for the exquisite pleasure I have derived from your new romance. Everything that you have ever written, I believe, I have read many times; and I am particularly vain of having admired *Lights from a Steeple*, when I first read it in the *Boston Token*, several hundred years ago, when we were both younger than we are now; and of having detected and cherished, at a later day, an Old Apple Dealer, whom I believe that you have unhandsomely thrust out of your presence, now you are grown so great. But the romance of *Monte Beni* has the additional charm for me that it is the first book of yours that I have read since I had the privilege of making your personal acquaintance. My memory goes back at once to those (alas, not too frequent, but that was never my fault) walks we used to take along the Tiber or in the Campagna, during that dark period when your *Una* was the cause of such anxiety to your household and to all your friends; and it is delightful to get hold of the book now, and know that it is impossible for you any longer, after waving your wand, as you occasionally did then, indicating where the treasure was hidden, to sink it again beyond the plummet's sound. I admire the book exceedingly. I don't suppose that it is a matter of much consequence to you whether I do or not, but I feel as much disposition to say so as if it were quite an original and peculiar idea of my own, and as if the whole world were not just now saying the same thing. I suppose that your ears are somewhat stunned with your praises, appearing as you do after so long an interval; but I hope that, amid the din, you will not disdain the whisper from such sincere admirers as I am myself, and my wife and daughter are. I don't know which of the trio is the warmest one, and we have been fighting over the book, as it is one which, for the first reading at least, I did not like to hear aloud. I am only writing in a vague, maundering, uncritical way, to express

sincere sympathy and gratitude, not to exhibit any dissenting powers, if I have any. If I were composing an article for a review, of course I should feel obliged to show cause for my admiration, but I am now only obeying an impulse. Permit me to say, however, that your style seems, if possible, more perfect than ever. Where, oh where is the godmother who gave you to talk pearls and diamonds? How easy it seems till anybody else tries! Believe me, I don't say to you half what I say behind your back; and I have said a dozen times that nobody can write English but you. With regard to the story, which has been slightly criticised, I can only say that to me it is quite satisfactory. I like those shadowy, weird, fantastic, Hawthornesque shapes flitting through the golden gloom which is the atmosphere of the book. I like the misty way in which the story is indicated rather than revealed. The outlines are quite definite enough, from the beginning to the end, to those who have imagination enough to follow you in your airy flights; and to those who complain, I suppose nothing less than an illustrated edition, with a large gallows on the last page, with Donatello in the most pensive of attitudes, his ears revealed at last through a white nightcap, would be satisfactory.

I beg your pardon for such profanation, but it really moves my spleen that people should wish to bring down the volatile figures of your romance to the level of an every-day novel. It is exactly the romantic atmosphere of the book in which I revel. You who could cast a glamour over the black scenery and personalities of ancient and of modern Massachusetts could hardly fail to throw the tenderest and most magical hues over Italy, and you have done so. I don't know that I am especially in love with Miriam or Hilda, or that I care very much what is the fate of Donatello; but what I do like is the air of unreality with which you have clothed familiar scenes

without making them less familiar. The way in which the two victims dance through the Carnival on the last day is very striking. It is like a Greek tragedy in its effect, without being in the least Greek. As I said before, I can't single out any special scene, description, or personage by which to justify or illustrate my feeling about the book. That I could do better after a second reading, when it would be easy to be coldly critical. I write now just after having swallowed the three volumes almost at a draught; and if my tone is one of undue exhilaration, I can only say it was you gave me the wine. It is the book — as a whole — that I admire, and I hope you will forgive my saying so in four pages instead of four words.

Is there any chance of our seeing you this summer? We expect to be in London next month. It will be very shabby of you not to let us have a glimpse of you; but I know you to be capable of any meanness in that line. At any rate, you can have little doubt how much pleasure it will give us. Pray don't answer this if it is in the least a bore to you to do so. I know that you are getting notes of admiration by the bushel, and I have no right to expect to hear from you. At the same time it would be a great pleasure to me to hear from you, for old (alas, no, — new) acquaintance' sake.

I remain very sincerely yours,

J. L. MOTLEY.

Of the discussions about Monte Beni I remember hearing a good deal, as my mother laughingly rehearsed passages in letters and reviews which scolded about Hawthorne's tantalizing vagueness and conscienceless Catholicity. My parents tried to be lenient towards the public, whose excitement was so complimentary, if its usually heavy inability to analyze its best intellectual wine was fatiguing. My father never for a moment expected to be widely understood, although he no

doubt hoped to be so in certain cases. He must have easily deduced something in the way of chances for appreciative analysis from prevalent literature. He struck me as a good deal like an innocent prisoner at the bar, and if I had not been a member of his family I might have been sorry for him. As it was, I felt convinced that he could afford to be silent, patient, indifferent, now that his work was perfected. My mother put into words all that was necessary of indignation at people's desire for a romance or a "penny dreadful" that would have been different and ineffective. Meantime, such rewards as Mr. Motley offered weighed down the already laden scales on the side of artistic wealth.

Perhaps it will not be impertinent for me to remark, in reference to this admirable and delightful letter, that its writer here exemplifies the best feelings about Hawthorne's art without quite knowing it. We see him bubbling glad ejaculations in the true style of an Omar Khayyám who has drained the magic cup handed to him. It is delicious to hear that he was not sure he cared about the personages of a story that had clutched his imagination and heart, until he reeled a little with responsive enchantment; though it is hard to say about what he cared if not about the romancer's powerful allies, who carried his meaning for him. Mr. Motley tries to attribute to the scenes he knew so well in reality, under their new guise of dreamy vividness, the spell which came, I believe, from the reality of moral grandeur, in both its sin and its holiness, but which we so entirely ignore every precious hour by sinking to the realities of bricks and common clay. Miriam and Donatello may seem at first glance like visions; but I have always been taught that their spell lay in our innate sense that they were ourselves, as we really are. The wine of great truth is at first the most heady of all, making its revelations shimmer.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

THE SCOTCH ELEMENT IN THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

WHEN we seek information concerning the origin of the people of the United States, we quickly find that the questions of to-day did not suggest themselves to our forefathers. If the good folk of old had only foreseen our quests, they would have provided a great deal in the way of statistics about immigration, so that we might have known whence came the hosts who sought refuge in America, and something of their conditions when they came. As it is, we are left with only bits of general information where we desire accurate data. Yet even the fragmentary truths which can be gathered enable us to know much that is of interest as to the share for good or ill that the various European peoples have had in the upbuilding of our nation. In the case of the Scotch the outlines of the story are clearer than in that of any other of the immigrants. Scotchmen leave a broad and enduring wake in the sea of life; whether they be Lowlanders or Highlanders, we can by names and qualities trace their stock even where, by the strange neglect of traditions so common among the illiterate people of this country, the families have lost all memory of their origin.

Before undertaking to follow the path of the Scotch in America, the reader should clear his mind of certain common misjudgments concerning the folk as they are here, or rather in their own country. It is usually assumed that these people are of essentially one origin: this view is a mistake; the evidence goes to show that the Lowland population is in large measure derived from the Scandinavians, who in the time of the excursions of the Norsemen occupied the fertile tracts south of the mountains, the neighboring districts of Durham and Yorkshire, as well as the more southern parts of eastern British shore. With this blood

of the Dane and Celt was combined that of the more southern peoples of Britain; so that for a thousand years or more this Lowland district has been the seat of a mixed people, composed of varied stocks, all powerful. An addition of ability appears to have come to it in the refugees who fled from the tyranny of the Norman invaders of England.

On the north, in general, but imperfectly separated from the Lowlands, in the characteristic Highlands of Scotland, the more purely Celtic people long held themselves apart from the civilization of this southern country, which interested them only as a field of forays. The obdurate resistance of these people to the war power of Rome, and England as well, as representing the influences of civilization, has perhaps never been equaled by any other race which has shown a capacity for high culture. With their admirable qualities of body and mind they have shown a curious insensibility to the changes which have affected their neighbors. They held by the Stuart line and by the Roman Church, bearing most valiantly all the sore burdens which their loyalty brought upon them. It may be said that the Highland Scotch are the latest to be modernized of all the peoples of Europe who have taken a large share in its affairs.

There is a common notion that the Highlander is the characteristic Scotchman; that from his part of the realm have come the literature and the quality of men which have given such deserved fame to Scotland. This is far from being true; it is from the mixed blood of the Lowlands that has come nearly all the genius and talent in literature, statecraft, science, and war that has so distinguished the Scotch people. The Highlander remains the braw, sturdy, altogether admirable man of the ruder employments, but

if he had held the land south to the Tweed, Scotland would have been denied the first place among the communities of equal numbers in the modern world, which, measured by the accomplishments of its children, we have to assign to it.

The quality which, for the inquiry we now have in view, is most interesting in the Lowlander is his singular capacity for rising in the world. The accident of birth has little determining value in his history. Youths from the peasant households quickly become free to the palaces; education of the higher sort is common in a way unknown in other countries. In fact, the essential American condition of social elasticity exists in southern Scotland quite as much as in our own land. This condition is perhaps due, in both countries, to the considerable admixture of what we may term high-grade blood, to ancestral strains from families of quality and social experience occurring even in families of the poorer sort. The history of the population of the Lowlands, so far as it is known to the writer, appears to support this conjecture.

To whatever may be due the remarkable capacity of the Lowlander to win his way upward, this characteristic makes him the best possible man to go abroad in the world, for it indicates a rare association of qualities, in which laboriousness and adaptability, the two prime needs for successful immigration, play an important part. It is perhaps to this same capacity for independent and well-directed action that we may ascribe the noteworthy fact that the Lowland Scotch have been little disposed to found colonies, but have usually preferred to steer forth alone, seeking their own wherever they might find it. In this regard they seem to differ from the Highlanders, who are less content to merge their lives with the masses of men, and are less skillful in so doing.

The result of this independence of action among Scotchmen, especially among the Lowlanders, makes it difficult to trace

them in this country. We can say that here and there, along the Atlantic coast in particular, we have English, French, German, Swedish, and other settlements: we can trace from them migrations of the descendants of the original settlers westward for it may be a thousand miles from the parent station. Not so with the Scotch: excepting the settlement, mostly of Highlanders, in Nova Scotia, of which special mention will be made soon, there is nothing that can be called a Scotch colony on the Atlantic coast. This absolute independence in their migrations seems peculiar to the Scotch.

Like all other general statements, the last needs a measure of qualification. There have been sundry instances in which large numbers of Scotch have come at about the same time to occupy certain parts of this country; the most distinct colony is that of Nova Scotia, or rather Cape Breton, which was originally an independent province. This settlement, which came late in the history of our colonies, being founded after the deposition of the French, was made up almost altogether of Catholic Gaels, the characteristic Highlanders. To this day it remains in quality and in faith what is perhaps the largest and purest body of Scotch Gaels outside of their native country, where the traveler on unfrequented roads may journey the furthest without finding any one to speak English. The obdurate conservatism which has so long held them back in the mother country belongs to them still: they hold to the old faith of Rome and to the songs of their people. I remember an all-night ride in a wagon with half a dozen of these unchanged Caterans, who mixed their whiskey with a ceaseless crooning of songs in their native tongue, and also their oppressive but fruitless desire to bring the stranger into their primitive fun. They have the singular endurance of alcohol which characterizes their kindred over the sea, as is shown by the fact that they are never too drunk

to be clever. One evening I was puzzled to find all the men who were on the road exceedingly drunk, too much so to give any account of the occasion for the festivity. At last, selecting one of the revelers, who was on horseback, I addressed him as Tam O'Shanter, — a compliment which he fully appreciated in his toper's merry way, — and asked the reason for his own state and that of his neighbors. "What will ye gie me an I till?" said Tam. "What do ye ask?" "A drink o' whiskey." "Agreed," said the questioner. "Gie me the drink first." When he had emptied the small flask, "It's nae muckle," said he sadly, looking at the little vessel as if the pay were inadequate, but he gave the due. "Din ye ken this is confession day? and doom a mon who will not get drunk when he has confessed." For all their retardation and love of drink, the population of Cape Breton is one of the finest in America. It is enough to make any one who has ever recruited a command feel a touch of sadness to see these shapely fellows, so admirably built to be soldiers, going to waste in the ordinary dull uses of civilization.

So far as can be determined by the aspect of the people, — which, be it said, is not very far, — the Scotch of the Nova Scotia peninsula differ from those of the island district in that they are more generally derived from the Lowlands; in fact, as we go west from the Gut of Canso the Gaelic manner and face gradually disappear, until in the meridian of Halifax and progressively further westward the people of southern British origin appear to be as numerous as those of Scottish descent.

It is curious to note that in certain ways the relations of New Scotland and New England reproduce in a more limited field of action those of the mother countries to each other; in each case, the more southern land offers enlarged opportunities to the talent of its poorer and thriftier neighbors of the north. New England is very fortunate in the immi-

grants it has received from Nova Scotia. These people are mostly from the peninsular district; so far as I have been able to learn, few come from Cape Breton. Although long upon American soil, these people are characteristically Scotch; even their brogue has departed little from that of the mother country. While the New Englander affects something of the contempt for the "Bluenose" that the southern Britisher expresses for the "Sawny," he knows, as does the southern Englishman, that the stranger is altogether as good a man as himself; withal he likes him, and welcomes him to a share in his life more cordially than he does any other foreigner. This is a high tribute, for of all the people of this country the Yankee is the least tolerant of outlanders.

As the Nova Scotians are a strong and prolific people, there is reason to expect — indeed, we may say to hope — that in the future the tide of emigration from their country will become of much importance to the New England district. The draft which the western parts of the United States are making, and are likely to make for some generations to come, upon the original population of the States east of the Hudson River renders it improbable that the original stock of New England will retain the mastery of it. For a while it seemed likely that the Canadian French, prolific as they are, and accustomed to deal with a stubborn soil, would fall heir to the land. There is now reason to believe that the movement of this obdurately foreign element of our American people is to be mainly to the westward, following what may be termed the law of the displacement of our population, and that the same law of movement may bring the people of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to fill the vacant places which the Yankees have left for more attractive fields. This issue we can view with much satisfaction, for the essential qualities of the New England folk are most likely to be perpetuated by emigrants from the mari-

time provinces. They inherit the same courage of the sea that goes with the viking blood. More than any other American people, they possess the combination of qualities which fits men to meet the trials which await those who have to deal at once with a stubborn earth and with a boisterous ocean. So far, but one stock, that derived from the Scandinavian peninsula, has proved itself able, under such conditions, to rise to a high state. Among the many evils which are likely to arise from a continuance of an insensate hostility towards our kindred English, we shall have to reckon on the arrest of this natural movement of the people from the colonies about the mouth of the St. Lawrence into the New England district.

In Canada, the descendants of the Scottish immigrants are everywhere a conspicuous element in the population; there more than elsewhere in America the Lowlanders have kept on the frontier, doing the good work of pioneers. In part, their position as borderers has been due to the fact that the Hudson Bay Company, which for a long time held the wilderness of the Dominion, was accustomed to select its factors and other servants largely from the Scotch. Those people to a considerable extent intermarried with the Indians, and their descendants, whether of pure or of mixed blood, seem likely to shape the societies which are to develop in the hyperborean realm lying in the great central valley of the continent, — a region which, though endowed with a fertile soil and rich in mineral resources, needs Scandinavian strength for its development.

From the maritime provinces southward along the Atlantic coast we have to journey far before we find any distinct body of people who are of Scottish blood. To New England, in the early days, the Scotch came but seldom, and apparently in no organized movement. The reason for this is not clear; it might have been presumed that the likeness of religious aims would have attracted at least the

Calvinistic Lowlanders. The colonists of this region, however, were well known to be rather indisposed to tolerate even slight differences of religious opinion. To this humor we may perhaps attribute the fact that the largest and most characteristic settlements of Scotch made within the limits of the United States were established in the region south of the Potomac, in the colonies of Virginia and North Carolina. ✓ The movements which brought this immigration took place in the eighteenth century; they appear to have been due mainly to the disturbances which attended the long struggle between the Stuart dynasty and the English people that led to a century of disorder in northern Britain and in Ireland.

To the southern district came excellent samples of the two varieties of Scotch. In large part the Lowland element settled in the region north of the James River, while the Gaelic folk betook themselves mainly to the elevated table-land district of North Carolina which lies between the coastal plain and the southern Appalachians. To the last-named region, after the battle of Culloden, came a considerable number of Highlanders, including the famous Flora MacDonald, who is said to have sheltered the Pretender under her petticoats when he was in danger of capture. Only a part of these settlers took firm root in the country; many of them, with the curious perversity of loyalty which so often characterizes the Celtic peoples, refused to cast in their lot with the colonies in the time of the Revolution, and returned to their native country. Those who remained long kept together, retaining their language and habits; it is said that the Gaelic speech and even some of the churches survived until the time of our civil war. Here and there, in the central and western parts of North Carolina, the observant traveler can still note little communities where the aspect and the speech of the people denote their Highland blood. In general, however, it has

become mixed with that of the Scotch of the Lowlands and of southern Britain, to form one of the sturdiest elements of our American population.

In Virginia as elsewhere, it is the Lowland Scotch and the Scotch-Irish who have left their mark upon the population and upon the history of the country. The immigrants generally found their place on the western borders of the colonized areas in the Piedmont district and beyond the Blue Ridge. In these fields they were exposed to the Indians and their French allies. Thus placed, their habit of war was not likely to disappear. There are no statistics which serve to show the number of the Scotch immigrants in colonial times. That they came in considerable numbers is indicated by the abundance of the Lowland family names, and by the fact that many Calvinist churches were founded, some of which have remained to this generation. A friend who knows this part of the country well told me that he had attended one of these covenanter churches, and here had heard a hymn with the anti-Darwinian lines: —

“The race is not to him that’s got
The longest legs to run,
Nor the battell to that peepell
That shoots the strongest gun.”

The Scotch traditions are still to be traced in the characteristic fanatical adhesion to the Jewish method of observing the weekly holyday which still prevails in many of the mountain valleys of southwestern Virginia. A bit of personal experience will show the persistence of this custom. Some years ago it became necessary for me to leave a camp on the Kentucky line before dawn, on a summer morning, for a long horseback journey. I reckoned on a breakfast for myself and my horse at the first house where I should choose to seek refreshment; but the reckoning was without the host. Again and again I was

turned from the doors of good people, who sternly yet sorrowfully told me that I was a Sabbath-breaker, and must go my way unfed. At last, in the afternoon, while there were many miles before me, my horse began to fail, so that I had to dismount and lead him. Coming to a ferry, I begged the ferryman for indulgence. After much debate he agreed that the “critter” should not suffer; in fact, after a while he confessed that as for himself, he did not much believe in this “tie-up Sunday.” It may be noted that ferrymen, like shoemakers, are an advanced lot of people; their occupation gives them time for thought. To my suggestion that he might bring me some food from the house, he said that he “dassent do it,” but that I might try to argue it out with his wife, though it was a poor chance. After a long absence he asked me into the dwelling, where, in the kitchen and very near the door, sat the stern-faced dame, evidently prepared to give judgment against me. It was a situation which called for skillful pleading; so with my prelude “beginning doubtfully and far away,” I managed to make it clear that my journey was one of some necessity, and not a mere perverse violation of the law. Then, at the right time, a tolerably apt quotation from Scripture, as a counter to the sermon I was receiving with due humility, brought the judge to the conclusion that the criminal should receive an allowance of bread and milk. This point gained, the way to the well-stocked larder opened, it proved easy, with other selections from the good book, to secure a succession of courses, each forthcoming as a reward for some bit of ancient lore. It is pleasant memory, this, of a hard-featured backwoods saint making her successive expeditions to the pantry, while the hungry fellow was searching the closets of his memory for the wherewithal to pay the price of his meal.¹

¹ Among the descendants of the Scotch, in the South as elsewhere, a knowledge of the

Bible is the surest and broadest basis for human intercourse. These people have so given

When, in the latter part of the last century, the time arrived for the great movement of the Virginia and North Carolina people into the valley of the Ohio, the first emigrants came from the border folk and those who had been engaged in the Revolutionary War. At that time the Scotch families had been long enough on the soil to have reared their children, and even their children's children. Adventurous people, with a well-affirmed proclivity for war as well as for gain, they freely joined the westward movement. Those of Scottish blood who went to Kentucky were clearly much fewer in number than their comrades of southern British extraction, but, after the manner of heaven, they did much to lift and shape the vast state-making work in the Western realm. The effect of this element in the Ohio Valley, and especially in Kentucky, is most traceable, it seems to me, in the excellent business quality of the people, — that combination of enthusiasm and discretion which at once moves men to extended enterprises and makes them deliberate in action. The spirit of the canny Scot may be traced in every stage of history in the Western commonwealth, from the time when it was seeking its independence of Virginia, through the long and complicated negotiations for admission into the Federal Union, its struggles with the ills of wild-cat money, the moral and political trials of the civil war, down to its last decisive action, when, but a few months ago, it pronounced against the debasement of the monetary standards, and smote the gubernatorial candidate of the Democratic party for his failure to abide on the platform on which he was pledged to stand. In all these matters of large politics the people have shown a gravity of themselves to it that it has completely driven out all trace of their ancient culture. I have never been able to find among them a trace of their ancient ballads or other romances. The truth probably is that people, even those of large intellectual mould, can really appropriate but a limited amount of literature; so

understanding which, as compared with other like-placed communities, is exceptional. It may indeed be termed unique. Problems which other States have treated with thoughtless passion they have dealt with in a practical business manner which indicates the existence of some unusual elements. As these qualities are what we know to belong with the large-minded Lowland Scotch nature, it seems not too much to attribute their manifestations to the considerable element of that blood which is known to exist in the commonwealth.

Those who are well acquainted with Kentucky, and who also know Scotland, are apt to remark the frequent likeness of the physical form and the mental quality of the people of the two communities. In each we find plentiful examples of the braw men, — rude-featured giants of the old Scandinavian mould; outgiving in speech in a way that may deceive the unwary into the notion that they are easily seen through, though they are really more hidden than the silent men of other races. In a certain measure this likeness extends to the quality of the voices. An ear attentive to the varied intonations of our people can find traces of the Scotch burr in pronunciation which is so marked a feature among the people of Scotland. I may note the fact that, although I am no sharer in the Scottish blood, and never have been brought into very close relation with any native of Scotland, the impression left by my early life in Kentucky to this day leads people to take me for a Scotchman. Repeatedly it has happened that chance acquaintances of Scotch birth have unhesitatingly addressed me as a fellow-countryman. Before I had ever set foot in the "land o' cakes," one of when, with the advent of Protestantism, the great body of literary matter contained in the Bible, in quantity much more than can be commanded by any ordinary intelligence, was delivered to the Scotch, it excluded their native traditional lore. Like many more tutored folk they could not command two literatures.

these fellows, a betting man, offered to wager a hundred pounds that I was a native of that country.

There is a curious difficulty in tracing the distribution of the Scotch, or at least of the Lowland people, which arises from the readiness with which they distribute themselves over any land, — indeed, we may say over the wide world, — and the celerity with which they mingle in the social and business life of the places wherein they cast their lot. In the case of the Irish, the Italians, and the people of some other nationalities which send us large numbers of recruits, the immigrants follow certain beaten paths of westward going; they gather into clanlike aggregations which show how much they depend for support on their original environments. The southern Scotchman, however, shows his larger nature by his capacity to submit himself to any environment and to reconcile himself therewith.

This disseminative capacity of a people is perhaps the best gauge of their fitness to be adopted into our commonwealth. Where it is slight the process of adoption may be very slow, as in the case of the Pennsylvanian Germans, who have not become well diffused at the end of near two centuries' residence in this country. Where it is great we may have the quick blending which marks the movements of the Lowland Scotch. The government statistics appear to show that, in a general but very indicative way, the disseminative motive is related to the education of the folk. The evident tendency of the illiterate immigrants is to fall into the sinks of the larger cities of the seaboard, while those who can read and write move on into the interior. In a word, as the understanding is broadened, the desire of the man to seek rather than blindly to accept a lot is enlarged. It is due, probably, to the better education of the Lowland Scotchman, as well as to his larger share of constructive imagination, that he has shown a readiness to take the world for his province.

It has often been remarked that wherever you find a Scotchman he is likely to be at the top. Even drunkenness, the besetting sin of his and other strong peoples, does not seem to reduce him to the abject condition to which it brings milder folk. His ascendancy is manifest in every field of action, but it is best indicated in business enterprises of large sort. It would be interesting to trace the influence of Scotchmen in the greater commercial undertakings of the New World, but it cannot be done here. It is well, however, to remember that the admirable Darien scheme of William Paterson, which two hundred years ago, but for the supine conduct of the British government, might have given the control of the isthmus to our race, was chartered by the Scotch Parliament, and with a singular enthusiasm promoted by the Scottish people. That wonderful man, Paterson, from a lowly station rose to a position which enabled him to found the Bank of England, accumulate a great fortune, lose his wealth in the greatest speculation of the age (unless that of his countryman, George Law, be given precedence), rise from his ruin and almost from the grave, gain the confidence of his king, and, at his most untimely death, be in a fair way to succeed in the imperial scheme. Packman, preacher, buccaneer, pioneer, a poet in projects, with a genius for shaping them for use, Paterson should have developed in Chicago or South Africa, where the men of his race and quality find in this day their appointed fields. Those who have noted American business life, and have been curious enough to look a bit into the origin of the men who are its guiding spirits, have had occasion to remark how often their names and aspects denote their Scotch descent. As has already been said, this fact is in no wise peculiar to America; it is world-wide in its generality. It would be most interesting to ascertain what were the circumstances of origin and nurture which have served to

shape the capacities of these people. To those who are concerned in the great experiment of folk-making which is going on in our country the question is one of exceeding interest. Without overmuch confidence in the results of inquiries as to what goes to the making of men we may essay one answer.

It is well to note, in the first place, that, imperfect as is our knowledge as to the origin of the Lowland Scotch, it is yet evident that the people are of very mixed blood. Upon an indigenous population, probably of Celtic stock, there has been engrafted a body of Scandinavian folk of a kind selected by circumstances for their strength. To this hybrid stock have been added contributions from time to time of southern English who have sought refuge from the religious and political disorders of past centuries. The long and intimate relations between Scotland and France, which are marked in the vocabulary of the first-named country, doubtless led to a considerable importation of Gaelic blood; and the endless wanderings of the soldiers of fortune in war and trade may have brought about a like though lesser resort to Scotland of people from many other European countries. Thus, before the modern quality of the Lowlander began to make its great mark in history, conditions favored the gathering into his country of a varied lot of men, who, by the circumstances of their coming, were probably subjected to a considerable measure of selection. Celt, Northman, Saxon, French, and whatever else, were there, united by an intense local life into which there entered a wide range of political, religious, and social loves and hatreds, in a neat little pot of a state that could be conveniently kept boiling by the crackling of abundant thorns.

Add to the other conditions of the Lowlander an early devised and very effective system of public education, — unequaled unless it may be by that of Iceland, — which opened to every likely

lad the ways into the broad world, and we have the assemblage of conditions which, so far as we can discern, brought forth this admirable variety of man. If Scotland had been a wide realm instead of a little cradle-place for a race, it would probably have become dominant in Great Britain, if not in northern Europe. With a very small area of tillable soil, the people have had to send forth unending swarms to win chances in other fields. In a way the eastern part of the United States repeats the conditions for the nurture of men which exist in Scotland. During the generations down to the beginning of this century there was here a like mingling of races, with a free though less tumultuous life to bring them into association; less of strife and of personal loyalty, but enough, perhaps, for the quickening of wits which comes therefrom; education has had a like place. The result is that, all things considered, the average American of the older States is in his general quality more nearly like the Scotch than like the people of southern England, though the latter are his closer kinsmen. The facts are clearly in favor of the view that the best the world can afford in the way of human product is obtained by mixing the blood of strong, related, but varied peoples.

It is interesting, from this point of view, to compare the mixed race of Scotland with the relatively pure-blooded children of Judea. Those two stocks are clearly the ablest that come into competition in this country, if not in the world at large. They are both very successful in almost all callings; they ring alike well to all the tests we apply. Yet it seems to me evident that the Scotch are distinctively the stronger men. Even in commerce they are prepotent. Going through the streets of Edinburgh, I found no Jew names on the signs. Making an excuse to talk with an old bookseller, I asked him to explain the lack. His answer was, "Jews do not do well in Scotland, and if they go to Aberdeen they

get cheated." So, too, in those parts of this country where the Scotch and their descendants abound the Hebrew people are absent or seldom found. In higher politics, the Scotch are likewise successful with us in a degree not attained by the Semitic folk.

A comparison of the Irish in this country with the Scotch — here again the Lowlanders — has been ably made by the writer of the paper which treats of the Irish in American Life.¹ There remain, however, some matters of contrast, which it was not in his purpose to touch upon, that may find a place here. It is an important point that the Celtic Irish are an unmixed race, perhaps the purest blooded in western Europe; their geographic isolation having kept them from the intermixture due to the Germanic and other migrations. Along with the Highlanders, the Celtic Irish have dwelt in substantially the same physical conditions as the Lowland Scotch. Like as are these two bodies of Celts to each other, their unlikeness to their neighbors of southern Scotland cannot well be exaggerated. Measured by results, it may be said that the mixed Lowlander succeeds just where the Irishman fails, and fails where he succeeds. As far as civilized men may be so, they are the antipodes of each other, both in their virtues and in their vices. The pure Celt has, to those who know how to take him, the value and charm which belong to a rather primitive man of a high order. The rich fund of simple human nature; the keen, uncalculating sympathy, with its attendant sportive wit; the immediate joy in living, at its best in the moment, with a scant sense of the morrow; and an honesty that

makes him the least furtive of men, are combined with a remnant of the old man-slaying brutality which greatly inclines him to violent deeds. For all his admirable qualities, the Irishman fails to fit into the complex of our civilization, apparently for the reason that his talents are too little inwoven with the capacities which go to make up the modern successful man. On the other hand, the Lowland Scot has his original quality, whatever that may have been, — presumably it was Celtic, overlaid by motives of thrift and forelooking, — qualified by a body of impulses which exactly fit the machinery of our civilization and enable him to command all its great engines. He is a much less likable fellow than his primitive neighbor, for the reason that he rarely appeals in so direct a way to the ancient and common body of understandings. His wit and humor — for all said to the contrary, he has a large share of each — are rarely of the fresh, sympathetic character, but relate to a deeper insight; they are apt to be sardonic. The touchstone of his capacity is his business power, that capacity which is the product of civilization, and in a rough way the best gauge of its development; in this characteristic the Scotchman is clearly the first of his kind. In his ability to win success he has the leading place among men. Against these elements of strength we have only to set the vices of strong men: as a whole the Scotch have the reputation of being addicted to drink, and of being less continent than their neighbors. These qualifications are but general, though they seem to be supported not only by public opinion, but by statistics as well.²

Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.

¹ See *The Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1896.

² It should be observed that it has been found impossible in this paper to treat the question of the Scotch element in America with any profit in a statistical way; figures could have been presented, but these confound under one

designation the people of the Highlands and the Lowlands, of tolerably pure Celtic and of very mixed blood, with the result that the data have no indicative value. It has therefore seemed best to deal with the question in the very general manner adopted in this essay.

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS.

I.

AH God! To lie awake at deep of night,
And hear the rain down-dripping overhead,
And know that joy is quenched and hope is fled,
And from all earth have faded glow and light!
Have mercy, Father! On my smarting sight
Let dreamless sleep its grateful shadows spread;
Give me a while to rest as one who, dead,
Can reckon of nothing! When the east grows white
• I will be strong, will bravely face once more
This dry-eyed agony, not as of yore
Soothed by swift-gushing tears! Now, all my soul,
All prayers, all yearning, but reach out and set,
Athirst, ablaze, towards one receding goal—
One hour's oblivion—to forget, forget!

II.

My God, I thank Thee! Ah, I cannot know
By what still waters and what pastures green,
Close maybe to those secret founts unseen,
All human finding fathoms deep below,
Whence life itself takes its mysterious flow,
Thou hast my spirit led in sleep, to glean
Healing and strength! Grief lingers, yet its keen,
Fine throb grows dimmer, fainter, in the slow
Advancing dawn. A lark will soar and sing
While still a tiny clod of earth may cling
To her glad breast: and so, dear Lord, I too
Rise from the ground, and, lifting up my voice,
As golden morning flushes into view,
Remember still, and yet rejoice—rejoice!

Stuart Sterne.

THE ALASKA BOUNDARY LINE.

"In endeavoring to estimate its character I am glad to begin with what is clear and beyond question. I refer to the boundaries fixed by the treaty."

These words form the opening of the magnificent speech of Charles Sumner in the United States Senate in 1867, in advocacy of the ratification of the treaty by

which Russia ceded to the United States her entire possessions in America. The distinguished orator, whose address on that occasion was an exhibition of profound historical and geographical research and far-sighted statesmanship which has seldom been equaled, does not appear to have suspected that by coming into pos-

session of the great territory whose purchase he so ably advocated the United States would find itself involved, a quarter of a century later, in two controversies, both with Great Britain, one of which should concern what he then declared to be "clear and beyond question."

What is generally known as the "Bering Sea controversy," but which might be called with greater propriety the "fur seal controversy," has had its beginning, unfortunately not its end, within the last decade. In Sumner's day nothing was known which indicated the possible existence of conditions such as have given rise to this dispute. It is a little difficult to understand, however, that so able a diplomat as Sumner could have studied the definition of the boundaries of the new territory as found in the treaty of cession without seeing therein the seed of future complications with the English nation. That he began by assuming the boundaries to be "beyond question" must have been due in large measure to the fact that, as far as related to the land lines, they were turned over to us exactly as they had been agreed upon by treaty of Russia with Great Britain more than forty years earlier, during which period no controversy over them had arisen. He was aware, of course, of the controversies between Russia and both the United States and Great Britain, in the first quarter of the century, regarding territorial and maritime rights and privileges, but the vagueness, in certain important respects, of the English-Russian treaty of 1825 does not seem to have impressed itself upon him. As a matter of fact, the superior importance of southeast Alaska, which is the only part whose boundary is likely to be in controversy, was not generally recognized at that time, and reliable information about the whole was so scanty that little attention was likely to be given to mere "metes and bounds." Since the occupancy of this part of the territory by Americans and its fairly full exploration by government officers, its

importance has been admitted by us and recognized by the English to the end that the boundary line dividing it from British Columbia and the Northwest Territory bids fair to become a matter of dispute between the two nations, and one of no mean proportions. Though not of such a nature as to demand immediate settlement, it is not unlikely that it may be involved with two or three other questions at present pending, and about which not only diplomats, but the people generally have been, and are, deeply concerned. The Alaska boundary line is quite worthy of separate consideration on its own account, and it will be a misfortune if any ill-considered act shall result in its being merged with other questions of really less importance, and subjected to the by no means uncertain chances of arbitration.

In the treaty which determined the cession of the Russian possessions in North America to the United States, concluded March 30, 1867, the geographical limits (on the east) of the territory transferred are defined as follows:—

"The eastern limit is the line of demarcation between the Russian and the British possessions in North America as established by the convention between Russia and Great Britain of February 28, 1825, and described in Articles III. and IV. of said convention in the following terms:—

"Commencing from the southernmost point of the island called Prince of Wales Island, which point lies in the parallel of $54^{\circ} 40'$ north latitude, and between the 131st and 133d degree of west longitude (meridian of Greenwich), the said line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland Channel as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the 56th degree of north latitude; from this last-mentioned point the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude (of the same meridian), and finally, from said

point of intersection, the said meridian line of the 141st degree, in its prolongation as far as the Frozen Ocean.

"IV. With reference to the line of demarcation laid down in the preceding article, it is understood :—

"1st. That the island called Prince of Wales Island shall belong wholly to Russia (now, by this cession, to the United States).

"2d. That whenever the summit of the mountains which extend in a direction parallel to the coast from the 56th degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude shall prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the line of coast which is to belong to Russia, as above mentioned (that is to say, the limit to the possessions ceded by this convention), shall be formed by a line parallel to the winding of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom."

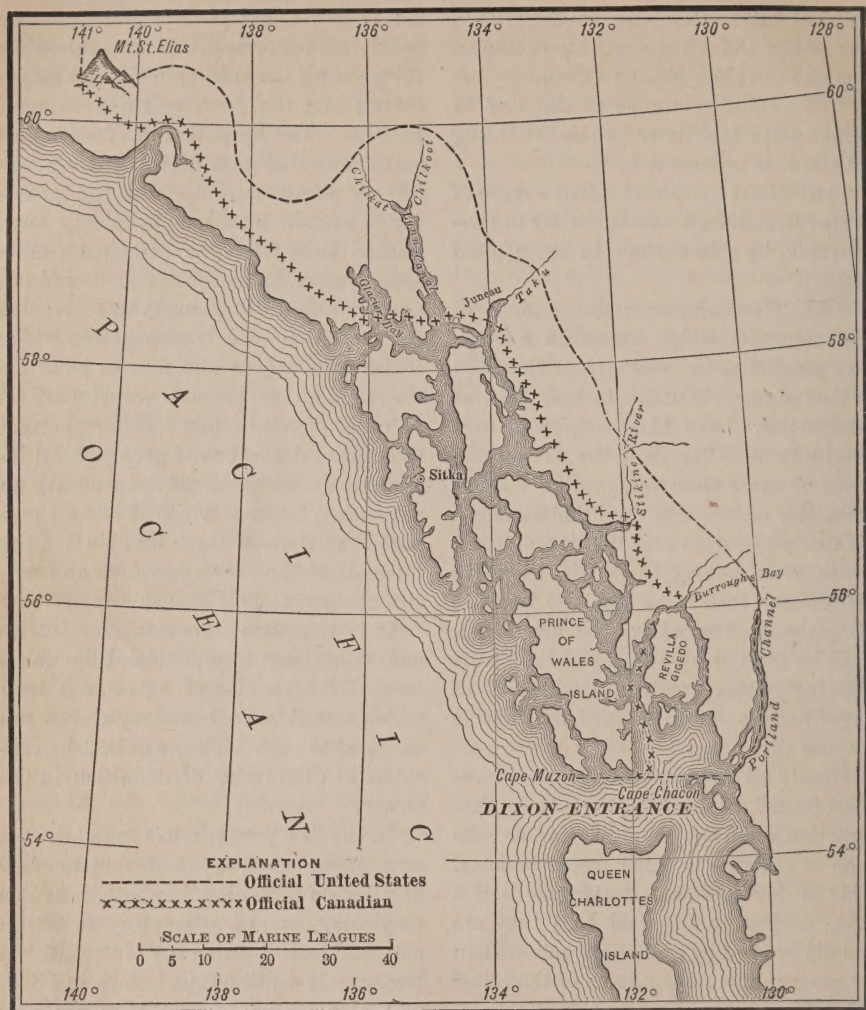
Nearly all boundary-line treaties have been found more or less faulty in construction when subjected to rigorous tests such as are sure to come sooner or later. This is doubtless to be attributed in a great degree to the fact that they are usually framed by politicians rather than by geographers; the advice of the latter being often ignored. The political diplomat is generally possessed by a single dominant idea in entering into a convention, to which all others must be subordinate, and to the realization of which all other features of the treaty must lead.

The convention of 1824 between the United States and Russia, and that of 1825 between Russia and Great Britain (in which are to be found the boundary-line articles quoted above), were the result of a determination on the part of the two English-speaking nations to break down the Russian Emperor's ukase of 1821, in which territory extending as low as 51° north latitude was claimed by Rus-

sia, as well as complete jurisdiction over nearly all water north of this line, thus threatening the fishing and whaling interests and the carrying-trade of both nations. The limitation of Russian possessions to that part of the coast above 54° 40' north latitude and the granting of certain maritime privileges for a limited time were the principal results sought after and accomplished, and unquestionably little thought was given to the definition of a boundary line which traversed a region esteemed to be of little value, either present or prospective. In consequence of this indifference and the apparent absence of geographical instinct in framing the treaty, we have an agreement through which it is now proposed to "drive a coach and six" in the interests of the ever aggressive and persistently expanding British Empire.

It is therefore important for intelligent Americans to understand the weakness of the articles of agreement upon which our Alaska boundary claims are assumed to rest. They can best be considered in the order of definition in the treaty.

In the first paragraph is found the not uncommon but always unfortunate error of "double definition," or rather, in this particular case, of attempting to fix an astronomical position by international treaty. It could not be known in 1825, and, as a matter of fact, it is not now known, that the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island is on the parallel of 54° 40' of north latitude, for it is almost absolutely certain not to be on this parallel. No harm comes from this, however, as in a subsequent article (IV.) the possibility of this definition resulting in a divided jurisdiction over the lower extremity of that island is prevented by the provision that the whole island shall belong to Russia (now to the United States). The incident is quite worthy of note, however, as illustrating the claim that the *dominant idea was the 54° 40' line*. The prominence of this idea, in-



SKETCH-MAP OF SOUTHEAST ALASKA.

Showing Points in Controversy, and the Boundary Lines as drawn on Official Maps of the United States and Canada.

deed, in the minds of the several powers was so great as to give rise to the second ambiguity in the boundary-line definition, which follows immediately upon the heels of the first. The description says, "Commencing from the southernmost point" (Cape Muzon), etc., "the said line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland Channel." Now, an examination of the sketch-map of Alaska, shown above, will make it clear that, beginning with the point of departure as defined above, one must proceed to

the east for about fifty miles in order to reach the entrance of Portland Channel, or Portland Canal, as it is often called. On the absence of anything in the treaty in reference to this eastward line has been founded a claim that the use of the name "Portland Channel" is an error, an oversight, and that the line was meant to be drawn by turning to the north as soon as possible, which would be after passing Cape Chacon, the easternmost of the two capes at the southern extremity of Prince of Wales Island, and

"ascending to the north" through Clarence Strait and Behm Canal, and finally intersecting the 56th parallel of north latitude in Burroughs Bay. The effect of this would be to throw the whole of the great Revilla-Gigedo Island, together with a large territory between that and Portland Canal (all of which has been almost universally recognized as belonging to Alaska), over to the British side. Preposterous as is this claim, it has for some years received official support at the hands of the Canadian authorities, who have so drawn the line on several of their official maps. It is found on a general map of the Dominion of Canada published by the Interior Department in 1887, and it is drawn in the same way upon what purports to be a copy of an official Canadian map of 1884 (accompanying Executive Document 146, Fiftieth Congress, second session), although an original, now before me, of same date and title, and with which the copy is almost identical in other respects, exhibits the line as following the Portland Canal, in accord with the traditional claims of the United States. In recent English dispatches it has been announced that new facts relating to the treaty have been discovered which greatly strengthen the later Canadian interpretation of this part of the line, but it is hardly to be believed that English diplomats will consider this line in any other light than as affording excellent material with which to "trade" in convention, or on which to "yield" in arbitration.

On entering the mouth of the Portland Channel, which is struck almost in the centre by the $54^{\circ} 40'$ line, we meet with another claim of comparatively recent date. Just to the north of what must be admitted to be the real entrance to this channel are two considerable islands, Wales Island and Pearse Island. North of these is a narrow, dangerous channel separating them from the mainland, and joining Portland Canal above with the open sea. It is claimed that, admitting

Portland Channel, as laid down on the maps, to be the real channel referred to in the treaty, this comparatively narrow passage is a part of it, and the boundary line must be drawn through it so as to put Wales Island and Pearse Island on the Canadian side. This claim is not recognized on the official Canadian map referred to above, dated 1884, but it is upon that of 1887. It can have but little value, except when it comes to the "general scramble" which is evidently being prepared for.

The Portland Canal presents another difficulty in the fact that it does not actually reach the "56th degree of north latitude," as seems to be implied in the language of the treaty, and this has been used as an argument to prove that Portland Channel was not really the channel through which it was originally intended to draw the boundary line. But this canal comes to within a very short distance of the 56th parallel, probably falling short of it by not more than three or four miles, and possibly by not more than a fraction of a mile. The Salmon and Bear rivers debouch into this canal at its head, and the bed of either may represent the extension of the inlet to the 56th parallel. In any event, it is a matter of no great importance, as some sort of hiatus must necessarily exist in a line passing from the level of the sea to the summit of mountains.

Altogether the most serious trouble is to be anticipated in the interpretation of that part of the treaty which defines the line as it is to be drawn from the head of Portland Canal to the 141st meridian of west longitude near Mount St. Elias.

In Article III. the language used is that "from this last-mentioned point" (where Portland Channel strikes the 56th degree of north latitude) "the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude," etc. But as there was, apparently, even

then a doubt as to the position if not the existence of such a range, the second paragraph of Article IV. was inserted, defining the distance of the line from the winding of the coast, in case the assumed mountain range might be found to run further from the shore than was then supposed. Although most interested in the other features of the treaty, it is evident that British diplomacy, with its accustomed shrewdness, was looking after secondary as well as primary questions, and was by no means disposed to trust to the possible meanderings of any little-known range of mountains, even though drawn upon the map by its own explorers. It was provided, therefore, that while the "summit of the mountains parallel to the coast" should furnish the boundary line whenever such line would be ten marine leagues, or less, from the coast, if it should appear in the future that said mountains carried their summits to a greater distance inland, then the line was to be drawn "parallel to the winding of the coast," and so as never to "exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom." It is important to note that this article may be regarded as containing something stronger than a quasi-admission on the part of Great Britain that the strip of territory conceded to belong to Russia should be in width ten marine leagues from the coast line: it also implies that this is the *maximum* width to which she will consent, and that there is nothing in the treaty to prevent her making it one league or half a league, if, in the future, she is able to do so and the *mountains parallel to the coast* do not stand in the way.

When this treaty was made, and indeed until a comparatively recent date, the charts of the region prepared under the direction of Vancouver were the most reliable at hand. One of them (it is likely to have been the French edition) was doubtless before the authors of the articles defining the boundary line. All show a well-defined range of mountains,

running nearly parallel to the coast line, and removed from it by a varying distance, sometimes as great as forty miles or more. It is now known, however, and has been known for several years, that the very regular and neatly drawn mountain ranges which Vancouver's map exhibits owe their origin to the imagination of his draughtsman more than to anything else; that is, as far as their form goes. Indeed, it is probably just to say that they were intended only as conventional representations of the fact that mountains were seen in almost every direction, and especially in looking from the coast toward the interior. Within the past few years many topographical maps have been executed, and many photographs have been made of these mountains as viewed from the summits of some of those which are accessible. Very excellent views have been obtained from elevations of four thousand and five thousand feet, looking towards the interior and extending far beyond any claim of the United States. These show a vast "sea of mountains" in every direction, generally increasing in elevation as the distance from the coast increases. Seen from a distance or from the deck of a ship at sea, they might easily create the impression of a range or ranges "parallel to the winding of the coast." As a matter of fact, there is nothing of the kind, but only the most confused and irregular scattering of mountains over the whole territory, at least until the Fairweather range, south of Mount St. Elias, is reached. Of course it is quite possible to draw a series of lines from mountain summit to mountain summit, which would form a line parallel to the coast, or any other assumed line, but no one can deny that the language of the treaty implies a range of summits extending "in a direction parallel to the coast." As the mountains which actually exist cover the territory down to the water's edge, the logical application of the mountain-summit definition, if it is to be applied

at all, is to draw the line from peak to peak along the seacoast, and this our friends on the other side have not hesitated to do. It is so drawn on the official Canadian map dated 1887, and also by Dr. G. M. Dawson, director of the Dominion Geological Survey, on his map submitted to show proposed conventional boundary lines. Naturally, this line, in common with all recently drawn maps of the Canadian government, practically leaves little to us except the group of islands lying off the mainland. While nominally allowing us a narrow strip, which is perhaps not quite all covered by high tides, it makes several short cuts which serve to break the continuity of our coast line, and to give considerable seacoast to British Columbia.

Against the mountain-summit theory, the contention of the United States is, or should be, that as it is unquestionably proved that no such range of mountains exists as was shown on the charts of Vancouver, and as the high contracting parties evidently had in mind when they agreed to the treaty, it becomes necessary to fall back upon the alternative definition, which places the line "parallel to the winding of the coast," and not more than ten marine leagues distant therefrom. It may be claimed that this was to have application only in localities where the range of "mountains parallel to the coast" was more than ten marine leagues from the coast, and that it vanishes when said range disappears. In reply it may be said that there are indications strongly pointing to the actual existence of such a range far beyond the boundary limit towards the interior; but even if it be finally known that no such range exists, either more or less than ten marine leagues from the sea, the *intent* of the agreement can be distinctly proved; and in the impossibility of executing one of its provisions, an alternative, specially provided for the failure of that one, must be accepted.

But as soon as we suggest that both the

spirit and the letter of the treaty would be satisfied by drawing the line ten marine leagues from the coast, we are met with some astounding arguments as to what is meant by the coast. A well-known English authority has contended, in effect, that the coast line from which this distance should be measured should be drawn tangent to, and so as to include, the islands lying along the coast. The effect of this would be practically to exclude us from the mainland, and to throw valuable parts of the islands themselves over to the Canadian side. In the face of the plain statement that the line is to be drawn "parallel to the winding [*sinusities*] of the coast," it is not believed that this point can be seriously urged.

Should it be found possible to project a line satisfactory to both parties, from Dixon's Entrance, at some point of which it must begin, to the region of the Mount St. Elias Alps, there will be no difficulty in agreeing upon the remainder of the boundary. From the point where it strikes the 141st meridian west longitude it is to be extended along that meridian "as far as the Frozen Ocean." Since it is an astronomical line, its position can be ascertained as accurately as circumstances require.

In order to remove a not uncommon but erroneous impression that the Alaska boundary line is now, and has been for some time, in a state of adjudication, it may be well to say that thus far nothing has been done except to execute such surveys as have been thought desirable and necessary for the construction of maps, by which the whole subject could be properly presented to a joint boundary-line commission whenever such should be appointed, and on which the location of the line could be definitively laid down if a mutual agreement should be reached. Such a survey was first brought to the attention of Congress in a message of President Grant in 1872. It was not until 1889, however, that the work was begun by the United States

Coast and Geodetic Survey, which sent two parties to the valley of the Yukon, in the vast interior of the territory, with instructions to establish camps, one on that river, and the other on its branch the Porcupine, both to be as near the 141st meridian as possible. These parties were to carry on a series of astronomical observations for the purpose of determining the location of the meridian, to execute such triangulation and topographical surveys as were necessary for its identification, and to establish permanent monuments as nearly as might be upon the meridian line.

They remained at their posts, under stress of weather and other unfavorable conditions, for two years, during which their work was done in a manner quite sufficient for any demands ever likely to be made upon it. The two most important points on the boundary, where it intersects the two great rivers named above, were thus determined, and a year or two later the position of the boundary meridian in relation to the summit of Mount St. Elias was established. It is difficult to see what more will be required for a long time to come, as far as relates to this part of the boundary line. In south-east Alaska, where all the uncertainties as to definition of the boundary line exist, peculiar and in a certain sense insuperable obstacles are met with in the actual survey or "running" of a line in the ordinary sense. In nearly all of the proposed routes most of the line passes through a region practically inaccessible, or at least not accessible without the expenditure of enormous sums of money and many years of time, wholly disproportionate to the end to be gained. To attempt to make anything like a detailed topographical survey of the wide region covered by the several claims, of sufficient accuracy to satisfy the conditions, and to "run" a line wherever it should finally be located, would involve labor and expense impossible to estimate in advance, but sure to be extraordinarily

great. In view of these facts, it was determined to make such a survey as would enable a boundary-line commission to fix upon any one of several "conventional" lines which had been suggested already as satisfactory substitutes for that of the treaty, now generally admitted to be impossible of realization. In July, 1892, an agreement was entered into between the United States and Great Britain for the execution of a joint or coincident survey of this region, for boundary-line purposes. It was agreed by the commissioners appointed to make this survey to carry out, in effect, the plan mentioned above. Astronomical stations were to be established at the mouths of the principal rivers which flow across the boundary line, namely, at the head of Burroughs Bay, the mouths of the Stikine and the Taku, and the head of Lynn Canal. A series of triangles were to be run from these up the river valleys, until a point beyond the probable or possible location of the boundary was reached. Topographical sketches were to be made and a good deal of photographic topography was to be done, especially by the Canadian parties. This plan, which was successfully carried out, received the approval of the Department of State, and the representatives of the two governments coöperated in its execution. It is believed to have furnished all information, besides what had been previously accumulated, necessary to a full discussion and a complete settlement of the controversy. One of the important results of this work has been the accumulation of evidence, if indeed any were needed, of the impossibility of the "mountain-summit" line, and the consequent necessity of falling back upon a line at a measured distance from the coast. That this distance, in accordance with the spirit and intent of the treaty of 1825, should be practically ten marine leagues is apparent from the treaty itself and from contemporaneous history. It was evidently meant to convey, or rather

to confirm, to Russia a "strip of the coast," complete and unbroken, from the parallel of $54^{\circ} 40'$ north latitude to Mount St. Elias. The word *lisière* used in the treaty to describe this strip, and which becomes "line" in the English version, means much more than that, being originally equivalent to "border," "selvage," "fringe," or "list" of cloth, always standing for something of very definite width and continuity. Contemporary writers might be quoted, showing a common belief among Englishmen themselves that the treaty accorded to Russia a very definite and continuous strip of the mainland, which, by cutting off direct access to the coast, "rendered the great interior of comparatively little value."

In conclusion, the situation may be summed up as follows:—

Our purchase of Alaska from Russia in 1867 included a strip of the coast (*lisière de côte*) extending from north latitude $54^{\circ} 40'$ to the region of Mount St. Elias. This strip was thought to be separated from the British possessions by a range of mountains (then supposed to exist) parallel to the coast, or, in the case of these mountains being too remote, by a line parallel to the windings (*sinueosités*) of the coast, and nowhere greater than ten marine leagues from the same. As the advantage of an alternative line could hardly have been intended to accrue to one only of the contracting parties, and as Great Britain would benefit by every nearer approach of the alleged mountain range than ten marine leagues, it must be inferred that the spirit and intent of the treaty was to give Russia the full ten leagues wherever a range of mountains nearer to the coast than that did not exist. For more than fifty years there was, as far as is known, no claim on the part of Great Britain to any other than this simple interpretation of the treaty, and up to a very recent date all maps were drawn practically in accord with it. Above all, it is clear, both from

the language of the treaty and from contemporaneous history, that the strip of coast was intended to be *continuous* from the parallel of $54^{\circ} 40'$ north latitude. The right of complete jurisdiction over this coast, exercised so long by Russia without protest from Great Britain, became ours by purchase in 1867. Since that date the development of the northwest has shown the great value of this *lisière*. Its existence has become especially disagreeable to Great Britain, because through its waterways and over its passes much of the emigration and material supplies for her northwestern territory must go. The possession by us of the entire coast of North America north of $54^{\circ} 40'$ to the Arctic Ocean is not in itself in harmony with her desire or her policy. The Alaska boundary-line dispute offers an opportunity to break the continuity of our territorial jurisdiction, and by securing certain portions of the coast to herself greatly to diminish the value of the remaining detached fragments to us. The wisdom of this from the Downing Street standpoint cannot be questioned. Those of us who desire to assist in its accomplishment have only to urge the importance of submitting every controversy of this kind, no matter whether we are right or wrong, to the court of arbitration. Arbitration is compromise, especially when two great and nearly equally strong nations are engaged in it. No matter how much or how little a nation carries to an arbitration, it is tolerable certain to bring something away. Once before a board of arbitration, the English government has only to set up and vigorously urge all of the claims referred to above, and more than that can easily be invented, and it is all but absolutely certain that, although by both tradition and equity we should decline to yield a foot of what we purchased in good faith from Russia, and which has become doubly valuable to us by settlement and exploration, our *lisière* will be promptly broken into fragments,

and, with much show of impartiality, divided between the two high contracting parties.

It is to be regretted that our share in recent important events has tended to lead us toward this end rather than away from it. We have thrust ourselves into a controversy over a boundary line on another continent, in which we can have no interest, except perhaps that which grows out of a very foggy and uncertain sentiment. We have assumed that a European power is about to "extend its system" to a part of the western continent, or that England is on the point of "oppressing" the people of a South American republic, or of "controlling the destiny" of their government. Against this we have made an active and aggressive protest, and have clearly intimated that if Great Britain does not submit this boundary question to arbitration we shall make trouble. In so doing we have once more put ourselves exactly where far-sighted English statesmanship would have us. Under ordinary circumstances our attitude on this question would be considered as almost an offense, and the channels of diplomatic correspondence

would not be as clear and uninterrupted as they now are.

The truth is that Great Britain is meeting our wishes in this matter with almost indecent haste, because the arbitration of the Alaska boundary line, by which she hopes and expects to acquire an open seacoast for her great northwest territories, and to weaken us by breaking our exclusive jurisdiction north of $54^{\circ} 40'$, is enormously more important to her than anything she is likely to gain or lose in South America. Having driven her to accept arbitration in this case, it will be impossible for us to refuse it in Alaska, and we shall find ourselves again badly worsted by the diplomatic skill of a people who, as individuals, have developed intellectual activity, manliness, courage, unselfish devotion to duty, and general nobility of character, elsewhere unequaled in the world's history, but whose diplomatic policy as a nation is and long has been characterized by aggressiveness, greed, absolute indifference to the rights of others, and a splendid facility in ignoring every principle of justice or international law whenever commercial interests are at stake.

T. C. Mendenhall.

LATTER-DAY CRANFORD.

It is the eccentric dower of some to grow quite as hot-headed and tremulous over a prospective needle in a haymow as ever Midas could have been on receiving his gift. To such, Knutsford, in Cheshire, offers a perfect hunting-ground for that sort of plunder so humorously resembling Gratiano's reasons: "You shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search." No more satisfying occupation can be invented in this ancient world than the pursuit of what does not absolutely exist, if only the hunter

be just credulous enough; bold in belief, yet "not too bold." He must cling to his guesswork with a dauntless zeal; at the same time, he shall, for his own ease, recognize the probable futility of such doggedness. For to reconstruct a habitation on the base of some foregone romance is to strike a balance between special disappointment and a vague general joy.

The present Knutsford, *in toto*, is emphatically not the Cranford of Mrs. Gaskell's homely chronicle, but it glitters with links of similitude; moreover,

a certain quaintness all its own is continually stimulating the mind to comparison between the fancied and the real, as living perfumes summon forth old memories. Here, at least, Mrs. Gaskell was a child, the little Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson, stirring up fragmentary impressions easily retraced by one who has lived even a full day in the town; here she was married, and in the green and pleasant yard of the old Unitarian Chapel she lies, with her husband, under lilies-of-the-valley and the constant evergreen. The prospect of figuring in biography was never quite to her taste, and the simple facts of her life offer little temptation to literary gossip-mongers. Her mother was a Holland, of the family represented now by Lord Knutsford. Little Elizabeth was born at Chelsea in 1810, and it was after her mother's death that she was sent to live with Mrs. Lumb, a widowed aunt, at Knutsford, where she remained until marriage took her to permanent residence in Manchester. Both her husband and her father were Unitarian clergymen, and one can guess at her own gracious influence among that slowly growing sect, a power as moving as in literature and the practical walks of trade. It is an old story that her fiction taught the rich some of those trenchant lessons known at first-hand only by the poor; but another deed, more golden yet, shall be remembered of her, — the creation of *Cranford*, a book to be loved so long as there are smiles and tears in this April world. Who could aspire to uncover its living presentment? One might as well hope, some fortunate London hour, to stumble on Queen Bess setting forth in state to bull-baiting or the play.

The region skirting Knutsford on every hand is rich in memories, but, better still, it offers a loving welcome to the eye. It is a placid, smiling country, diversified by great estates and happy in fat farmlands. Great herds of cows idle about, given over to that industry which is no

more than a drowsy day-dream; cropping and chewing, and transmuting the riches of the common sod into such milk and cheese as need only naming for praise. Within the circle of this abounding prosperity lies the little town (ford of the great Canute, some say, with reason), a lovable spot, irregular and pleasing, with individual corners and passages covered by the dust of years, and delighting in their burial. It is presided over by two precise and respectable inns, both mentioned "by name" in *Cranford*. So many of the strings of trade here are held by women that it is still approximately, as in *Cranford* days, "in possession of the Amazons." No state of things could be more pleasing to us who would have time "stand still withal," and on the strength of it we may undoubtedly assume that, even in our present year of grace, "to be a man" is, in this delectable place, "to be 'vulgar.'"

Our course thither lay through Manchester (Drumby), where we made brief halt to glance at the Unitarian Chapel, the old preaching-ground of the Reverend William Gaskell, and we reached Knutsford on the eve of a festival calculated to rend dear Miss Matty with deeper doubts than such as imbibed her first half-hour at Signor Brunoni's exhibition. For the next afternoon had been set apart for May-day celebration, and Knutsford was already the scene of a wild saturnalia. It had lost its head in anticipatory delirium. It was baking and brewing for a probable influx of visitors by excursion train. The very air was tinged with the aroma of hot cakes, and landladies who on any other day would have curtsied profoundly in Shenstonian welcome, actually held their door-stone against us as though we were marauding Scots, or the rogues and vagabonds of a later interdict, explaining: "It's so very, very awkward, miss, but to-morrow I shall be so busy, and I could hardly give you the attention I should wish. I'm very sorry, miss, but you see how it is,

miss, I'm sure;" with that ingratiating lift at the end of the sentence so commendable on an English tongue.

And so perforce we went to a hotel, choosing, in deference to Cranford prejudice, one under the firm and affable sway of two ladies. At that modest choice, said we, the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson would have been the better pleased. All that evening the delirium of hope and expectation continued. Swings had been erected on the large open space still known as "the Heath." Red-and-gold gondolas, cannily set upon springs, were gayly sliding about in a magic circle, — a lurid Venice. A strange aerial railway consisted of one strong wire high in air; little wheels with handles on either side were arranged to fit it, and Darby or Joan, holding to the handles with desperate grip, went trundling through space like gibbeted criminals taking to the sky. The company of psychologists shall henceforth be augmented by the man who classifies the soul according to the bodily contortions induced by an aerial railway. I know not what he should be called, but his course of action will be plain. Especially in the case of womankind might he pronounce an unerring judgment; for some among the lassies curled their dangling feet decently beneath their skirts, some let them fly amain, others swayed like willow wands, but the many swept on their playful way like very statues. In all there was one strange likeness: they took their pleasure "sadly," as became true Britons. No face relaxed; not a feature gave way to emotion lighter than a rigid determination to reach the goal. With the onlookers the same seriousness prevailed, so that when the transatlantic observer gave way to hysterics of mirth, she was regarded, not frowningly, but with a solemn compassion which was in itself hopelessly upsetting. And over all the din of decorous joy amid which the Knutsford youth thus disported itself arose the voice of china-venders and toy-merchants, the cry of those who would

fain cloy their countrymen with gruesome lollipop and other sweets, made only to be shunned. Miss Deborah could never have approved! We tried to cloak our delight under a decent thoughiness, and went home to bed. I think we should even have read a counter-irritating chapter of *Rasselas* had that very eminent work been at hand.

Next day Knutsford dissolved in rain, and the bakeries may well have wept also. No crowd of excursionists to race into the town like an invading flood, some ripple of which must surely inundate the humblest eating-houses! They sank beneath their sweets, like Tarpeia under her bribe, and the cardboard legend of "Tea" at every door fell into pulp and sadness. We too had hoped for a sunny May-day, but, being mortal, we could not refrain from an acrid reflection that many a landlady must now be repenting her short-sighted refusal of us. Last night we were minnows, for there were other fish in the sea. To-day we loomed as the leviathan, and we bore ourselves proudly.

Only a few optimistic citizens had summoned the spirit to sand the sidewalk in front of their houses, an ancient custom once accompanying Knutsford weddings, and still employed on days of high festival. Still, no one exerted his genius to the utmost; for though the sand had been applied in patterns, they were quite simple, suggesting none of that elaboration and originality of design in which Knutsford can indulge when she chooses. But though the rain could bully her into curbing her handiwork, it could not dampen her poetic ardor. Across the street, from one sandless sidewalk to the other, swept a banner, and this was the proud legend thereof: —

"All hail! All hail thee, Queen of May!

For this is our universal holiday!"

A melancholy dryness, flecked by uncertain gleams of sun, succeeded the forenoon, and we betook ourselves, with an unadulterated joy, to the Heath, where

we sat, chilled and happy, on the grand stand, watching the festival, and reconstructing the play-day of Old England from the too sophisticated pleasures of the New. This was May-day decked out in modern fripperies for the public entertainment, but it was not impossible to spy, beneath its lendings, the simpler sports of a long-past time. The procession was an historical pageant of high degree. Here walked Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, Dick Whittington, and Robin Hood, none of them over four feet high. Jack-in-the-Green danced, bear-wise, under an inverted cone of hemlock; the morris-dancers (lithe, bonny youths, dressed in blue velvet kneebreeches, white shirts, plaid sashes, and stockings of a vivid pink seldom seen outside a lozenge jar) wove a simple rhythm of movement entrancing to the eye, and the May queen rode in state, a pygmy lady of fashion, clad in white satin, elaborate, frosty, like a wedding-cake. But one would fain have seen her in simple white muslin enriched only with posies of her own plucking, gathered with the dew on them while even Corinna slept. "Wake and call me early," that I may hook myself into a ball dress and send for my wired bouquet! Some bathos comes with time.

But of all that winding throng one object alone had power to thrill the mind, — an old sedan chair, borne midway in the procession. Do you remember it in the annals of Cranford? Within that very chair did Miss Matty sit, tremulous but resolved, after the social evening at Mrs. Forrester's, when the dear ladies scared one another into panic with confession of the bogies most to their mind. From its unsafe seclusion did she cry aloud when the men "stopped just where Headingley Causeway branches off from Darkness Lane: 'Oh! pray go on! What is the matter? What is the matter? I will give you sixpence more to go on very fast; pray don't stop here.'"

Dear relic of a time more real than our to-day! Knutsford holds nothing more precious.

The May-pole dance was given over to a set of decorous little girls in flower-like dresses, green and pink. They tripped it prettily, they braided and wove their ribbons round the pole, but the spontaneous joy of Old and Merrie England was not in them. A dancing-master had trained them for the public eye. Step and look were no longer the springing welcome to a day when lads and lassies should no more be able to hold their fervor than trees their budding strength. To watch these puppets tripping it was to give way for a moment to sadness, reflecting that nowadays we are ashamed to be merry after we have come to man's estate. We give over our great festivals to children, and then sit looking on with a maddening tickle in the bones that ache to join them.

With another day Knutsford had assumed her wonted air of quiescent decorum. It proved easier to see her now for what she is, a Georgian town imbued with the spirit of elegance and precision; easy, too, to find Cranford in her every look and word. On that morning began our trial of local intelligence and belief. But a step from the Angel Hotel (where Lord Mauleverer very wisely took up his quarters, though doubtless when it still remained on the other side of the way) stands the Royal George, once living content under its swinging sign of the saint militant, but now thrown into self-contradiction by the swelling adjective assumed after the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent had spent a night under its roof. (An affectionate trait in this loyal people, to weaken a saint's patronymic by courtly prefix.) Now, it was this same George which was sought out by Miss Pole on an idle morning, when nothing more importunate prevented her from strolling up the staircase, on benevolence intent. For, said Miss Pole, "my Betty has a second-cousin who is chambermaid

there, and I thought Betty would like to hear how she was." And, quite by chance, she found herself in the passage leading from the inn to the Assembly Room, and then in the room itself, where Signor Brunoni was making his preparations to juggle the wits out of Cranford the very next night. This was the room where, on that bewildering evening, the ladies of Cranford were so astounded by the resources of magic that they began to debate whether they had been in the right "to have come to see such things," and settled down to an unalloyed enjoyment of the evening only on learning that the "tall, thin, dry, rusty rector," insured against feminine wiles by a cohort of National School boys, sat "smiling approval." Memory more endearing still, it was the Assembly Room where Miss Matty sighed a little over her departed youth, and walked "mincingly, . . . as if there were a number of genteel observers, instead of two little boys with a stick of toffy between them with which to beguile the time." To seek it out was like dreaming over a bit of dear Miss Matty's shawl or a print of her turban.

The George is rich in modern antiquities, — carved balustrades, beautiful old clocks, and precious work in brass. It is a living example of the actual magnificence which may be wrapped about an inn when it has maintained itself in dignity, and conceded nothing to the flight of time or change of ownership. Something stately lies in its hospitable repose. Like the ladies themselves, it clings resolutely to old possessions though all the world without may clamor for the changes falsely named improvement. Owing to that deplorable lack of understanding which is incident to the present of any age, we were conducted, with flourish of pride, through the George to the new Assembly Room, aggressively fresh against the background of Cranford legends, and that night tricked out with masonic regalia. "Is this *all*?" cried we, in unhappy duet. "Has the

old hall been quite swept away?" By no means! Did we wish to see that? "A very plain room, miss!" And thither were we led, to find it shabby, ancient, lovable; its tinted walls, dull as a fading memory, reflecting to the seeing eye a hundred scenes of innocent yet decorous revelry. Here Miss Matty took her dainty steps in the *menuets de la cour*, her young head, crowned with its soft thick locks ("I had very pretty hair, my dear," said Miss Matilda), sinking in shyness superadded to decorum when young Holbrook came to lead her to the dance. Here she should have worn the muslin from India that came to her too late, poor Matty! Here, too, Miss Pole gleaned the fruitful grain of gossip, to sow it carefully again; for in youth as in age Miss Pole must ever have been the mouthpiece of the world which tattles and denies. Somehow I can never connect Miss Deborah with the Assembly Room. I fancy she was but an abstracted figure at the balls; wishing herself away in a more serious atmosphere, dreaming over the ponderous delight of sitting at home and writing the charges of the archdeacon she was so eminently fitted to marry.

In the old days the George had gates of its own, but now a free passage leads under the building (somewhat in the fashion of Clovelly's wayward street), past the stables, and up a slope, where, directly facing the pedestrian who ascends that way, stands a shop, pointed out by universal acclaim as the one where, after the downfall of her fortunes, Miss Matty sold tea and scattered comfits. It is presided over by an excellent chemist, a man of solemn aspect and an unconscious humor. A tradition lurks in Cranford that he was once sought out by the Unitarian clergyman of the town, on the supposition that he was an adherent of that faith. The crucial question was asked.

"Oh, ay," responded master chemist, "I am a Unitarian. Indeed, sir, I'm

almost an agnostic!" Rude, belligerent word to have penetrated the sacred pale of Cranford!

We entered the tiny establishment on some ostensible errand.

"Is this Miss Matty's shop?" we inquired incidentally, the while our purchase was sought.

"Yes, miss," was the unhesitating answer. "We are repairing the back room a bit, or you could see the little window she used to peep through when she heard a customer."

Was reality so wedded to fiction? Actual windows and imaginary Miss Mattys were here in strange conjunction. Further questioning elicited a reason akin to the immortal argument that "the bricks are alive to this day to testify." For it seems that there was in town an aged gentlewoman, the only existing link between old times and new, who chanced to enter the shop after the paper had been torn away, disclosing this tiny window; and she, from her stores of memory, drew the assertion that this was Miss Matty's window, because she had seen it many a time and recognized it at once. Amorphous logic and fortunate conclusion!

"Now," said we encouragingly to master chemist, "of course you know all the places mentioned in Cranford?"

"Oh yes, miss," was the cheerful reply.

"Where did the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson live?"

He hesitated. He looked at us wildly. "Amen stuck in" his "throat."

"Give me time to think," he rejoined appealingly; and, being merciful, we gave it.

Yet, returning that afternoon, and the next day also, with the query, "Have you had time to think?" we were always courteously but sadly answered, "No."

But authorities are not far to seek. The Reverend George A. Payne knows his literary Knutsford as the Reverend

Henry Green knew its historical and archæological aspect, and his guesses are both satisfying and clever. He suggests that the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson occupied a prosperous-looking house near the lower end of the town, where the old Unitarian Chapel still holds its place. I am glad to think so. It is a residence eminently fitting for that social paragon, and it requires no impossible stretch of fancy to see Carlo lumbering about the yard, winking at the ladies whom he muled of cream, or to catch at least a glimpse of majestic Mr. Mulliner reading the *St. James's Chronicle*, while the Cranford dames regard him from without in controlled and impotent wrath. Not far away, moreover, inclosed by high, invulnerable walls, is Darkness Lane, subject of that ever memorable controversy on the night of the panic, when Miss Matty would fain have had the sedan chair "go on very fast," and Miss Pole outbid her by sixpence and induced the men to strike into the less ominous Headingley Causeway.

At the other end of the town, not far from the gates of Tatton Park, still sleeps the old vicarage, a modest dwelling in a circling yard, — that yard where poor Peter played his little comedy destined to end in grief. Who does not remember it, — how Peter dressed himself in Deborah's gown and bonnet, and juggled a pillow into the semblance of a baby in long clothes, and how the rector came upon him as he paraded himself and his charge before the gaping townsfolk? The rest of the story is too sad for any but sunny days; for Peter was flogged and ran away to sea, as every one knows, while the rector repented his angry vengeance in the ashes of old age, and the gentle house mother died awaiting her boy's return.

The actual spots connected with Mrs. Gaskell's life in Cranford need no broidery of fancy. Looking over the Heath stands the comfortable, dignified house where she lived with Mrs. Lumb. Hers

was not an altogether untroubled childhood, suggests Mrs. Ritchie, and she pictures the little girl running "away from her aunt's house across the Heath," hiding "herself in one of its many green hollows, finding comfort in the silence, and in the company of birds and insects and natural things." At that time the Heath was less of a trodden village common than to-day, more populous with birds, richer in furze and leaf. But though the identical house has been enlarged and repaired, its character of homelike comfort is unchanged. There are happy windows, with great window-seats, looking out over the Heath and into the garden at the back. Sun and light are everywhere, and in the garden beds lie the richness and beauty of old-fashioned flowers.

But of all spots made to please the memory and stir it with suggestions not to be denied is Sandlebridge Farm, where lived the Hollands who were Mrs. Gaskell's maternal ancestors. An agreeable though unexciting walk leads to it, between fields green with the wonderful grass that goes to the making of Cheshire cheese, and parcel-gilt with buttercups. Such far reaches of field and valley are here as to make a not unpleasing loneliness in the land, even under full sunlight; and when, approaching the farm, you come to a smithy and mill dedicated to the uses of life, still the illusion is not dispelled. For in the smithy two or three leisurely men lean and look in the intervals of smiling talk, and the mill, sweet and dusty from the breath of grain, goes on working quite by itself. Great wooden beams, heavy wheels, and dusty hoppers seemed, that day, to be living a life of unaccompanied yet happy activity, and from without came the *plash, plash* of willing water and the trickle of the feeding stream. In the hazy distance loomed Alderley Edge, a mammoth ridge rising above the hidden caverns where nine hundred and ninety-nine horses stand "ever caparisoned and ready for war."

Mrs. Gaskell, when a little girl, must often have visited the farm to play with the Holland children; but the spot has another distinction, more potent still, for Sandlebridge is Cranford's Woodley, where Mr. Thomas Holbrook lived, and read "my Lord Byron," and ate his peas happily without the aid of a fork, and where Miss Matty came to him too late. The great stone balls are gone from the pillars beside the gate (the great Lord Clive used to jump from one to the other, when he was a schoolboy at Knutsford), and the ancient decorum of the manor has subsided into the well-being of a prosperous farm; but the spot is full of a slumberous peace. We were entertained in the stone-flagged kitchen, with its dresser of blue dishes on the wall and its fitches of bacon hanging from the hooks above, and we drank our milk and ate the sweet farm bread with a drowsy sense that somehow dear Miss Matty was with us, and perhaps the sonsy Mary who tells the tale. Do you remember how Mary walked about the garden with that antique lover who loved no more, listening to his comments on flower and leaf; and how she afterwards went with him* to the fields, where he forgot her and strode on to the measure of his dearest rhymes? No beauty of the growing world had lain afar from his full and lonely life. With us, too, did he walk that day. The sweet-smelling plants were such as his eye must have cherished; the cropping cattle over the happy slopes were of one family with those he had fostered; and the trees, black-branched and glossy in their greenness, had made the tutelary deities of his land. It is not easy to tell how peacefully these fields and meadows slept under the warm sky, nor how lavishly they promised response to loving tillage.

Slight hints, garrulous suggestions, are constantly appealing to one in Knutsford, not as literal duplicates of Cranford customs, but as links in an affectionate chain of inference. Fiction is not portraiture,

but it may easily become a record of those fleeting impressions which make an intrinsic part of the mental tissue. Names familiar to a writer's youth have a way of creeping into her work; nooks and corners, remarkable for no story of their own, crop up again when her dreams demand actual habitat. In reading the history of Cheshire, it is curious to note the number of Peters of eminent memory, and more curious still to stumble on the name in the yard of the little parish church. It was not only of good repute, but very commonly used. Cranford, too, has adopted it; for did not the local grandee of Turveydropsical memory figure as Sir Peter Arley, and was not the rector's erring Peter named for him? And let it be said incidentally that no one who visits that churchyard should omit reading the epitaph of the Reverend John Swinton, of Nether Knutsford; for it must assuredly have been written by Miss Debōrah herself, under direct inspiration from the ever admirable Dr. Johnson. Thus it runs:—

“He was happy in an excellent natural Genius, improv'd with every Branch of polite and useful Learning. His Compositions were correct, elegant, nervous, edifying, and deliver'd with peculiar Force and Dignity. His Conversation was courteous, entertaining, instructive, and animated with a striking Vivacity of Spirit. As a Husband a Friend and a Neighbor He was affectionate, faithful, benevolent, A zealous Assertor and an able Defender of religious and civil liberty. With Talents which would have adorn'd the highest Station in the Church For Reasons to himself unanswerable He declin'd repeated Offers of Preference from his Friends many Years before his Death. He bore his last Affliction with a Firmness and Fortitude truly Christian and died lamented by the Wise, the Learned and the Good Dec. 10th 1764, in the 70th Year of his Age.”

Surely six-footed eulogy can no further go!

Another suggestion of Cranford lies in the fact that an actual Arley Hall exists to this day, the seat of the Warburtons, within easy driving distance of Knutsford. Mrs. Gaskell aimed at no needless portraiture or exact topography; but names doubtless got into her mind, and lived there, like an old song, till memory shook them forth. The Cranford scare, moreover, when an hysteria of panic prevailed, and blew prudence out of the ladies' heads while it coaxed some goblin in,—what was that but a reflux wave of Mrs. Gaskell's possible shrinking when, a child, she heard the common reminiscences of the highwayman Higgins? This was the Duval of Knutsford, who lived at the Cann House on the Heathside (neighbor to Mrs. Lumb), and who made nothing of flying over the roads to commit a murder at Bristol and returning again, within forty-eight hours, to prove his alibi. It was Higgins who, living the jolly life of a prosperous gentleman, one night left the ball (held, no doubt, in the old Assembly Room) to lie in wait for Lady Warburton and reap her jewels. But the lady's keen sight and innocence of mind proved her salvation; for, putting her head out of the carriage as the robber approached, she called serenely, “Good-night, Mr. Higgins! Why did you leave the ball so early?” And Higgins, thus thrust back into his rôle of country gentleman, rode on discomfited. He was executed at Caermarthen in 1767, only forty-three years before Mrs. Gaskell was born. This was not too long a period for tradition to linger, painting him ever more gloomily, until he loomed large, like Guy of Warwick or Thor the Thunderer. What affrighting falsities might have garlanded his name in Knutsford similar legends all the world over may attest. Did the sensitive little child, playing in corners, overhear the Cranford ladies relating his bold, bad deeds, and tricking them out with bewildering details of their own device? Did the child her-

self tremble at the spectre of Darkness Lane huddling under the mantle of a pitchy night? Such emotions are the willow twigs of memory; swept down a living stream, they are bound to reach roothold, and there bud greenly in the vesture of the vernal year.

One curiously suggestive incident belongs to Mrs. Gaskell's own life, though to dwell on it too definitely might serve merely to establish a false bond between the concrete and the ideal. Her only brother, a lieutenant in the merchant service, disappeared on his third or fourth voyage, about the year 1827, and "never was heard of more." Might such lingering tragedy have been the secret of her pathos over the heartbreak and sickness born of Peter's absence? Did she know by too near experience what it is to listen for the footstep that never falls? But one last proof clinches the argument that Knutsford is Cranford, "though some folks miscall it." Turn to the annals of Cranford, and you shall read of a certain old lady who had "an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter."

Now, this cherished animal, falling into a lime pit, was denuded of all her hair, and her adoptive mother, being ironically recommended to "get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers," did indeed send her thenceforth to pasture clad soberly in gray.

Return now to the chronicles of concrete Knutsford, and listen to the Reverend Henry Green, who, in spite of this one concession, never believed in any intentional literary apotheosis of his cherished town:—

"A woman of advanced age, who was confined to her house through illness, . . . asked me to lend her an amusing or cheerful book. I lent her *Cranford*, without telling her to what it was supposed to relate. She read the tale of *Life in a Country Town*, and when I called again, she was full of eagerness to say: 'Why, sir, that *Cranford* is all about Knutsford! My old mistress, Miss Harker, is mentioned in it; and our poor cow, she did go to the field in a large flannel waistcoat because she had burned herself in a lime pit!'"

Alice Brown.

THE CASE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

II. THE TEACHER'S SOCIAL AND INTELLECTUAL POSITION.

A CAREFUL examination of the answers to the inquiries sent by *The Atlantic Monthly* to superintendents and teachers of the public schools has put me in closest touch with my fellow-teachers in every part of the country, and has given me a clear insight into the varied conditions under which they have to work. As summarized by President Hall in the preceding issue of this magazine, these replies do not present a bright picture. However, he bids us hope. To point out just what the defects are in the status of the teacher, and

what we teachers must do to remedy these defects, is the purpose of what follows.

The comments upon the American public school teacher made by visiting French and German educators have usually been favorable. Notwithstanding these comments, were his case to be tried before a jury of foreign educational experts, on the basis of the evidence furnished by the confessions in the letters we have been examining, he would be found guilty on the three following counts: (1) lack of general culture, (2) lack of scho-

larship, and (3) lack of professional preparation.

Although morally the status of the teacher is high, socially it is found to be lower than the status of the average lawyer, the physician, or the theologian. Teachers do not give proper time and thought to the social side of life. To begin with, they are thought to be like the old-fashioned scholar in matters of personal appearance. Fortunately, there is no special style of dress by which they are known, but there is a carelessness that characterizes the rank and file of them. They do not feel the desirability of meeting people in a social way. The fault, however, is not in the occupation, but in the persons who take it up. Whenever teachers meet other men and women on equal terms, they get all the esteem their character and personality deserve. Undoubtedly, as many complain, they are overworked, and have not strength left for society; often the drudgery of the school robs them of time for social duties, and tends to quench any social desire. Moreover, many are not paid enough to dress properly. In school we teachers are associated with less mature minds, and it is easy to become self-satisfied. Unless we come in contact with men and women of equal or higher intellectual attainments, we fail to realize our littleness.

The general testimony of the replies is that in the larger villages and smaller cities the social position is higher than in the larger cities and smaller villages. From Maine the statement comes that there has been no advance for the last twenty years in the respect with which the public regards the teacher. Of the older States, Pennsylvania also is represented in an unfavorable light: "A teacher is apparently of little account." "He is regarded as an inferior of humanity." "He has no influence in the community outside of the schoolroom." It is evident that in all parts of the country where the educational sentiment is

strong, because of the presence of colleges, normal schools, or large private schools, more consideration is shown to teachers as a class. One man in the West gives his opinion that the teacher is a "great big cipher." One from the South writes: "The teachers are expected to help the church, subscribe to the political fund, take all the papers, be helpers for everybody and everything, and carry the burden of humanity generally, and *never assert their own views*, but patiently serve." From all over the Union comes the testimony from teachers that, if they wish to keep their positions, they must not express their opinions on local and national questions. This subservience of itself would tend to make the calling an inferior one. A few of the New England States furnish evidence of a respectful recognition of the teacher in society; Georgia, Colorado, Minnesota, and Illinois leave with me the impression that they are the hopeful States. The reports from some of the States, especially from New York, are very conflicting. There is hardly a State from which there is not the opinion expressed that the chief lack among our teachers is "general culture, and the refinement of manner that comes with it."

Intellectually, the teacher, whether in city or in country, has not attained a high status. Overcrowded as the profession is, because it is the best stepping-stone to other callings, the average teacher has not deliberately qualified himself either in scholarship or in professional knowledge. This testimony goes to corroborate the statements on this point made annually by the National Commissioner of Education. As the public school teacher is not scholarly, it follows that his interests are not broad, and that intellectually he is not a power in the community. In the schoolroom itself, it often happens that the teacher has no greater knowledge of his subjects than an acquaintance with the facts required for the recitation. A superintendent in Illi-

nois writes: "The criticism I have to offer upon teachers as a class is their limited literary qualifications. They do not know their subjects sufficiently to make instruction definite and logical." A teacher in a neighboring State notes chiefly the teachers' lack of "an accurate and broad knowledge. Our elementary schools are taught by young persons who are not always graduates of grammar schools, and hardly ever of high schools. Further, our high school faculties are not, as a rule, made up of college graduates."

The standard of professional equipment of the American teacher is, as would be expected, even lower than his social status. Throughout the Union the idea prevails that any one who knows schoolroom subjects can teach, and that any one with sufficient muscle can discipline. The public is satisfied with a low standard of scholarship, and makes little demand for professional skill. Until quite recently the normal schools have furnished what professional preparation there has been. Nothing struck me more forcibly, in studying these opinions, which came straight out of the experience of those who wrote them, than the note of dissatisfaction with the normal schools. Several teachers ask, Why require a normal school training when our normal school graduates are not successful teachers? The majority of the students of the normal schools enter with little more than an elementary education. For this reason the normal schools tend to lose their peculiar function of preparing young men and women to teach the elementary branches. As a superintendent in Illinois well expressed it, "Most of our normal schools try to give an average of academic with an equal amount of professional training, all at once." The result is an apology for both. The normal schools tend also to "deify method, and to lose sight of the supreme importance of the teacher's individuality and personal force." The kindness of the American

heart rather than professional responsibility characterizes those in charge of these schools, and those candidates not fitted by qualities of temper and manner for teaching are not weeded out. One educator from a small State observes, "A teacher is born, not made," and then continues, "We need a few more teachers born."

A person can become a successful member of none of the professions who is not naturally fitted for it. It is not sufficiently understood, however, that a good teacher cannot be made out of a person who lacks all the qualities of a teacher. A second or third rate man cannot begin to do the harm in one of the so-called "learned" professions that he can do in a school where he has the sole charge of forty or fifty boys and girls for five or six hours a day, five days in the week, seven or eight months in the year. The school age is the impressionable age. In the formation of habits, lines of thought, and rules of action, unconsciously the pupils adopt their teachers as models. A South Dakota teacher makes an utterance from that new State which has a genuine ring in it when he says: "The lack of professional training prevents the teacher from holding that standing in the community which other professionally trained persons have. The low status of the profession has not made the teacher the adviser of the Board of Education and of the parent to the same extent to which the physician and lawyer are advisers in their professions." It is to be acknowledged that the lack of confidence in teachers is well grounded.

If it has been a question in the past whether teaching should be considered a profession, the data hereby furnished leave no further doubt that it is yet a makeshift, a "procession" rather than a profession. Only a very few choose the work deliberately as a permanent vocation because they think it best for them. A few take it up because they cannot get anything else to do, and remain in it

for life. Teaching has the reputation of being a "berry-picking roadside, where spare change is to be picked up before jumping into the field and going to work," and of being a "hospital for the blind, the halt, and the lame of every other craft." From a New England State a teacher reports: "Many in the community think teachers must have failed in some other business before being willing to take up teaching." Among the teachers employed in the country schools are many young girls. Often an American girl, after she leaves school, "keeps school" until she has the opportunity to keep house, and this fact alone shows that teaching is not a life-work with the majority who take it up. Men, also, frequently regard teaching as an incident in their career; it is a step to their professions, or else a temporary means of support to the doctor while waiting for patients, to the lawyer while waiting for clients, and to the preacher while waiting for a pulpit. Successful professional men are apt to look upon men who remain in teaching with a sort of compassion. If a teacher's purpose in taking up the calling is of a temporary or trivial kind, it will be to the detriment of the pupils; for the teacher's purpose is reflected in the schoolroom. Instability of the teacher's purpose accounts directly for much of the inefficiency of our schools. If a person is in the work because of a lack of brains or force to succeed in something else, his presence will tend to keep out better persons. Among other reasons, the status of the teacher is low because the ablest men and women are not attracted to it in very great numbers, and because such persons of ability as are drawn into it are not retained; and thus the system tends to the survival of the unfittest.

This instability of purpose leads to a great deal of moving about within the calling. Teachers who lack any great amount of professional zeal leave low-priced positions for more lucrative ones

before they have had time to impress themselves fully upon their pupils. In a new country like ours new ideas are taken up and quickly put into practice; but our teachers, like the rest of their countrymen, are too eager for immediate results; they will not remain patiently to watch over their ideas and wisely to aid their development. Frequent changes, for whatever cause, mar the influence that teachers might exert upon the pupils. It is not uncommon for every teacher in a town to be new at the beginning of the year. School boards, especially in the West, have a belief that places can be filled easily. Usually the teachers who come are no worse than those who go. One superintendent says that his best teachers marry, and leave the poorer ones whom he could better spare. While incompetency is the rule and competency the exception, frequent changes are not so much to be regretted. It is the country schools, undoubtedly, that are most affected. After being called to the cities teachers are contented, and tend to become unambitious and non-progressive. A considerable number of teachers say that changes are too infrequent in the cities. From one city in the West a teacher writes: "If a cyclone were to strike this city, it would be justified in carrying off seventy-five per cent of the teachers; and yet our schools are progressive and well spoken of because we have a progressive superintendent." The natural reflection is, what a load that superintendent must carry, and what could he not accomplish if things were turned about and he had a number of competent teachers! When there is any degree of permanency in the more remote communities, it is because local candidates are elected. They can live more cheaply at home, and cannot easily be called away. A school taught by "home talent" is often dead educationally. The old faults are fixed, and routine rather than naturalness and progressiveness characterizes the work done.

One weakness of the occupation as compared with the legal and medical professions is that persons outside of the calling determine who shall enter it. As letter after letter shows, school committees do not know how to estimate the qualifications of a teacher. They elect, in many cases, those who will bid the lowest, or else those of a particular religious sect or political party. Further, that there is a lack of stability because of improper outside influences the massing of the testimony by President Hall shows conclusively. That insecurity from this source is harmful in keeping out or removing good teachers, and appointing poor teachers, no one can deny. In some States legislation attempts to reach this evil. Tenure of office is extended to the teacher during good behavior. It results in electing for life teachers who will do better work because of the greater security, but it makes stable also those teachers who, although not decidedly incompetent, are willing to drift along in the old currents. One Massachusetts superintendent writes: "We have permanent tenure, — a good deal more permanent than it ought to be, for the good of the pupils." Again, also from Massachusetts: "Good teachers are secure, poor teachers altogether too secure." It may be said in passing that the weight of testimony from Massachusetts is in favor of the establishment of a life tenure. One principal feels that "annual election for teachers of proved ability is an annual humiliation." I, who am also a Massachusetts man, dissent from his opinion. Tenure of office in Chicago is reported by one person as the "curse of the system. Merit has very little advantage over incompetency." Another from the same city says: "Teachers are too secure. Tenure of office keeps teachers in that should be out." In all reports that touch upon this point, written from places where there is no law freeing teachers from annual elections, there is unanimity of opinion in favor of such a

law. Far too much, however, has been expected from that source.

Admitting the testimony to the general fact that young teachers have not had the proper intellectual and professional equipment, it may then be asked: Are the members of the teaching corps aware of their shortcomings? Do they feel the need of making up for what was impossible or not thought of before they began to teach? Here again the facts reported by the teachers themselves do not bring out the bright side of the teachers' status. Scarcely any mention is made of the means offered to those engaged in the work, for making up deficiencies or supplementing imperfect training. The large attendance, however, upon teachers' institutes, summer schools, and summer courses at the colleges is a hopeful sign. In the West greater efforts are made in the way of supplementary study than in the East. It may be that in the newer States the proportion of untrained teachers is larger. Conditions are more elastic beyond the Mississippi, while on this side there is a tendency to be too well satisfied with existing arrangements. The high degree of permanency in the teacher's position in Boston, for example, if we are to trust the reports from that city, leads in many cases to a feeling that further efforts in the direction of professional equipment are unnecessary. One reply will be sufficient to show what is the general feeling expressed: "The trouble is, teachers are not ambitious, do not prepare themselves for promotion. They, especially the women, do not read and improve themselves as they should. They do not grow, they are apt to be satisfied." That the average teacher does not keep in touch with the advances in his line of work, that he is often so overworked as to make this impossible, that he tends to fall into routine, and that, in a word, he is not professionally progressive seems to be the consensus of opinion as indicated by the reports.

The remuneration of teachers as compared with that of the "learned" professions is low, — whether unduly low for the mass of them, who are hardly more than unskilled laborers, is doubtful. As a Kansas man puts it, "There are about as many overpaid as there are underpaid teachers." Throughout many States, and in some cities in other States, the salaries of women who teach compare very favorably with women's salaries in other walks of life. The minimum salary reported is four dollars a week. Teachers living at home can work for less pay than others. This results in the depression of salaries. Any system of schools, and especially any in which there is co-education, that ignores the need of both men and women does not attain its greatest efficiency. Men are usually passed by because women can be had for lower salaries. Men must bear family burdens, and thus cannot compete on the same footing with women. One teacher writes: "Men of a given degree of ability and application can earn more in other occupations than in teaching." The same teacher adds further: "Low salaries necessitate poor teachers, but it does not follow that high salaries alone will bring good teachers. Inefficiency is often rewarded. Every schedule of salaries rewards inefficiency just as much as it does efficiency." One person on the Pacific coast reports that "the best teachers are poorly paid; the inefficient, exorbitantly paid." A letter from Illinois runs as follows: "It has been my observation that teachers are appreciated for what they are worth."

Tutoring in the larger towns, vacation work everywhere, and other forms of outside work are done by teachers to add to their meagre salaries. This practice is harmful in diminishing the efficiency of the school work. It does not allow proper preparation for daily recitations, nor furnish the proper rest for the teacher. It is a practice not confined to low-salaried teachers. In the more favor-

ably situated communities extensive outside money-earning is carried on, and the public naturally asks whether it is necessary to pay as much for teachers as it does pay.

If one remains in school work, one is obliged to save for old age. Germany regards her teachers as "defenders of the public safety," and pensions them. The hindrance to the granting of pensions in the United States is the incomplete organization of our school systems, together with the general lack of the permanency of the teaching force. There is not sufficient stability to give an impetus to the establishment of anything like a general coöperative pension bureau. No one who is temporarily in the profession wishes to contribute to a general fund for this purpose. No one who is competent desires to pay part of his earnings into a retirement fund, which, as one teacher puts it, means that "the competents support the incompetents." Brooklyn proposes to have a retirement fund. Deductions are to be made from the salaries of the regular teaching corps, and applied for the support of those who retire or are discharged. If I am not mistaken, the initiative in this was taken by the city authorities, and the scheme is regarded with disfavor by the majority of the teachers. In Chicago, "it is proposed to honor teachers" by giving them pensions. One teacher writes: "From the nature of the work teaching compels a man to retire early." If this is true, it is a fact not to be observed in the German schools. A New England teacher wishes that "salaries were such that it would not be inhumane to retire one when too old to teach." Male teachers, particularly, feel that by the time they are forty they ought to be in something else. If it is once admitted that a teacher past forty is useless, then away with the idea that teaching will ever be "held in as high honor as it ought to be."

Teachers' agencies stimulate competition and assist teachers to find their

proper places quickly. Their very existence, however, is indicative of the lack of any real organization of teaching as a profession. While teachers' agencies often find reward for individual merit, every dollar paid to them takes from the total amount paid to the teaching force. Their business also tends to keep in the work those who have been failures. Promotions should come as a most natural distinction for efficiency. Under present conditions, it is almost a necessity, if the teacher wishes to know of vacancies and to stand a fair chance of bettering himself, to use a teachers' agency. Should he be fortunate enough to procure a place, he must pay five per cent of the salary that he is to receive to the agency that has helped him. Sometimes this is paid when the agency has merely informed the candidate that there is a vacancy. Sometimes one vacancy results in four or five moves on the educational check-board. These moves are paid for, not by the school boards, but by the teachers themselves. Were there an organized profession, its members, and not outsiders, would form some kind of a general coöperative agency for giving notice of contemplated changes in positions, and, as far as possible, for aiding the right man to secure the right place. The bureaus that have been established at the colleges are not, apparently, of much use to the graduate of three or four years' standing. The normal schools which have come under my observation fail entirely to keep in touch with their graduates so as to assist them as regards promotion.

The defects in the status of the teacher are, to repeat what was said at the beginning, lack of general culture, lack of scholarship, lack of professional training. Incidentally, partly as causes and partly as results of these defects, there must be added these facts: teaching is chosen as a makeshift by a large majority; the average length of experience is short; there is a lack of fixity of location; there is a lack of security because of improper

influences from outside; there is a lack of professional progressiveness; there is a lack of a strong fraternal spirit.

To put it briefly, teaching is not a profession. Although this statement is disturbing to the complacency of the earnest, well-trained teacher, yet it is none the less a fact, and is so regarded by the members of the calling at large. The status in the poorer and more sparsely settled portions of the country is, of course, decidedly lower than it is in the larger towns and cities. Yet the defects presented are the same. The difference is of degree only. There are professional teachers to be found in all parts of the country, but they are exceptions. They are mixed in with the general mass of teachers, and in any composite picture of the American public school teacher their identity is lost.

As regards remedies, the first requisite is a proper realization on the part of the teacher himself of the defective character of his status, and the second a clearer understanding of his own duty and opportunity under the circumstances.

A teacher does better work only as he grows through experience, and as he broadens his mind by study and by intercourse with his fellow-men. First of all, the teacher needs to guard himself against the danger of not making acquaintances outside the school circle. He should seize every chance that offers itself to be social and to excite sociability in those about him. He must not, out of an over-seriousness, believe it his duty to have nothing to do with society. If the young teacher lives for himself alone after he leaves the schoolroom, he will not, when success comes, find it easy to meet on an equal social footing people outside of his own line of work.

The teacher need not have the graces of a Lord Chesterfield, but, as the instructor of boys and girls, he should possess good manners. Perfect self-possession, freedom from affectation, proper care for dress and the person, produce a subtle and insensible training in the school-

room that is hardly less valuable than that which is given by direct instruction. Good manners are sadly wanting in children of all school grades above the kindergarten. Often the home pays too little attention to the cultivation of polite ways, but the school itself is responsible in a larger measure. Teachers have here a valuable opportunity that they cannot afford to neglect; but how can they teach politeness if they are not themselves polite? Further, to make their social status in all respects as dignified as that of the professions, it is the duty of each teacher to avail himself of the unusual opportunities for self-cultivation that this calling offers. Art, literature, and history should be regarded by him not alone from a teacher's, but from a student's point of view.

The normal schools should give more time and thought to the social side of the young teacher. Then, as teachers go from these institutions, would the schools themselves in which they teach tend to develop better manners. The Educational Society of Brooklyn, the teachers' clubs of Detroit, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans, and some of the reading circles of the Western cities, besides raising the professional standard, are bringing the teacher more into touch with society. Any influence that can create a closer sympathy and coöperation between the home and the school will tend to better the social position of the teacher. Improvements in the teachers' status must take their beginning from the teachers themselves. This problem, however, cannot be treated as altogether distinct from the other problems that the teachers' position presents. To secure social standing and recognition, teachers must possess culture and personal power that win respect outside of school. The question how to attract the best men and women needs to be answered before we can come to a final solution of the social problem. It is true that if the social status is raised, a better class of men and women

will take up the work; and it is equally true that if a better class of men and women appear, the social status will be raised. Higher salaries will make it possible for teachers to buy books, to travel, to hear lectures, to attend concerts, and to dress properly on social occasions. But it may be asked, What is going to make salaries higher? Then, too, what is going to diminish the labor required of the teacher so that "his personal needs shall not be effaced and opportunities for self-culture surrendered"?

Passing to the problem of the defective intellectual equipment, it would seem as if the duty here were plain. It is simply to bring about in the instructing body itself a sentiment that will urge would-be teachers to prepare themselves more broadly. Let those who are in the work put forth every effort that those who are going to the normal schools shall have at least a complete, thorough high school course before they enter, and those who are going into high school instruction, a college course. It must be borne in mind that the first requisite of the teacher is the right kind of personality. The normal schools themselves could help the cause for which they stand if they would sift out the applicants for admission. Quality, not quantity, should be their aim. It would be well if the faculty of the normal school would arrange for personal interviews with all young persons seeking admission, to find out the purpose and something of the individual make-up of each applicant. This is perfectly feasible. As regards academic training for those from the country districts, — which often furnish the best teachers, — where shall it be procured? There is often no high school within the radius of many miles. Such young persons as signify their intention of later entering a normal school should be sent to some approved high school at the expense of the State in which they live. Objection is made at once that this arrangement would be expensive for the

State, and for the candidates as well. The aim should be to choose only the best, and it would be wiser economy to train a small number of promising candidates well than a large, promiscuous body poorly. Wherever the academic training may be obtained, let it come before the professional training, not along with it. The first educational duty of each State is to look to the welfare of its elementary schools, for they provide for the education of the plain people. These schools are what the teachers make them. It should not be forgotten that the elementary schools fit also for the secondary schools, and that it is of prime importance that elementary teachers be high school graduates. If for no other reason than that the high schools are now to some extent, and will become more and more, the source of supply for teachers of the primary and grammar schools, their existence at public expense could be justly maintained. The high schools furnish also our social and business leaders; they raise the educational standard of our communities, and they prepare for the higher institutions. It is of prime importance that the States look to the intellectual and professional preparation of the teachers of these schools. Where there are no state universities, scholarships should be provided by the States at some college for the would-be high school teachers. These should be carefully selected by written examinations and personal interviews. It is only as all public school teaching is put on firmer educational foundations that teachers will become greater powers intellectually. For myself, I look forward with hope to the day when many of our grammar school principals and assistants shall also be college-trained.

In addition to the high school course, the elementary teacher needs two years, at least, of the right normal school training, and a secondary teacher one to two years of professional preparation to supplement his college work. Pedago-

gical courses are planned in connection with our colleges, but it is hoped that in the future higher normal schools will be established in States where there are not state universities. Judged by German standards, the length of time for professional preparation here outlined is too short. Germany leads the world in educational matters because of the superior training of her teachers. In contrast to German conditions, it cannot be disguised that there is a lack of complete organization in our school systems, that public sentiment is more materialistic than educational, and that because of the largeness of our country there is a great difference in the efficiency of city and country schools. Moreover, there have been neither educational experts of sufficient training and experience to perfect our school systems, nor a well-trained, sympathetic, stable body of teachers to awaken public interest in education. Which ever way we turn, in viewing the inefficiency of our public school system, we are brought face to face with the fact that the personnel of its leading force is not one of distinction.

There is a great need that a teacher prepare himself as definitely and carefully as a man is prepared for the ministry, medicine, or the law. The exact nature of this preparation cannot be set forth in a paper like this. Suffice it to say, the teacher should have a definite knowledge of the human mind and of the human body; he should know how to draw forth, to direct, and to control the activities of the child through the periods of school life; he should know the influences which act upon a child to determine its character; he should be acquainted with school organization and school management; he should not be ignorant of the thought and experience of other teachers in the field in which he is at work; he should know the history of education, and also school laws and precedents. His training should leave him thoughtful, devoted, and energetic. The attitude with

which a teacher approaches his work determines largely his success. If the professional course has aroused in him an interest in boys and girls, it has accomplished much. It should have brought him to regard the pupils as of major, and the subject matters of instruction as of minor importance. What we teachers are able to do for our boys and girls is measured by the interest that we take in them as individuals. Possessed of a sympathetic, intelligent interest, the teacher with small intellectual capital is oftentimes more efficient than the unsympathetic scholarly teacher. Child study and the study of adolescence should be begun in the training institutions, and there sympathetically and intelligently directed. City, district, and country superintendents need to be sufficiently well equipped to lead their teachers to study the home interests and influences and the personal characteristics of their pupils.

The status of the teacher will be improved only by insisting on higher intellectual and professional equipment as a prerequisite for obtaining a position to teach. It is the duty of the teaching body itself to bring up its status by raising the quality of its membership. There should be some assurance in the form of a license or certificate of the applicant's qualification for membership. The medical and legal professions set us examples of the kind of watchful care necessary in guarding against admission of quacks, "shysters," and other persons entirely unfit.

Teachers should organize, and demand that they, and not school boards made up of laymen, should conduct all examinations for determining who shall become teachers. When every school in this country is under the supervision of some educational officer, really an educational expert, practical, conservative, and far-seeing, then it is to be hoped that superintendents will be regarded in the light of professional advisers. A school superintendent should know schools from

actual experience in them. He needs the highest kind of professional training, the broadest scholarship, and more than the ordinary practical business ability. Ministers, lawyers, doctors, and men of no profession are as undesirable as they are usually incompetent. In Idaho, for example, "probate judges are *ex officio* superintendents, and in looking after the interests of the dead those of the living are neglected."

In this survey, I can see hope in everything except in the growing tendency of politics and other outside influences to enter in and interfere with school management, and especially at its most vital part, the appointment of teachers. The formation of a teachers' union in each State, so strong that all working together could present a solid front and demand that appointment be based on merit, might do much good. Whatever may be the solution of this problem, I agree most thoroughly with a report from the West, which says: "The teacher who can make the most out of the boys and girls placed in his care is the one for the place, be he Methodist, Baptist, Republican, Populist, tall, short, Yankee, or German." A larger number of persons of higher scholastic and pedagogical preparation will do something to counteract the effect of improper influences, and will furnish a sounder basis for legislation concerning "tenure of office." Security is wanting, partly at least, because of a well-grounded lack of confidence in teachers generally.

Did teachers but fit themselves properly, the public would no longer look down on the teacher's occupation, and the chances for a permanent continuance of desirable men and women in the work would be largely increased. If better preparation were required for admission, only those who chose teaching for their life-work would expend the necessary time and money. The general permanency belonging to the other professions is almost impossible for teaching as long as most teachers are women. Yet women

are desirable teachers, and their power for education is not lost when they become mothers. An Illinois teacher writes that, in his opinion, "a professional course such as doctors and lawyers must take would make the teacher's calling a profession, and induce men of ability to stay in it." He is far from being alone in this opinion.

As legislation for more complete tenure of position for the teacher goes hand in hand with higher professional equipment, so does higher remuneration. If salaries are low, it may only go to prove that the popular estimate has not been blind. Faithful, earnest, inspiring teachers should be brought to realize that they are only protecting themselves when they keep undesirable material out of the profession. For him who chooses teaching deliberately, and who provides himself with an all-round preparation, there is a high place, and because of the unorganized condition of our educational

system it is quickly attained. The people will be satisfied with such teachers as they have until teachers themselves demonstrate the necessity of employing better. The American public will not withhold its appreciation if higher scholarship and sounder professional culture result in honest, enthusiastic, and skillful efforts; and anything that can lead to the spread of expert supervision will tend to increase salaries, and to give greater assurance that merit will be rewarded. If in connection with every college and normal school there should be established teachers' employment bureaus, both the institutions themselves and the teaching graduates would be materially aided.

That the teacher is a potent factor in American civilization no one can deny, but that his highest possibilities have not been reached cannot be ignored. Let the teacher once become properly qualified for his work, and I believe unreservedly that the defects in his status will be remedied.

F. W. Atkinson.

THE PRESIDENCY AND SENATOR ALLISON.

DURING the little more than one hundred years of our national existence, twenty-three men, by election or succession, have become Presidents of the United States. It might naturally be assumed that so large a number would enable us to define in some degree the characters and qualifications chiefly favored by the republic for its highest office. This would undoubtedly be true had the popular idea of the office remained as fixed as its constitutional powers and limitations. The fact is, however, that the people have viewed it in changing lights, and its dignity has too often been made to conform to the varying political tendencies of the times; for while in our earlier history the country chose successively its most distinguished citizen for President, there

came a time when the growing importance of party government made him little more than the figure-head of his party, and the office but the personal embodiment of one set of party principles. Clay, Webster, and Calhoun could not win the prize that fell so easily to Polk, Taylor, and Pierce. Fealty in a candidate was held as of more consequence than national distinction, and government by the party and for the party superseded, in men's minds, government by the people and for the people, until it finally culminated in the refusal by those who held certain tenets of political faith to recognize as their President the one elected by those who held different views. This meant civil war, and while the result buried many of the issues that had made possible

such a conception of the presidential office, it was the greatness of Lincoln himself that restored the office to its rightful distinction, and recalled the earlier conception of it held by the founders of the republic. What these thought is easily ascertained by looking at the men they selected. The first six Presidents of the United States were all distinguished as leaders in war and diplomacy, and framers of the Constitution. They were men long accustomed to affairs of state and widely experienced in executive details of government. With the exception of Washington and John Adams, each had occupied Cabinet positions in at least one previous administration. They were all men trained for the duties of statecraft, and in that respect must have represented, as the first chosen under the new Constitution, the intention of the framers of that instrument, as well as the ideals of the young republic.

Bitter as was party spirit during most of this earlier period, the traditions which called for specific training in government controlled the selection of presidential candidates; but all such traditions were cast aside when Andrew Jackson was elected President. His election was in a measure a revolt against that government by the old régime which was the product of English constitutional procedure, inherited by the States from the colonies and carried into the domain of national politics. But in 1828 the United States had for more than fifty years been politically independent. An entirely new generation, born since the Revolution, was at the front; and it was a generation that had begun to turn its back on the Atlantic seaboard, and to march west and southwest. Parties were forming on distinctions of internal policy, and it would not be hard to demonstrate that precedents in government, religion, literature, arts, and society were largely displaced by the spontaneous, self-confident action of an energetic, rude, and courageous people. In the second and third quar-

ters of the present century the United States was the great field for innumerable experiments in living; and the experiments were not made more easy by the enormous inrush of uneducated Europeans, tempered by a small busy contingent of political theorists.

This period of experiment is drawing to a close; the financial experiment is the last to disappear before the hard lessons of experience and the acute reasoning of a generation trained in the schools of history of all nations. The political independence won technically in 1783, and confirmed by the war of 1812, was followed by the self-dependence which was in effect an effort of the nation to adjust itself upon terms which largely ignored foreign relations. It seems evident that we are drawing into a period, for better or worse, when the law of interdependence will largely control our national being, and the chief representative of the people will take his place more distinctly as one of the great magistrates of the modern world.

These considerations bring us back to a position not far removed from that held necessarily by the first generation of the republic. The severance of political connection with Europe was formal, yet partial in reality, and it was of the utmost consequence that the government should be organized by men who were trained in statecraft, and could be trusted to conduct the new nation out of the troubled waters of world politics into the open sea of its own high course. But during the course of two generations or more of self-dependence a thousand magnetic influences have been at work drawing us back into world relations; the Atlantic and the Pacific have both shrunk in dimensions, and look whichever way we will, we can no longer delude ourselves into the belief that we need only consider ourselves. Again comes the need of a government strong in the traditions we have formed, but strong also in the presence of leaders trained in a

statesmanship which offers a larger outlook than comes from mere party management.

The United States Senate may be looked upon as the best training-school in statesmanship we have had, — not of course so conspicuously in administrative function, but in the consideration of great national problems; and if we look there for a man of continuous experience, of prominence in the conduct of business, a representative of the Mississippi Valley, and in the prime of mature life, we shall find him in the Senator from Iowa, William Boyd Allison. It is worth while to consider the stand he has taken on great public questions, and the contribution which his temperament, ability, and character make toward his fitness for the highest office in the gift of the nation. Mr. Allison has just been honored by the State of Iowa with a fifth election to the Senate of the United States; and this circumstance, rare in the history of our country, has an added significance in the fact that every election by his party associates has been unanimous. On the last occasion no other name was even mentioned for the office, and the election was followed by a scene memorable for its enthusiasm, in which the representatives of both parties in the legislature joined. Thirty years' continuous congressional service on the part of a citizen of a State confessedly high in intelligence is in itself an evidence of conspicuous worth.

Mr. Allison was born in Perry, Wayne County, Ohio, March 2, 1829. He comes on both sides of that Scotch-Irish ancestry which Professor Shaler has analyzed in a paper in this number of *The Atlantic*. His boyhood was passed on a farm. He manifested a remarkable taste for mathematics, and was extremely methodical in his habits even as a boy. He was educated at the Wooster Academy, Alleghany College, and Western Reserve College, teaching school meanwhile to gain the necessary funds to enable him

to complete his education. Immediately on leaving college he studied law, and was admitted to the bar of Ohio in 1851. He began practice in Ashland. In 1853, when the Whig party was disintegrating and the Republican party just coming into existence, a state convention was held at Columbus. Its presiding officer was John Sherman, its secretary was William B. Allison, and its nominee for governor was Salmon P. Chase, — three men destined in later years to eminent distinction as co-workers in the broader field of national affairs. Seeking a larger opportunity, Mr. Allison removed first to Chicago, and then pushed on further west, finally settling, in 1857, almost by accident, in Dubuque, Iowa, where he has lived ever since.

Having taken some interest in politics in Ohio with rather unfortunate results, Mr. Allison tempted fate again in Iowa. He had inherited from his father membership of the Whig party, but with the nomination of Frémont had joined the Republicans. It was to his unfortunate venture in Ohio that he referred in a facetious line written in a letter to John Sherman congratulating him on his election: "Republics are not so ungrateful as I supposed when I was defeated for district attorney." Having known Samuel J. Kirkwood in Ohio, Mr. Allison became very much interested in the campaign in Iowa which resulted in making Kirkwood governor. The prominence achieved in that canvass caused him to be sent as a delegate to the Republican national convention which nominated Lincoln for President. He was made a secretary of the convention, and called his mathematics into play by casting up the total of votes as they were declared, and being the first to announce to the presiding officer that Lincoln had carried the day.

When Lincoln, as President, issued his call, in the summer of 1861, for 300,000 troops, Governor Kirkwood appointed Mr. Allison lieutenant-colonel on his

staff, with authority to raise and equip regiments in northeastern Iowa. He raised four regiments, and then fell ill from overwork. On his recovery he was elected to Congress from the old third district, sitting in the House with James F. Wilson, Hiram Price, A. W. Hubbard, J. B. Grinnell, and John A. Kasson. It was during the canvass for this election that he conceived the plan, which afterward became general throughout the North, of giving the soldiers on duty the opportunity of voting without leaving their posts. The scheme required a legislative enactment, and Governor Kirkwood hesitated about calling a special session of the legislature for this purpose, in view of the expense it would entail; but Mr. Allison enlisted Senator Grimes on his side, and the session was called which sanctioned this mode of counting the soldier vote, a measure which secured the Republican majority in at least three districts.

Mr. Allison took his seat in the House December 3, 1863, on the same day with Blaine and Garfield, and remained there till March 4, 1871. At the beginning of his second term he became a member of the Ways and Means Committee, and rose by degrees thereafter to the second place. He opposed the tariff act of 1870 so far as it proposed an increase of existing duties, his plea being that a war tariff should be reduced rather than increased in a time of peace. His arguments made such an impression that the bill was amended very much on the lines he laid down, and received the support of every Republican in the House; and during the next session the Dawes horizontal reduction of ten per cent went through both houses in a way which vindicated the attitude of Mr. Allison. Not a revenue measure has passed Congress since he entered it that he has not helped to frame. In 1868, Mr. Allison, and Representatives Schenck of Ohio and Hooper of Massachusetts, composed the sub-committee that codified and con-

solidated all the internal revenue tax laws, and inaugurated the system of collecting taxes on tobacco, distilled spirits, and beer by means of revenue stamps. Mr. Allison's retirement from the House was due to his declining a renomination in 1870. He had become involved in the contest with George G. Wright for a seat in the Senate. He was unsuccessful then, but two years later he tried again, and won, taking his seat in the Senate on March 4, 1873.

Just prior to his election to the Senate Mr. Allison went abroad, and spent much time in studying the economic and monetary systems of Europe. He placed himself in communication with the leading financiers of England, Germany, and France, and laid broad and deep the foundations of his financial knowledge. As a further means of information and study he has collected at his home in Dubuque a large and carefully selected library of books dealing with economic and financial questions, which is probably excelled, on these topics, by very few private libraries in America. Here all his vacation days are spent, and to those who have known him only amid the busy surroundings of his Washington life there will come almost as a surprise the knowledge that he loves best his leisure hours in the quiet of his splendid library.

The first work done by Mr. Allison in the Senate was as chairman of a joint select committee of Congress to investigate the abuses of the government of the District of Columbia under the Shepherd ring. The report of this committee, which filled two large volumes, recommended the form of government by a non-partisan commission which is now in force and has proved highly successful. He was at the same time made a member of the Committee on Appropriations. He has served on this committee for twenty-two years, for over twelve of which he has been its chairman. When it is remembered that, in the Senate, all the appropriation bills, with the exception of the

river and harbor bill, are sent to this committee, it will readily be seen how its work enters into every department of the government, and how thorough must be the knowledge thus gained of every detail of our vast governmental system.

In 1877 Mr. Allison became a member of the Finance Committee of the Senate, and took a conspicuous part in every debate on the money question and the tariff. In the tariff debate of 1883 he emphasized his objection to extreme protective duties by saying, "If we are to have a fair bill, it must have some relation to the people who consume;" but renewed his assurances of belief in the protective principle by declaring that he had endeavored "to protect fairly every industry in this country." As chairman of a sub-committee to revise the customs administration laws, Mr. Allison reported a complete change of methods and machinery for appraisement and classification of imports. His bill passed the Senate in 1888, but was not considered in the House. The next year it was made a part of the Allison substitute for the Mills tariff bill, and was again passed by the Senate, but the House would have nothing to do with the substitute. Finally, in 1890, it was taken up in the House, in the course of the general tariff legislation of that year, as a sequel to the McKinley bill, and became a law. The Democrats in the Fifty-Third Congress, although making a sweeping revision of the tariff, left the administrative law undisturbed. It was a sub-committee to which Mr. Allison belonged, also, that drew up the reciprocity section of the McKinley law.

It is, however, as a student of national finance that Senator Allison has won his chief distinction, and by his action in this field he is most closely to be examined. In 1874 he supported the inflation bill, increasing the greenback issue to a total of \$400,000,000, both on its original passage and after President Grant had vetoed it. He supported the

resumption act of 1875, but his hand was first felt most emphatically in the course which he took regarding the expansion of the silver currency. When, in 1878, the Bland bill, by a large majority, passed the House of Representatives, it provided for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one. When it was reported back from the Finance Committee to the Senate by Senator Allison (then, as now, a member of that committee), it contained two important amendments, prepared by himself, which changed utterly the character of the bill. One amendment limited the maximum amount to be coined to not more than four millions of dollars a month, and the other provided for an international conference to agree upon a ratio. The bill passed with these amendments, and became a law. Mr. Allison was one of those who believed, like Secretary Windom, Senator Sherman, President Harrison, and some other prominent Republicans, in the possibility of treating with the silver forces, and giving them compromise legislation from time to time to stay their appetites for measures more radical. It should be noted that there was a very strong pressure brought to bear upon Congress, especially by the West, at this time, for measures looking to an expansion of the currency. The greenback heresy was its most vehement expression. The entire Central and Western States complained of a lack of circulation, and, with the rate of interest ranging from seven to twelve per cent, it was argued that conditions would greatly improve if some means could be devised of increasing the amount of money in circulation. It should be remembered, also, that the value of silver relative to gold in the markets of the world in 1878 was not very far from the ratio fixed in the Bland-Allison bill. But Mr. Allison further demonstrated his willingness to strain a point to secure partisan advantages when he supported the dangerous Sherman act of 1890.

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Lowell also pointed out his indebtedness to his country, but he never, failed to appreciate this indebtedness. In his poetry Coleridge exert a general influence shared with every other poet of this country, but he had a more and unique influence. He had already made a poet, while to it he was sure of fame for himself.

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Little by little, we have come to realize that the word "art" means something more than painting and sculpture; that the phrases "art and architecture," "art and letters," "art and the drama," are inaccurate; and that a noble building, a great work of fiction, a fine piece of dramatic action, is just as truly art as a picture or a statue. Therefore the altercation over the essence of art and its proper manifestation has come to comprehend all these things, and many others as well. Indeed, not a great while ago, the quarrel between symbolists, impressionists, idealists, — or whatever name may for the moment have been in favor, — and realists, always unchangeable in nature and name, was quite overshadowed by the fierceness of the conflict that raged between precisely the same principles in the art of fiction.

One result of this widening of the field of action has been a distinct clearing of the air, and a consequent realization of the fact that, in the end, the apparently inextinguishable conflict is based, not on some little principle that touches painting alone, or fiction, or even all art, but on the very spirit of the century. It is simply the question as to whether the impulse that is making this an age of triumphant facts, of scientific achievement, of industrial development, of rationalism and infidelity and materialism, shall overthrow in its turn the accepted foundations of art, or whether these same foundations shall stand, in that they are based on spiritual laws that rest calm and unchangeable, beyond the touch of contemporary happenings.

Not many years ago, it almost seemed that this ancient law of art was to be degraded and cast aside, but of late one has often been led to wonder if the tide has not reached its flood. The time is not long past when the man would have been laughed at who ventured to predict that in a few years the scientific spirit,

which had driven idealism to its last trenches, would have suffered an almost complete reverse, and been forced to witness an accession of power to its once-beaten enemy, apparently unlimited in its scope and acceptance. Yet this has happened, and for the moment realistic fiction is a discredited issue. Something of the same reaction is taking place even now in the art of painting, and the greatest pictures of the year in America are expressions of religion and fable, wrought out by methods which have in them nothing of the cherished principles of realism.

Of course the revulsion is violent and extreme in many cases, and the most conspicuous school of contemporary art, using the word in its new and comprehensive sense, is characterized by a degree of exaggeration quite as excessive and importunate as that which marked the reign of the dynasty of realism. It is the old story of the pendulum, and just now it has swung far towards the pole of ultra-idealism. The result is often so bizarre and fantastic that one is tempted to justify Mr. Nordau in his assault on its absurd vagaries, even though his indiscriminating onslaught seems the last vindictive blow of a lost cause.

But the pendulum of theory, oscillating from pole to pole across the intervening space where lies all the land of artistic possibility, must now and then pass the point of equilibrium, and it sometimes happens that a picture, or a book, or some other manifestation of the art idea comes into existence at this desired moment, and under the sign of the *via media*. Such a work is John La Farge's *Considerations on Painting*;¹ for in it the author avoids the dangerous poles of exaggeration, and, while showing clearly the necessity of both elements of realism and impressionism in painting, indicates with unerring judgment the eternal laws of art, vindicating their claim to stability

York. By JOHN LA FARGE. New York, Macmillan & Co., and London. 1895.

¹ *Considerations on Painting*. Lectures given in 1893 at the Metropolitan Museum of New

and eternity. In one of the lectures Mr. La Farge says:—

“And in no division of the arts of sight has there been more misapplied ingenuity of teaching, more narrowness of reasoning, more individual assertion, more professional incapacity, than in the law-making which has been done in our century for the reasonable production of the work of art that we call decoration.”

The restriction as to the particular division of the arts seems hardly necessary, for few would deny that this accurate judgment applies to the literature of painting quite as closely as to that of decoration. Indeed, there is no branch of art that has been free from the meddling of incompetent theorists and demagogues, and as a result we have not only failed to acquire any real vital art, but we have achieved instead a false and evil art that is self-conscious, conceited, aggressive, the very contrary of the old art we still pretend to respect.

For the dogmas that have been defended with such exactness have been formulated almost entirely from the standpoints of the advocates of extremes. The quarrel over the theory of art has been on the respective values of the poles of æsthetic possibility, while the middle ground has been left unharassed by theorists; and only now and then, when perhaps it flashed suddenly on some zealous fighter that neither pole had dominion over the great world of art won for us in past centuries, did the thought occur to any one that, after all, the treasured extremes lay dangerously near the infra-red and ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, while between lay the whole field of real art, discovered long ago, and still quite adequate for all human effort.

In the end, is there very much of realism or impressionism, as they are now understood, in the old art that we know to be so good? Therein there is something that appeals to the essential and universal quality in man as little that has

since come into existence succeeds in doing,—something that needs neither the hysteria of ultimate impressionism nor the brutality of perfect realism to aid its influence. We may try our best; we still fail to grasp this secret of success, for it lies in neither pole, but in the forgotten middle ground.

“Art begins where language ceases.” In these five words Mr. La Farge has indicated as closely as conciseness will permit the lost secret of universal and lasting art, the trail of the middle way, overlooked in our passion for ultimate extremes.

“Art begins where language ceases.” In other words, art is the symbolical expression of otherwise inexpressible ideas. For in verbal language we can embody in a form mentally acceptable the ideas which take cognizable shape from bodily experience; but in this way we cannot express, in a manner either mentally or spiritually acceptable, the ideas which transcend experience, but which are no less real, no less honorable, than they. To give these ideas a form which may appeal to the arbiter of their existence, we must seek the other language, which appeals, not through the senses, but through the emotions,—the language of symbolism.

And by symbolism we mean all the wonderful and mysterious powers of color and form and light and shade, tone and rhythm and harmony, the forms and methods of verse, the qualities of architectural composition and design. We can neither justify nor explain the influence of these things by any mental process, though unfortunate efforts have been made; but to the faculty in man to which alone they have a right to speak such justification is unnecessary.

“Who shall fathom the mystery of the impressions made by art!—impressions which become confused when one tries to declare them and describe them, strong and clear if we feel them again, even by the recall of memory; so that

we realize how much of ourselves constituted the feelings that seemed to come out of the things that struck us. In our art these impressions are tangible, if I may say so. We enjoy what we think is the representation of the certain things at the same time that some sense of what they mean for our mind affects and moves us. These figures, these objects, which seem to be the thing itself to a certain part of our intelligence, make a sort of bridge over which we pass to reach that mysterious impression which is represented by form as a sort of hieroglyph, — a speaking, living hieroglyph, not such a one as is replaced by a few characters of writing; in our art and in that sense a sublime means and creation of man, if we compare it to that in which thought can reach us only through conventional arrangements of the signs we call letters. An art more complicated, certainly, than literature, but infinitely more expressive, since, independently of the idea, its sign, its living hieroglyph, fills the soul of the painter with the splendor that things give; their beauty, their contrast, their harmony, their colors, — all the undivided order of the external universe."

In a similar way, throughout these lectures, Mr. La Farge holds up the highest ideal of art to those who listen; warning them against heresies and false gods; unveiling a little of the radiance of the true deity, not by the declaration of rigid dogmas, but by hints, suggestions.

"In these realities with which we are concerned realism is a very evasive distinction; . . . there is for you practically no such thing as realism." Speaking of methods, he says: "The variety of dreamland into which we enter depends on [the painter's] manner of opening the gate;" and again, touching the very matter mentioned before, the difference of æsthetic expression from that employed by the mind: "By his cadences, by the stress laid upon certain words,

by his placing of words in an artificial frame, the poet suggests, not the actual thing itself that he says, but what our memories will make of it, as soon as he has thrown us out of the hearing of the language of every day."

Nor can he lay stress too often on the necessity of individuality in the work of the painter: "The *man* is the question; . . . there can be no absolute view of nature." "If you ever know how to paint somewhat well, and pass beyond the position of the student who has not yet learned to use his hands as an expression of the memories of his brain, you will always give to nature, that is to say, what is outside of you, the character of the lens through which you see it — which is yourself." "In our art of painting, above all others, that desire of the beautiful is expressed and appeased by representation of what is exterior, — what is perceived by the sense of sight. Through these representations, more or less complete, more or less the result of acquired ideas, or, on the other hand, of personal impressions, the artist has expressed what is in reality himself. If we were gifted with the imaginary perception that we attribute to supernatural beings, we could see written out at length, in these works of art, not only the character of their authors, but their momentary feelings, often contradictory to the apparent intention; and even their physical failings, the make and habit of their bodies."

Is not this, then, almost a solution of the whole question? "The artist has expressed what is in reality himself;" not the mere phenomena of a nature at the best imperfect, not the objective world, — "the subject, as it is called in catalogues of pictures, is merely the place where we express ourselves," — not even the impressions which these phenomena make on the painter, but the emotions they excite, the dreams out of the greater, more wonderful world of man's spiritual life, brought into existence by the

impulse of natural facts and phenomena, vitalized by the strange and unknowable thing we call the soul, made visible by the suggestive images of the nature that called them into being, appealing to the spiritual faculty through the senses, by means of those agents of the emotions, symbolism, color, harmony, and their allies.

If we can look on the art of painting in this way, the fight between realism and impressionism will seem very trivial indeed, and we shall find that through all the forms of art runs a thread that holds them together, so that Wagner and Rossetti, Burne-Jones and George Meredith, yes, and Mr. St. Gaudens, Mr. John Sargent, and Mr. La Farge himself, are all workers in one direction, towards the restoration of the underlying laws and the forgotten secret of art.

It is on turning from this book of Mr. La Farge's to another,¹ which, from its title, gives promise of kinship, that we find how easy it is to approach this subject from a standpoint, to say the least, inadequate. In *Considerations on Painting*, the author seems to see and admit the impossibility of laying down in dogmatic verbal form laws touching the spiritual or emotional side of art. He suggests, — he does not assert; for a spiritual truth cannot be accurately defined in words which require no comment, exposition, or explanation, be it a truth of religion or a truth of art. The language of art is very different from the language of nature, as Mr. La Farge shows; but Mr. Hamerton starts with the assumption that words may be used to express everything. "What is imagination?" he asks; and for answer he goes to the *Philosophical Dictionary*, Littré, and Webster's *Unabridged*. The answer is definite and concise: "There are two kinds of imagination: one of which consists in retaining a simple impression

of objects; the other which arranges the images so received, and combines them in a thousand ways." "Nature and his own labors together have armed [the artist] with these three talents: First, the power of recalling images of absent things. Second, the power of representing these images in painting. Third, the power of fusing images into pictorial wholes. I should say that an artist so gifted would have every chance of being recognized as an imaginative artist."

This is all, and on this foundation Mr. Hamerton raises a superstructure which is in effect but an amplification of his dictionary definition. To be a painter, one must be able to "visualize;" that is, see objectively the subjective memories of things once observed. To be a *great* painter, one must be able to combine these "visualized" memories in a visible form which will be pleasing to the eye. It would seem from this that the author confuses the domains of the spiritual and the physical, sees nothing in the faculty of imagination but organized memory; leaving out of the consideration entirely the great world of real imagination, which is far distant from physical memory, and is a world in itself, with its own laws, its own phenomena, its own language.

To this view of the situation, and to the treatment that must follow from acceptance of the definitions of Littré and Webster, Mr. Hamerton's didactic — shall we say pedantic? — method of exposition is peculiarly adapted. After reading the passage quoted above, one comes with a certain satisfaction upon, "With regard to the action of the memory in dealing with memoranda, the following piece of actual experience may be worth recording. A distinguished painter, now a Royal Academician, told me that he had never found it possible to paint things well from hasty memoranda unless he had carefully painted objects of the same kind, at one time or other, from nature, but that he could always paint with his

¹ *Imagination in Landscape Painting*. By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. With many illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1895.

full power from slight memoranda when this condition had previously been fulfilled. This was said with reference to landscape subjects." One is not surprised, after this, to find the following analysis of a picture in the Salon of 1886 (not 1885, as Mr. Hamerton says). After describing the awful solemnity of the vast wall of rock cleft by the sword slash of a Norwegian fjord, the author says: "And yet, in this picture, just opposite to this scene of terrible desolation, there are three or four poor little wooden buildings to show that man lives even there, and the pathetic interest of the work lies in the sympathy that we immediately feel for the inhabitants. 'What!' we say to ourselves, 'do human beings live in such a solitude?' The artist tells us, in his way, that this little colony is not deprived of communication with the outer world, for he shows us a steamer under the precipice, steadily making its way on the calm, deep water, with a line of foam at its bows. Small and insignificant as it appears under the giant mountain, and rare as may be its visits, the mere possibility of them is a link with distant humanity. The success of the picture was due, no doubt, in great part, to this artifice, by which the sympathetic imagination is first disquieted, and afterwards gently reassured."

This is "the very ecstasy of madness," or rather of hopeless sanity. The art of Tintoretto, Velasquez, Turner, does not deal with trivialities of this kind; its mission is not to be the agent "by which the sympathetic imagination is first disquieted, and afterwards gently reassured." This is the function of the artifice that expresses itself in the Sunday-school literature so popular with a certain class of people. The mysterious world of the spiritual life is full of vast phenomena, strange passions, awful desires, illimitable aspirations. Since human life began, man has tried to express these things to men, that he might dispel the loneliness that broods over these

trackless lands. Through the symbolic language of art he has succeeded, and to any one who has gained the power to use that agency to such ends Mr. Hamerton's idea of employing it to disquiet the sympathetic imagination, and afterwards gently reassure it, by such childish details as a coasting steamboat and fishermen's huts, will seem blasphemous and sacrilegious in the extreme.

From this treatment of art necessarily follows the conviction that Mr. Hamerton avows toward the end of the volume: "Now, if we accept my theory that invention is imagination that can be made to work, it must follow that the real inventors will work at invention just as they would at anything else, and that those who 'wait for inspiration' are just the people to whom inspiration is least likely to be given."

Most certainly this conviction must follow from acceptance of the given theory, but does not this fact militate against the truth of such a law? The painter who, if "suddenly asked, 'What is the greatest need of the Imagination?'" would probably answer either, 'Abundance of materials,' or else, 'Liberty,'" should undoubtedly work this organized memory as he would any other physical faculty, but he would be bound within an iron line; — the rigid ring that circumscribes his own physical experience. For him would be forbidden forever the wonderland of dreams and reveries, of strange visions and mystic symbolism: his would be an art of statistics, not of ideals.

To this extent Mr. Hamerton's "imaginative painter" would be in touch with that contemporary art which Mr. La Farge describes as characterized by "depleted, undoubted incapacity," not with that of Leonardo and Rembrandt and Burne-Jones.

But in spite of his encyclopædic assumptions, his pedantic methods, his material dogmatism, Mr. Hamerton rises above the limitations he imposes upon

himself, and now and then we come upon a sentence that strikes a clean, clear note: "All those works of art that we dwell upon with ever renewed pleasure attract us by the delicacy, the tenderness, or the force of those emotions which the artist imaginatively felt when he was producing them; and it is one of the most wonderful yet undeniable powers of painting, and of all the graphic arts, that the emotions of the artist are communicated to all spectators who have naturally a sensitiveness like his own." And again: "The progress of a landscape painter appears to be through a kind of materialism to a visionary idealism by which he attains in its full perfection the artistic estimate of things. Materialism appears to be necessary as a stage, but only as a stage."

A vigorous statement like this does much to make one forget the unfortunate methods so evident in the bulk of the volume, and what is left of unpleasant impressions almost disappears for the moment, as we close the book on this last sentence, which has in it a truth that applies to more varieties of art than Mr. Hamerton allows: "There may be a color-music without meaning, invented by the imagination, exactly as there is a sound-music without meaning, or, at least, of which the meaning could not possibly be expressed in any other language than its own. Therefore, when we come to this kind of imagination, in which substance is either banished altogether or reduced to a minimum, whilst the delicacies of color are retained, the only intelligent way of considering it is to think of it as an art existing on its own basis, which is almost, though not quite, independent of nature."

It is always agreeable to pass from the study of the theory of art to its practice at the hands of a great master, and

the season brings us a distinct contribution to this literature.¹ Correggio has had many biographers and more interpreters, but among them all, from Tiraboschi to Morelli, there is not one whose services to English readers have been what those of Dr. Ricci promise to be in his new book on the painter. He starts with the assumption that has governed all his predecessors, that Correggio belongs among the major artistic figures of his time; and this takes for granted much the same attitude of enthusiasm which has been demanded with strenuous persistence by the greater number of critics rhapsodizing over the epicurean qualities in the master's art. But Dr. Ricci protests in his preface that he has "endeavored to avoid the pitfalls of feticism," and he adds that "if the more fanatical worshipers of Correggio find us lacking in enthusiasm, and his detractors blame us for our leniency, we must content ourselves with the knowledge of having sought the golden mean." With some trifling reservations, we may say that Dr. Ricci has found it. And the matter is one of no small significance when the character of Correggio is considered. More than most artists of the Renaissance he needs to be weighed with severe impartiality. He belongs to the line of lyric painters which began with Botticelli in the pure dawn of Italian art; gave Antonio Allegri to the town of Correggio and the school of Ferrara some years later, through a seemingly unrelated phase of development; and then, providing Venice with a representative in Giorgione, took a great leap across the decadence of the peninsula to reappear in the persons of Watteau and Lancret in France. Every one of the men we have named has suffered at the hands of his friends, because the lyrical inspiration in his work has wakened po-

¹ *Antonio Allegri da Correggio. His Life, his Friends, and his Time.* By CORRADO RICCI, Director of the Royal Gallery, Parma. From the Italian by FLORENCE SIMMONDS.

With 37 full-page plates and 190 text illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

etic thoughts in their minds and incited them to rhetorical deliverances. Correggio offers an engaging theme for panegyric and fantastic surmise, since he cultivated an art all daintiness and fragile charm in the midst of a movement which was hastening on to the brilliant but specious triumphs of materialistic feeling. Dr. Ricci makes a dispassionate biographer, and gives us the material for a clear and consistent appraisal of his master.

The sub-title to this volume indicates the good judgment and sympathy with which our author has extended his scope. He aims to reconstruct the environment of Correggio, and thus to show more eloquently the sources and development of the latter's art. If he fails to accomplish his purpose altogether, it is because he lacks imagination. The picture he draws of the Emilian society in which the painter was brought up is more erudite than flexible and dramatic. To identify Correggio with a living epoch, to show his close connection with the fastidious civilization in which the lords of Correggio, the princes of Mantua and Parma, stand conspicuous and potent, it is necessary to handle the history of those men and cities with warmth of feeling and animation of style. Yet Dr. Ricci might justly claim that his scholarship has done all that may be expected of scholarship; and if we regret his paucity of imagination, we may also remember with comfort that the quality has run away with most of his forerunners. None of those forerunners has thrown so much light as Dr. Ricci throws, for all his dryness, on the surroundings of Correggio. He destroys the old conception of the painter, as a man detached by circumstance and taste from the social expansion of his time, and restores him to the circle of wealthy and cultured contemporaries with whose encouragement alone could the refinement of his nature and the distinction of his art have been nurtured and made strong. This

volume presents a man of reserved and quiet temperament, whose placidity has often been mistaken for the resignation of an obscure and even neglected worker, but of whom his fellow-townsmen had a genuine appreciation, and in whom the rich nobles of the day found one of their most precious aids. Let the reader who remembers Correggio as something of a rustic, or a struggler, or a disappointment to himself and his friends, read in Dr. Ricci's book of the way in which Veronica Gambara wrote of him when corresponding with Isabella d'Este at Mantua. "Our Antonio," she calls him, and Dr. Ricci has no difficulty in showing that the affectionate phrase sprang from Correggio's intimate acquaintance with the little court of his city, and with many of its patrician ramifications beyond the walls. When he went to Mantua, early in his career, it was under the protection of the princes of Correggio; and later on, his labors for the Abbess Giovanna Piacenza in the convent of San Paolo at Parma, and for the authorities of the Duomo and of the church of San Giovanni Evangelista in the same city, were all undertaken with the encouragement of Cavaliere Scipione, Donna Giovanna's high-born kinsman.

We should be glad if it were possible to transfer to these pages some of Dr. Ricci's interesting details, assembled in his endeavor to revive the atmosphere of his painter as a participant in Renaissance life. But we must pass from the indication of what this biographer has done to clarify understanding of Correggio the man to what he has to offer in elucidation of Correggio the artist. Here he is in the main moderate and sagacious. There is only one point in his analysis which provokes emphatic dissent. He gives a discreet account of the two great domes in Parma, preserving his critical equilibrium in the presence of their sublimity and their impassioned brilliancy of design. His closing

estimate of the stupendous fresco in the cathedral at Parma is a perfect illustration of the manner in which Correggio should be considered. It reveals understanding and sobriety, sympathy and justice, enthusiasm and good sound sense. Dr. Ricci recognizes that, extraordinary as the cathedral dome may be, the work exceeds the boundaries of mural decoration, and becomes defective in its organic relations. He is a felicitous critic, too, of the beautiful ceiling in the convent of San Paolo. But something he says with reference to this work brings up a familiar and troublesome quantity in the literature of Correggio. He repeats with approval Meyer's observation that "the winged genii who hold up the inscription in the Camera degli Sposi" (Mantegna's famous room in Mantua) "are the true precursors of Correggio's putti;" that is, the putti of the Camera di San Paolo. Dr. Ricci reminds us in a footnote that Eastlake, Burton, Paul Mantz, and others have made the same point in discussing the Mantuan and Parmesan decorations. This does not in the least fortify the hypothesis of a Mantegnesque influence which Dr. Ricci insists upon, presenting various kinds of evidence to prove his argument.

No critic who has written upon Correggio fails to have something to say about the latter's indebtedness to Mantegna, and Dr. Ricci follows the rest. He wants to extend the sphere of Mantegna's influence upon Correggio; and though he wisely rejects the old notion that the two were ever in the relation of master and pupil, he tries to make out a case for his painter's having come in contact with works by the earlier master, and for his having been seriously affected through the experience. Some slight influence we may grant. In his earlier works Correggio occasionally repeated some of the motives of Mantegna. But the elements on which Dr. Ricci would prolong this situation into Correggio's maturer years, referring the

garlanded decoration of the Camera di San Paolo to an acquaintance with the Camera degli Sposi and the well-known Madonna della Vittoria in the Louvre, seem to us to be of superficial character, and to have been held in common by the masters of the Renaissance. They have little weight, they are of no permanent significance, when placed in the balance with the essentials of Correggio's art, — his lyrical strain, his imaginative vivacity, his elegance, his suavity of style, his nobility, his passion for a tender, vaporous, and above all things poetic scheme of form and color. He is in every one of these qualities — qualities which determine the final value of his genius — a positive antithesis to the intellectual and somewhat northern and astringent Mantegna, a man of peculiar rigidity in the most distinctive phases of his art. Give due force to the individuality of Correggio, and the whole hypothesis of a Mantegnesque influence fades away from the bold assertions of his critics into a brief and unimportant passage in the interpretation of his art. Dr. Ricci keeps it in the foreground. It has been there too long, and we regret that the present volume is likely to perpetuate a false impression. In all other details Dr. Ricci commands the respect, the admiration, and the gratitude of students. He gives them, on the whole, the most tangible and reasonable image of Correggio that exists among books on Italian art. Thanks to the generosity of the publishers, who have gathered together in excellent plates a veritable museum of the master's paintings and studies, it will be possible for the reader to base upon this work a just and serviceable conception of the painter.

In the long history of art criticism there is perhaps no name which arouses a more genuine or more loving admiration than that of Mrs. Anna Jameson. Her work has that peculiar sympathetic quality which appeals at once to the popular imagination. However learned she may

be, she is never dry ; however poetic, she is never beyond the average comprehension ; and withal she knows so well just what to say and how to say it that she has won a lasting place in the hearts of the people.

The scope of her work in its original plan was of great magnitude and importance. Her purpose was to furnish an interpretative guide to the entire field of religious art (painting and sculpture), not only covering the several centuries of the "old masters," but coming down to her own times, and ranging over the art of Italy, Germany, France, Belgium, and Spain. The subjects treated were to include the complete cycle of Scripture themes, both Old and New Testaments, and also those legends which grew into greatest prominence in the mediæval Church, and which constituted so large an element in ecclesiastical and monastic art. This magnificent scheme the writer did not live to carry to full execution, but the portion which she completed is a splendid monument to her industry and enthusiasm. This consists of two volumes on the saints and martyrs, known under the general title of *Sacred and Legendary Art*, one on the *Legends of the Monastic Orders*, and one on the *Legends of the Madonna*. Taken with her previous work on the *Early Italian Painters*, there are in all five volumes as the result of her art studies.¹

Mrs. Jameson's own estimate of her ability was a very just one, and the great task to which she set herself was one for which she was admirably adapted. She was unusually gifted with powers of description ; she could tell a story delightfully, had a keen sense of beauty and a great reverence for sacred things. As a critic, her point of view is purely literary ; her chief aim is to explain the incident which forms the art subject. To her the first question to ask in the presence of a masterpiece was, What is it all about ? A

picture, like a book, has a story to tell, and the story itself was, in her opinion, a more important matter than the authorship or the technical skill employed in its narration. For discussions of technique, indeed, she had but little taste. At the time of her writing, though no strictly scientific work had been done in this field, there was a growing interest in such subjects which prepared the way for later writers. The new movement, far from enlisting her sympathy, only made her more zealous in her chosen task, determined that an intelligent understanding of the significance of the great masterpieces should keep pace with the increasing knowledge of their artistic qualities. Perhaps — who can tell ? — she looked forward to the day of a still more profound mode of criticism, to which her own should lead up, — a criticism of the philosophic principles which are the fundamental *motif* of art. Be that as it may, her work lies just between the purely scientific method on the one side and the purely philosophical on the other, and forms a connecting link between the two. So far as her resources permitted she availed herself of the results of her contemporary technical critics, and, on the other hand, so far as in her lay she revealed occasional glimpses of the higher criticism towards which her own tended. But in the main she held consistently to the middle course, and in this department her work is such as we can never afford to dispense with. We must keep our Crowe and Cavalcaselle and our Morelli as books to be used for occasional reference ; Symonds and Pater take a higher place of honor as treasures for rare hours of quiet reflection ; Mrs. Jameson must stand between them, always at hand, the writer dearer than all others for constant and familiar companionship.

The new edition before us merits attention for the exceeding care which the Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

¹ *The Writings on Art of Anna Jameson*. Edited by ESTELLE M. HURLL. In five volumes.

editor plainly has taken in bringing Mrs. Jameson's work to the test of the special criticism expended since her time on the origin of the several pictures discussed by her, and of the latest authorities respecting their present position. Mrs. Jameson was not careless, but the critical apparatus in her day was meagre compared with what is now at our service, and no one would have thanked Miss Hurll more warmly for the laborious task she has performed with such scrupulous fidelity than Mrs. Jameson herself. The scheme of illustration is fresh and sensible.

From biography and critical study we pass to the interesting reproductions of great art which we have learned to look for at the hand of Mr. Cole. Criticism of his new book¹ hesitates between spending itself upon the charm of the Dutch and Flemish masters and following the more technical considerations provoked by the engraver's art. Many students of the volume will thank him for just the glow and friendly human feeling of Dutch painting. These things exist in Mr. Cole's blocks with astonishing vitality. Confined to an apparently inflexible chord of black and gray tones, he yet achieves the golden beauty of his originals. With this alone we might be content. But the believer in American wood-engraving must recognize in this volume, first of all, a remarkable illustration of the range and power of his favorite form of reproductive art. Analysis of the illustrations pauses delighted over the revelation they provide of what a spacious field one American graver, at least, can cover. Mr. Cole turns from the subtlety of the Italian masters to the direct, substantial conventions of the Low Countries. His hand accommodates itself to the change without yielding up a fibre of its skill, and, after having more than pleased his public with exquisitely intuitive interpretations of the

most spiritualized paintings in the world, he runs, with equal authority, equal persuasiveness, up and down the whole gamut of Dutch and Flemish art,—an art humanized beyond the measure of any other in the very strictest sense of the term. Dutch painting is painting permeated by what might be called the finer instincts of the flesh. Flemish art is in the same case. The pathos of Rembrandt, the polish of Van Dyck, does not lift either master into the region of purely imaginative and idealistic things. Both men stand upon the solid earth, and both express themselves through quite ponderable elements of art. The technique of an Italian, like the elder Lippi, for example, like Fra Angelico, or like Benozzo Gozzoli, is intertwined, despite its often naïve precision and transparency, with refinements of feeling, of mind and spirit, which make it tremulous with beauty. The Dutch or Flemish technique is traceable through no such labyrinthine conditions. It is direct, vigorous, simple, and for the engraver even more than for the dilettante of artistic emotions its secrets lie upon the surface.

Mr. Cole is familiar with both kinds of technique, and reproduces both with a hand so searching and so sure that his equivalent on so small a scale has a force immeasurably wider than the limits of his block. Texture, relief, movement, the three great results which were secured over and above the sensuous charm of color by the impetuous and authoritative brushes of the great Dutch and Flemish masters, Mr. Cole transfers to his pages through the manipulation of his instrument. Something of the solidity and elasticity of creative art is carried into his engravings. In the open brush-work of *The Jolly Man*, by Frans Hals, as Mr. Cole gives it after the original at Amsterdam, there is the variety of color, there is the mobility of surface, which

JOHN C. VAN DYKE, and Comments by the Engraver. New York: The Century Co. 1895.

¹ *Old Dutch and Flemish Masters*. Engraved by TIMOTHY COLE. With Critical Notes by

may be found in the actual painting. The printed block catches the light with a measure of that crispness and even plastic reality which will be recalled by those who have studied the canvas in the Rijks Museum. It is high praise to give to a small reproduction in black and white. We do not forget how Mr. Cole has been charged (especially by English critics) with an absence of linear character, with a failure to realize the true mission of engraving. We maintain, nevertheless, the truth of our main contention: that, however his work may differ from the work of the great masters of the past, Mr. Cole is incontestably a master of the present, — an engraver who has developed the capabilities of the American school to their furthest limit, and proved that, whether linear or not, the school is unassailable in its reproductive branch.

It may be admitted that an engraving made for its own sake might be based on a simpler scheme than appears in Mr. Cole's block after Ruysdael's Thicket, in the Louvre, or in his translation of the fine Hobbema in the National Gallery; but once the engraver has set out to render the style and loveliness of either of these two works, it is plain that Mr. Cole's painter-like system meets the logic of the situation. To point out a painter's merits in an engraver's work may seem an ambiguous compliment, but it is really a high tribute when the work happens to be reproductive. Thus Mr. Cole may seem far away from the tradition of Albrecht Dürer, yet he loses nothing in projecting himself, his very technical habit, into the painter whom he is engraving. He really inspires the profoundest admiration for his sensitiveness and skill. He has attacked a number of the most difficult originals: Rembrandt's Philosopher in Meditation; the central figure from the great Supper at Emmaus, in the

Louvre; Potter's extraordinary Bull, at the Hague; and the enchanting Portrait of a Lady by Ver Meer, in the National Gallery, which stands among the few rare paintings commemorative of a thoroughly purified strain in the art of Holland. In all this work Mr. Cole has preserved the calm receptivity of temper which makes him a mirror for his painter's conception, and the protean mastery which assures in each one of his blocks an exact correspondence between its details of execution and those of the canvas reproduced. Wood-engraving remains a distinctly noble art as he employs it.

The volume to which we refer is one of pure reproduction, but its pages have the value of an original performance. The text, historical, descriptive, and critical, is well written and interesting. Mr. Cole and Mr. Van Dyke are in harmony over their theme, and what they have to say, each in his attractive style, will make the book more useful to the student. The main purpose of the publication, however, is to give circulation to Mr. Cole's engravings, and it is the aim of our review to point out in those productions, more particularly, the promise of a wide and enduring fame.

Furtwängler's *Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture*¹ may be described as a book which is epoch-breaking rather than epoch-making, inasmuch as a considerable amount of the author's energy is devoted to rudely shattering and scattering to the winds theories which have become so generally accepted that we have grown to look upon them as among the established facts of archæology. To a certain extent it is well that this should be done, for our knowledge of the history and development of Greek art, and especially of the works which are to be ascribed to certain masters, is still largely empirical; and it is unquestionably for the benefit of the study that those in

¹ *Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture. A Series of Essays on the History of Art.* By ADOLF FURTWÄNGLER. Edited by EUGÉNIE SELLERS.

With nineteen full-page plates and two hundred text illustrations. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

authority should be emphatically reminded of this fact once in a while, that they may not continue building too far upon foundations which are flimsy.

Indeed, it would be a great boon to the student of archæology if a competent critic were to take up some recognized history of Greek art — this one of Furtwängler's would be an excellent subject for the task — and sift out theory from fact, telling us exactly what is positively known regarding each topic discussed, and drawing the line sharply between that and conjecture, leaving the matter there. Such a book would not only be a valuable compendium, but it would serve as an excellent starting-point for further investigations, fact and theory being so confused at present that the student has to gain a considerable advance in his study before he knows one from the other; that is, before he has learned to distinguish the established facts from assumptions which have become rooted for want of contradiction. But Furtwängler does not leave the matter there. If he pulls down old theories, it is only to set up substitutes of his own in their places; and his arguments are constructed with such vigorous and confident assertion that the inexperienced might well be unsuspecting of the fallacies among them. For this reason, and because of the character of the material of which it is composed, the book is not adapted to the "general reader," or to the beginner in the study of Greek art. In this respect it is radically different from either Mrs. Mitchell's *History of Ancient Sculpture* or Collignon's more recent *Histoire*, the second half of which we are awaiting with interest. On the contrary, it is an expansion of the typical German monograph into a quarto volume of 471 pages, all occupied with the development of one argument, which begins in the first lines, and is continued without a momentary relaxation to the end. For the intelligent appreciation or criticism of this argument one must have fresh in memory practically all that has

been written about Greek art for an entire generation, and the reasoning is so close that in more than one portion of the book the present writer has found it impossible to follow more than seven or eight pages at a time. No holiday book of "appreciations" this!

We do not propose to discuss the book or its argument in detail, our purpose being only to show that it is not, as its title might lead one to suppose, a description of the more important works of Greek sculpture which the layman could profit by or enjoy. However, if we stopped here, we should be doing scant justice to the combined brilliancy and erudition of the author. Whether we accept all his conclusions or not, Furtwängler is unquestionably one of the most brilliant archæologists of this century. His learning and his industry are alike phenomenal. In the encyclopædic character of his knowledge of everything pertaining in the remotest degree to Greek sculpture he has no peer. To these qualities he adds imagination, which, when properly restrained, is, next to knowledge, the scholar's happiest gift, but it is also the most dangerous. His power of argument is such that if we admit the premises, the rest must follow as a matter of course; and if the rest did always follow, the science of classical archæology would have to return to the beginning and start life again upon a new basis. This we imagine its high priests are not at present prepared to do. Still, if they are grateful to him for nothing else, they should be for the opportunity he has given them to show the strength of their pet theories, almost every one of them having been put upon the defensive at one point or another. And however they may differ from him as to the theories which he has attacked or defended, they cannot ignore him. His case has been stated with such marked ability that no one can hereafter express an opinion on any of the topics he discusses without first giving heed to what

Furtwängler has said about it; and the Masterpieces will form a necessary part of every archæologist's equipment. For this reason it is comforting to know that the English edition is superior to the German, Miss Sellers's able translation having been revised by the author since the original was published, and having thus had the benefit of such corrections and additions as he would have made in a new edition of his own. The illustrations, also, are not only more numerous, but much better in quality, especially the full-page plates, which are remarkably good.

In one of his lectures Mr. La Farge says, in speaking of the emotional power of color and its absence from artists nowadays: "But why is it so extremely rare among architects, or among the artists of decoration, to whom especially these principles, even if only felt in the blindest way, have given, at certain times, a power of affecting the mind, which, with the scale of their means, is tremendous when compared with the smaller effects that the weaker and smaller though more intellectual methods of painting and sculpture can merely hit at? In the past the architect has given a golden glow to the interior, to lift you up into New Jerusalem; has made his walls sombre with black marble; has grayed them with stone that was neutral; has made his building clear-minded, if one may so say. And what shall we say of the whiter thing, which is intellectual when it emphasizes fine thought, commonplace and courteous when it is used for average expression? Now why do we use all these things haphazard to-day? One man likes this, another that, as if he were some little lady anxious about being in the fashion, and willing to go even against her complexion, provided she do nothing that others do not do. And at length architecture, the

means of largest importance that we can use, takes on a dress of triviality; like the Madonnas of southern countries, dressed in paper and satin, with real, costly diamonds, perhaps. But that is relatively excusable."

The question suggested leads not unnaturally to consideration of another book recently issued, *A Cyclopædia of Works of Architecture in Italy, Greece, and the Levant*.¹ As a cyclopædia, it has, of course, no bearing on the theory of architecture, nor does it deal with architectural criticism. It is a book of reference for students, and viewed in this light it is open to no criticism. The cities and towns of Italy, Greece, and the Levant are arranged alphabetically, and under every heading is a short historical and descriptive account of the important buildings in each locality. For the student the book is invaluable, for it brings together in concise form facts that hitherto could be found only by reference to hundreds of sources. In the fact that the work includes all the small and unknown towns, — in case they possess buildings of architectural interest, — as well as Venice, Rome, and Athens, lies much of its value, for it has always been very difficult to discover data relating to such localities without immense trouble. The book at once takes its place as a standard.

Its publication at this time is significant. Ever since the movement towards the restoration of art began, half a century ago, interest has grown rapidly in its most monumental and enduring form, architecture. The practical result is not conspicuous, for it can hardly be said that, taken as a whole, the development of architecture in America, or Germany, or France shows an appreciable advance; possibly, rather a retrogression. But the interest exists, and, with the growth of something approaching favorable condi-

¹ *A Cyclopædia of Works of Architecture in Italy, Greece, and the Levant*. Edited by WILLIAM P. P. LONGFELLOW, Honorary Member

and late Fellow of the American Institute of Architects. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

tions, must surely result in vital amendment.

In one way, however, this new interest has had a good effect, namely, in the recognition of the fact that architecture is a pretty accurate exponent of the real life and times that gave it birth, — more accurate sometimes than written history. So, in looking over this *Cyclopædia*, one is filled with an ever-increasing wonder at the marvelous periods of civilization that have left these monuments of their own greatness. Asia Minor ceases to be only the desolated field of murder and outrage and barbarism, and becomes the theatre of a marvelous civilization that stretched from Assos to Jerusalem, from Trebizond to Rhodes; European Turkey, with all its anomalous barbarism, fades before the memory of the golden empire of Byzantium; and even Italy ceases to be the pitiful heir to an unbearable and crushing weight of wonder and glory.

All this is of course in the past. Italy, Greece, the Levant, offer nothing built during the last three centuries worthy to stand for a moment beside the humblest classical or mediæval or early renaissance structure illustrated in this book. And the same is true of Germany, France, England, America. For three hundred years we have striven to make immortal history, but if we have succeeded we have left no architectural evidence thereof.

Now and then work is done which is hailed as fine and enduring. Why? Simply because it is a more than usually delicate and accurate copy of ancient work, not because it is vital with life and feeling, — the life and feeling of the people who built it, who watched it grow. A church is called good now when it is so well copied that it might deceive even a scholarly critic into thinking it the

work of the fourteenth or fifteenth century; a library or other public building, when it might have been almost removed bodily from Rome: In other words, we are content to copy, recognizing our inability to express original contemporary ideas, emotions; doubtful sometimes if there are any such that demand expression.

Fortunately, nine tenths of the work is perishable; but were it to last, were some future generation to study its nature, to find therein the secret of the life and times that saw its creation, what would be the verdict? Not one that we could regard with pride or pleasant anticipation.

It is when confronting such a memorial of past glory as this *Cyclopædia* that one feels most keenly the hopeless inadequacy of contemporary work. Something lay behind this manifestation of power that is our admiration and shame to-day, — something that we no longer possess. Is it not the very thing the loss of which has made possible modern "realism" in art, as well as kindred heresies in society and religion and civil affairs? There is cause to think so, certainly; and if this is true, if we are ever to see the time when the nature of art is undoubted, and when a sane, vital, beautiful system of life makes inevitable an art that expresses all these things, not as the possession of a few "artists," but as the heritage of every man, we must gain the sense of proportion lost long ago; cease worshiping unessentials, scoffing at essentials; realize that the spiritual life is as real as the physical, and that its channels of reception and expression — the emotions — are every whit as honorable as those of physical life.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. The Journal of a Spy in Paris during the Reign of Terror, January-July, 1794, by Raoul Hesdin. (Harpers.) Nothing is known of Raoul Hesdin except what may be gathered from this fragment of his diary. He was certainly an Englishman of some education, who had lived much in France, receiving there the training for his calling, that of an engraver. The editor also assumes, on rather insufficient evidence, that he was one of Pitt's secret agents. Be that as it may, he was a very intelligent and shrewd observer, whose sympathies were as much French as English, and his journal is exceedingly interesting. It may not tell anything that is absolutely new, but it has a distinct individuality, and often some brief entry gives us a quite fresh realization of the horror of those months, and of the hideous grotesqueness as well. His feelings in regard to the Committee of Public Safety and its doings are those of a man of ordinary humanity and some political sense, who carried his life in his hand in the "blood-dripping city." To calmly philosophize on the Terror requires a good deal of distance in space and time. In view of later progress, or retrogression, whichever we may please to think it, the record of the smallest of his miseries is curious and amusing, — there are many side-lights of this kind in the diary: "The disgusting habit of smoking tobacco in all the coffee-houses poisons me. It was formerly the mode to do so only in the lowest cabarets; it was regarded as a mark of vulgarity and boorishness. I find many of the *patriot* fashions difficult to assume, but this one impossible, and shall no doubt soon become suspect in consequence." — The Journal of Countess Françoise Krasinska, Great-Grandmother of Victor Emmanuel, translated from the Polish by Kasimir Dziekonska. (McClurg.) This journal is given without introduction of any kind, and we are left in doubt as to whether it is a genuine diary or an unusually clever bit of historical fiction. In either case it is a charming book, presenting a vivid picture of the life, still feudal, in a noble Polish household in the middle of the eighteenth century, as seen by the bright eyes of a naïve but quick-

witted girl, who also interests us in connection with the history of our own time by the fact that her only child was the mother of Charles Albert, and thus the ancestress of the kings and queen of United Italy. A portrait of the countess, after Angelica Kauffmann, serves as frontispiece to the attractive little volume. — Bayard Taylor, by Albert H. Smyth. (Houghton.) A number in the American Men of Letters Series, and a well-considered survey of Taylor's fruitful life and of his place in literature. Mr. Smyth has been able to speak more openly on some points than was expedient in the authoritative Life and Letters, and he has gleaned after that book a number of interesting facts and opinions. The extent of Taylor's industry is graphically indicated, and the relation which Taylor's several literary enterprises held to his thought and purpose is intimated with a due sense of proportion. Altogether the book is a good reflex of the man. — Townsend Harris, First American Envoy in Japan, by William Elliot Griffis. (Houghton.) Mr. Harris's Japanese journal, which occupies most of this volume, is a plain, unvarnished tale, yet has all the fascination which attaches to the narrative of a maker of history written during the process of making. The account of innumerable conferences with Japanese officials, extending over a period of about a year and a half, shows how long and how arduous was the campaign of education which Mr. Harris conducted against the duplicity and procrastination of a people who were wholly ignorant of the law of nations. The journal is valuable not only for the historical facts which it records, but also as showing the all-conquering power of one man's patience, perseverance, vigilance, and shrewdness, assisting a personality of great force, unfailing dignity, and the strictest integrity. Here and there are glimpses of out-of-door Japan which tell us that Mr. Harris had an eye for the beauties of nature as well as for treaties. That there are but few observations on the manners and customs of the Japanese will not surprise the reader, who will see how limited were Mr. Harris's opportunities. He saw almost nothing of the

common people, and his relations with the officials were necessarily confined to a more or less formal interchange of courtesies. The story of Townsend Harris's life before and after his treaty-winning mission is told by Dr. Griffis, who has also supplied many illuminating footnotes to the journal.

Literature. The *Entail*, or *The Lairds of Grippy*, has appeared in the new edition of Galt's (selected) works, edited by D. Storrar Meldrum. (Roberts.) This record of the fortunes, and still more of the humors of three generations of the Walkinshaw family is almost in its author's best vein throughout. Its homely realism is seldom marred by the introduction of those romantic and sensational episodes that show Galt at his worst, though perhaps his limitations, even in his own range, are more evident here than in any other of his novels of equal importance. Though the old laird and his half-witted son are hardly less noteworthy character-studies, most readers, we imagine, will agree with Mr. Crockett in finding the altogether excellent presentment of the Leddy Grippy the crowning merit of the book, and will understand why Lord Byron should have read the history of her household three times over for her sake. — *Marryat's Peter Simple*, illustrated by J. Ayton Symington, has been added to Macmillan's Standard Novels. Mr. David Hannay, in his admirable introduction, agrees, we think justly, with the popular estimate of this tale, as on the whole its writer's best, and aptly sums up the matter in this sound bit of criticism: "Marryat wrote *Peter Simple* because he was full of the subject, while in later times he was compelled to get up the subject because he wanted to write a book."

— *Sybil*, or *The Two Nations*, illustrated by F. Pegram, has also been brought out in this series. Disraeli was the inventor as well as the greatest artificer of the political novel, and of his works of this class *Sybil* is perhaps the best; certainly it is the sincerest in feeling. The essay in which Mr. H. D. Traill introduces this romance, now half a century old, to its new readers is an excellent commentary on the novel, and also, in part, on its author's position as a novelist. — The Standard Novels continues the republication of Peacock's tales in a volume containing *Headlong Hall* and *Nightmare Abbey*; the first being the writer's earliest essay in story-telling after that new

fashion — at least in English — which was to prove in many ways peculiar to himself, though undoubtedly, as Mr. Saintsbury points out, *Marmontel's Contes Moraux* served as his models. *Nightmare Abbey*, his third book in point of time, shows the great advance made by the author in the interval, and his emancipation from his French master. Indeed, in comparison, *Headlong Hall* seems but 'prentice work. (Macmillan.) — Two new numbers of the *Temple Shakespeare*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Coriolanus*, have been issued. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) Frequent use of these volumes confirms our opinion that they are edited with singularly good taste and reticence. — The *Arden Shakespeare* is the general title of a group of books included in *Heath's English Classics* (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston), and, so far as we have received them, limited to *As You Like It*, *Hamlet*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Twelfth Night*, *Macbeth*, and *Richard II.* They are edited by different English scholars upon a conservative plan which looks especially toward what may be called a literary apprehension of the dramas. The several editors plainly regard the student as wishing to know his Shakespeare as Shakespeare, and not as a curious Elizabethan writer who forgot his grammar and remembered his dictionary. — The neat *People's Edition of Tennyson* (Macmillan) has advanced two more numbers, one occupied with *Will Waterproof* and *Other Poems*, the other with a portion of *The Princess*. — The latest volume in Macmillan's edition of Dickens contains *A Tale of Two Cities* and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. The introductions, by Dickens's son, are interesting, especially as regards the latter tale. For one thing, he disposes authoritatively of the notion that Wilkie Collins had anything to do with a continuation of *Edwin Drood*.

Poetry and the Drama. The *New Poems*, by Christina Rossetti, which her brother William has collected, arranged, and annotated (Macmillan), make one very eager to have a full and well-ordered collection of all her poems. A taste for her verse is partly acquired, partly inborn, to certain natures. It can scarcely be expected that her work will ever be largely popular, yet it contains just that bouquet of religion which is so rare in Protestant poetry, and so grateful to those who have otherwise to content

themselves with the few really beautiful hymns. — *King Arthur*, a Drama in a Prologue and Four Acts, by J. Comyns Carr. (Macmillan.) In the old-fashioned phrase, this is a drama rather for the stage than the closet; which is not to affirm that it cannot be read with pleasure by others than those to whom it recalls a very agreeable theatrical experience. For, aside from its dramatic virtues, it is always poetic in feeling, if sometimes halting in expression; and, in view of the character and aims of most contemporary stage literature, it excites gratitude that there is still a dramatist who will write a play like this, and a manager who will worthily produce it. — *A New Library of Poetry and Song*, edited by William Cullen Bryant. With his *Review of Poets and Poetry from the Time of Chaucer*. Revised and enlarged with Recent Authors, and containing a Dictionary of Poetical Quotations. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) The new poets and their accompanying illustrations are a distinct addition to the book, both in practical value and in appearance. — *The Year Book of The Pegasus*. (J. B. Lippincott Co.) The first publication of the Pegasus Club of Philadelphia, with poems by twenty-one members. — *Wayside Poems*, by Wallace Bruce. (Harpers.) — *Fact and Fancy*, Humorous Poems, by Cupid Jones. (Putnams.) — *The New World*, with Other Verse, by Louis James Block. (Putnams.) — *The Legend of Aulus*, by Flora Macdonald Shearer. (William Doxey, San Francisco.) — *Leaves of the Lotos*, by David Banks Sickels. (J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York.) — *Volunteer Grain*, by Francis F. Browne. (Way & Williams, Chicago.) — *Acrisius*, King of Argos, and Other Poems, by Horace Eaton Walker. (George I. Putnam Co., Claremont, N. H.) — *Washington, or The Revolution*, a Drama, by Ethan Allen. In Two Parts. Part Second. (F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago).

Fiction. *My Lady Nobody*, by Maarten Maartens. (Harpers.) The Dutch gentleman who, under the pen name of Maarten Maartens, has in the last few years won an honorable position among English novelists, gives us in this story another of his realistic studies of life in Holland, in this case primarily that of a noble family of cultivated and, to their sorrow, costly tastes, as it is affected by the existence of the pretty, self-reliant daughter of the Dominé of the vil-

lage near the manor-house. It is a book for a leisurely reader, for it is very long, and its effects are produced by careful elaboration and numberless minute touches. But, large as is the stage, it is overcrowded with characters, and there are certain persons, and episodes in which they play their parts, mainly humorous after very conventional patterns, that could easily have been spared, as the few puppets incommode the living actors in the drama. — *Kitwyk Stories*, by Anna Eichberg King. (Century Co.) There is little kinship, even by descent, between Mr. Maartens's men and women and the denizens of Mrs. King's eighteenth-century Dutch village. Vivid descriptive touches here and there depict such a little town and the surrounding country faithfully enough, but the place is used for its picturesque effect, and the people find their prototypes in the world of Diedrich Knickerbocker. The book is well illustrated, and its blue-and-white cover attractively simulates old Delft ware. — *The Chronicles of Count Antonio*, by Anthony Hope. (Appletons.) Notwithstanding the ingenuity and inventive power shown in devising the numerous thrilling adventures which befall Count Antonio, a gentleman whose character displays a curious blending of fourteenth and nineteenth century qualities, his history, except perhaps to boy readers, is on the whole rather dull, — a new word to use in connection with Anthony Hope. This is partly because of the manner of the supposed narrator, a prolix old monk, who proves himself a bore very speedily. In brief, the mediævalism of the tale is of an extremely artificial kind; and as to its adventurous element, there are certain writers, dear to youth, who can do that sort of thing nearly as well. — *Corruption*, by Percy White. (Appletons.) Certain episodes in the history of Paul Carew, M. P., the well-born and brilliant leader of one of the subdivisions of the Radical party, who ruins his career for the love of a friend's wife. The story of this passion, with its political underplot, is told with a good deal of cleverness, the cleverness of a well-equipped journalist. But neither the portrait of the distinguished and corrupt hero, nor the still more carefully elaborated one of the woman who is at once his victim and his enslaver, has any real vitality. The devoted and rather commonplace wife of

the one and the honest, simple-minded husband of the other, two merely subsidiary characters, are much more living and vivacious. — *A Hard Woman, a Story in Scenes*, by Violet Hunt. (Appletons.) Miss Hunt is as yet but a far-off follower of Gyp, but she has the gift of writing bright, vivacious, pointed dialogue, a certain skill in characterization, and sometimes a touch of genuine dramatic power, together with several grains of that cynical, worldly-wise smartness which is one of the literary fashions of the day. Lydia Munday, with her easy success, superficial cleverness, and very real shallowness, egotism, and folly, is an extremely disagreeable, but a sufficiently lifelike personage, and the history of her downward career is steadily interesting. The good man who is so unfortunate as to be her husband is by no means drawn with so sure and strong a hand. — *A Man and his Womankind*, by Nora Vynné. (Holt.) The story of a young man who is petted and spoiled by his mother and sister, and later by his wife, — the first two sacrificing themselves for years to keep family troubles from his knowledge; their reward being, of course, his anger and contempt when he discovers that he has been treated as a child. We said it was his story, but in fact it is only a fragment of it, for long before it is finished the book ends. This is the more unpardonable because we feel perfectly confident that the author could have brought it successfully to its natural conclusion. It is in truth a clever and entertaining, if incomplete sketch. But why should so sensible a writer indulge in the petty affectation of transforming her hero's and heroine's not very unusual names into Cedric and Cicily? — *College Girls*, by Abbe Carter Goodloe. (Scribners.) Fourteen stories of the chipping shell order. The reader who wishes to get an insight into the actual life of college girls will be disappointed, for the writer is more eager to get her girls out of college into the world than to make careful studies of the interior. Her attempt at reproducing the young collegian's brother is equally futile. There is a disagreeable air of knowingness about the book, — her young women are of the world, and not in it; the fiction seems to be built on other fiction, and that the clever, not the great fiction; in short, it is a book to make the judicious grieve, and to raise doubts as to the con-

tribution to literature to be expected from women's colleges. — *Cherryfield Hall, an Episode in the Career of an Adventuress*, by Frederic Henry Balfour. (Putnams.) A partly sensational, and partly, in intention, humorous tale, of very ordinary quality both in plot and in characterization. That the preposterous heroine should, without visible qualifications, and apparently with perfect ease, obtain an exceptionally desirable position as governess in a county family, will put to a severe strain the credulity of even the uncritical novel-devourer. — *Uncle Remus, his Songs and his Sayings*, by Joel Chandler Harris. New and Revised Edition, with One Hundred and Twelve Illustrations by A. B. Frost. (Appletons.) One likes to have pictures of his old friends, and the reader is convinced that these portraits of Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, Brer Tarrypin, Brer Bar, and the rest are as authentic as they are amusing. But where are Miss Meadows en de gals? Possibly Mr. Frost is as much in the dark about them as Uncle Remus left the little boy.

Nature and Travel. Constantinople, by Edwin A. Grosvenor, with an Introduction by General Lew Wallace. In two volumes. Illustrated. (Roberts.) By the time one has reached the seven hundred and eighty-sixth page of these two octavo volumes, — by no means an arduous task, — and indeed long before that, he is ready to agree with Professor Grosvenor that Constantinople is one of the most interesting cities in the world; and this in spite of the fact that the author's interest in the city is restricted almost entirely to its architecture and antiquities, and to the historical associations which are connected with nearly every rod of its territory. If the reader wishes to learn about modern life in Constantinople, he had better turn elsewhere; but even if he takes up this book under a misapprehension, he will have no regrets, nor will he be likely to put it away before he has read it through. After chapters on the three epochs of Byzantine history, — Greek, Roman, and Turkish, — on the rise of the Ottomans, and on the present Sultan, comes the main body of the work, a description of the city from the archaeologist's and historian's point of view. Professor Grosvenor illuminates his text with an abundance of tradition and myth. He is possessed by a fine enthusiasm which removes his book

as far as possible from a mere repository of facts and legends; and if it leads him occasionally into extravagances of statement, as where he assures us that the view from the tower of Galata is unsurpassed on this globe, yet it never degenerates into gush. There are many interesting illustrations, chiefly from photographs, and a few useful maps and plans. — Missouri Botanical Garden, Sixth Annual Report. (Published by the Board of Trustees, St. Louis.) Besides the formal reports of officers and director, this volume contains five valuable scientific papers. An interesting instance of the interdependence of plants and animals is shown by Mr. Herbert J. Webber in

his Studies on the Dissemination and Leaf Reflexion of *Yucca aloifolia*. This species of Florida yucca has adapted its fruit to meet the wants of the mocking-bird, who fulfills his part of the bargain by sowing the seed. The larva of a moth also assists in the dissemination, taking its pay in the shape of food and lodging. — The Evolution of Horticulture in New England, by Daniel Denison Slade. (Putnams.) A dainty little book, which gives a history of the practice of gardening from the earliest times in the colonies, rather than an account of the growth and development of methods of cultivation and arrangement. The author quotes liberally from the old writers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Above the World. MY gardener is stirring his fire of dry leaves and twigs, while I venture these observations. There are two ways of departure from this world. One is to soar above it so high that the landscape looks to us as it does to the eagle, while all cares and details of life are so far removed that it is as though they were not. Those who have adventured into the upper air, above the clouds, tell us that the spectacle is most enchanting; that, though the noises of pasture and farmyard, of lowing herds and bleating flocks, are distinctly audible, yet these sounds are so softened by distance that their harshness seems translated into melody, and even that measure of civilization which finds expression in the steam whistle or the factory bell becomes, by some sublimating process, if not mute to our senses, at least no longer a disturbing element.

Now, the other way of ascending from earth, when we have no wings for flight, is so to ignore the world and its belongings that they fade from beneath us, leaving us alone, and less conscious of that life we would not live than even when our physical selves are sailing in the aeronaut's car above the clouds. In effect, the solid earth is melted away from around us.

I need not say, what every dreamer knows, that the time in which this ethereal ascension is best facilitated is the very early spring,

—that interval which one might call the promise of spring, and which is heralded by strange subtle odors belonging to no plant or flower that I know, yet filling the breast with such glad forebodings as may have been borne from the Spice Islands to the first voyagers thither; and when the gardener makes a burnt offering of all stray branches and errant leaves, ah, why does the crackling wood, in the open air, smell sweeter to us than all Araby the blest? The exhaled metaphor is of youth, health, holiday. The dewy freshness of life's morning, with its clouds, tears, sunshine, and wet grass, is brought home to us by a waft of odor which is not perfume save to the soul!

I am also reminded that at no other time of the year is man so superstitious, so blessedly credulous of whatever Fancy offers for his acceptance. This is the season of revival for those dear myths of the senses, the dim frequenters of some immemorial and totally elusive preëxistence, which we would, but cannot clearly recall. Shelley, who seems throughout the revolving year never quite to lose sight of this fascinating period, inquires: —

"O Spring, of hope and love and youth and gladness,
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best, and fairest!
Whence comest thou, when with dark Winter's sadness
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?
Sister of joy! thou art the child who wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;

Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle
feet,
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding-
sheet."

We cannot all be poets, but there are moments when, by a sort of supramundane flitting, we half discover which way the poets have gone; and I am much obliged to my garden fire for lending Fancy a makeshift pair of wings.

A Book-Lover's Paradise. — When a lonely little girl in a dull London lodging-house, I thought of unknown Mr. Mudie as the happiest man in the big city. The library was only a few steps away, and I used to glue my longing eyes to the show-windows, craving greedily to devour the second-hand volumes displayed in long, tempting rows within. The vans labeled "Mudie's Library," which were constantly being laden and emptied before the entrance, seemed to my hungry child-heart vessels of pure delight, and I used to wonder, as children dumbly do, who Mudie might be, owning all this wealth for which my imagination cried out; feeling somehow that the Great Unknown and I had a bond of sympathy,—he with his caravansary of literature, and I with my love for the dear books. So it was with a thrill of vivid recollection that, years after, at a Roman party, I met the Mudies, initiated a friendship since become too dear to be described here, and learned to know something of a man who was a blessing in his generation.

As the stately river, followed back to its source, resolves itself into a tiny brook hiding its head under overhanging elder blossoms, the extensive library on Oxford Street runs its roots back to a little bookshop in Cheyne Walk, where, early in the century, a young man had the grace to recognize that many people without the means to buy them loved the best books. At first he loaned his own standard books to his friends, and then, finding how eagerly they were sought after, he put a notice in his window that other young men might come and borrow. Soon he found it best to charge a penny a volume for repairing the books. So the wee stream grew and broadened. The volumes circulated now number about three and a half millions. Five to six thousand are delivered daily by the great vans which have supplanted the little cart of early days, and the staff employed includes two hun-

dred and fifty-four persons, many of them veteran servants who take an intense family pride in everything connected with the library. I was amused at being told that the burly old soldier who acts as usher, and who worships every one of the name of Mudie, had been in their employ *only* fifteen years. Eight or nine hundred boxes of books are weekly dispatched to the provinces by rail, and about one hundred and twenty by carrier. The "hospital," where at first a man and a boy repaired torn, broken-backed volumes, has developed into a bookbinding department, in which nearly a hundred persons are employed and beautiful work is done. A specialty of the house is a binding called "Mudie calf," and for the preparation of this leather the head man shuts himself up alone, to preserve the secret process.

Though best known as a library, Mudie's is also a large bookselling concern, supplying libraries in Europe, India, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Zanzibar, Sierra Leone, and the Gold Coast; and some of the tin-lined cases in which books are sent to all quarters of the globe have been recovered after shipwrecks, and their contents found quite uninjured. One room in the library is devoted to the Pegasus Club, whose object is to bring together all the members of the staff and promote good-fellowship. Newspapers and magazines are provided for the members, and the whist and chess tournaments, in which the managers award prizes, are prominent features of the symposium.

It may be interesting to Atlantic readers that the only book ever *published* by Mudie was Lowell's *Poems*. Lowell could not find an English publisher for them, and Mr. Mudie, who was his friend and believed in them, undertook their publication, which proved a success. The fate of a new book is largely affected by the number of copies subscribed for by Mudie.

It is interesting to visit the "catacombs" of the queen of circulating libraries, in which are stacked whole editions of the books whose day is dead. Mudie subscribed for thirty-five hundred copies of Disraeli's *Endymion*, and on the day it was to be issued a large crowd in the street awaited the opening of the library. It is curious what fluctuations the literature market is subject to. The ebb of Stanley's popularity threw back on the library a dead weight of about

twenty-five hundred uncalled-for copies of *In Darkest Africa*. It is difficult to say how long a book will live. Often, one book of an author is in constant demand, and another is entirely relegated to the dark lower regions. Browning's *Asolando*, issued on the day of the poet's death, brought twelve shillings instead of the publisher's price of five shillings.

Mr. Mudie must have derived many of his strong qualities from his Norse forefathers away up in the Orkney Islands. His ancestors were laid out, not buried, in a sea cave, where some peculiarity of the air preserved the bodies from decay, and kept them as intact as the stone knights on old English tombs. Mothers in those weird, seagirt places hushed their children with the words, "Be still, or the dead Mudies will catch you," until, about a hundred years ago, one of the living Mudies, a prim old lady, thinking it a disgrace to have dried ancestors, up and buried them like other commonplace folk, with all the rites of bell and book. On one of the marble lions of the Venice Piazzetta, a Mudie soldier, who came down with the Normans, carved his name in runes which may yet be read. But, joined to his strong northern qualities of energy and initiative, Mr. Mudie had the genial grace of a nature "sloping to the southern side," open to all that was best in men of every nationality and opinion. He was Tennyson's friend and Schliemann's friend, but he was also the friend of the Tyrolese villager who every year drove the happy family through byways of Italy and Austria. His home came to be a centre for the flower of artistic, scientific, and literary London. Sea-pieces by Henry Moore, tender early bits by Fred Walker, Dogberry's Charge to the Watch, which enabled Stokes to marry, and many another picture by young artists whose future he discerned graced the walls of the golden drawing-room which was the realization of his wife's girlish dreams. The men and women whose books he sold and circulated loved to gather there, and Mazzini, with other lonely exiles, found this genial atmosphere a sunny Italy of sympathy in the midst of gray London fogs.

Figliuolo
Learns to
Read.

— Figliuolo was a disgraceful illiterate, to begin with; there was no doubt about that. As he turned the sixth milestone, it was growing to be a notorious scandal, over which the chief

courtiers held frequent and serious debate. Not that he actually knew nothing, or cared nothing, for the immortal heroes of the nursery. Quite the contrary. From earliest infancy he had splashed in his bath amid the goodly company of the Waterbabies. As fearless and frisky as Adjidaumo himself, he had been almost daily an unwearied companion of Hiawatha's huntings and fishings.

There was in the palazzo a shabby old black traveling-bag, to which clung lovingly strange pasted bits of Turkish hieroglyph and numberless other illegible inscriptions. It was a relic of the days when there was no Figliuolo, and the prime minister had tasted the salty sweets of exile, known the weariness of Capri's rock-cut stairs and of many another clamber in farthest Bohemia. The magic of an unjaded imagination had easily converted this bag into the birch canoe. Propelled by a pair of weary-looking battledoors, Figliuolo swept proudly across the wide-wayed nursery to the conquest of the great sturgeon Nahma, or to desperate strife with the deathless Mudjekeewis. As Odysseus' raft-boat, the same craft endured perils and disasters more manifold than Zeus' wrath or Apollo's vengeance could devise. Or, again transformed by yet bolder creative fancy, it was paddled to rescue from his lonely rock that best beloved fellow-rebel and fellow-captive, Prometheus, tied up for meddling with the fire. Becoming in turn a sled, it had borne Figliuolo with Andersen's gentler children through the ice-palaces of the north, or floated, as Däumelinechen's leaf, down the ever-flowing river of childish imagination.

Indeed, that was just the trouble, or a large part of it. Madonna, like the rest of the household, was familiar with the theories of modern pedagogy. Various modifications of the picture method had been called to his highness's languid attention often, already, through the long years. But of all the illustrations in the Father's great picture-book, the twenty-six "grievous emblems" (*Iliad* vi. 168) had retained, to his mind, the minimum of picturesqueness in their slow evolution from Egyptian or Phœnician *House* and *Camel* to plain Saxon *B* or *G*. They appealed, indeed, as it seemed, far less to this vagrant fancy than had the ten digits of our Arabian inheritance.

Finally, the subject matter itself of the elementary textbooks drew down the prompt

and righteous contempt of the far-wandered scholar. "Why *should* I care if the cat has the rat, or has not the rat? 'That is the kind of thing in all children's reading-books'? Yes, and I do not care for such things. I have decided never to learn to read at all. I do not care if the Lady Alicia" (a contemporary and a cousin) "has learned. She may care for such stories, and she may read them. I like what older people read to me a great deal better."

Here the subject lapsed, — from lack of material for effective retort, if (as Just says) "the truth must out." But for several days there was great and general dearth of leisure at story-time and reading-hour, until the princely appetite had whetted itself to its keenest edge. Then one day Madonna sauntered in from town, and dropped a wide, flat package, without remark, on the "Round Table of the nursery." To strip off the paper was a privilege hardly requiring renewal by special grant. From within appeared, like a resplendent chrysalis, an abridged baby version of Alice in Wonderland. The cover alone was a blaze of color. The illustrations were copious and brilliant, the type of the largest, the words enticingly monosyllabic.

"Oh, it's mine, is n't it, Madonna?"

"No, indeed, Figliuolo, it is my own."

"Why, *you* don't care for such a book as that, do you, Madonna?"

"Yes, indeed; it is a very fine story, and very funny besides."

"And will you read it aloud, so I can hear it, too?"

"I don't think I shall have any time for that."

During a pause that followed the pictures were appreciatively studied, and even the large, clear type received tolerant notice.

"But, Madonna, this seems like a book that I should like a great deal more than you."

"It would n't be of any use to you, because you can't read it, and you are never going to learn."

"Would it have been mine if I knew how to read?"

"Well, yes, I think perhaps it might have been."

The next pause was a weighty one, and the following query, though spontaneous, quivered with suppressed excitement: "And — if I did learn to read it, Madonna, would you be willing to give it to me?"

"Well, yes, I think if you should really read it through, every word, you would deserve to own it."

So the struggle began anew, with the important difference that the full strength of a will — not "broken" — was enlisted on the affirmative side of the argument. Into the next weeks some rain did fall, some days were darkened, but never to the verge of despair, nor was there ever a hint of desertion. The languid efforts of the past were not all wasted. Even the cat, if not the rat, found her proper place, after all.

Soon the difficulty was to repress the eager efforts at following out the laws of analogy; to check, without too rude discouragement, the mind so rational that it assumed that *cough* would be spelled like *off*, or pronounced like *hiccough*. Some of these problems, indeed, exhausted the philological resources of the realm. The multitudinous origins of English speech were discussed with interest. The superfluous *w* of *sword* was apologized for as a survival from German *Schwert*, etc. Still, Funk and Fauntleroy would easily have gained in those days a doughty third champion of Fonetics.

The great fight, however, was won. A few months later, the trophy, itself sadly dimmed and worn in the struggle, passed, duly inscribed, into the conqueror's unquestioned possession. The next summer was spent among the mountains. On the first rainy day, when even the shifting fringes of the great cloud-curtain that overhung Mount Lafayette were beginning to grow monotonous, there appeared from the well-stored trunk of the king's own treasures a new copy of the complete Alice. Many an hour was spent over it from that day on, with only an occasional audible chuckle from his quiet corner to remind us of the "Presence." There are still books and books, and the functions of the royal taster have never been delegated; but Figliuolo is a reader.

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LETTERS OF D. G. ROSSETTI.

I. 1854.

LIFE seems to me strangely varied this sunny January day, as, sitting at my desk in the parlor of a pleasant villa on the outskirts of the little town of Allassio, I look beneath palm-trees upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and listen to the measured beat of the waves on the sandy shore. Lying open before me are copies of the letters which Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote to his friend William Allingham. In the table drawer are copies of another set of letters, which, more than a century and a half ago, Swift wrote to an Irish country gentleman. This double correspondence, written by men wide as the poles asunder, I have brought from England to edit in Italy for readers on the other side of the Atlantic. Have I not good reason for finding a strange variety in life?

Delightful as is this spot where winter seems to have gone a-maying, yet it better suits a poet or a painter than an editor, who needs long shelves of books far more than trees laden with oranges and bushes weighed down with roses. From England and libraries I have been driven far away by weakness of health. In editing Rossetti's letters — that part of my twofold task to which I have turned first — I have had the help of friends at home. Mr. W. M. Rossetti has read the whole of the correspondence, and has furnished me with elucidatory notes. These are indicated in each case by the addition of his initials, to distinguish

them from the passages which I quote from his interesting Letters and Memoir of his brother. My old friend Mr. Arthur Hughes, who, though not one of the seven Preraphaelite Brothers, lived in great intimacy with many of them, has let me draw on his reminiscences. More than forty years ago he was painting in Rossetti's studio; his hand, happily, has lost none of its exquisite skill. Mrs. Allingham, whose pictures of English cottages are not surpassed in refinement and in beauty by the best of her husband's verses, enables me to give a brief sketch of that graceful poet's uneventful life. He had made some beginning in writing his autobiography. From what he had written she sends me a few extracts. Some day, I am told, a memoir of him will be published. It will be delightful indeed if it contains the full records he kept of his long talks with Tennyson and Carlyle. Of Carlyle he saw much more than most of that great man's friends, for during some years scarcely a week went by in which they did not walk together. Strange to say, this intimacy has been passed over in total silence by Mr. Froude. In the four volumes of his hero's Life there are sins of omission as well as of admission.

William Allingham was born at Ballyshannon, County Donegal, in March, 1824, of a good stock, for he was sprung from one of Cromwell's settlers. Of Ballyshannon he gives the following de-

scription: "The little old town where I was born has a voice of its own, low, solemn, persistent, humming through the air day and night, summer and winter. Whenever I think of that town I seem to hear the voice. The river which makes it rolls over rocky ledges into the tide. Before spreads a great ocean in sunshine or storm; behind stretches a many-islanded lake. On the south runs a wavy line of blue mountains; and on the north, over green, rocky hills rise peaks of a more distant range. The trees hide in glens or cluster near the river; gray rocks and boulders lie scattered about the windy pastures. The sky arches wide over all, giving room to multitudes of stars by night, and long processions of clouds blown from the sea, but also, in the childish memory where these pictures live, to deeps of celestial blue in the endless days of summer. An odd, out-of-the-way little town, ours, on the extreme western verge of Europe; our next neighbors, sunset way, being citizens of the great new republic, which indeed, to our imagination, seemed little, if at all, farther off than England in the opposite direction."

Of the cottage in which he spent most of his childhood and youth he writes: "Opposite the hall door a good-sized walnut-tree leaned its wrinkled stem towards the house, and brushed some of the second-story panes with its broad fragrant leaves. To sit at that little upper window when it was open to a summer twilight, and the great tree rustled gently, and sent one leafy spray so far that it even touched my face, was an enchantment beyond all telling. Killarney, Switzerland, Venice, could not, in later life, come near it. On three sides the cottage looked on flowers and branches, which I count as one of the fortunate chances of my childhood; the sense of natural beauty thus receiving its due share of nourishment, and of a kind suitable to those early years."

Allingham's schooling was far too brief

to satisfy his thirst for knowledge. He was scarcely fourteen, if indeed quite so old, when he was placed as a clerk in the town bank, of which his father was manager. The books which he had to keep for the next seven years were not those on which his heart was set. He was a great reader. Year after year he kept adding to the scanty stock of learning which he had brought from school, till in the end he had mastered Greek, Latin, French, and German. His father, proud though he was of his son's intelligence, had little sympathy with his constant craving for knowledge. In the bank manager's eyes, it was not the scholar, but the thorough business man who ranked highest. From the counting-house the young poet at last succeeded in escaping. "Heart-sick of more than seven years of bank-clerking, I found a door suddenly opened, not into an ideal region or anything like one, but at least into a roadway of life somewhat less narrow and tedious than that in which I was plodding." A place, had been found for him in the customs, as it was found for another and a greater dreamer on the other side of the Atlantic.

"In the spring of 1846 I gladly took leave forever of discount ledgers and current accounts, and went to Belfast for two months' instruction in the duties of Principal Coast Officer of Customs, a tolerably well-sounding title, but which carried with it a salary of but £80 a year. I trudged daily about the docks and timber-yards, learning to measure logs, piles of planks, and, more troublesome, ships for tonnage; indoors, part of the time practiced customs bookkeeping, and talked to the clerks about literature and poetry in a way that excited some astonishment, but on the whole, as I found at parting, a certain degree of curiosity and respect. I preached Tennyson to them. My spare time was mostly spent in reading and haunting booksellers' shops, where, I venture to say, I laid out a good deal more than most people, in

proportion to my income, and managed to get glimpses of many books which I could not afford or did not care to buy. I enjoyed my new position, on the whole, without analysis, as a great improvement on the bank; and for the rest, my inner mind was brimful of love and poetry, and usually all external things appeared trivial save in their relation to it. Yet I am reminded by old memoranda that there were sometimes overclouding anxieties: sometimes, but not very frequently, from lack of money; more often from longing for culture, conversation, opportunity; oftenest from fear of a sudden development of some form of lung disease, the seeds of which I supposed to be sown in my bodily constitution." This weakness he outgrew.

Having gone through his apprenticeship, he returned to Donegal, where he was stationed for some years. Close to his office he had a back room, where he kept all his books and where he read for hours together. Here, no doubt, he covered many a sheet of paper with verse. From Mr. Arthur Hughes I have the following account of the young poet:—

"D. G. R., and I think W. A. himself, told me, in the early days of our acquaintance, how, in remote Ballyshannon, where he was a clerk in the customs, in evening walks he would hear the Irish girls at their cottage doors singing old ballads, which he would pick up. If they were broken or incomplete, he would add to them or finish them; if they were improper, he would refine them. He could not get them sung till he got the Dublin 'Catnach' of that day to print them, on long strips of blue paper, like old songs; and if about the sea, with the old rough woodcut of a ship on the top. He either gave them away or they were sold in the neighborhood. Then, in his evening walks, he had at last the pleasure of hearing some of his own ballads sung at the cottage doors by the crooning lasses, who were quite unaware that it was the author who was passing by."

He liked, his widow tells me, to see all sorts of people and all sides of life. He knew every cottage for twenty miles round Ballyshannon. When she visited the place with their children, after his death, "very many," she writes, "were the friendly greetings we had from folk who remembered him kindly." He sought for sympathy outside the narrow limits of this secluded spot. "I had," he says, "for literary correspondents, Leigh Hunt, George Gilfillan, and Samuel Ferguson, and for love correspondent F. [one of his cousins], whose handwriting always sent a thrill through me at the first glance and the fiftieth perusal." In June, 1847, he paid his first visit to London, and called on Leigh Hunt.

"I was shown into his study, and had some minutes to look round at the bookcases, busts, old framed engravings, and to glance at some of the books on the table, diligently marked and noted in the well-known neatest of handwritings. Outside the window climbed a hop on its trellis. The door opened, and in came the *genius loci*, a tallish young old man, in dark dressing-gown and wide turned-down shirt collar, his copious iron-gray hair falling almost to the shoulders. The friendly brown eyes, a simple yet fine-toned voice, easy hand-pressure, gave me greeting as to one already well known to him. Our talk fell first on reason and instinct. He maintained (for argument's sake, I thought) that beasts may be equal or superior to men. He has a light earnestness of manner, a toleration for almost every possible different view from his own. I ask him about certain highly interesting men. Dickens, a pleasant fellow, very busy now, lives in an old house in Devonshire Terrace, Marylebone. Carlyle, I know him well. Browning lives at Peckham, because no one else does! He's a pleasant fellow, has few readers, and will be glad to find that you admire him (!)."

"In 1850 I ventured to send my first volume of verse to Tennyson. I don't

think he wrote to me, but I heard incidentally that he thought well of it; and during a subsequent visit to London (in 1852, perhaps) Coventry Patmore, to my boundless joy, proposed to take me to call on the great poet, then not long married, and living at Twickenham. We were admitted, shown upstairs, and soon a tall and swarthy man came in, with loose dark hair and beard, very near-sighted; shook hands cordially, yet with a profound quietude of manner; immediately afterwards asked us to stay to dine. I stayed. He took up my volume of poems, which bore tokens of much usage, saying, 'You can see it has been read a good deal!' Then, turning the pages, he asked, 'Do you dislike to hear your own things read?' and receiving a respectfully encouraging reply, read two of the *Æolian Harps*. The rich, slow, solemn chant of his voice glorified the little poems."

These two poems, which are included in Allingham's *Day and Night Songs*, are mentioned by Rossetti in one of his letters as among his favorites. He too glorified his friend's verse by his recitation. "I remember," writes Mr. Hughes, "before I knew Allingham, Rossetti speaking of him to me and of his poems, and reciting as he only could *The Ruined Chapel*, beginning:—

'By the shore a plot of ground
Clips a ruined chapel round,
Buttressed with a grassy mound,
Where day and night and day go by,
And bring no touch of human sound.'

He was the most splendid reciter of poetry, deep, full, mellow, rich, so full of the merits of the poem and its music." Nevertheless, his recitation, fine though it was, must have been marred by one great defect: the man who made "calm" rhyme with "arm" had no ear for one of the most beautiful sounds in the English language. Tennyson, to whom in early years he sent some of his poems in manuscript, found fault with these "cockney rhymes," though he himself

had been guilty of them, and guilty of them in print. In the first version of *The Lady of Shalott* "river" rhymes with "lira."

As years went by, Allingham saw much more of the world and of those men of letters whose society he loved. In the course of his official duties, he was moved first to one station, and then to another, in England. Twice he had an appointment in London. In 1870 he retired from the customs, being appointed sub-editor of *Fraser's Magazine* under Froude. He succeeded him as chief editor in 1874. In the same year he married. He died in 1889.

In printing these letters I have omitted much as being only of passing interest. A few passages have been struck out which might, it was thought, give pain either to those criticised by Rossetti or to their surviving friends; although, were I to print the whole of the correspondence, little fault could be found with it on the score of severity. In these letters, at all events, the writer was not often harsh in his judgment of his fellow-men. It is time, however, to bring this introduction to a close, and allow Rossetti to begin to speak for himself.

I.

26 April, 1854.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — We lost my father to-day at half past five. He had not, I think, felt much pain this day or two, but it has been a wearisome, protracted state of dull suffering, from which we cannot but feel in some sort happy at seeing him released.

I shall call on you soon, and meanwhile and ever am yours sincerely,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

Will you tell Mrs. Howitt, should you see her?

Dante Rossetti, a year before his father's death, sketched the old man as he sat at his desk deep in study. This striking likeness is reproduced in the Letters

and Memoir. The son of an Italian blacksmith, early in life Gabriel Rossetti showed that he had that double gift by which his own son was to become famous. The painter's art, however, he neglected for poetry. His love of freedom, under the despotic Bourbons, brought his life into danger. After lying hid in Naples for three months of the spring of 1821, he escaped to Malta on an English man-of-war. There he was befriended by that witty versifier, Hookham Frere. "One of my vivid reminiscences," writes his son William, "is of the day when the death of Frere was announced to him, in 1846. With tears in his half-sightless eyes and the passionate fervor of a southern Italian, my father fell on his knees and exclaimed, 'Anima bella, benedetta sii tu, dovunque sei!' (Noble soul, blessed be thou wherever thou art!)" He settled in London, where he supported himself by teaching Italian. With all the fervor of a poet and the enthusiasm of an exiled patriot, he was, like Mazzini, a man of the strictest conduct. By hard work and thrift, aided by an excellent wife, he always kept his family in decent comfort, and never owed a penny to any man. "He put his heart into whatever he did." His learning was great, though his application of it was often fanciful. In the literature of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance he found far deeper meanings than had ever been dreamed of by the authors. As the little Dante looked over the woodcuts of some old volume, he would be awed by his father's declaration that it was a *libro sommamente mistico*, — a book in the highest degree mystical. Free-thinker though he was, nevertheless "for the moral and spiritual aspects of the Christian religion he had the deepest respect." In his early years he had been a famous improvisatore. Throughout life he was great in declamation and recitation. If on one side of his character he affected his son by sympathy, on another side he no less affected him by a

spirit of antagonism. Of politics he and his brothers in exile talked far too much for the young painter. Of *gli Austriaci* (the Austrians) and *Luigi Filippo* (Louis Philippe) Dante Rossetti heard so much in his youth that he seems to have registered a vow "that he, at least, would leave Luigi Filippo and the other potentates of Europe and their ministers to take care of themselves." At all events, for the whole of his life, as regards current politics, he was a second Gallio, — he "cared for none of those things."

The old man bore his banishment the more easily "as he liked most things English, — the national and individual liberty, the constitution, the people and their moral tone, — though the British leaven of social Toryism was far from being to his taste. He also took very kindly to the English coal fires. He would jocularly speak of 'buying his climate at the coal merchant's.'" Paralysis struck him in his closing years. Nevertheless, "he continued diligent in reading and writing almost to the last day of his life. His sufferings (often severe) were borne with patience and courage (he had an ample stock of both qualities), though not with that unemotional calm which would have been foreign to his Italian nature. He died firm-minded and placid, and glad to be released, in the presence of all his family."

II.

HASTINGS, Monday, 26 June, 1854.

... Perhaps you heard that I called on you with the mighty MacCracken, who was in town for a few days, but we did not find you. What do you think of Mac coming to town on purpose to sell his Hunt, his Millais, his Brown, his Hughes, and several other pictures? He squeezed my arm with some pathos on communicating his purpose, and added that he should part with neither of mine. Full well he knows that the time to sell them is not come yet. The Brown he sold privately to White of Madox Street. The

rest he put into a sale at Christie's, after taking my advice as to the reserve he ought to put on the Hunt, which I fixed at 500 guineas. It reached 300 in real biddings, after which Mac's touters ran it up to 430, trying to revive it, but of course it remains with him. The Mil-lais did not reach his reserve, either, but he afterwards exchanged it with White for a small Turner. The Hughes sold for 67 guineas, which really, though by no means a large price for it, surprised me, considering that the people in the sale-room must have heard of Hughes for the first time, though the auctioneer unblushingly described him as "a great artist, though a young one." I have no doubt, if Mac had put his pictures into the sale in good time, instead of adding them on at the last moment, they would all have gone at excellent prices.

Some of the pictures in the body of the sale went tremendously. Goodall's daub of Raising the May-Pole fetched (at least ostensibly) 850. I like Mac-Crac pretty well enough, but he is quite different in appearance, of course, from my idea of him. My stern treatment of him was untempered by even a moment's weakness. I told him I had nothing whatever to show him, and that his picture was not begun, which placed us at once on a perfect understanding. He seems hard up. . . .

There are dense fogs of heat here now, through which sea and sky loom as one wall, with the webbed craft creeping on it like flies, or standing there as if they would drop off dead. I wander over the baked cliffs, seeking rest and finding none. And it will be even worse in London. I shall become like the Messer Brunetto of the "*cotto aspetto*," which, by the bye, Carlyle bestows upon Sordello instead! It is doing him almost as shabby a turn as Browning's.

The crier is just going up this street and moaning out notices of sale. Why cannot one put all one's plagues and the skeletons of one's house into his hands,

and tell them and sell them without reserve? Perhaps they would suit somebody. . . .

Rossetti's humorous sallies against Francis MacCracken must not be taken too seriously. "He really liked him, and had reason for doing so." (W. M. R.) This Belfast shipping-agent "was a profound believer in the 'graduate,' as he termed Ruskin." From Rossetti he bought in 1853 the *Ecce Ancilla Domini*, which had been exhibited three years earlier, and had been returned unsold. Its price was only £50. In 1886 it was added to the London National Gallery at the cost of £840. "MacCracken was always hard up for money, but he was devoted to Preraphaelitism." For Arthur Hughes's *Ophelia* he had undertaken to give 60 guineas. He gave in reality 30 guineas and two small pictures by Wilson, a painter at that time of no account, though highly esteemed now. Unfortunately, the young Preraphaelite could not bide his time, and had to turn his pictures into cash. Being sent to the leading art auctioneers, they were sold for £5. At *Ophelia* Mr. Hughes had been long working, when one day Alexander Munro, a young sculptor, burst into his studio, with most of the Preraphaelites at his back. Deverell found fault with a bat flying across the stream, but Rossetti warmly defended it, as "one of the finest things in the picture." "He always was," Mr. Hughes tells me, "most generous in his admiration; anything that he did not like he hated as heartily. His manners were fascinating, enthusiastic, and generous."

Coventry Patmore, speaking of Rossetti's "extraordinary faculty for seeing objects in such a fierce light of imagination as very few poets have been able to throw upon external things," continues: "He can be forgiven for spoiling a tender lyric by a stanza such as this, which seems scratched with an adamant pen upon a slab of agate:—

' But the sea stands spread
As one wall with the flat skies,
Where the lean black craft, like flies,
Seem well-nigh stagnated,
Soon to drop off dead.' "

This stanza of *Even So* finds its first sketch — by no means a rough one — in Rossetti's description of the "dense fogs of heat" at Hastings.

Carlyle, in his third lecture on Heroes and Hero-Worship, spoke of "that poor Sordello with the *cotto aspetto*, 'face baked,'" referring to a celebrated passage in Dante's *Inferno*. It was not Sordello, but Brunetti Latini whom the poet described. This error ran through the early editions of the Lectures, but was corrected in the later. "The suggestion that Browning did a shabby turn to Sordello by writing the poem is of course mere chaff; for Rossetti, in all those years, half worshiped the poem, and thrust it down everybody's throat." (W. M. R.)

III.

[Indorsed July 24, 1854.]

Sunday.

. . . Maclellan (whom you once met at my rooms) visited Cambridge with my brother the other day, and at some gathering there they met Macmillan, the publisher, to whom Maclellan spoke of my translations, which he expressed every good disposition to publish. He also said he had some time been wishing to propose to Millais, Hunt, and me to illustrate a *Life of Christ*.

My original poems are all (or all the best) in an aboriginal state, being beginnings, though some of them very long beginnings, and not one, I think, fairly copied. Moreover, I am always hoping to finish those I like; I know they would have no chance if shown to you unfinished, as I am sure they would not please you in that state, and then I should feel disgusted with them. This is the sheer truth. Of short pieces I have seldom or never done anything tolerable, except perhaps sonnets; but if I can find any

which I think in any sense legible, I will send them with the translations. I wish, if you write anything you care to show, you would reciprocate, as you may be sure I care to see. As a grand installment I send you the MacCrac sonnet: it hangs over him as yet like the sword of Damocles. I dare say you remember Tennyson's sonnet, *The Kraken*: it is in the MS. book of mine you have by you, so compare.

MACCRACKEN.

Getting his pictures, like his supper, cheap,
Far, far away on Belfast by the sea,
His scaly, one-eyed, uninvaded sleep
MacCracken sleepeth. While the P. R. B.
Must keep the shady side, he walks a swell
Through spongings of perennial growth and
height;

And far away in Belfast out of sight,
By many an open do and secret sell
Fresh daubers he makes shift to scarify,
And fleecy with pliant shears the slumb'ring
"green."

There he has lied, though aged, and will lie,
Fattening on ill-got pictures in his sleep,
Till some Preraphael prove for him too deep.
Then once by Hunt and Ruskin to be seen
Insolvent he shall turn, and in the Queen's
Bench die.

You'll find it very close to the original
as well as to fact.

I'll add my last sonnet, made two
days ago, though at the risk of seeming
trivial after the stern reality of the
above: —

As when two men have loved a woman well,
Each hating each; and all in all, deceit;
Since not for either this straight marriage-
sheet

And the long pauses of this wedding-bell;
But o'er her grave, the night and day dispel
At last their feud forlorn, with cold and
heat;

Nor other than dear friends to death may
flee

The two lives left which most of her can tell:
So separate hopes, that in a soul had wooed

The one same Peace, strove with each other
long;

And Peace before their faces, perish'd since;
So from that soul, in mindful brotherhood,
(When silence may not be) sometimes they
throng

Through high-streets and at many dusty inns.

But my sonnets are not generally finished till I see them again after forgetting them, and this is only two days old.

. . . Hunt has written Millais another letter at last ; the first since his second to me, months ago. It was sent to me by M., but I had to send it on to Lear, or would have let you have it, as it is full of curious depths and difficulties in style and matter, and contains an account of his penetrating to the central chamber of the Pyramids. He is at Jerusalem now, where he has taken a house, and seems in great ravishment, so I suppose he is not likely to be back yet. Have you seen the lying dullness of that ass Waagen, anent the Light of the World, in Times last week? There is a still more incredible paragraph, amounting to blasphemy, in yesterday's Athenæum, which you will see soon. I hope you got the last one. . . .

Hughes, I think, is in the country again, at Burnham. What a capital sketch of *one*, though not the best of your face's phases, Hughes did before you left! I suppose it must supersede, for posterity, that railway portrait, which was so decidedly *en train*. I trust certainly to join Hughes in at any rate one of the illustrations of Day and Night Songs, of which I hope both his and mine will be worthy; else there is nothing so much spoils a good book as an attempt to embody its ideas, only going halfway. Is St. Margaret's Eve to be in? That would be illustratable. By the bye, Miss S. has made a splendid design from that Sister Helen of mine. Those she did at Hastings for the old ballads illustrate The Lass of Lochryan and The Gay Goss Hawk, but they are only first sketches. As to all you say about her and the hospital, etc., I think just at present, at any rate, she had better keep out, as she has made a design which is practicable for her to paint quietly at my rooms, having convinced herself that nothing which involved her moving constantly from place to place is possible at present. She will

begin it now at once, and try at least whether it is possible to carry it on without increased danger to her health. The subject is the Nativity, designed in a most lovely and original way. For my own part, the more I think of the Brighton Hospital for her, the more I become convinced that when left there to brood over her inactivity, with images of disease and perhaps death on every side, she could not but feel very desolate and miserable. If it seemed at this moment urgently necessary that she should go there, the matter would be different; but Wilkinson says that he considers her better. I wish, and she wishes, that something should be done by her to make a beginning, and set her mind a little at ease about her pursuit of art, and we both think that this more than anything would be likely to have a good effect on her health. It seems hard to me, when I look at her sometimes, working or too ill to work, and think how many without one tithe of her genius or greatness of spirit have granted them abundant health and opportunity to labor through the little they can do or will do, while perhaps her soul is never to bloom nor her bright hair to fade, but after hardly escaping from degradation and corruption, all she might have been must sink out again unprofitably in that dark house where she was born. How truly she may say, "No man cared for my soul"! I do not mean to make myself an exception, for how long I have known her, and not thought of this till so late, perhaps too late! But it is no use writing more about this subject; and I fear, too, my writing at all about it must prevent your easily believing it to be, as it is, by far the nearest thing to my heart.

I will write you something of my own doings soon, I hope; at present I could only speak of discomfitures. About the publication of the ballads, or indeed of your songs either, it has occurred to me we might reckon Macmillan as one possible string to the bow. Smith ought to

be bowstrung himself, or hamstrung, or something, for fighting shy of so much honor. By the bye, I turned up the other day, at my rooms, that copy of Routledge's poets which you brought as a specimen. Ought I to send it back? Good-morning.

Your

D. G. ROSSETTI.

John Ferguson Maclellan is known by his work on Primitive Marriage. Rossetti was obliged to wait seven years longer before he could find a publisher for his poems.

The following is Tennyson's sonnet so humorously parodied by Rossetti.

THE KRAKEN.

Below the thunders of the upper deep;
Far, far beneath the abysmal sea,
His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep
The Kraken sleepeth: faintest sunlights flee
About his shadowy sides: above him swell
Huge sponges of millennial growth and height;
And far away into the sickly light,
From many a wondrous grot and secret cell
Unnumber'd and enormous polypi
Winnow with giant arms the slumbering
green.

There hath he lain for ages and will lie
Battening upon huge seaworms in his sleep,
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep;
Then once by man and angels to be seen,
In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die.

The sonnet which Rossetti "made two days ago" he gave himself time to forget again and again, for it was not published till 1881. Under the title of *Lost on Both Sides* it forms Sonnet XCI. of *Ballads and Sonnets*, in the following version:—

As when two men have loved a woman well,
Each hating each, through Love's and Death's
deceit;
Since not for either this stark marriage-
sheet
And the long pauses of this wedding-bell;
Yet o'er her grave the night and day dispel
At last their feud forlorn, with cold and
heat;
Nor other than dear friends to death may
fleet
The two lives left that most of her can tell:

So separate hopes, which in a soul had wooed
The one same Peace, strove with each other
long,

And Peace before their faces perished since:
So through that soul, in restless brotherhood,
They roam together now, and wind among
Its by-streets, knocking at the dusty inns.

Lear is C. H. Lear, whose paintings Rossetti at one time admired, — not Edmund Lear, the author of *The Book of Nonsense*.

For Allingham's *Day and Night Songs* Rossetti and Millais each did a single illustration, Arthur Hughes doing eight.

Miss S. is Miss Siddal, with whom Rossetti had fallen in love so early as 1850, though it was not till 1860 that he married her. His brother has told us how her striking face and "coppery-golden hair" were discovered, as it were, by Deverell in a bonnet-shop. She sat to him, to Holman Hunt, and to Millais, but most of all to Rossetti. The following account was given me one day as I sat in the studio of Arthur Hughes, surrounded by some beautiful sketches he had lately taken on the coast of Cornwall:

"Deverell accompanied his mother one day to a milliner's. Through an open door he saw a girl working with her needle; he got his mother to ask her to sit to him. She was the future Mrs. Rossetti. Millais painted her for his *Ophelia*, — wonderfully like her. She was tall and slender, with red coppery hair and bright consumptive complexion; though in these early years she had no striking signs of ill health. She was exceedingly quiet, speaking very little. She had read Tennyson, having first come to know something about him by finding one or two of his poems on a piece of paper which she brought home to her mother wrapped round a pat of butter. Rossetti taught her to draw. She used to be drawing while sitting to him. Her drawings were beautiful, but without force. They were feminine likenesses of his own."

Rossetti's pet names for her were Gug-

gum, Guggums, or Gug. "All the Ruskins were most delighted with Guggum," he wrote. "John Ruskin said she was a noble, glorious creature, and his father said, by her look and manner she might have been a countess." Ruskin used to call her Ida.

IV.

Tuesday, August [1854], BLACKFRIARS.

... Of the two ballads you sent me, I prefer the one I knew already, and which is one of the very few really fine things of the kind written in our day. The other has many beauties, though; indeed, is all beautiful, except, I think, the last couplet, which seems a trifle *too* homely, a little in the broad-sheet song style. The subject you propose for my woodcut from it is a first-rate one, and I have already made some scratches for its arrangement. I have got one of the blocks from Hughes, and hope soon to tell you it is done. What a pity they will not let the blocks be a little larger! Is not *The Maids of Elfen-Mere* founded on some northern legend or other? I seem to have read something about it in Keightley or somewhere.

Tell me if I shall send you back the copy of it you sent, and the one of St. Margaret's Eve. I don't bully the last lines of your ballad, by the bye, because you did n't like the last lines of my sonnet, which are certainly foggy. Would they be better thus? —

So in that soul, — a mindful brotherhood, —
(When silence may not be), they wind among
Its by-streets, knocking at the dusty inns.

Or I should like better, —

— they fare along

Its high street, knocking, etc.,

but fear the rhyme "long" and "along" is hardly admissible. What say you? Or can you propose any other improvement?

I've referred to my notebook for the above alteration, and therein are various sonnets and beginnings of sonnets written at crises (!) of happy inspiration. Here's one which I remember writing

in great glory on the top of a hill which I reached one after-sunset in Warwickshire, last year. I'm afraid, though, it is n't much good.

This feast-day of the sun, his altar there
In the broad west has blazed for vesper-song;
And I have loitered in the vale too long,
And gaze now, a belated worshipper.
Yet may I not forget that I was 'ware,
So journeying, of his face at intervals, —
Where the whole land to its horizon falls,
Some fiery bush with coruscating hair.
And now that I have climbed and tread this
height,

I may lie down where all the slope is shade,
And cover up my face, and have till night
With silence, darkness; or may here be stayed,
And see the gold air and the silver fade,
And the last bird fly into the last light.

It strikes me, in copying, what a good thing I did not adopt the first alternative, or I might not be here to copy. Here's a rather better sonnet, I hope, written only two or three days ago. I believe the affection in the last half was rather "looked up," at the time of writing, to suit the parallel in the first. Do you not always like your last thing the best for a little while?

Have you not noted, in some family
Where two remain from the first marriage
bed,

How still they own their fragrant bond,
though fed

And nurst upon an unknown breast and knee?
That to their father's children they shall be

In act and thought of one good will; but each

Shall for the other have in silence speech,

And, in one word, complete community?

Even so, when first I saw you, seemed it, love,

That among souls allied to mine was yet

'One nearer kindred than I wotted of.

O born with me somewhere that men forget,

And though in years of sight and sound un-
met,

Known for my life's own sister well enough!

... The fact is, I think well of very little I have written, and am afraid of people agreeing with me, which I should find a bore. I believe my poetry and painting prevented each other from doing much good for a long while, and now I think I could do better in either, but can't write, for then I shan't paint.

However, one day I hope at least to finish the few rhymes I have by me that I care for at all, and then there they'll be, at any rate. Your plan of a joint volume among us of poems and pictures is a capital one — and how many capital plans we have!

I've got the Folio here. It contains a design by Millais, of the Recall of the Romans from Britain; one by Stephens, of Death and the Rioters; one by Barbara S., — a glen scene; and one by A. M. H., called the Castaways, which is rather a strong-minded subject, involving a dejected female, mud with lilies lying in it, a dust-heap, and other details, and symbolical of something improper. Of course, seriously, Miss H. is quite right in painting it, if she chooses, and she is doing so. I dare say it will be a good picture. William, Christina, and I were there lately. The Howitts asked me for your address, as they wanted to write to you. I don't know what design I shall put into the Folio. I'm doing one of Hamlet and Ophelia, which I meant for it, — deeply symbolical and far-sighted, of course, — but I fear I shall not get it done in time to start the Folio again soon, so may put in a design I have made of Found.

The other day, looking over papers, I turned up those sheets of Sutton's poetry, about which I remember a slight shrug of shoulders and contraction of eyebrows on your part, under the idea that the Fleet Ditch had engulfed them. I'll inclose them too.

What do you think of MacCrac having been again in town? I fear he is taking to wild habits. The epithet *one-eyed*, in his sonnet, had better stand *downy*, as the other is certainly ambiguous. By the bye, that is a kind accompaniment to his visit and my most cordial reception, is n't it?

I'll keep an eye on all whom I know who have contracted the bad habit of picture-buying, with a view to their ultimately finding themselves possessed of

a Millais or a Boyce, as per instructions.

Write soon, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

The "too homely" couplet in Allingham's Maids of Elfen-Mere is as follows:

"The pastor's son did pine and die;
Because true love should never lie."

Of the first of the two new sonnets (The Hill Summit, Sonnet LXX. of Ballads and Sonnets), the first six lines were not changed. The last eight were modified as follows: —

"Transfigured where the fringed horizon
falls, —
A fiery bush with coruscating hair.
And now that I have climbed and won this
height,
I must tread downward through the sloping
shade,
And travel the bewildered tracks till night.
Yet for this hour I still may here be stayed
And see the gold air and the silver fade,
And the last bird fly into the last light."

In the second sonnet there are some slight changes.

The belief that Rossetti's poetry hindered his progress in painting led his father, writes W. M. Rossetti, "to reprehend him sharply, and even severely; and to reprehension he was at all times more than sufficiently stubborn. He grieved over the matter of our father's displeasure to his dying day."

The Folio was to contain the drawings of a newly formed sketching-club, of which Mr. Hughes gives me the following account: "Millais, who was the only man among us who had any money, provided a nice green portfolio with a lock, in which to keep the drawings. Each member of the club was to put into it every month one drawing in black and white, the case going the round. Millais did his, and one or two others did theirs. Then the Folio came to Rossetti, where it stuck forever. It never reached me. According to his wont, he had at first been most enthusiastic over

the scheme, and had so infected Millais with his enthusiasm that he at once ordered the case."

Frederick G. Stephens was one of the seven Pre-Raphaelite Brothers. Barbara S. was Barbara Leigh Smith (afterwards Madame Bodichon), by whose munificence was laid the foundation of Girton College, Cambridge, England, the first institution in which a university education was given to women. A. M. H. was Anna Mary Howitt (afterwards Mrs. Howitt-Watts). Of her Rossetti wrote to his sister a few months earlier: "Anna Mary has painted a sunlight picture of Margaret (Faust) in a congenial wailing state."

"Sutton was (if I remember right) a man in a humble position of life, who professed to be descended from George Herbert. The Fleet Ditch ran under my brother's windows overlooking Blackfriars Bridge. There was a funny anecdote (true) about his throwing away into the ditch some book he scorned; he did this two or three times over, and each time it was brought back by a 'mud-lark.' Perhaps the book was this of Sutton's." (W. M. R.)

In the last paragraph of this letter is seen an instance of that zeal of Rossetti's which never failed when there was a chance of helping a friend. The following record by my wife of a talk she had with an old friend of ours and his illustrates this, and explains, though it does not justify, one side of the great painter's character:—

"I said that these Rossetti letters had given us so much higher an opinion of the man than we had ever had before that we all the more regretted the want of honesty he had about the execution of commissions. He looked very sad, and, I could see, felt the subject painfully. 'Yes,' he said, 'it was much to be regretted; but, after all, I don't think W. B. Scott need have said what he did. He was not the man to judge fairly. Here was Scott, a typical Scotchman,

caring for money and knowing its worth, and at the same time possessed of all a Scotchman's integrity as regards money matters; and here was Rossetti, an Italian all over, caring for money, too, but lavish and generous, wanting it to give away as much as for himself. He was awfully generous, and he was a sort of Robin Hood in art; he thought the rich ought to be made to pay for the good of the poor artists, and he would get all the money he could out of them; but he would do this as much for others as for himself. Oh, he would work night and day to help a poor friend; he would give a rich man, who he thought ought to buy a friend's picture, no peace, till the rich man bought it only to get rid of his importunity. And then how generous he was in his judgment of a friend's work!' Here he paused, and I could see his mind wandering back to the old days, fondly dwelling on the various acts of kindness he had himself received from Rossetti. I could say no more of shortcomings."

V.

September 19, 1854.

... Hughes was here the other evening, and showed me several sketches and wood-blocks he has drawn, — all of them excellent in many ways; but the blocks I think, especially the one of the man and girl at a stile, rather wanting in force for the engraver. He agreed with me, and I believe will do something to amend this. He has made a few very nice little sketches for cuts in the text, if such should prove admissible. One or two for the Fairies are remarkably original. I should really, I believe, have got mine in hand before this, but various troublesome anxieties have interfered with that and other work, among the rest with my duty to the Folio, which is still by me. I shan't put in my modern design, and must finish one of two or three I have going on, instead. I am doing one, which I think will be *the* one, of Hamlet and Ophelia, so treated as I

think to embody and symbolize the play without obtrusiveness or interference with the subject *as a subject*. . . . I've also read some of the Stones of Venice, having received all Ruskin's books from him, really a splendid present, including even the huge plates of Venetian architecture. I've heard again from him at Chamounix. I've been greatly interested in Wuthering Heights, the first novel I've read for an age, and the best (as regards power and sound style) for two ages, except Sidonia. But it is a fiend of a book, an incredible monster, combining all the stronger female tendencies from Mrs. Browning to Mrs. Brownrigg. The action is laid in hell, — only it seems places and people have English names there. Did you ever read it?

I think you are quite right about leaving out a few of my translations from the volume, and should like to know *which* you think. I had thought so myself, but shall copy out all I have done before determining. I am very glad you like them so much, and will send more when copied.

My plan as to their form is, I think, a preface for the first part, containing those previous to Dante, and a connecting essay (but not bulky) for the second part, containing Dante and his contemporaries, as many of them are in the form of correspondence, etc., very interesting, and require some annotation. I think you have few or none of this class. I shall include the Vita Nuova, I am almost sure, and then the volume will be a thick one. I think, if it were possible to bring some or all out first, as you say, in a good magazine, the plan might be a very good one. Indeed, anything that *paid* would be very useful just now, as I do not *forget* my debts. I've a longish story more than half done, which might likely be even more marketable in this way. It is not so intensely metaphysical as that in The Germ. If I possibly can manage to copy what I've done of it, I'd like to send it you. By the bye, in my last *long* letter (a *long* let-

ter, Allingham) I put two sonnets which I'm afraid you did n't like. Pray tell me, too, about the alteration I there proposed in the last lines of one, which you objected to.

I fear this letter has as many *I's* as Argus: argal it is snobbish. . . .

The sketches were for Allingham's Day and Night Songs. The Fairies is the charming nursery song, "Up the airy mountain," known to thousands and thousands of children. Hughes's woodcut is the frontispiece of the volume. Rossetti's woodcut for this work was, his brother believes, "the first he actually produced."

In August of this year Rossetti wrote to his aunt: —

"I have received from Mr. Ruskin the very valuable present of all his works, — including eight volumes, three pamphlets, and some large folio plates of Venetian architecture. He wished me to accept these as a gift, but it is such a costly one that I have told him I shall make him a small water-color in exchange."

Sidonia the Sorceress is by William Meinhold. For this work "Rossetti had a positive passion; he much preferred it to The Amber Witch of the same author." (W. M. R.)

Writing to his sister Christina, on December 3, 1875, about her new volume of poems, he says: "The first of the two poems [on the Franco-Prussian war] seems to me just a little echoish of the Barrett-Browning style. . . . A real taint, to some extent, of modern vicious style, derived from the same source, — what might be called a *false* setto muscularity, — always seemed to me much too prominent in the long piece called The Lowest Room."

Mrs. Brownrigg is best illustrated by the following parody, in The Anti-Jacobin, of Southey's Inscription for the Apartment in Chepstow Castle where Henry Marten, the Regicide, was imprisoned Thirty Years.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE DOOR OF THE CELL IN NEWGATE,
WHERE MRS. BROWNRIGG, THE 'PRENTI-CIDE,
WAS CONFINED PREVIOUS TO HER EXECUTION.

For one long term, or e'er her trial came,
Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have these
cells

Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand;
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
She whipp'd two female 'prentices to death
And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage
schemes!

Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthian goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised
Our Milton when at college. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! But
time shall come
When France shall reign, and laws be all re-
pealed.

Rossetti's translation of the *Vita Nuova* was included in his *Early Italian Poets*, now named *Dante and his Circle*.

His debts, which he says he does not forget, troubled him through life. Of his old father, the poor exile, even when his sight was failing and "a real tussle for the means of subsistence arose," his son William could say: "No butcher, nor baker, nor candlestick-maker ever had a claim upon us for a sixpence unpaid." On April 24, 1876, Rossetti told his mother that in the last year he had made £3725. He added: "I believe this is somewhere about my average income, yet I am always hard up for £50."

"A longish story" must be the one which was first called *An Autopsychology*, and afterwards *St. Agnes of Intercession*, written towards 1850. It is published (uncompleted) in his *Collected Works*. (W. M. R.) It was to have been published in *The Germ*. "Millais did an etching for it."

Of the "metaphysical" story, *Hand and Soul*, in the first number of *The Germ*, Rossetti writes: "I wrote it (with

the exception of an opening page or two) all in one night, in December, 1849; beginning, I suppose, about two A. M., and ending about seven."

The Germ was the magazine of the P. R. B. Its sale was very small, and it soon came to an end. Among the contributors to the first number were Dante, William, and Christina Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Madox Brown, Coventry Patmore, and Thomas Woolner. "After balancing receipts and expenditure," writes William Rossetti, "we had to meet a printer's bill of £33 odd. This seems now a very moderate burden; but it was none the less a troublesome one to all or most of us at that period. For many years past it has been a literary curiosity, fetching high fancy prices." For the four numbers so much as £9 has been given. Mr. Hughes tells me that one day when he was working among the students at the Royal Academy Munro brought in the first number. It was handed round, and on all sides jeered at. When it came to him, he was greatly struck with it, above all with W. M. Rossetti's sonnet on the title-page, which had a real influence on his life. His admiration of it made him known to Munro, and through him to Rossetti and the other Preraphaelites.

VI.

Sunday, 15 October [1854].

... My time has lately been engrossed by the background of my modern subject, which I have been painting out of doors at Chiswick, — cold work these last days, but much finer weather hitherto than I dare to hope for again in all probability. It will be a disappointment to me if I am balked, after all, and cannot get done before the unmanageable weather. I paint daily within earshot almost of Hogarth's grave, — a good omen for one's modern picture! This work has left me no time at all for anything else lately. Ruskin is back again, and wrote to me, naming a day when he meant to call, but I was obliged to write I could not be at

my rooms. He has written again since, saying he wants to consult with me about plans for "teaching the masons;" so you may soon expect to find every man shoulder his hod, "with upturned fervid face and hair put back." I am painting near the house of some old friends of ours at Chiswick, the family of Mr. Keightley, whom you have heard me name. They are Irish people, and of course I introduced the Songs. Old K. was taken with the Fairies, and there is a very nice girl who especially delights in *Æolian Harp* No. 1, and dreamt your Dream right through the night after reading it. . . .

Thanks for your kind suggestions and offers of mediation as to printing some of my Italian poems in a magazine. Fraser's, if attainable, would be the one I should prefer to any other. But I have had no time to think about this yet since reading your letter, and must answer it more at length next time. When you send me back the MS. you have, I think there will be another batch ready copied for you. I am very anxious indeed to see your annotations, and doubt not to profit by them. Thanks also for your criticisms on the sonnet. The construction of those four lines is thus:—

Yet may I not forget that I was 'ware,
So journeying, of his face at intervals,—
Some fiery bush with coruscating hair,
Where the whole land to its horizon falls!

Only the metre forced me to transpose. It is meant to refer to the effect one is nearly sure to see in passing along a road at sunset, when the sun glares in a radiating focus behind some low bush or some hedge on the horizon of the meadows. But it is obscure, I believe, though if I were disposed to be stiff-necked, I might lug up William, to whom I have just showed the sonnet, and who understood the line in question at once. But I'll try to alter it, if worth working at. In the hateful mechanical brick-painting I have been at I have had time to make verses, and have finished a ballad, professedly modern-antique, of which

I remember once telling you the story as we were walking about Mrs. Arme's garden. I'll copy it for you and inclose it with this, asking your *severest* criticism. I doubt myself whether it at all succeeds in its attempt. However, I don't think it is finished yet, and if any feature should suggest itself to you as [word illegible] to the story or preferable, pray mention it. I have purposely taken an unimportant phrase here and there from the old things. I was doubting whether it would not be better to make the improper lord and lady slip into a new-made grave, while wading through the churchyard, and be drowned. This might make a good description and conclusion, and I fear the thing is at present almost too unpoetical in style. Tell me what you think, or whether the present ending seems the more or less hackneyed of the two.

I send you the last bit of Hunt received last night. Let me have it again, please, at once, as I must answer it soon for conscience' sake, as that projected letter he writes that he was expecting from me was never written, after all.

I think I remember your once speaking to me of Wuthering Heights, long ago. I never read any of Currer Bell. Is she half as good? I see by the advertisements of Smith & Elder that W. B. Scott's Poems are out, and hope soon to get one from him. . . .

Rossetti's "modern subject" is the picture called Found. "It was," writes W. M. Rossetti, "a source of lifelong vexation to my brother and to the gentlemen—some three or four in succession—who commissioned him to finish it. It was nearly completed, but not quite, towards the close of his life. It represents a rustic lover, a drover [a farmer?], who finds his old sweetheart at a low depth of degradation, both from vice and penury, in the streets of London. He endeavors to lift her as she crouches on the pavement." In 1859 a commission

was given Rossetti for the picture at 320 guineas. On February 4, 1881, he wrote, "The Found progresses rapidly."

Ruskin's "plans for 'teaching the masons'" is explained in letter VIII.

That "upturned fervid face and hair put back" is from Sordello, London edition, 1885, page 214.

Mr. Keightley was "the historian and author of *The Fairy Mythology*, a book," writes W. M. Rossetti, "which formed one of the leading delights of our childhood."

Into Fraser's Magazine Rossetti was not likely to find admittance. The *Table-Talk* of Shirley shows how hostile John Parker, the editor, was to the new school of poetry. Some six years later, Rossetti tried, through Ruskin, to get some of his poems published in *The Cornhill Magazine*, but nothing came of it.

The ballad which Rossetti had finished was *Stratton Water*. Fifteen years later he added some stanzas.

VII.

Monday, half past six o'clock.

[About November, 1854.]

DEAR ALLINGHAM, — I suppose you are gone to bask in the southern ray. I should follow, but feel very sick, and, moreover, have lunched late to-day with Ruskin. We read half through *Day and Night Songs* together, and I gave him the book. He was most delighted, and said some of it was heavenly. . . .

About this time Ruskin wrote to Rossetti: "I forgot to say also that I really do covet your drawings as much as I covet Turner's; only it is useless self-indulgence to buy Turner's, and useful self-indulgence to buy yours. Only I won't have them after they have been more than nine times rubbed entirely out, — remember that."

VIII.

FINCHLEY, November, 1854.

. . . I have had a hasty look (such as my leisure lately has left possible)

through your MS., much of which is as exquisite as can be or ever has been, — pure beauty and delight. The Queen of the Forest, Hughes tells me, is to be withdrawn, as capable of fuller treatment. I am quite of your mind about it, and chiefly because it is already so peculiarly lovely as to be worthy of any elaboration. The *Æolian Harp* in long lines is equal to any of that series, and I should have many things to say of many others, if the MS. were only by me. I must write of them when they are printed, and I hope talk of them too with you by that time. You mention having sent a copy of *Day and Night Songs* to Ruskin: did you remember that I had already given him one? I trust he and you will meet when next in London. He has been back about a month or so, looking very well and in excellent spirits. Perhaps you know that he has joined Maurice's scheme for a Working Men's College, which has now begun to be put in operation at 31 Red Lion Square? Ruskin has most liberally undertaken a drawing-class, which he attends every Thursday evening, and he and I had a long confab about plans for teaching. He is most enthusiastic about it, and has so infected me that I think of offering an evening weekly for the same purpose, when I am settled in town again. At present I am hard at work out here on my picture, painting the calf and cart. It has been fine clear weather, though cold, till now, but these two days the rain has set in (for good, I fear), and driven me to my wits' end, as even were I inclined to paint notwithstanding, the calf would be like a hearth-rug after half an hour's rain; but I suppose I must turn out to-morrow and try. A very disagreeable part of the business is that I am being obliged to a farmer whom I cannot pay for his trouble in providing calf and all, as he insists on being good natured. As for the calf, he kicks and fights all the time he remains tied up, which is five or six hours daily,

and the view of life induced at his early age by experience in art appears to be so melancholy that he punctually attempts suicide by hanging himself at half past three daily P. M. At these times I have to cut him down, and then shake him up and lick him like blazes. There is a pleasure in it, my dear fellow: the Smithfield drovers are a kind of opium-eaters at it, but a moderate practitioner might perhaps sustain an argument. I hope soon to be back at my rooms, as I have been quite long enough at my *rhumes*. (The above joke did service for MacCrac's benefit last night.)

Before I came here I had been painting ever so long at a brick wall at Chiswick which is in my foreground. By the bye, that boating sketch of yours is really good in its way, and would bear showing to Ruskin as an original Turner, and perhaps selling to Windus afterwards.

Many thanks for your minute criticism on my ballad, which was just of the kind I wanted. Not, of course, that a British poet is going to knock under on all points; accordingly, I take care to disagree from you in various respects, as regards abruptnesses, improbabilities, prosaicisms, coarsenesses, and other *esses* and *isms*, not more prominent, I think, in my production than in its models. As to dialect there is much to be said, but I doubt much whether, as you say, mine is more Scotticised than many or even the majority of genuine old ballads. If the letter and poem were here, I might perhaps bore you with counter-analysis. But in very many respects I shall benefit greatly by your criticisms, if ever I think the ballad worth working on again, without which it would certainly not be worth printing.

I have read Patmore's poem which he sent me, and about which I might say a good deal of all kinds, if I felt up to it to-night; but I don't. He was going to publish (and had actually printed the title) with the pseudonym of C. K. Dighton; but was induced at the last

moment to cancel the title, as well as a marvelous note at the end, accounting for some part of the poem being taken out of his former book by some story of a buttermilk and a piece of waste paper, or something of that sort! (I see my description is as lucid as the note.)

Did you see a paragraph in the Illustrated London News headed Americans at Florence, and giving a longish account of a backwoods poem called The New Pastoral, to be immediately published by Read? Have you seen anything of W. B. Scott's volume? I may be able to send it you sooner or later, if you like. The title-page has a vignette with the words "Poems by a Painter" printed very gothically indeed. A copy being sent to old Carlyle, he did not read any of the poems, but read the title "Poems by a Printer." He wrote off at once to the imaginary printer to tell him to stick to his types and give up his metaphors. Woolner saw the book lying at Carlyle's, heard the story, and told him of his mistake, at which he had the decency to seem a little annoyed, as he knows Scott, and esteems him and his family. Now that we are allied with Turkey, we might think seriously of the bastinado for the old man, on such occasions as the above.

This is the last of Brown's note-paper (I am staying with him here), so I must leave some other things till next time, especially as it is fearfully late. Miss Siddal is moderately well and making designs, etc.

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

The manuscript poems through which Rossetti had a hasty look form the second series of Day and Night Songs. The Queen of the Forest was published in Flower Pieces, a volume which bears the following inscription: "To Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose early friendship brightened many days of my life, and whom I never can forget. W. A."

The foundation of the Working Men's

College has been described by Mr. J. M. Ludlow in *The Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1896. Of Rossetti's method of teaching I have received the following account from a drawing-master who was one of the students of the college:—

"I was not exactly a pupil of Rossetti's, although I was of Ruskin's. The classes were on the same floor, and there was constant communication between them. We saw the work done, and discussed the methods and incidents. Rossetti began at once with color, not with light and shade. At a time when this was heresy, when even Mr. Ruskin objected, Rossetti gave his students color, and full color, to begin with. Most of them could draw a little; but even that would not have stopped him. Draw or not, he gave them color. A teacher is supposed to analyze his subject, and prepare for its difficulties by giving beforehand its elements in a simple form, one at a time. Rossetti put a bird or a boy before his class, and said, 'Do it;' and the spirit of the teacher was of more value than any system. I look back to those times with great pleasure; they have helped me much. Only about a month since a new syllabus for drawing for elementary schools was issued by the government, in which children are allowed to use color as soon as they begin. Here to-day we have, forty years afterwards, Rossetti's principle acknowledged by the government. That it did not come direct from Rossetti, but by another and independent course, is some evidence in its favor.

"Again, Rossetti often brought the works he was engaged on, in their incomplete state, for us to see. I remember some of them, and here again he helped me years afterwards; but he did not generally get the class to do what he was doing himself. I think he should have required imaginative work from all the class,—pictures from their own imagination of scenes from poetry, story, and myths."

The following account has been given me of Rossetti's residence at Finchley while he was working at Found. He had for some time been painting in Madox Brown's studio in town, when his friend took a small cottage at Finchley for himself, wife, and baby. Besides the kitchen it had but two rooms, a parlor and a bedroom. Rossetti wanted to paint a white calf. Brown, thinking that he would take only a day or two over such a piece of work, asked him to visit him. There was, he said, a farmyard on the other side of the road, where there were several calves; as for a bed, he could have a mattress on the floor of the parlor. Rossetti, who had never painted a calf before, found greater difficulties in the subject than either he or his friend expected. Moreover, his ideas of the picture grew. Long before the sketch was finished the calf had grown too big, and another had to be provided. The visit was prolonged, to the great discomfort of the little family. Brown, who was most good natured, took it all good humoredly, though he would now and then complain to a friend that Gabriel would sit up half the night talking poetry, and lie half the day in bed in their one sitting-room, excluding Mrs. Brown and the baby.

Before Rossetti went to Chiswick to paint the brick wall he wrote to his mother: "Have you or Christina any recollection of an eligible and accessible brick wall? I should want to get up and paint it early in the mornings, as the light ought to be that of dawn. It should be not too countrified (yet beautiful in color), as it is to represent a city wall. A certain modicum of moss would therefore be admissible, but no prodigality of grass, weeds, ivy, etc."

Allingham's drawings were sometimes reproduced, in illustrating articles of his in magazines. Windus, who was to buy his sketch, was a retired man of business, who lived in the village in which I spent my early days. He had inherited a fortune, it was said, from an uncle af-

ter whom he was named, the proprietor of a cordial by which many fretful infants have been soothed into the next world. He had a fine collection of the early Preraphaelite pictures. Whether he had any real knowledge of painting I do not know. I have rarely seen any one who, to judge by external appearances, was farther removed from poetry or art. The following anecdote I have from my wife: "I one day took some friends from the country to see Mr. Windus's collection of paintings in his very pretty old-fashioned house on Tottenham Green. He was one of the earliest buyers of the P. R. B. work, and in one of the quaint paneled drawing-rooms Holman Hunt's Scapegoat hung over the fireplace, with one of Turner's drawings in his latest style on each side of it, and Millais's Vale of Rest on the opposite wall. Four rooms were thickly hung with pictures, and we found enough to keep us interested for some time. Before leaving, 'Let us go back into the first room,' I said, 'and have one more look at the Scapegoat.' We did so, and then I gazed for some time at the Turner drawings, trying very hard to make out what they were about, and feeling that I was very dull of comprehension. 'It's of no use!' I exclaimed at last: 'I cannot see what it means! Those lovely shades of orange and blue and gray are beautiful, but I cannot for the life of me tell what they are meant to represent.' 'That only shows that you know nothing at all about it!' said a squeaky little voice over my shoulder; and looking round, I saw that the owner of the pictures had come in, unperceived, and had overheard my remark."

Rossetti, in spite of his parentage (of his grandparents, three were Italian, and only one was English), speaks of himself in this letter as "a British poet." "He liked England and the English," writes his brother, "better than any other coun-

try and nation. He was in many respects an Englishman in grain, and even a prejudiced Englishman. He was quite as ready as other Britons to reckon to the discredit of Frenchmen, and generally of foreigners, a certain shallow and frothy demonstrativeness; too ready, I always thought."

Patmore's poem was The Angel in the House.

Thomas Buchanan Read was an American poet, and a painter by profession as well, author of Rural Poems, Lays, and Ballads. He died several years ago. He was a curiously small man in stature, and had a pleasant little wife on exactly a corresponding scale. He had suffered with Rossetti under the unjust law of distraint. W. M. Rossetti wrote to Allingham on August 10, 1850: "As for Read, he left on Friday week in something of a hurry and confusion, owing to an execution for rent put into Gabriel's lodgings on the fugitive landlord's account; whereby Read's trunk, etc., were, *inter alia*, laid under embargo; indeed, he has been compelled to leave them behind." Rossetti's landlord was a dancing-master, "who failed to pay his rent. According to the oppressive system of those days, the goods of his sub-tenant were seized to make good the default. Dante and I," continues his brother, "carried away a considerable number of books. The bulk of his small belongings was confiscated, and appeared to his eyes no more."

In W. B. Scott's Life (vol. ii. pp. 21-24) are given two of Carlyle's letters about Poems by a Painter. Rossetti would have spared the old man the bastinado had he read his apology for his blunder. It begins: "It is too certain I have committed an absurd mistake, which indeed I discerned two weeks ago with an emotion compounded of astonishment, remorse, and the tendency to laugh and cry both at once."

George Birkbeck Hill.

PILGRIM STATION.

FROM the great plateau of the Snake River, at a point that is far from any main station, the stage-road sinks into a hollow which the winds might have scooped, so constantly do they pounce and delve and circle round the spot. Down in this pot-hole, where sand has drifted into the infrequent wheel-tracks, there is a dead stillness, while the perpetual land-gale is roaring and troubling above.

One noon, at the latter end of summer, a wagon carrying four persons, with camp-gear and provision for a self-subsisting trip, jolted down into this hollow, the horses sweating at a walk as they beat through the heavy sand. The teamster drew them up, and looked hard at the singular, lonely place.

"I don't see any signs of that old corral, do you?" objected the man beside him. He spoke low, as if to keep his doubts from their neighbors on the back seat. These, an old, delicate, reverend-looking gentleman and a veiled woman sitting very erect, were silent, awaiting some decision of their fellow-travelers.

"There would n't be much of anything left of it," the teamster urged on the point in question — "only a few rails and wattles, maybe. Campers would have made a clean-up of them."

"You think this is the place, do you not, Mr. Thane? This is Pilgrim Station?" The old gentleman spoke to the younger of the two men in front, who, turning, showed the three-quarter view of a tanned, immobile face and the keen side-glance of a pair of dense black eyes, — eyes that saw everything, and told nothing.

"One of our landmarks seems to be missing. I was just asking Kinney about it," he said.

Mr. Kinney was not, it appeared, as familiar as a guide should be with the road, which had fallen from use before

he came to that part of the country; but his knowledge of roads in general inclined him to take with allowance the testimony of any one man of merely local information.

"That fool Mormon at the ferry hain't been past here, he said himself, since the stage was pulled off. What was here then would n't be here now, — not if it could be eat up or burnt up."

"So you think this is the place?" the old gentleman repeated. His face was quite pale, and he looked about him shrinkingly, with a latent, apprehensive excitement, strangely out of keeping with the void stillness of the hollow, — a spot which seemed to claim as little on the score of human interest or association as any they had passed on their long road hither.

"Well, it's just this way, Mr. Withers: here's the holler, and here's the stomped place where the sheep have camped; and the cattle-trails getherin' from everywhere to the water; and the young rabbit-brush that's sprung up since the plains was burnt over. If this ain't Pilgrim Station, we're lost pilgrims ourselves, I guess. We hain't passed it, it's time we come to it, and there ain't no road but this: as I put it up, this here has got to be the place."

"I believe you, Mr. Kinney," the old gentleman solemnly confirmed him. "Something tells me that this is the spot. I might almost say," he added in a lower tone to his companion, while a slight shiver passed over him in the hot sunlight, "that a voice cries to us from the ground!"

Those in front had not heard him. After a pause, Mr. Thane looked round again, smiled tentatively, and said, "Well?"

"Well, Daphne, my dear, had n't we better get out?" Mr. Withers conjoined.

She who answered to this pretty pagan name did so mutely by rising in her place. The wind had moulded her light-colored veil close to her half-defined features, to the outline of her cheeks and low-knotted hair; her form, which was youthful and slender, was swathed in a clinging raw-silk dust-cloak. As she stood, hesitating before summoning her cramped limbs to her service, she might have suggested some half-evolved conception of doubting young womanhood emerging from the sculptor's clay. Personality, as yet, she had none; but all that could be seen of her was pure feminine.

Thane reached the side of the wagon before the veiled young woman had attempted to jump. She freed her skirts, stepped on the brake-bar, and, stooping, with his support, made a successful spring to the ground. Mr. Withers climbed out more cautiously, keeping his hand on Thane's arm for a few steps through the heavy sand. Thane left his fellow-pilgrims to themselves apart, and returned to help the teamster take out the horses.

"It looks queer to me," Mr. Kinney remarked, "that folks should want to come so far on purpose to harrier up their feelin's all over again. It ain't as if the young man was buried here, nor as if they was goin' to mark the spot with one of them Catholic crosses like you see down in Mexico, where blood's been spilt by the roadside. But just to set here and think about it, and chaw on a mis'able thing that happened two years and more ago! Lord! I would n't want to, and I ain't his father nor yet his girl. Would you?"

"Hardly," said Thane. "Still, if you felt about it as Mr. Withers does, you'd put yourself in the place of the dead, not of the living; and he has a reason for coming, besides. I have n't spoken of it, because I doubt if the thing is feasible. He wants to see whether the water of the spring can be brought into the hollow here, — piped, to feed a permanent drink-

ing-trough and fountain. Good for evil, you see, — the soft answer."

"Well, that's business! That gits down where a man lives. His cattle kin come in on that, too. There's more in that, to my mind, than in a bare wooden cross. Pity there won't be more teamin' on this road. Now the stage has hauled off, I don't expect as many as three outfits a year will water at that fountain, excusin' the sheep, and they'll walk over it and into it, and gorm up the whole place."

"Well, the idea has been a great comfort to Mr. Withers, but it's not likely anything more will ever come of it. From all we hear, the spring would have to run uphill to reach this hollow; but you won't speak of it, will you, till we know?"

"Gosh, no! But water might be struck higher up the gulch, — might sink a trench and cut off the spring."

"That would depend on the source," said Thane, "and on how much the old gentleman is willing to stand: the fountain alone, by the time you haul the stone here, will foot up pretty well into the thousands. But we'll see."

"Had n't you better stay round here with them till I git back?" Kinney suggested; for Thane had taken the empty canteens from the wagon, and was preparing to go with him to the spring. "You kin do your prospectin' later."

"They would rather be by themselves, I think," said Thane. But seeing Mr. Withers coming towards him, as if to speak, he turned back to meet him.

"You are going now to look for the spring, are you not?" the old gentleman asked, in his courteous, dependent manner.

"Yes, Mr. Withers. Is there anything I can do for you first?"

"Nothing, I thank you." The old gentleman looked at him half expectantly, but Thane was not equal, in words, to the occasion. "This is the place, Mr. Thane," he cadenced, in his measured,

clerical tones. "This is the spot that last saw my dear boy alive, — that witnessed his agony and death." He extended a white, thin, and now shaking hand, which Thane grasped, uncovering his head. Mr. Withers raised his left hand; his pale eyes blinked in the sunlight; they were dim with tears.

"In memory of John Withers," he pronounced, "foully robbed of life in this lonely spot, we three are gathered here, — his friend, his father, and his bride that was to have been." Thane's eyes were on the ground, but he silently renewed his grasp of the old man's hand. "May God be our Guide as we go hence to finish our separate journeys! May He help us to forgive as we hope to be forgiven! May He teach us submission! But, O Lord! Thou knowest it is hard."

"Mr. Withers is a parson, ain't he?" Kinney inquired, as he and Thane, each leading one of the team-horses, and with an empty canteen swinging by its strap from his shoulder, filed down the little stony gulch that puckers the first rising-ground to riverward of the hollow. "Thought he seemed to be makin' a prayer or askin' a blessin' or somethin', when he had holt of you there by the flipper; kind of embarrassin', wa'n't it?"

"That 's as one looks at it," said Thane. "Mr. Withers is a clergyman: his manner may be partly professional, but he strikes one as always sincere. And he has n't a particle of self-consciousness where his grief for his son is concerned; I don't know that he has about anything. He calls on his Maker just as naturally as you and I, perhaps, might take his name in vain."

"No, sir; I've quit doin' that," Mr. Kinney objected. "I drewed the line there some years ago, on account of my wife, the way she felt about it, and the children growin' up. I quit when I was workin' round home, and now I don't seem to miss it none. I git along jest as well. Course I have to cuss a little sometimes. But I liked the way you lis-

tened to the old man's warblin'. Because talkin' is a man's trade, it ain't to say he has n't got his feelin's."

As the hill cut off sounds of retreating voices and horseshoes clinking on the stones, a stillness that was a distinct sensation brooded upon the hollow. Daphne sighed as if she were in pain. She had taken off her veil, and now she was peeling the gloves from her white wrists and warm, unsteady hands. Her face, exposed, hardly sustained the promise of the veiled suggestion; but no man was ever known to find fault with it so long as he had hopes; afterwards — but even then it was a matter of temperament. There were those who remembered it all the more keenly for its daring deviations and provoking shortcomings.

It could not have been said of Daphne that her grief was without self-consciousness. Still, much of her constraint and unevenness of manner might have been set down to the circumstances of her present position. Why she should have placed herself, or have allowed her friends to place her, in an attitude of such unhappy publicity Thane had asked himself many times, and the question angered him as often as it came up. He could only refer it to the singularly unprogressive ideas of the Far West peculiar to Far Eastern people. Apparently, they had thought that, barring a friend or two of Jack's, they would be as much alone with their tragic memories in the capital city of Idaho as at the abandoned stage-station in the desert where their pilgrimage had ended. They had not found it quite the same. Daphne could, and probably did, read of herself in the *Silver Standard*, Sunday edition, which treats of social events, heralded among the prominent arrivals as "Jack Withers's maiden widow." This was a poetical flight of the city reporter. Thane had smiled at the phrase, but that was before he had seen Daphne; since then, whenever he thought of it, he pined for a suitable occasion for punching the reporter's head.

There had been more of his language; the paper had given liberally of its space to celebrate this interesting advent of the maiden widow with her uncle, "the Rev. Withers," as the reporter styled him, "father of the lamented young man whose shocking murder, two years ago, at Pilgrim Station, on the eve of his return to home and happiness, cast such a gloom over our community, in which the victim of the barbarous deed had none but devoted friends and admirers. It is to be hoped that the reverend gentleman and the bereaved young lady, his companion on this sad journey, will meet with every mark of attention and respect which it is in the power of our citizens to bestow during their stay among us."

Now, in the dead, hot stillness, they two alone at last, Daphne sat beside her uncle in the place of their solemn tryst; and more than ever her excitement and unrest were manifest, in contrast to his mild and chastened melancholy. She started violently as his voice broke the silence in a measured, musing monotone:

"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
For the poor soul of Sybil Grey,
Who built this cross and well."

"These lines," he continued in his ordinary prose accent, "gave me my first suggestion of a cross and well at Pilgrim Station, aided, perhaps, by the name itself, so singularly appropriate; not at all consistent, Mr. Thane tells me, with the usual haphazard nomenclature of this region. However, this is the old Oregon emigrant trail, and in the early forties men of education and Christian sentiment were the pioneers on this road. But now that I see the place and the country round it, I find the Middle Ages are not old enough to borrow from. We must go back, away back of chivalry and monkish superstition, to the life-giving pools of that country where the story of man began; where water, in the language of its people, was justly made the symbol of their highest spiritual as well as physical needs and cravings. 'And David longed,

and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!' It is a far cry here to any gate but the gate of sunset, which we have been traveling against from morning to evening since our journey began, yet never approach any nearer. But this, nevertheless, is the country of David's well, — a dry, elevated plain, surrounded by mountains strangely gashed and riven and written all over in nature's characters, but, except for the speech of a wandering, unlettered people, dumb as to the deeds of man. Mr. Thane tells me that if the wells on this road were as many as the deaths by violence have been, we might be pasturing our horses in green fields at night, instead of increasing their load with the weight of their food as well as our own. Yes, it is a 'desolate land and lone;' and if we build our fountain, according to my first intention, in the form of a cross, blessing and shadowing the water, it must be a rude and massive one, such as humble shepherds or herdsmen might accidentally have fashioned in the dark days before its power and significance were known. It will be all the more enduring, and the text shall be" —

"Uncle," cried Daphne in a smothered voice, "never mind the text! I am your text! Listen to me! If your cross stood there now, here is the one who should be in the dust before it!" She pressed her open hand upon her breast.

The gesture, her emphasis, the extreme figure of speech she used, were repellent to Mr. Withers over and above his amazement at her words. As he had not been observing her, he was totally unprepared for such an outburst.

"Daphne, my dear! Do I understand you? I cannot conceive" —

But Daphne could not wait for her meaning to sink in. "Uncle John," she interrupted, taking a quick breath of resolution, "I read somewhere once that if a woman be dishonest, deep down, deliberately a hypocrite, she ought to be gen-

tly and mercifully killed; a woman not honest had better not be alive. Uncle, I have something to say to you about myself. Gently and mercifully listen to me, for it ought to kill me to say it!"

Mr. Withers turned apprehensively, and was startled by the expression of Daphne's face. She was undoubtedly in earnest. He grew quite pale. "Not here, my dear," he entreated; "not now. Let our thoughts be single for this one hour that we shall be alone together. Let it wait for a little, this woeful confession, which I think you probably exaggerate, as young souls are apt to who have not learned to bear the pain of self-knowledge, or self-reproach without knowledge. Let us forget ourselves, and think of our beloved dead."

"Uncle, it must be here and now. I cannot go away from this place a liar, as I came. Let me leave it here, my cowardly, contemptible falsehood, in this place of your cross. I am longing, like David, for that water they have gone to find, but I will not drink at Pilgrim Station except with clean lips that have confessed and told you all."

Mr. Withers shrank from these unrestrained and, to him, indecorous statements of feeling; they shocked him almost as much as would the spectacle of Daphne mutilating her beautiful hair, casting dust upon her head, and rending her garments before him. He believed that her trouble of soul was genuine, but his Puritan reserve in matters of conscience, his scholarly taste, his jealousy for the occasion which had brought them to that spot, all combined to make this exaggerated expression of it offensive to him. However, he no longer tried to repress her.

"Uncle, you don't believe me," she said, "but you must. I am quite myself."

"Except for the prolonged nervous strain you have been suffering; and I am afraid I have not known how to spare you as I might, the fatigue, the altitude, perhaps, the long journey face to face

with these cruel memories. But I will not press it, I will not press it," he concluded hastily, seeing that his words distressed her.

"Press it all you can," she said. "I wish you could press it hard enough for me to feel it; but I feel nothing, — I am a stone. At this moment," she reiterated, "I have no feeling of any kind but shame for myself that I should be here at all. Oh, if you only knew what I am!"

"It is not what you are, it is who you are, that brings you here, Daphne."

"Yes, who I am! Who am I? What right had I to come here? I never loved him. I never was engaged to him, but I let you think so. When you wrote me that sweet letter and called me your daughter, why did n't I tell you the truth? Because in that same letter you offered me his money — and — and I wanted the money. I lied to you then, when you were in the first of your grief, — to get his money! I have been trying to live up to that lie ever since. It has almost killed me; it has killed every bit of truth and decent womanly pride in me. I want you to save me from it before I grow any worse. You must take back the money. It did one good thing: it paid those selfish debts of mine, and it made mother well. What has been spent I will work for and pay back as I can. But I love *you*, uncle John: there has been no falsehood there."

"This is the language of sheer insanity, Daphne, of mental excitement that passes reason." Mr. Withers spoke in a carefully controlled but quivering voice; as a man who has been struck an unexpected and staggering blow, but, considering the quarter it came from, is prepared to treat it as an accident. "The facts, John's own words in his last letter to me, cannot be gainsaid. 'I am coming home to you, dad, and to whom else I need not say. You know that I have never changed, but she has changed, God bless her! How well He made them, to be our thorn, our spur, our punishment,

our prevention, and sometimes our cure! I am coming home to be cured,' he said. You have not forgotten the words of that letter, dear? I sent it to you, but first — I thought you would not mind — I copied those his last words. They were words of such happiness; and they implied a thought, at least, of his Creator, if not that grounded faith" —

"They were hopes, only hopes!" the girl remorsefully disclaimed. "I allowed him to have them because I wanted time to make up my wretched, selfish mind. I had never made him a single promise, never said one word that could have given me the right to pose as I did afterwards, to let myself be grieved over as if I had lost my last hope on earth. I had his money all safe enough."

"Daphne, I forbid you to speak in that tone! There are bounds even to confession. If you think well to degrade yourself by such allusions, do not degrade me by forcing me to listen to you. This is a subject too sacred to be discussed in its mercenary bearings: settle that question with yourself as you will, but let me hear no more of it."

Daphne was silenced; for the first time in her remembrance of him she had seen her uncle driven to positive severity, to anger even, in opposition to the truth which his heart refused to accept. When he was calmer, he began to reason with her, to uphold her in the true faith, against her seeming self, in these profane and ruthless disclosures.

"You are morbid," he declared, "oversensitive, from dwelling too long on this painful chapter of your life. No one knows better than myself what disorders of the imagination may result from a mood of the soul, a passing mood, — the pains of growth, perhaps. You are a woman now; but let the woman not be too hard upon the girl that she was. After what you have been through quite lately, and for two years past, I pronounce you mentally unfit to cope with your own case. Say that you did not

promise him in words: the promise was given no less in spirit. How else could he have been so exaltedly sure? He never was before. You had never before, I think, given him any grounds for hope?"

"No, I was always honest before," said Daphne humbly. "When I first refused him, when we were both such children, and he went away, I promised to answer his letters if he would let *that* subject rest. And so I did. But every now and then he would try me again, to see if I had changed, and that letter I would not answer; and presently he would write again, in his usual way. As often as he brought up the old question, just so often I stopped writing; silence was always my answer, till that last winter, when I made my final attempt to do something with my painting, and failed so miserably. You don't know, uncle, how hard I have worked, or what it cost me to fail, — to have to own that all had been wasted: my three expensive winters in Boston, my cutting loose from all the little home duties, in the hope of doing something great that would pay for all. And that last winter I did not make my expenses, even. After borrowing every cent that mother could spare (more than she ought to have spared; it was doing without a girl that broke her down); and denying myself, or denying her, my home visit at Christmas; and setting up in a studio of my own, and taking pains to have all the surroundings that are said to bring success, — and then, after all, to fail, and fail, and fail! And spring came, and mother looked so ill, and the doctor said she must have rest, total rest and change; and he looked at me as if he would like to say, 'You did it!' Well, the 'rest' I brought her was my debts and my failure and remorse; and I was n't even in good health, I was so used up with my winter's struggle. It was then, in the midst of all that trouble and shame and horror at myself, his sweet letter came. No, not sweet, but manly and generous, — utterly generous as he

always was. I ought to have loved him, uncle dear; I always knew it, and I did try very hard! He did not feel his way this time, but just poured out his whole heart once for all; I knew he would never ask me again. And then the fatal word: he said he had grown rich. He could give me the opportunities my nature demanded. You know how he would talk. He believed in me, if nobody else ever did; I could not have convinced him that I was a failure.

"It was very soothing to my wounds. I was absolutely shaken by the temptation. It meant so much: such a refuge from self-contempt and poverty and blame, and such rest and comfort it would bring to mother! I hope that had something to do with it. You see I am looking for a loop-hole to crawl out of; I have n't strength of mind to face it without some excuse. Well, I answered that letter; and I think the evil one himself must have helped me, for I wrote it, my first careful, deliberate piece of double-dealing, just as easily as if I had been practicing for it all my life. It was such a letter as any man would have thought meant everything; yet if I had wanted, I could have proved by the words themselves that it meant nothing that could n't be taken back.

"I said to myself, If I can stand it, if I can hold out as I feel now, I will marry him; then let come what may. I knew that some things would come, some things that I wanted very much.

"Then came the strange delay, the silence, the wretched telegrams and letters back and forth. Ah, dear, do I make you cry? Don't cry for him: you have not lost him. Cry for me, the girl you thought was good and pure and true! You know what I did then, when your dear letter came, giving me all he had; calling me your daughter, all that was left you of John! I deceived you in your grief, hating myself and loving you all the time. And here I am, in this place! Do you wonder I had to speak?"

"Your words are literally as blows to me, Daphne," Mr. Withers groaned, covering his face. After a while he said: "All I have in the world would have been yours and your mother's, had you come to me, or had I suspected the trouble you were in. I ought to have been more observant. My prepossessions must be very strong; doubtless some of the reader's faculties have been left out in my mental constitution. I hear you say these words, but even now they are losing their meaning for me. I see that your distress is genuine, and I must suppose that you have referred it to its proper cause; but I cannot master the fact itself. You must give me time to realize it. This takes much out of life for me."

"Not my love for *you*, uncle John: there has been no falsehood there."

"You could not have spared yourself and me this confession?" the old man queried. "But no, God forgive me! You must have suffered grievous things in your young conscience, my dear; this was an ugly spot to hide. But now you have fought your fight and won it, at the foot of the cross. To say that I forgive you, that we both, the living and the dead, forgive you, is the very least that can be said. Come here! Come and be my daughter as before! My daughter!" he repeated. And Daphne, on her knees, put her arms about his neck and hid her face against him.

"Thank Heaven!" he murmured brokenly, "it cannot hurt him now. He has found his 'cure.' As a candle-flame would expire in this broad sunlight, so all those earthly longings" — The old gentleman could not finish his sentence, though a sentence was dear to him almost as the truth from which, even in his love of verbiage, his speech never deviated. "So we leave it here," he said at last. "It is between us and our blessed dead. No one else need know what you have had the courage to tell me. Your confession concerns no other living soul, unless it be your mother, and I see no rea-

son why her heart should be perturbed. As for the money, what need have I for more than my present sufficiency, which is far beyond the measure of my efforts or deserts? I beg you never to recur to the subject, unless you would purposely wish to wound me. This is a question of conscience, purely, and you have made yours clean. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes," said Daphne faintly.

"What is the residue? Or is it only the troubled waters still heaving?"

"Yes, perhaps so."

"Well, the peace will come. Promise me, dear, that you will let it come. Do not give yourself the pain and humiliation of repeating to any other person this miserable story of your fault."

"It was more than a fault; you know that, uncle. Your conscience could not have borne it for an hour."

"Your sin, then. A habit of confession is debilitating and dangerous. God has heard you; and I, who alone in this world could have the right to reproach you, have said to you, Go in peace. Peace let it be, and silence, which is the safest seal of a true confession."

"Do you mean that I am never to let myself be known as I am?" asked Daphne. Her face had changed; it wore a look of fright and resistance. "Why, that would mean that I am never to unmask; to go about all my life in my trappings of false widowhood. You read what that paper called me! I cannot play the part any longer."

"Are you speaking with reference to these strangers? But this will soon be over, dear; we shall soon be at home, where no one thinks of us except as they have known us all their lives. It will be painful for a little while, this conspicuousness; but these good people will soon pass out of our lives, and we out of theirs. Idle speculation will have little to do with us, after this."

"There will always be speculation," implored the girl. "It will follow me wherever I go, and all my life I shall be

in bondage to this wretched lie. Take back the money, uncle, and give me the price I paid for it, — my freedom, myself, as I was before I was tempted!"

"Ah, if that could be!" said the old gentleman. "Is it my poor boy's memory that burdens you so? Is it that you would be freed from?"

"From doing false homage to his memory," Daphne pleaded. "I could have grieved for him, if I could have been honest; as it is, I am in danger almost of hating him. Forgive me, uncle, but I am! How do you suppose I feel when voices are lowered and eyes cast down, not to intrude upon my peculiar, privileged grief? 'Here I and Sorrow sit!' Is n't it awful, uncle? Is n't it ghastly, indecent? I am afraid some day I shall break out and do some dreadful thing, laugh or say something shocking, when they try to spare my feelings. Feelings! when my heart is as hard, this moment, to everything but myself, myself! I am so sick of myself! But how can I help thinking about myself when I can never for one moment be natural?"

"This is something that goes deeper," said Mr. Withers. "I confess it is difficult for me to follow you here; to understand how a love as meek as that of the dead, who asks nothing, could lay such deadly weights upon a young girl's life."

"Not his love: mine, mine! Is it truly in his grave? If it is not, why do I dare to profess daily that it is, to go on lying every day? I want back my word, that I never gave to any man. Can't one repent and confess a falsehood? And do you call it confessing, when all but one person in the world are still deceived?"

"It is not easy for me to advise you, Daphne," said Mr. Withers wearily. "Your struggle has discovered to me a weakness of my own: verily, an old man's fond jealousy for the memory of his son. I could almost stoop to entreat you. I do entreat you! So long as we

defraud no one else, so long as there is no living person who might justly claim to know your heart, why rob my poor boy's grave of the grace your love bestows, even the semblance that it was? Let it lie there like a mourning-wreath, a purchased tribute, we will say," the father added, with a smile of sad irony, "but only a rude hand would rob him of his funereal honors. There seems to be an unnecessary harshness in this effort to right yourself at the cost of the unresisting dead. Since you did not deny him living, must you repudiate him now? Fling away even his memory, that casts so thin a shade upon your life, a faint morning shadow that will shrink away as your sun climbs higher? By degrees you will be free. And speaking less selfishly, would there not be a certain indecency in reopening now the question of your past relations to one whose name is very seldom spoken? Others may not be thinking so much of your loss — your supposed loss," the old gentleman conscientiously supplied — "as your sensitiveness leads you to imagine. But you will give occasion for thinking and for talking if you tear open now your girlhood's secrets. Whom does it concern, my dear, to know where or how your heart is bestowed?"

Daphne's cheeks and brow were burning hot; even her little ears were scarlet. Her eyes filled and drooped. "It is only right," she owned. "It is my natural punishment."

"No, no; I would not punish nor judge you; I love you too well. But I know better than you can what a safeguard this will be, — this disguise which is no longer a deception, since the one it was meant to deceive knows all and forgives it. It will rebuke the bold and hasty pretenders to a treasure you cannot safely trust, even by your own gift, as yet. You are still very young in some ways, my dear."

"I am old enough," said Daphne, "to have learned one fearful lesson."

"Do I oppress you with my view? Do I insist too much?"

Perhaps nothing could have lowered the girl in her own eyes more than this humility of the gentle old man in the face of his own self-exposed weakness, his pathetic jealousy for that self above self, — the child one can do no more than grieve for this side the grave. She had come to herself only to face the consciousness of a secret motive which robbed her confession of all moral value. Repentance, that would annul her base bargain, now that the costs began to outweigh the advantages, was gilt-edged, was a luxury; she was ashamed to buy back her freedom on such terms.

"Let it be as you say," she assented; "but only because you ask it. It will not be wrong, will it, if I do it for you?"

"I hope not," returned Mr. Withers. "The motive, in a silence of this kind that can harm no one, must make a difference, I should say."

So it was settled; and Daphne felt the weight of her promise, which the irony of justice had fastened upon her, as a millstone round her neck for life; she was still young enough to think that whatever is must last forever. They sat in silence, but neither felt that the other was satisfied. Mr. Withers knew that Daphne was not lightened of her trouble, nor was he in his heart content with the point he had gained. The unwonted touch of self-assertion it had called for rested uneasily on him; and he could not but own that he had made himself Daphne's apologist, which no confessor ought to be, in this disguise by which he named the deception he was now helping her to maintain.

After a time, when Daphne had called his attention to the fact, he agreed that it was indeed strange that their companions did not return: they had been gone an hour or more to find a spring said to be not half a mile away.

Daphne proposed to climb the grade and see if they were yet in sight, Mr.

Withers consenting; indeed, under the stress of his thoughts, her absence was a sensible relief.

From the hilltop, looking down, she could see the way they had gone; the crooked gulch, a garment's crease in the great lap of the table-land, sinking to the river. She saw no one, heard no sound but the senseless hurry and bluster of the winds, — coming from no one knew where, going none cared whither; it blew a gale in the bright sunlight, mocking her efforts to listen. She waved her hand to her uncle's lone figure in the hollow, to signify that she was going down on the other side. He assented, supposing she had seen their fellow-travelers returning.

She had been out of sight some moments, long enough for Mr. Withers to have lapsed into his habit of absent musing, when Thane came rattling down the slope of the opposite hill, surprised to see the old gentleman alone. His long, black eyes went searching everywhere, while he reported a fruitless quest for the spring. Kinney and he had followed the gulch, which nowhere showed a vestige of water save in the path of the spring freshets, until they had come in sight of the river; and Kinney had taken the horses on down to drink, riding one and leading the other. It would be nearly three miles to the river from where Thane had left him, but that was where all the deceptive cattle-trails were tending. Thane, returning, had made a loop of his track around the hollow, but had failed to round up any spring. Hence, as he informed Mr. Withers, this could not be Pilgrim Station. He made no attempt to express his chagrin at this cruel and unseemly blunder. The old gentleman accepted it with his usual uncomplaining deference to circumstances; still, it was jarring to nerves overstrained and bruised by the home thrust of Daphne's defection. He fell silent, and drew within himself, not reproachfully, but sensitively. Thane rightly surmised that no second invoca-

tion would be offered, when they should come to the true Pilgrim Station; the old gentleman would keep his threnodies to himself, after this.

It would have been noticeable to any less celestial-minded observer than Mr. Withers, the diffidence with which Thane, in asking after Miss Daphne Lewis, pronounced her name. He did not wait for the old gentleman to finish his explanation of her absence, but, having learned the way she had gone, dropped himself at a great pace down the gulch, and came upon her unawares, where she had been sitting, overcome by nameless fears and a creeping horror of the place. She started to her feet, for Thane's was no furtive tread that crashed through the thorny greasewood, and planted itself, a yard at a bound, amongst the stones. The horror vanished, and a flush of life, a light of joy, returned to her speaking face. He had never seen her so completely off her guard. He checked himself suddenly, and caught his hat from his head; and without thinking, before he replaced it, he drew the back of his soft leather glove across his dripping forehead. The unconventional action touched her keenly; she was sensitively subject to outward impressions, and "the plastic" had long been her delight, her ambition, and her despair.

"Oh, if I could only have done something simple like that!" the defeated, unsatisfied artist soul within her cried. "That free, arrested stride, how splendid! and the hat crumpled in his hand, and his bare head and strong brows in the sunlight, and the damp points of hair clinging to his temples! No, he is not bald, — that was only a tonsure of white light on the top of his head; still, he must be hard on forty. It is the end of summer with him, too; and here he comes for water, thirsting, to satisfy himself where water was plentiful in spring, and he finds a dry bed of stones. Call it *The End of Summer*; it is enough. Ah, if I could ever have thought out an

action as simple and direct as that — and drawn it! But how can one draw what one has never seen!”

Not all this, but something else, something more, which Daphne could not have put into words, spoke in the look which Thane surprised. It was but a flash between long lashes that instantly fell and put it out; but no woman whose heart was in the grave ever looked at a living man in that way, and the living man could not help but know it. It took away his self-possession for a moment; he stood speechless, gazing into her face, with a question in his eyes which five minutes before he would have declared an insult to her.

Daphne struggled to regain her mask, but the secret had escaped her: shameless Nature had seized her opportunity.

“How did I miss you?” Daphne asked with forced coolness, as they turned up the gulch together. For the moment she had forgotten about the spring.

Thane briefly explained the mistake that had been made, adding, “You will have to put up with another day of us, now, — perhaps two.”

“And where do you leave us, then?” asked Daphne stupidly.

“At the same place, — Decker’s Ferry, you know.” He smiled, indulgent to her crass ignorance of roads and localities. “Only we shall be a day longer getting there. We are still on the south side of the river, you remember?”

“Oh, of course!” said Daphne, who remembered nothing of the kind.

“It was a brutal fake, our springing this place on you for Pilgrim Station,” he murmured.

“It has all been a mistake, — our coming, I mean; at least I think so.”

It was some comfort to Thane to hear her say it, he had been so forcibly of that opinion himself all along; but he allowed the admission to pass.

“It must have been a hard journey for you,” he exerted himself to say, speaking in a surface voice, while his thoughts

were sinking test-pits through layers of crusted consciousness into depths of fiery nature underneath.

She answered in the same perfunctory way: “You have been very kind; uncle has depended on you so much. Your advice and help have been everything to him.”

He took her up with needless probity: “Whatever you do, don’t thank me! It’s bad enough to have Mr. Withers heaping coals of fire on my head. He gives me the place, always, in regard to his son, of an intimate friend; which I never was, and God knows I never claimed to be! He took it for granted, somehow, — perhaps because of my letters at first, though any brute would have done as much at a time like that! Afterwards I would have set him right, but I was afraid of thrusting back the friendly imputation in his face. He credits me with having been this and that of a godsend to his son, when, as a fact, we parted, that last time, not even good friends. Perhaps you can forgive me for saying it? You see how I am placed!”

This iron apology, which some late scruple had ground out of Thane, seemed to command Daphne’s deepest attention. She gave it a moment’s silence, then she said, “There is nothing that hurts one, I think, like being unable to feel as people take for granted one must and ought to feel.” But her home application of it gave a slight deflection to Thane’s meaning which he firmly corrected.

“I felt all right, so did he, I dare say, but we never let each other know how we felt. Men don’t have much use for sentiment, as a rule. Your uncle takes for granted that I knew a lot about him, — his thoughts and feelings; that we were immensely sympathetic. Perhaps we were, but we did n’t know it. We knew nothing of each other intimately. He never spoke to me of his private affairs but once, the night before he started. It was at Wood River. Some of

us gave him a little supper. Afterwards we had some business to settle, and I was alone with him in his room. It was then I made my break; and — well, it ended as I say: we quarreled. It has hurt me since, especially as I was wrong."

"What can men quarrel about, when they don't know each other well? Politics, perhaps?" Daphne endeavored to give her words a general application.

"It was not politics with us," Thane replied curtly. Changing the subject, he said, "I wish you could see the valley from that hogback over to the west." He pointed towards the spine of the main divide, which they would cross on their next day's journey. "Will you come up there this evening and take a look at the country? The wind will die down at sunset, I think."

There was a studied commonplaceness in his manner; his eyes avoided hers.

"Thanks; I should like to," she answered, in the same defensive tone.

"To go back to what we were saying," Daphne began, when they were seated, that evening, on the hilltop. All around them the view of the world rose to meet the sky, glowing in the west, purple in the east, while the pale planets shone, and below them the river glassed and gleamed in its crooked bed. "I ask you seriously," she said. "What was the trouble between you?" Doubtless she had a reason for asking, but it was not the one that she proceeded to give. "Had you — have you, perhaps — any claims in a business way against him? Because, if you had, it would be most unfair to his father" — The words gave her difficulty; but her meaning, as forced meanings are apt to be, was more than plain.

Thane was not deceived: a woman who yields to curiosity, under however pious an excuse, is, to say the least, normal. Her thoughts are neither in the heavens above nor in the grave beneath. His black eyes flashed with the provo-

cation of the moment; it was instinct that bade him not to spare her.

"We quarreled," he said, "in the orthodox way, about a woman."

"Indeed!" said Daphne. "Then you must pardon me."

"And her name" — he continued calmly.

"I did not ask you her name."

"Still, since we have gone so far" —

"There is no need of our going any farther."

"We may as well, — a little farther. We quarreled, strangely enough, about you, — the first time he ever spoke of you. He would not have spoken then, I think, but he was a little excited, as well he might have been. Excuse me?"

"Nothing!" said Daphne. She had made an involuntary protesting sound.

"He said he hoped to bring you back with him. I asked how long since he had seen you; and when he told me five years, I remarked that he had better not be too sure. 'But you don't know her,' he said; 'she is truth itself, and courage. By as many times as she has refused to listen to me, I am sure of her now.' I did not gather, somehow, that you were — engaged to him, else I hope I should not have gone so far. As it was, I kept on persisting, like a cynic who has got no one of his own to be sure of, that he had better not be too sure. He might have seen, I thought then, that it was half chaff and half envy with me; but it was a nervous time, and I was less than sympathetic, less than a friend to him. And now I am loaded with friendship's honors, and you have come yourself to prove me in the wrong. You punish me by converting me to the truth."

"What truth?" asked Daphne, so low that Thane had to guess her question.

"Have you not proved to me that some women do have memories?"

Daphne could not meet his eyes; but she suspected him of something like sarcasm. She could not be sure, for his tone was agitating in its tenderness.

"All things considered," she said slowly, "does it not strike you as rather a costly conversion?"

"I don't say I was worth it, nor do I see just how it benefits me, personally, to have learned my lesson."

He rose, and stood where he could look at her, — an unfair advantage, for his dark face, strong in its immobility, was in silhouette against the flush of twilight which illumined hers, so transparent in its sensitiveness.

"Is it not a good thing to believe, on any terms?" she tried to answer lightly.

"For some persons, perhaps. But my hopes, if I had any, would lie in the direction of disbelief."

"Disbelief?" she repeated confusedly. His keen eyes beat hers down.

"In woman's memory, constancy, — in youth, say? I am not talking of seasoned timber; I don't deserve to be happy, you see, and I look for no more than my deserts."

If he were mocking her now, only to test her? And if she should answer with a humble, blissful disclaimer? But she answered nothing, disclaimed nothing; suffered his suspicion, — his contempt, perhaps, for she felt that he read her through and through.

A widow is well, and a maid is well; but a maiden widow, who trembles and looks down, — in God's creation, what is she?

On the north side of the Snake, after climbing out of the cañon at Decker's Ferry, the cross-roads branch as per signpost: thirty miles to Shoshone Falls, one mile to Decker's Ferry, — "good road." This last assertion, as we have it on no less authority than that of Decker himself, must be true. Nothing is said of the road to Bliss, — not even that there is such a Bliss only sixteen miles away. Being a station on the Oregon Short Line, Bliss can take care of itself.

At these cross-roads, on a bright, windy September morning, our travelers had

halted for reasons, the chief of which was to say good-by. They had slept overnight at the ferry, parted their baggage in the morning, and now, in separate wagons, by divergent roads, were setting forth on the last stage of their journey.

Daphne had left some necessary of her toilet at the ferry, and the driver of Mr. Withers's team had gone back to ask the people at the ferry-house to find it. This was the cause of their waiting at the cross-roads. Mr. Withers and Daphne were on their devoted way, like conscientious tourists, though both were deadly weary, to prostrate themselves before the stupendous beauty of the great lone falls at Shoshone. Thane, with Kinney's team, was prosaically bound down the river to examine and report on a placer-mine. But before his business would be finished Mr. Withers and his niece would have returned by railroad via Bliss to Boise, and have left that city for the East; so this was likely to be a long good-by.

If anything could have come of Mr. Withers's project of a memorial fountain at Pilgrim Station, there might have been a future to the acquaintance, for Thane was to have had charge of the execution of the design; but nature had lightly frustrated that fond, beneficent dream.

Mr. Kinney had offered the practical suggestion that the road should go to the fountain, since the fountain could not come to the road. Its course was a mere accident of the way the first wagon-wheels had gone. The wheels were few now, and, with such an inducement, might well afford to cross the gulch in a new place lower down. But Mr. Withers would have none of this dislocation of the unities. There was but one place — the dismal hollow itself, the scene of his heart's tragedy — where his acknowledgment to God should stand, his mute "Thy will be done!"

Perhaps the whole conception had lost

something of its hold on his mind by contact with such harsh realities as Daphne's disavowals and his own consequent struggle with a father's weakness. He had not, in his inmost conscience, quite done with that question yet.

Thane was touched by the meekness with which the old gentleman resigned his dream. The journey, he suspected, had been a disappointment to him in other ways, — had failed in impressiveness, in personal significance; had fallen at times below the level of the occasion, at others had overpowered it and swept it out of sight. Thane could have told him that it must be so. There was room for too many mourners in that primeval waste. Whose small special grief could make itself heard in that vast arid silence, the voice of which was God? God in nature, awful, inscrutable, alone, had gained a new meaning for Mr. Withers. Miles of desert, days of desert, like waves of brute oblivion, had swept over him. Never before had he felt the oppression of purely natural causes, the force of the physical in conflict with the spiritual law. And now he was to submit to a final illustration of it, perhaps the simplest and most natural one of all.

Daphne was seated at a little distance, on her camp-stool, making a drawing of the desert cross-roads with the twin sign-posts pointing separate ways, as an appropriate finish to her Snake River sketch-book. The sun was tremendous, the usual Snake River zephyr blowing forty miles an hour, and the flinty ground refused to take the brass-shod point of her umbrella-staff. Mr. Kinney, therefore, sat beside her, gallantly steadying her heavy sketching-umbrella against the wind.

Mr. Withers, while awaiting the return of his own team from the ferry, had accepted a seat in Thane's wagon. (It was a bag, containing her curling-iron, lamp, and other implements appertaining to "wimples and crimping-pins," that Daphne had forgotten, but she had not

described its contents. One bag is as innocent as another, on the outside; it might have held her Prayer Book.)

Thane was, metaphorically, "kicking himself" because time was passing, and he could not find words delicate enough in which to clothe an indelicate request, — one outrageous in its present connection, yet from some points of view, definitely his own, a most urgent and natural one.

"For one shall grasp, and one resign,
And God shall make the balance good."

To grasp is a simple act enough; but to do so delicately, reverently, with due regard for the prejudices and preferences of others, may not always be so simple. Thane was not a Goth nor a Vandal; by choice he would have sought to preserve the amenities of life; but a meek man he was not, and the thing he now desired was, he considered, well worth the sacrifice of such small pretensions as his in the direction of unselfishness.

The founding of a family in its earliest stages is essentially an egotistic and ungenerous proceeding. Even Mr. Withers must have been self-seeking once or twice in his life, else had he never had a son to mourn.

So, since life in this world is for the living, and his own life was likely to go on many years after Mr. Withers had been gathered to the reward of the righteous, Thane worked himself up to the grasping-point at last.

He never was able to reflect with any pride on the way he did it, and perhaps it is hardly fair to report him in a conversation that would have had its difficulties for almost any man, but his way of putting his case was something like the following; Mr. Withers guilelessly opening the way by asking, "You will be coming East, I hope, before long, Mr. Thane?"

"Possibly," said Thane, "I may run on to New York next winter."

"If you should, I trust you will find time to come a little further East and

visit me? I could add my niece's invitation to my own, but she and her mother will probably have gone South for her mother's health. However, I will welcome you for us both,—I and my books, which are all my household now."

"Thanks, sir, I should be very glad to come; though your books, I'm afraid, are the sort that would not have much to say to me."

"Come and see, come and see," Mr. Withers pressed him warmly. "A ripe farewell should always hold the seeds of a future meeting."

"That is very kindly said," Thane responded quickly; "and if you don't mind, I will plant one of those seeds right now."

"So do, so do," the old gentleman urged unsuspiciously.

"Your niece"—Thane began, but could see his way no further in that direction without too much precipitancy. Then he backed down on a line of argument,— "I need not point out the fact," etc.,—and abandoned that as beset with too many pitfalls of logic, for one of his limited powers of analysis. Fewest words and simplest would serve him best. "It is hardly likely," then he said, "that your niece's present state of feeling will be respected as long as it lasts; there will be others with feelings of their own to think of. Her loss will hardly protect her all her life from—she will have suitors, in short! Nature is a brute, and most men, young men, are natural in that respect,—in regard to women, I mean. I don't want to be the first fool who rushes in, but there will be a first. When he arrives, sir, will you let me know? If any man is to be heard, I claim my right to speak to her, myself; the right, you understand, of one who loves her, who will make any sacrifice on earth to win her."

Mr. Withers remained silent. He had a sense of suffocation, as of waves of heat and darkness going over him. The wind sang in his ears, shouted and hooted at

him. He was stunned. Presently he gasped, "Mr. Thane! you have not surely profaned this solemn journey with such thoughts as these?"

"A man cannot always help his thoughts, Mr. Withers. I have not profaned any thoughts by putting them into words, till now; and I cannot do them justice, but I have made them plain. This is not a question of taste or propriety with me, or even of decency; it is my life,—all of it I shall ever place at the disposal of any woman. I am not a boy; I know what I want, and how much I want it. The secret of success is to be in the right place at the right time: here is where I ask your help."

"I do not question that you know what you want," said Mr. Withers mildly,— "it is quite a characteristic of the men of this region, I infer,—nor do I deny that you may know the way of success in getting it; but that I should open the door to you—be your—I might say accomplice, in this design upon the affections of my niece—why, I don't know how it strikes you, but"—

"It strikes me precisely as it does you,—my part of it," said Thane impatiently. "But her part is different, as I see it. If she were sick, you would not put off the day of her recovery because neither you nor yours could cure her? Whoever can make her forget this shipwreck of her youth, heal her unhappiness, let him do so, would you not say? Give him the chance to try? A man's power in these things does not lie in his deserts. All I ask is, when other men come forward, I want the same privilege. But I shall not be on the ground. When that time comes, sir, will you remember me?"

For once Mr. Withers seized the occasion for a retort; he advanced upon the enemy's exposed position. "Yes, Mr. Thane, I will remember you,—better than you remember your friends when they are gone."

Thane accepted the reproach as meekly

as if his friendship for John Withers had been of the indubitable stuff originally that Mr. Withers had credited him with. He rather welcomed than otherwise an unmerited rebuke from that long-suffering quarter.

But though Thane was silenced as well as answered, there was conscience yet to deal with. Mr. Withers sat and meditated sorely, while the wind buffeted his gray hairs. Conscience demanded that he give up the secret of Daphne's false mourning, which he would have defended with his life. "A silence that can harm no one." "So long as we defraud no living person who might claim a right to know your heart." The condition was plain; it provided for just such cases as the present. Then how could he hesitate? But he was human, and he did.

"I have gone too far, I see. Well, say no more about it," said Thane. "It was your generosity that tempted me. From those who give easily much shall be asked. Forget it, sir, please. I will look out for myself, or lose her."

"Stop a bit!" exclaimed Mr. Withers. He turned to Thane, placing his hand above his faded eyes to shade them from the glare, and looked his companion earnestly in the face. Thane sought for an umbrella, and raised it over the old gentleman's head; it was not an easy thing to hold it steady in that wind.

"Thanks, thanks! Now I can look at you. Yes, I can look you in the eye, in more senses than one. Listen to me, Mr. Thane, and don't mind if I am not very lucid. In speaking of the affairs of another, and a young woman, I can only deal in outlines. You will be able to surmise and hope the rest. I feel in duty bound to tell you that, at the time of my son's death, there was a misunderstanding on my part which forced Miss Lewis into a false position in respect of her relations to my son. Too much was assumed by me on insufficient evidence, — a case where the wish, per-

haps, was father to the thought. She hesitated at that sore time to rob me of an illusion which she saw was precious to me; she allowed me to retain my erroneous belief that my son, had he lived, would have enjoyed the blessing of her affection. As a fact, she had not given it to him, — could not have given it, — though she owns that her mind, not her heart, was wavering. Had she married him, other motives than love would have influenced her choice. So his death saved my dear boy from a cruel disappointment or a worse mistake, and her from a great danger. Had he lived, he must have had many hours of wretchedness, either with or without that dearest wish of his heart fulfilled.

"This she confessed to me not many days ago, after a long period of remorseful questioning; and I deem it my duty now, in view of what you have just told me, to acquaint you with the truth. I am the only one who knows that she was not engaged to my son, and never really loved him. The fact cut me so deeply, when I learned it first, that I persuaded her, most selfishly, to continue in the disguise she had permitted, sustained so long, — to rest in it, that my boy's memory might be honored through this sacrifice of the truth. Weak, fond old man that I was, and worse! But now you have my confession. As soon as I can speak with her alone I will release her from that promise. She was fain to be free before all the world, — our little part of it, — but I fastened it on her. I see now that I could not have invented a crueller punishment; but it was never my purpose to punish her. I will also tell her that I have opened the true state of the case to you."

"Would you not stop just short of that, Mr. Withers? To know that she is free to listen to him, — that is all any man could ask."

"Perhaps you are right; yes, she need not know that I have possessed you with her secret, — all of it that has any

bearing on your hopes. I only thought it might save you, in her mind, from any possible imputation of — of want of respect for her supposed condition, akin to widowhood; but no doubt you will wait a suitable time."

"I will wait till we meet in Boise."

"In Boise!" the old gentleman cried, aghast.

"That will be three days from now," answered Thane innocently. Did Mr. Withers imagine that he would wait three years?

"But what becomes of the — the placer-mine?"

"The placer-mine be — I mean, the placer-mine will keep! She is shutting up her book; the sketch is finished. Will you hold the umbrella, or shall I put it down?"

Mr. Withers took hold of the umbrella-handle; the wind shook it and nearly carried it out of his grasp. "Put it down, if you please," he murmured resignedly. But by this time Thane was half across the road to where Daphne, with penknife and finger-tips, was trying to strip the top layer of blackened sandpaper from her pencil-scrubber; turning her face aside, because, woman-like, she would insist on casting her pencil-dust to windward.

Thane smiled, and took the scrubber out of her hands, threw away the soiled sheet, sealed up the pad in a clean stamped envelope, which bore across the end the legend, "If not delivered within ten days, return to" — "Robert Henry Thane," he wrote, with his address, and gave her back her property. It was all very childish, yet his hand trembled as he wrote; and Daphne looked on with the solemnity of a child learning a new game.

"May I see the sketch?" he asked.

They bent together over her book, while Daphne endeavored to find the place; the wind fluttered the leaves, and she was so long in finding it that Mr. Kinney had time to pack up her stool

and umbrella, and cross the road to say good-by to Mr. Withers.

"Here it is," said Thane, catching sight of the drawing. He touched the book-holder lightly on the arm, to turn her away from the sun. Her shadow fell across the open page; their backs were to the wagon. So they stood a full half-minute, Thane seeing nothing, hearing his heart beat preposterously in the silence.

"Why don't you praise my sign-posts?" asked Daphne nervously. "See my beautiful distance, — one straight line!"

"I have changed my plans a little," said Thane. Daphne closed the book. "I shall see you again in Boise. This is good-by for three days. Take care of yourself." He held out his hand. "I shall meet your train at Bliss."

"Bliss! Where is Bliss?"

"You never could remember, could you?" he smiled. The tone of his voice was a flagrant caress. The color flew to Daphne's face. "Bliss," said he, "is where I shall meet you again: remember that, will you?"

Daphne drew down her veil. The man returning from the ferry was in sight at the top of the hill. Mr. Withers was alighting from Thane's wagon. She turned her gray mask towards him, through which he could discern the soft outline of her face, the color of her lips and cheeks, the darkness of her eyes; their expression he could not see.

"I shall meet you at Bliss," he repeated, his fingers closing upon hers.

Daphne did not reply; she did not speak to him nor look at him again, though it was some moments before the wagon started.

Kinney and Thane remained at the cross-roads, discussing with some heat the latter's unexpected change of plan. Mr. Kinney had a small interest in the placer-mine, himself, but it looked large to him just then. He put little faith in Thane's urgent business (that no one had heard of till that moment) calling him

to Boise in three days. Of what use was it going down to the placers only to turn round and come back again? So Thane thought, and proposed they drive forward to Bliss.

"Bliss be hanged!" said Mr. Kinney;

which shows how many ways there are of looking at the same thing.

Thane's way prevailed; they drove straight on to Bliss. And if the placer-mine was ever reported on by Thane, it must have been at a later time.

Mary Hallock Foote.

A TRIP TO KYŌTO.

I.

It had been intended to celebrate in spring the eleven hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Kyōto, but the outbreak of pestilence caused a postponement of the festival to the autumn, and the celebration began on the 15th of the tenth month. Little festival medals of nickel, made to be pinned to the breast, like military decorations, were for sale at half a yen each. These medals entitled the wearers to special cheap fares on all the Japanese railroad and steamship lines, and to other desirable privileges, such as free entrance to wonderful palaces, gardens, and temples. On the 23d of October I found myself in possession of a medal, and journeying to Kyōto by the first morning train, which was overcrowded with people eager to witness the great historical processions announced for the 24th and 25th. Numbers had to travel standing, but the crowd was good natured and merry. A number of my fellow-passengers were Ōsaka geisha going to the festival. They diverted themselves by singing songs and by playing ken with some male acquaintances, and their kittenish pranks and funny cries kept everybody amused. One had an extraordinary voice, with which she could twitter like a sparrow.

You can always tell by the voices of women conversing anywhere—in a hotel, for example—if there happen to be any geisha among them, because the pe-

culiar timbre given by professional training is immediately recognizable. The wonderful character of that training, however, is fairly manifested only when the really professional tones of the voice are used,—falsetto tones, never touching, but often curiously sweet. Now, the street singers, the poor blind women who sing ballads with the natural voice only, use tones that draw tears. The voice is generally a powerful contralto; *and it is the deep tones which touch.* The falsetto tones of the geisha rise into a treble above the natural range of the adult voice, and as penetrating as a bird's. In a banquet-hall full of guests, you can distinctly hear, above all the sound of drums and samisen and chatter and laughter, the thin, sweet cry of the geisha playing ken,—

"Futatsū! futatsū! futatsū!"—

while you may be quite unable to hear the shouted response of the man she plays with,—

"Mitsū! mitsū! mitsū!"

II.

The first surprise with which Kyōto greeted her visitors was the beauty of her festival decorations. Every street had been prepared for illumination. Before each house had been planted a new lantern-post of unpainted wood, from which a lantern bearing some appropriate design was suspended. There were also national flags and sprigs of pine above each entrance. But the lanterns made

the charm of the display. In each section of street they were of the same form, and were fixed at exactly the same height, and were protected from possible bad weather by the same kind of covering. But in different streets the lanterns were different. In some of the wide thoroughfares they were very large; and while in some streets each was sheltered by a little wooden awning, in others every lantern had a Japanese paper umbrella spread and fastened above it.

There was no pageant on the morning of my arrival, and I spent a couple of hours delightfully at the festival exhibition of kakemono in the imperial summer palace called Omuro Goshō. Unlike the professional art display which I had seen in the spring, this represented chiefly the work of students, and I found it incomparably more original and attractive. Nearly all the pictures, thousands in number, were for sale, at prices ranging from three to fifty yen, and it was impossible not to buy to the limit of one's purse. There were studies of nature evidently made on the spot: such as a glimpse of hazy autumn ricefields, with dragonflies darting over the drooping grain; maples crimsoning above a tremendous gorge; ranges of peaks steeped in morning mist; and a peasant's cottage perched on the verge of some dizzy mountain road. Also there were fine bits of realism, such as a cat seizing a mouse in the very act of stealing the offerings placed in a Buddhist household shrine.

But I have no intention to try the reader's patience with a description of pictures. I mention my visit to the display only because of something I saw there more interesting than any picture. Near the main entrance was a specimen of handwriting, intended to be mounted as a kakemono later on, and temporarily fixed upon a board about three feet long by eighteen inches wide, — a Japanese poem. It was a wonder of calligraphy. Instead of the usual red stamp or seal with which the Japanese calligrapher

marks his masterpieces, I saw the red imprint of a tiny, tiny hand, — a *living* hand, which had been smeared with crimson printing-ink and deftly pressed upon the paper. I could distinguish all those little finger-marks of which Mr. Galton has taught us the characteristic importance.

That writing had been done in the presence of His Imperial Majesty by a child of six years, — or of five, according to our Western method of computing age from the date of birth. The prime minister, Marquis Ito, saw the miracle, and adopted the little boy, whose present name is therefore Ito Medzui.

Even Japanese observers could scarcely believe the testimony of their own eyes. Few adult calligraphers could surpass that writing. Certainly no Occidental artist, even after years of study, could repeat the feat performed by the brush of that child before the Emperor. Of course such a child can be born but once in a thousand years, — to realize, or almost realize, the ancient Chinese legends of divinely inspired writers.

Still, it was not the beauty of the thing in itself which impressed me, but the weird, extraordinary, indubitable proof it afforded of an inherited memory so vivid as to be almost equal to the recollection of former births. Generations of dead calligraphers revived in the fingers of that tiny hand. The thing was never the work of an individual child five years old, but beyond all question the work of ghosts, — the countless ghosts that make the compound ancestral soul. It was proof visible and tangible of psychological and physiological wonders justifying both the Shintō doctrine of ancestor worship and the Buddhist doctrine of preëxistence.

III.

After looking at all the pictures I visited the great palace garden, only recently opened to the public. It is called the Garden of the Cavern of the Genii. (At least "genii" is about the only word

one can use to translate the term "Sennin," for which there is no real English equivalent; the Sennin, who are supposed to possess immortal life, and to haunt forests or caverns, being Japanese, or rather Chinese mythological transformations of the Indian Rishi.) The garden deserves its name. I felt as if I had indeed entered an enchanted place.

It is a landscape-garden, — a Buddhist creation, belonging to what is now simply a palace, but was once a monastery, built as a religious retreat for emperors and princes weary of earthly vanities. The first impression received after passing the gate is that of a grand old English park: the colossal trees, the shorn grass, the broad walks, the fresh sweet scent of verdure, all awaken English memories. But as you proceed further these memories are slowly effaced, and the true Oriental impression defines: you perceive that the forms of those mighty trees are not European; various and surprising exotic details reveal themselves; and then you are gazing down upon a sheet of water containing high rocks and islets connected by bridges of the strangest shapes. Gradually, — only gradually, — the immense charm, the weird Buddhist charm of the place, grows and grows upon you; and the sense of its vast antiquity defines to touch that chord of the æsthetic feeling which brings the vibration of awe.

Considered as a human work alone, the garden is a marvel: only the skilled labor of thousands could have joined together the mere bones of it, the prodigious rocky skeleton of its plan. This once shaped and earthed and planted, Nature was left alone to finish the wonder. Working through ten centuries, she has surpassed — nay, unspeakably magnified — the dream of the artist. Without exact information, no stranger unfamiliar with the laws and the purpose of Japanese garden construction could imagine that all this had a human designer some thousand years ago; the effect is

that of a section of primeval forest, preserved untouched from the beginning, and walled away from the rest of the world in the heart of the old capital. The rock-faces, the great fantastic roots, the shadowed bypaths, the few ancient graven monoliths, are all cushioned with the moss of ages; and climbing things have developed stems a foot thick, that hang across spaces like monstrous serpents. Parts of the garden vividly recall some aspects of tropical nature in the Antilles; though one misses the palms, the bewildering web and woof of lianas, the reptiles, and the sinister day-silence of a West Indian forest. The joyous storm of bird life overhead is an astonishment, and proclaims gratefully to the visitor that the wild creatures of this monastic paradise have never been harmed or frightened by man. As I arrived at last, with regret, at the gate of exit, I could not help feeling envious of its keeper: only to be a servant in such a garden were a privilege well worth praying for.

IV.

Feeling hungry, I told my runner to take me to a restaurant, because the hotel was very far; and the kuruma bore me into an obscure street, and halted before a rickety-looking house with some misspelled English painted above the entrance. I remember only the word "forign." After taking off my shoes I climbed three flights of breakneck stairs, or rather ladders, to find in the third story a set of rooms furnished in foreign style. The windows were glass; the linen was satisfactory; the only things Japanese were the mattings and a welcome smoking-box. American chromolithographs decorated the walls. Nevertheless, I suspected that few foreigners had ever been in the house: it existed by sending out Western cooking, in little tin boxes, to native hotels; and the rooms had doubtless been fitted up for Japanese visitors.

I noticed that the plates, cups, and

other utensils bore the monogram of a long-defunct English hotel which used to exist in one of the open ports. The dinner was served by nice-looking girls, who had certainly been trained by somebody accustomed to foreign service; but their innocent curiosity and extreme shyness convinced me that they had never waited upon a real foreigner before. Suddenly I observed on a table at the other end of the room something resembling a music-box, and covered with a piece of crochet-work. I went to it, and discovered the wreck of a herophone. There were plenty of perforated musical selections. I fixed the crank in place, and tried to extort the music of a German song, entitled *Five Hundred Thousand Devils*. The herophone gurgled, moaned, roared for a moment, sobbed, roared again, and relapsed into silence. I tried a number of other selections, including *Les Cloches de Corneville*; but the noises produced were in all cases about the same. Evidently the thing had been bought, together with the monogram-bearing delft and britannia ware, at some auction sale in one of the foreign settlements. There was a queer melancholy in the experience, difficult to express. One must have lived in Japan to understand why the thing appeared so exiled, so pathetically out of place, so utterly misunderstood. Our harmonized Western music means simply so much noise to the average Japanese ear; and I felt quite sure that the internal condition of the herophone remained unknown to its Oriental proprietor.

An equally singular but more pleasant experience awaited me on the road back to the hotel. I halted at a second-hand-furniture shop to look at some curiosities, and perceived, among a lot of old books, a big volume bearing in letters of much-tarnished gold the title *Atlantic Monthly*. Looking closer, I saw "Vol. V. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860." Volumes of *The Atlantic* of

1860 are not common anywhere. I asked the price; and the Japanese shopkeeper said fifty sen, because it was "a very large book." I was much too pleased to think of bargaining with him, and secured the prize. I looked through its stained pages for old friends, and found them, — all anonymous in 1865, many world-famous in 1895. There were installments of *Elsie Venner*, under the title of *The Professor's Story*; chapters of *Roba di Roma*; a poem called *Pythagoras*, but since renamed *Metempsychosis*, as lovers of Thomas Bailey Aldrich are doubtless aware; the personal narrative of a filibuster with Walker in Nicaragua; admirable papers upon the Maroons of Jamaica and the Maroons of Surinam; and, among other precious things, an essay on Japan, opening with the significant sentence, "The arrival in this country of an embassy from Japan, the first political delegation ever vouchsafed to a foreign nation by that reticent and jealous people, is now a topic of universal interest." A little further on, some popular misapprehensions of the period were thus corrected: "Although now known to be entirely distinct, the Chinese and Japanese . . . were for a long time looked upon as kindred races, and esteemed alike. . . . We find that while, on close examination, the imagined attractions of China disappear, those of Japan become more definite." Any Japanese of this self-assertive twenty-eighth year of Meiji could scarcely find fault with *The Atlantic's* estimate of his country thirty-five years ago: "Its commanding position, its wealth, its commercial resources, and the quick intelligence of its people, — not at all inferior to that of the people of the West, although naturally restricted in its development, — give to Japan . . . an importance far above that of any other Eastern country." The only error of this generous estimate was an error centuries old, — the delusion of Japan's wealth. What made me feel a little ancient was to recognize in the quaint

spellings Ziagoon, Tycoon, Sintoo, Kiuisin, Fide-yosi, Nobanunga, spellings of the old Dutch and old Jesuit writers, the modern and familiar Shōgun, Taikun, Shintō, Kyūshū, Hideyoshi, and Nobunaga.

I passed the evening wandering through the illuminated streets, and visited some of the numberless shows. I saw a young man writing Buddhist texts and drawing horses with his feet; the extraordinary fact about the work being that the texts were written backwards, — from the bottom of the column up, just as an ordinary calligrapher would write them from the top of the column down, — and the pictures of horses were always commenced with the tail. I saw a kind of amphitheatre, with an aquarium in lieu of arena, where mermaids swam and sang Japanese songs. I saw maidens “made by glamour out of flowers,” by a Japanese cultivator of chrysanthemums. And between whiles I peeped into the toy-shops, full of novelties. What there especially struck me was the display of that astounding ingenuity by which Japanese inventors are able to reach, at a cost too small to name, precisely the same results as those exhibited in our expensive mechanical toys. A group of cocks and hens made of paper were set to pecking imaginary grain out of a basket by the pressure of a bamboo spring, — the whole thing costing half a cent. An artificial mouse ran about, doubling and scurrying, as if trying to slip under mats or into chinks: it cost only one cent, and was made with a bit of colored paper, a spool of baked clay, and a long thread; you had only to pull the thread, and the mouse began to run. Butterflies of paper, moved by an equally simple device, began to fly when thrown into the air. An artificial cuttlefish began to move all its tentacles when you blew into a little rush tube fixed under its head.

When I decided to return, the lanterns

were out, the shops were closing, and the streets darkened about me long before I reached the hotel. After the great glow of the illumination, the witchcrafts of the shows, the merry tumult, the sealike sound of wooden sandals, this sudden coming of blankness and silence made me feel as if the previous experience had been unreal, — an illusion of light and color and noise made just to deceive, as in stories of goblin foxes. But the quick vanishing of all that composes a Japanese festival night really lends a keener edge to the pleasure of remembrance: there is no slow fading out of the phantasmagoria, and its memory is thus kept free from the least tinge of melancholy.

V.

While I was thinking about the fugitive charm of Japanese amusements, the question put itself, Are not all pleasures keen in proportion to their evanescence? Proof of the affirmative would lend strong support to the Buddhist theory of the nature of pleasure. We know that mental enjoyments are powerful in proportion to the complexity of the feelings and ideas composing them; and the most complex feelings would therefore seem to be of necessity the briefest. At all events, Japanese popular pleasures have the double peculiarity of being evanescent and complex, not merely because of their delicacy and their multiplicity of detail, but because this delicacy and multiplicity are adventitious, depending upon temporary conditions and combinations. Among such conditions are the seasons of flowering and of fading, hours of sunshine or full moon, a change of place, a shifting of light and shade. Among combinations are the sudden passing manifestations of the race genius: fragilities utilized to create illusion; dreams made visible; memories revived in symbols, images, ideographs, dashes of color, fragments of melody; countless minute appeals both to individual experience and to national sentiment. And the emo-

tional result remains incommunicable to Western minds, because the myriad little details and suggestions producing it belong to a world incomprehensible without years of familiarity, — a world of traditions, beliefs, superstitions, feelings, ideas, about which foreigners, as a general rule, know nothing. Even by the few who do know that world, the nameless delicious sensation, the great vague wave of pleasure excited by the spectacle of Japanese enjoyment, can only be described as *the feeling of Japan*.

A sociological fact of interest is suggested by the amazing cheapness of these pleasures. The charm of Japanese life presents us with the extraordinary phenomenon of poverty as an influence in the development of æsthetic sentiment, or at least as a factor in deciding the direction and expansion of that development. But for poverty, the race could not have discovered, ages ago, the secret of making pleasure the commonest instead of the costliest of experiences, — the divine art of creating the beautiful out of nothing!

One explanation of this cheapness is the capacity of the people to find in everything natural — in landscapes, mists, clouds, sunset, in the sight of birds, insects, and flowers — a much keener pleasure than we, as the vividness of their artistic presentations of visual experience bears witness. Another explanation is that the national religions and the old-fashioned education have so developed imaginative power that it can be stirred into an activity of delight by anything, however trifling, able to suggest the traditions or the legends of the past.

Perhaps Japanese cheap pleasures might be broadly divided into those of time and place furnished by nature with the help of man, and those of time and place invented by man at the suggestion of nature. The former class can be found in every province, and yearly multiply. Some locality is chosen on hill or coast,

by lake or river: gardens are made, trees planted, resting-houses built to command the finest points of view; and the wild site is presently transformed into a place of pilgrimage for pleasure-seekers. One spot is famed for cherry-trees, another for maples, another for wistaria; and each of the seasons — even snowy winter — helps to make the particular beauty of some resort. The sites of the most celebrated temples, or at least of the greater number of them, were thus selected, — always where the beauty of nature could inspire and aid the work of the religious architect, and where it still has power to make many a one wish that he could become a Buddhist or Shintō priest. Religion, indeed, is everywhere in Japan associated with famous scenery: with landscapes, cascades, peaks, rocks, islands; with the best places from which to view the white cone of Fuji, the reflection of the autumn moon on water, or the sparkling of fireflies on summer nights.

Decorations, illuminations, street displays of every sort, but especially those of holy days, make up a large part of the cheap pleasures of city life which all can share. The appeals thus made to æsthetic fancy at festivals represent the labor, perhaps, of tens of thousands of hands and brains; but each individual contributor to the public effort works according to his particular thought and taste, even while obeying old rules, so that the total ultimate result is a wondrous, a bewildering, an incalculable variety. Anybody can contribute to such an occasion; and everybody does, for the cheapest material is used. Paper, straw, or stone makes no real difference: the art sense is superbly independent of the material. What shapes and poses it is perfect comprehension of something natural, something real. Whether a blossom made of chicken feathers; a clay turtle or duck or sparrow, a pasteboard cricket or mantis or frog, the idea is fully conceived and exactly real-

ized. Spiders of mud seem to be spinning webs; butterflies of paper delude the eye. No models are needed to work from; or rather, the model in every case is only the precise memory of the object or living fact. I asked at a doll-maker's for twenty tiny paper dolls, each with a different coiffure, — the whole set to represent the principal Kyōto styles of dressing women's hair. A girl went to work with white paper, paint, paste, thin slips of pine; and the dolls were finished in about the same time that an artist would have taken to draw a similar number of such figures. The actual time needed was only enough for the necessary digital movements, — not for correcting, comparing, improving: the image in the brain realized itself as fast as the slender fingers could work. Thus most of the wonders of festival nights are created: toys thrown into existence with a twist of the fingers, old rags turned into figured draperies with a few motions of the brush, pictures made with sand. The same power of enchantment puts human grace under contribution. Children who on other occasions would attract no attention are converted into fairies by a few deft touches of paint and powder, and costumes devised only for artificial light. Artistic sense of line and color suffices for any transformation. The tones of decoration are never of chance, but of knowledge; even the lantern illuminations prove the fact, certain tints only being used in combination. But the whole exhibition is as evanescent as it is wonderful. It vanishes much too quickly to be found fault with. It is a mirage that leaves you marveling and dreaming for a month after having seen it.

Perhaps one inexhaustible source of the contentment, the simple happiness belonging to Japanese common life is to be found in this universal cheapness of pleasure. The delight of the eyes is for everybody. Not the seasons only

nor the festivals furnish enjoyment; almost any quaint street, any truly Japanese interior, can give real pleasure to the poorest servant who works without wages. The beautiful, or the suggestion of the beautiful, is free as air. Besides, no man or woman can be too poor to own something pretty; no child need be without delightful toys. Conditions in the Occident are otherwise. In our great cities, beauty is for the rich; bare walls and foul pavements and smoky skies for our poor, and the tumult of hideous machinery, — a hell of eternal ugliness and joylessness invented by our civilization to punish the atrocious crime of being unfortunate, or weak, or stupid, or overconfident in the morality of one's fellow-man.

VI.

When I went out, next morning, to see the great procession, the streets were packed so full of people that it seemed impossible for anybody to go anywhere. Nevertheless, all were moving, or rather circulating; there was a universal gliding and slipping, as of fish in a shoal. I found no difficulty in getting through the apparently solid press of heads and shoulders to the house of a friendly merchant, about half a mile away. How any crowd could be packed so closely, and yet move so freely, is a riddle to which Japanese character alone can furnish the key. I was not once rudely jostled. But Japanese crowds are not all alike: there are some through which an attempt to pass would be attended with unpleasant consequences. Of course the yielding fluidity of any concourse is in proportion to its gentleness; but the amount of that gentleness in Japan varies greatly according to locality. In the central and eastern provinces the kindness of a crowd seems to be proportionate to its inexperience of "the new civilization." This vast gathering, of probably not less than a million persons, was astonishingly good natured and good humored, because the majority of those composing

it were simple country folk. When the police finally made a lane for the procession, the multitude at once arranged itself in the least egotistical manner possible, — little children to the front, adults to the rear.

Though announced for nine o'clock, the procession did not appear till nearly eleven; and the long waiting in those densely packed streets must have been a strain even upon Buddhist patience. I was kindly given a kneeling-cushion in the front room of the merchant's house; but although the cushion was of the softest and the courtesy shown me of the sweetest, I became weary of the immobile posture at last, and went out into the crowd, where I could vary the experience of waiting by standing first on one foot, and then on the other. Before thus deserting my post, however, I had the privilege of seeing some very charming Kyōto ladies, including a princess, among the merchant's guests. Kyōto is famous for the beauty of its women; and the most charming Japanese woman I ever saw was in that house, — not the princess, but the shy young bride of the merchant's eldest son. That the proverb about beauty being only skin-deep "is but a skin-deep saying" Herbert Spencer has amply proved by the laws of physiology; and the same laws show that grace has a much more profound significance than beauty. The charm of the bride was just that rare form of grace which represents the economy of force in the whole framework of the physical structure, — the grace that startles when first seen, and appears more and more wonderful every time it is again looked at. It is very seldom indeed that one sees in Japan a pretty woman who would look equally pretty in another than her own beautiful national attire. What we usually call grace in Japanese women is daintiness of form and manner rather than what a Greek would have termed grace. In this instance, one felt assured that long, light, slender, fine, faultlessly knit figure

would ennoble any costume: there was just that suggestion of pliant elegance which the sight of a young bamboo gives when the wind is blowing.

To describe the procession in detail would needlessly tire the reader; and I shall venture only a few general remarks. The purpose of the pageant was to represent the various official and military styles of dress worn during the great periods of the history of Kyōto, from the time of its foundation in the eighth century to the present era of Meiji, and also the chief military personages of that history. At least two thousand persons marched in the procession, figuring daimyō, kugé, hatamoto, samurai, retainers, carriers, musicians, and dancers. The dancers were impersonated by geisha; and some were attired so as to look like butterflies with big gaudy wings. All the armor and the weapons, the ancient head-dresses and robes, were veritable relics of the past, lent for the occasion by old families, by professional curio-dealers, and by private collectors. The great captains — Oda Nobunaga, Kato Kiyomasa, Iyeyasu, Hideyoshi — were represented according to traditions; a really monkey-faced man having been found to play the part of the famous Taikō.

While these visions of dead centuries were passing by, the people kept perfectly silent, — which fact, strange as the statement may seem to Western readers, indicated extreme pleasure. It is not really in accordance with national sentiment to express applause by noisy demonstration, — by shouting and clapping of hands, for example. Even the military cheer is an importation; and the tendency to boisterous demonstrativeness in Tōkyō is probably as factitious as it is modern. I remember two impressive silences in Kobe during 1895. The first was on the occasion of an imperial visit. There was a vast crowd; the foremost ranks knelt down as the Emperor passed; but there was not even

a whisper. The second remarkable silence was on the return of the victorious troops from China, who marched under the triumphal arches erected to welcome them without hearing a syllable from the people. I asked why, and was answered, "We Japanese think we can better express our feelings by silence." I may here observe, also, that the sinister silence of the Japanese armies before some of the late engagements terrified the clamorous Chinese much more than the first opening of the batteries. Despite exceptions, it may be stated as a general truth that the deeper the emotion, whether of pleasure or of pain, and the more solemn or heroic the occasion, in Japan, the more naturally silent those who feel or act.

Some foreign spectators criticised the display as spiritless, and commented on the unheroic port of the great captains and the undisguised fatigue of their followers, oppressed under a scorching sun by the unaccustomed weight of armor. But to the Japanese all this only made the pageant seem more real; and I fully agreed with them. As a matter of fact, the greatest heroes of military history have appeared at their best in exceptional moments only; the stoutest veterans have known fatigue; and undoubtedly Nobunaga and Hideyoshi and Kato Kiyomasa must have more than once looked just as dusty, and ridden or marched just as wearily, as their representatives in the Kyōto procession. No merely theatrical idealism clouds, for any educated Japanese, the sense of the humanity of his country's greatest men: on the contrary, it is the historical evidence of that ordinary humanity that most endears them to the common heart, and makes by contrast more admirable and exemplary all of the inner life which was not ordinary.

After the procession I went to the Dai-Kioku-Den, the magnificent memorial Shintō temple built by the govern-

ment, and described in a former paper. On displaying my medal I was allowed to pay reverence to the spirit of good Kwammu-Tennō, and to drink a little rice wine in his honor, out of a new wine-cup of pure white clay presented by a lovely child-miko. After the libation, the little priestess packed the white cup into a neat wooden box, and bade me take it home for a souvenir; one such new cup being presented to every purchaser of a medal.

Such small gifts and memories make up much of the unique pleasure of Japanese travel. In almost any town or village you can buy for a souvenir some pretty or curious thing made only in that one place, and not to be found elsewhere. Again, in many parts of the interior a trifling generosity is certain to be acknowledged by a present, which, however cheap, will seldom fail to prove a surprise and a pleasure. Of all the things which I picked up here and there, in traveling about the country, the prettiest and the most beloved are queer little presents thus obtained.

VII.

I wanted, before leaving Kyōto, to visit the tomb of Yuko Hatakeyama. After having vainly inquired of several persons where she was buried, it occurred to me to ask a Buddhist priest who had come to the hotel on some parochial business. He answered at once, "In the cemetery of Makkeiji." Makkeiji was a temple not mentioned in guidebooks, and situated somewhere at the outskirts of the city. I took a kuruma forthwith, and found myself at the temple gate after about half an hour's run.

A priest, to whom I announced the purpose of my visit, conducted me to the cemetery, — a very large one, — and pointed out the grave. The sun of a cloudless autumn day flooded everything with light, and tinged with spectral gold the face of a monument on which I saw, in beautiful large characters very deeply

cut, the girl's name, with the Buddhist prefix *Retsujo*, signifying chaste and true.

RETSUJO HATAKEYAMA YUKO HAKA.

The grave was well kept, and the grass had been recently trimmed. A little wooden awning erected in front of the stone sheltered the offerings of flowers and sprays of shikimi, and a cup of fresh water. I did sincere reverence to the heroic and unselfish spirit, and pronounced the customary formula. Some other visitors, I noticed, saluted the spirit after the Shintō manner. The tombstones were so thickly crowded about the spot that, in order to see the back of the monument, I found I should have to commit the rudeness of stepping on the grave. But I felt sure she would forgive me; so, treading reverently, I passed round, and copied the inscription: "*Yuko, of Nagasagori, Kamagawamachi . . . from day of birth always good. . . . Meiji, the twenty-fourth year, the fifth month, the twentieth day . . . cause of sorrow the country having . . . the Kyōto government-house to went . . . and her own throat cut . . . twenty and seven years . . . Tani Tetsuomi made . . . Kyōto-folk-by erected this stone is.*" The Buddhist Kaimyō read, "*Gi-yu-in-ton-shi-chu-myō-kyō*," — apparently signifying, "Right-meaning and valiant woman, instantly attaining to the admirable doctrine of loyalty."

In the temple, the priest showed me the relics and mementos of the tragedy: a small Japanese razor, blood-crusts, with the once white soft paper thickly wrapped round its handle caked into one hard red mass; the cheap purse; the girdle and clothing, blood-stiffened (all except the kimono, washed by order of the police before having been given to the temple); letters and memoranda; photographs, which I secured, of Yuko and her tomb; also a photograph of the gathering in the cemetery, where the funeral rites were performed by Shintō priests. This

fact interested me; for, although condoned by Buddhism, the suicide could not have been regarded in the same light by the two faiths. The clothing was coarse and cheap: the girl had pawned her best effects to cover the expenses of her journey and her burial. I bought a little book containing the story of her life and death, copies of her last letters, poems written about her by various persons, — some of very high rank, — and a clumsy portrait. In the photographs of Yuko and her relatives there was nothing remarkable: such types you can meet with every day and anywhere in Japan. The interest of the book was psychological only, as regarded both the author and the subject. The printed letters of Yuko revealed that strange state of Japanese exaltation in which the mind remains capable of giving all possible attention to the most trivial matters of fact, while the terrible purpose never slackens. The memoranda gave like witness: —

Meiji twenty-fourth year, fifth month, eighteenth day.

5 sen to kurumaya from Nihonbashi to Uyeno.

Nineteenth day.

5 sen to kurumaya to Asakusa Umamachi.

1 sen 5 rin for sharpening something to hairdresser in Shitaya.

10 yen received from Sano, the pawnbroker in Baba.

20 sen for train to Shincho.

1 yen 2 sen for train from Hama to Shidzuoka.

Twentieth day.

2 yen 9 sen for train from Shidzuoka to Hama.

6 sen for postage-stamps for two letters.

14 sen in Kiyomidzu.

12 sen 5 rin for umbrella given to kurumaya.

But in strange contrast to the methodical faculty thus manifested was the poetry of a farewell letter, containing such thoughts as these: —

"The eighty-eighth night [that is, from the festival of the Setsubun] having passed like a dream, ice changed itself into clear drops, and snow gave place to rain. Then cherry-blossoms came to please everybody; but now, poor things,

they begin to fall even before the wind touches them. Again a little while, and the wind will make them fly through the bright air in the pure spring weather. Yet it may be that the hearts of those who love me will not be bright, will feel no pleasant spring. The season of rains will come next, and there will be no joy in their hearts. . . . Oh! what shall I do? There has been no moment in which I have not thought of you. . . . But all ice, all snow, becomes at last free water; the incense buds of the kiku will open even in frost. I pray you, think later about these things. . . . Even now, for me, is the time of frost, the time of kiku buds: if only they can blossom, perhaps I shall please you much. Placed in this world of sorrow, but not to stay, is the destiny of all. I beseech you, think me not unfilial; say to none that you have lost me, that I have passed into the darkness. Rather wait and hope for the fortunate time that shall come."

The editor of the pamphlet betrayed rather too much of the Oriental manner of judging woman, even while showering generous praise upon one typical woman. In a letter to the authorities Yuko had spoken of a family claim, and this was criticised as a feminine weakness. She had, indeed, achieved the extinction of personal selfishness, but she had been "very foolish" to speak about her family. In some other ways the book was disappointing. Under the raw, strong light of its commonplace revelations, my little sketch, Yuko, written in 1894, seemed for the moment too romantic. And yet the real poetry of the event remained unlesened, — the pure ideal that impelled a girl to take her own life merely to give proof of the love and loyalty of a nation. No small, mean, dry facts could ever belittle that large fact.

The sacrifice had stirred the feelings of the nation much more than it had touched my own. Thousands of photographs of Yuko and thousands of copies

of the little book about her were sold. Multitudes visited her tomb and made offerings there, and gazed with tender reverence at the relics in Makkeiji; and all this, I thought, for the best of reasons. If commonplace facts are repellent to what we are pleased, in the West, to call "refined feeling," it is proof that the refinement is factitious and the feeling shallow. To the Japanese, who recognize that the truth of beauty belongs to the inner being, commonplace details are precious: they help to accentuate and verify the conception of a heroism. Those poor blood-stained trifles — the coarse, honest robes and girdle, the little shabby purse, the memoranda of a visit to the pawnbroker, the glimpses of plain, humble, every-day humanity shown by the letters and the photographs and the infinitesimal precision of police records — all serve, like so much ocular evidence, to perfect the generous comprehension of the feeling that made the fact. Had Yuko been the most beautiful person in Japan, and her people of the highest rank, the meaning of her sacrifice would have been far less intimately felt. In actual life, as a general rule, it is the common, not the uncommon person who does noble things; and the people, seeing best, by the aid of ordinary facts, what is heroic in one of their own class, feel themselves honored. Many of us in the West will have to learn our ethics over again from the common people. Our cultivated classes have lived so long in an atmosphere of false idealism, mere conventional humbug, that the real, warm, honest human emotions seem to them vulgar; and the natural and inevitable punishment is inability to see, to hear, to feel, and to think. Men living wholly by conventions invariably become like blown eggshells; the accidental touch that cracks the surface shows nothing inside. There is more truth in the little verse poor Yuko wrote on the back of her mirror than in most of our conventional idealism: —

"By one keeping the heart free from stain, virtue and right and wrong are seen always clearly as forms in a mirror."

VIII.

I returned by another way, through a quarter which I had never seen before, — all temples. A district of great spaces, — vast and beautiful and hushed as by enchantment. No dwellings or shops. Pale yellow walls only, sloping back from the roadway on both sides, like fortress walls, but coped with a coping or rooflet of blue tiles; and above these yellow sloping walls (pierced with elfish gates at long, long intervals), great soft hilly masses of foliage — cedar and pine and bamboo — with superbly curved roofs sweeping up through them. Each vista of those silent streets of temples, bathed in the gold of the autumn afternoon, gave me just such a thrill of pleasure as one feels on finding in some poem the perfect utterance of a thought one has tried for years in vain to express.

Yet what was the charm made with? The wonderful walls were but painted mud; the gates and the temples only frames of wood supporting tiles; the shrubbery, the stonework, the lotos-ponds, mere landscape-gardening. Nothing solid, nothing enduring; but a combination so beautiful of lines and colors and shadows that no speech could paint it. Nay! even were those earthen walls turned into lemon-colored marble, and their tiling into amethyst; even were the material of the temples transformed into substance precious as that of the palace described in the Sutra of the Great King of Glory, — still the æsthetic suggestion,

the dreamy repose, the mellow loveliness and softness of the scene could not be in the least enhanced. Perhaps it is just because the material of such creation is so frail that its art is so marvelous. The most wonderful architecture, the most entrancing landscapes, are formed with substance the most imponderable, — the substance of clouds.

But those who think of beauty only in connection with costliness, with stability, with "firm reality," should never look for it in this land, — well called the Land of Sunrise, for sunrise is the hour of illusions. Nothing is more lovely than a Japanese village among the hills or by the coast when seen just after sunrise, — through the slowly lifting blue mists of a spring or autumn morning. But for the materialist the enchantment passes with the vapors: in the raw, clear light he can find no palaces of amethyst, no sails of gold, but only flimsy sheds of wood and thatch and the unpainted queerness of wooden junks.

So perhaps it is with all that makes life beautiful in any land. To view men or nature with delight, we must see them through illusions, subjective or objective. How they appear to us depends upon the ethical conditions within us. Nevertheless, the real and the unreal are equally illusive in themselves. The vulgar and the rare, the seemingly transient and the seemingly enduring, are all alike mere ghostliness. Happiest he who, from birth to death, sees ever through some beautiful haze of the soul, — best of all, that haze of love which, like the radiance of this Orient day, turns common things to gold.

Lafcadio Hearn.

VAL D'ARNO.

As lake-boats seek their twilight coves,
 And flocks their fold at night,
 I languish for the grotts and groves
 Where still each nymph and naiad roves
 Who taught my youth delight.

How wild the wind-swept waste of furze!
 How shrill the killdee's call!
 Yet there I know how warmly stirs
 The breeze among the gossamers
 Which fleck the tufted wall.

The far peaks don their caps of snow
 For winter's long repose,
 But, browning on the slopes below,
 The tangled olives nod, and glow
 The crimson coquelicots.

Sweet Arno! As the light of shrines
 On some lone wayside gleams,
 So from the circling Apennines
 The memory of thy valley shines
 The beacon of my dreams.

Charles J. Bayne.

PANDEAN PASTIMES.

THE old god of nature is not dead, as we have been told. Pan yet lives in the hearts of some children. They still do him reverence; make shrines unto him, and place thereon their little offerings. They seek the willows by the river and the hickories on the upland, to make pipes with which they salute the early spring. Spring is youth's own time; summer and autumn belong quite as much to grown people, but the child has an especial hold on the awakening year.

Ah, the blessed lawlessness of the strolling country boy! He seeks not al-ways, but he is sure to find, in his intuitive wanderings. Brook or creek, run-

ning full after the going of the ice, may call him thither, bearing rod and line, both perhaps of some improvised fashion, a bent pin answering as hook. But the angling is of small moment. Besides the few small fishes the boy brings home with him unknown treasures. The real delights of the day, to be remembered in far-away years, are the rambling stroll to and from the stream, and the long reveries, as, lulled by the babble of the water and the low undertone of awakening life, he lies, face down, silently watching the sunlit ripples and little swarms of minnows at play above the yellow and brown sands. Such a young

dreamer seems unconscious of his surroundings, yet in some way he must be sensible of every detail of the scene; else how, a score of years after, can he recall the flutter of white when a yellow-hammer flew from the dead limb of an old apple-tree in a neighboring orchard, or still see the meadow lark perched on a tall fence-stake in prolonged fakir-like meditation, while the child lay on the upspringing meadow grass? How else remember the very insects hovering above the brook, whose shadows startled the minnows and "silver-sides"? And the whole sweet picture may be brought back by a bluebird's note, by crows cawing in the distance, or by the odor of a freshly broken willow twig.

What a delightful succession of out-of-door plays and labors make busy, for the country child, the months, from the first hint of the wondrous glowing haze of the maples' bloom until the nuts are garnered! Numberless traditional diversions, bits of childish artisanship, including the fabrication of playthings, weapons, even musical instruments, fill up the too swiftly passing days.

Children are as fond as savages of beads, and of playing with them. How fascinating little girls find the tedious employment of stringing glass beads for their own adorning or that of their dolls! How much of the pleasure depends upon the love of color, or how much upon being provided with something to do, it is impossible to say, but the taste is very general. They are quick to utilize as beads any berries, fruits, blossoms, or stems which they find in their path. Will reflection from plate-glass mirror of a white throat set off with necklace of Etruscan gold, or perchance of sparkling jewels, ever give the enjoyable vanity of looking well that irradiated the face of the little girl who, after throwing over her shoulders her necklace of scarlet rose-hips, Eve-like sought the margin of some quiet water, to gaze long at the sun-kissed face and neck decked with the splendid ro-

sary? Visions of dryads and fairies, of noble ladies risen from low degree, flit through the child's mind, the mingled impressions that are left from fairy-tales, and she half fancies that somehow, some day, these dreams may come true in her own real life. Ah, that limpid brown water, overshadowed with bending boughs, must have been a magic looking-glass, the face it reflected was so satisfied, so glad, so full of hope!

More graceful and more classic than the adornments of bright berries are the wreaths woven from forest leaves, usually those of the oak or maple. How easily secured are the light crowns of interlaced stalks of bedstraw (*Galium*), which, childish tradition says, have a magical power of curing headache! Many little shoulders have gracefully borne the gentle freight of a necklace made by stringing the small flowers that compose the great plumes of the homely old purple lilacs. Another favorite ornament is the slender chain with such patience fashioned from pine needles. I know a little city-reared maid who is fond of stringing bracelets for her lady friends from the cheerful red-and-white four-o'clocks. Her doll's spring bonnet is a violet leaf with a blossom fastened in the crown. A grass-plot in the back yard, where chickweed, clover, and dandelions generously bloom, is her "little wild garden."

Children on the eastern shore of Maryland have a saying that in the meat of every persimmon seed there is a little tree, and they amuse themselves by cracking open the brown seeds to find the miniature image of a tree which they fancy the plumule to resemble. This is no recent notion, for Cotton Mather says, in a pseudo-scientific treatise: "[Leeuwenhoek] will give us to see, a small particle no bigger than a sand, contain the plant, and all belonging to it, all actually in that little seed; yea in the nux vomica it appears even to the naked eye in an astonishing elegance." The seeds of the wild balsam are not always allowed to

bide their time, and to be scattered, when ripe, by their own ingenious device for that purpose; for what child can pass a clump of these jeweled plants and resist nipping the translucent green seed-pods, to see them pop out their freightage? The velvety capsules of the garden balsam afford the same amusement. In some places little girls use the lune-shaped parts of the latter as earrings, for their own elasticity will fasten them for a time to the ear, after they are once put in position.

Some of us, thank God, will never become old enough to outgrow the pleasure of popping rose petals on the forehead. Petals of the peony, and perhaps those of other flowers, are sometimes used in this way; but nothing equals the soft, fragrant petals of roses for puckering up between the thumb and finger into the tiny bag that bursts with a whiff of perfume when violently struck against one's brow. Were it in a palace garden, could one ever pass morning-glory vines without wishing, for the sake of old times, to gather and burst, one after another, the withering blossoms, whose trumpet mouths the sun has so quickly closed? A pink or purple morning-glory never fails to bring to me remembrances of farmhouse windows curtained with Aurora's chosen flowers, which made graceful tracery on whitewashed walls within; and at the thought of the vine-draped windows there comes back a medley of beloved sights and sounds and odors beyond them, — dewy fields, umbrageous orchards, the breath of cinnamon roses, sweet strains from some sparrow's matins, and robins caroling as if their hearts would burst just because it was day. In those days we too adored the dawn.

I have heard of a play among the children in a village in central Illinois that I never chanced to meet with elsewhere. On a veritable hand-loom, in which the fingers act as warping-bars, long grasses are woven into loose baskets, which the children call rabbits' nests, and which

they put in secluded places to receive the eggs of the wild rabbits (hares).

Children find many nature-made playthings ready to hand. There are various sorts of rattle-boxes, notably small ripened gourds, whose light seeds are easily shaken against the shell. Where the splendor of the American lotus lights up Western rivers and ponds, its great flattened receptacle, when ripe, is also gathered for a rattle-box. And I have often seen the cows driven home for milking to the patter of the dry seeds in their rounded pods, scattered along the wand-like racemes of what we called rattle-snake weed (*Cimicifuga*).

Many kinds of seeds are used as toys. The lavender-tinted Job's-tears, the castor-oil bean with its wondrous resemblance to a shining beetle, the polished gray lens-shaped seeds of the Kentucky coffee-tree, of alluvial river valleys, and others of peculiar coloring or markings attract the attention of observant children. The ripened seeds of the garden lupine bear a strangely close likeness to the head and face of a small wizened monkey; hence, in our part of the country the plant was somewhat generally known by the name of "monkey-faces." Japanese boys and girls have a game something like our jackstones, which they play with the seeds of the camellia and the lotus. The "twin turtle-doves" in the columbine, beloved by little folks in England, are less familiar to our children, though Miss Ingelow's reference to the pretty fancy has led many school-girls to seek and find the cooing pair both in our graceful scarlet-and-yellow wild species and in the cultivated garden varieties. A quaint little Hindu man in full trousers may be fashioned out of a flower of the pink-and-white garden dicentra.

A favorite toy in many parts of the country is made by running a common pin through a green currant or gooseberry. Equal lengths of the pin are left projecting from the berry; the point of

the pin is then placed in one end of a clay pipestem held in a vertical position. By blowing through the other end of the pipestem the tiny figure will be made to dance in the air, just above the end of the stem. In Boston the schoolchildren have used the fruits of the linden to fashion the manikin, which, while dancing, may easily be imagined to resemble a monkey. It has recently been suggested to me that this child's play may have given rise to the Boston name of "monkey-nut" for the linden fruit.

What delightful memories are awakened by the word "playhouse"! It was a dear imaginative little world by itself, whither one could swiftly flee from the trying practicalities of every-day life, such as drying dishes, gathering chips for the kitchen fire, or watching a slow kettle boil. It was all one's own, and within it as nowhere else was free play for individual taste and fancy. There one could be busy, or dream, or even indulge in breaking and destroying, if seized by an iconoclastic mood. At will our tiny world was desolate or peopled. Besides real dolls there were within the playhouse various kinds of little folks, such as the fine ladies fashioned from gay poppies or from the tawny flowers of the old-fashioned day-lilies. Poor marionettes, some of such ephemeral lives! What busy lives they led us! What opportunities for invention were afforded by the furnishing of their rooms and the storing of their larders! In addition to the ordinary house duties there was the preparation of manifold confections: some genuine delicacies, others as purely for show as were the gayly painted plaster-of-Paris fruit baskets that often used to form the central ornament on the parlor tables of country homes. Then the joyous trips to the woods to gather velvety moss for carpets and bright berries for decorations; for children, like the bower-birds, enjoy a bit of color in their surroundings. But it would make too long a story here to recall the hun-

dred-and-one glad happenings connected with this interesting part of the make-believe side of child-life.

The playhouse was not by any means monopolized by girls, and many a bearded man is now glad to remember his own part in playhouse life. The playhouse was, I think, less of a fairyland, may I say less of a temple, to boys than to girls, but they enjoyed all the practical part of it, — the seizure of a suitable spot, the carpentry, and especially the primitive masonry involved in the making of a fireplace. The real feasting, too, they were ready to enter into; leaving, for the most part, to the girls and dolls the Barmecide feasts of mud pies, cakes, and like dainties, announced by the soundless ringing of the rose-of-Sharon dinner-bell. But there is, beyond the playhouse, much sylvan handicraft that keeps boys happily exploring wood and pasture. Now it is to select a good piece of ash, hickory, or hemlock for a bow; again, hornbeam or hickory for hockeys, otherwise known as shinny sticks. The city boy, who goes with his half-dollar to buy a machine-made polo stick, or with several times the sum to get a varnished lancewood bow, wots not how he is cheated of his own. He has not simply lost the choosing from numberless growing saplings or shoots one shapely enough for a bow, or grubbing about their roots to find one suitably curved for a shinny, meantime marking others for future working. There is the going through bramble-lined lanes to the woods, tasting and chewing at this and that, as the country boy saunters along, darting off to quench his thirst at a brook or spring, where he draws up the water through a tall stem of meadow rue or flower-stalk of dandelion; or, if spring and lily-pond chance to neighbor, he must needs seek the latter to get the painted stem of a lily-pod for a drinking-tube. He may be turned aside from the nominal quest of the day by any one of a score of casual allurements, varying

according to the time of year. It may be to chase a chipmunk; to follow the martial call of a bluejay; to club a chestnut-tree, whose frost-opened burrs display tantalizing peeps at browning fruits within. Long vines of the wild grape must be selected for skipping-ropes, and the same may serve as rope for harness. Western lads have found that good string can be made from the tough-barked slender twigs of the pawpaw.

To the boy's mind it is even worth while to take pains in selecting the sticks which they sharpen at one end, and from which, either simply as an amusement or in petty warfare, they delight to hurl crab-apples or potato-balls. I have heard described a real Homeric play of boys living on the bluffs overlooking an Illinois creek-valley. Each chose with care a good supply of spears from the thickets of giant ragweed (*Ambrosia*), then armed himself with a buckler made from a flour-barrel head, to which were tacked stout leather straps through which the arm could be thrust. Thus equipped, the young heroes rushed to the fray.

Various innocent divinations are handed down from generation to generation of children.

It is an interesting bit of psychology that it is chiefly the girls, great or small, who practice charms or ceremonies intended to reveal one's fate, notably as regards marriage. It is they, mostly, who will patiently hunt for a four-leaved clover to tuck inside shoe or gown as a love-charm or as a luck-bringer. Yet boys do not wholly despise talismans or distrust their virtues, for in eastern New England they are much given to carrying in their pockets a lucky-stone, as they call the little white serrated bone found in the codfish's head, and I am pretty sure that somewhat of talismanic power is attributed to the horse-chestnut, or double or peculiarly shaped nut, or grotesque root that frequently forms a part of the furnishings of a boy's pocket. I have heard one say, caressingly touching such

a pocket-piece, "I have carried that two years," or so many months or years. An amusing custom is found among the peasant children in the neighborhood of Skibbereen, Ireland. If, on their way to school, they linger along the ditches and roadsides gathering their "fairly thimbles" (the flowers of the foxglove), or peering among the grass to catch sight of a skylark's nest, or engaging in some other happy idling, as they approach the schoolhouse they seek for a plant which they call "I'n-ge-na-blame," to secure a bit to secrete in their pockets, to act as a charm against punishment for tardiness. I fancy their colloquial name for the plant is a corruption for "I'll get no blame," from their faith in its potency to save them from merited reproof.

Don't you remember hurrying out before breakfast to where the sunflowers grew, at the back of the garden or in some waste bit of land behind the house, to see if each great yellow-rayed disk had turned during the night so that it might face the east? Our half-reverential watching throughout the day to see the gradual following of the sun's course was akin to the spirit of the sun-worship. We had been told that sunflowers slowly turned as the sun moved, and we believed it, and were interested to behold the miraculous behavior of the stately plants. We liked to tell younger children of the wonder, and to point out the changed position of the blossoms; and our faith never wavered, however many times some perverse flower failed to follow the ritual. And again, in the late autumn, as we separated the ripened, metallic-looking seeds from the chaff, to put them away as food for the fowls, we recalled the mysterious power of orientation possessed by our sunflowers. For by this time the happy credulity of childhood had quite wiped from our memories the exceptions, so many times exceeding the cases in which our supposed law had been obeyed. The imagination of a child is a rather conscienceless faculty, I suppose, but were

it otherwise, of what would not only childhood, but the world be robbed, that we would not have eliminated!

The lilliputian baskets which school-boys carve out of peach, plum, and even cherry stones are sometimes really works of art, and when such a little ornament, given as keepsake a generation ago by some deft-fingered schoolfellow, turns up, in clearing out a bureau drawer or an old box; there are brought to mind a host of associations of the old-fashioned district school, where one learned much of greater value than book-lore. There come back the morning walks to school along dewy roadsides; the noon-times in the adjacent woods; the swings made by interweaving low-hanging beech boughs; the going, at the call of school, with one's particular comrade to some well or spring to bring a pail of fresh water. What teacher with a heart might not be placated by a nosegay of wild flowers, if the water-carriers did take their own time! From the opening of the first bloodroot, how sweet we made the bare schoolroom with flowers from garden, roadside, and woods! The teacher's desk overflowed with them, and empty ink-bottles served the girls as vases for their desks. When the petals fell from poppy or peony or fragrant rose, it was a rest from partial payments or the meaningless chant of "I write, thou writest, he writes," and so on, to put them to press inside a book. The dried leaves, petals, wreaths, or what-not, of no herbarium worth, had a value of their own to us young things; they were the symbols of what youth sought, ever will seek, and ever should find, — the bloom, the color, the perfume of life. To-day, when on opening a long-disused book one chances upon them, grown brown with

the lapse of years, one feels like kissing them and the discolored pages. Dear ashes of roses!

One of the last of the long pageant of out-of-door amusements was the making of pumpkin lanterns, in early autumn. We counted it a great frolic to carve out the grotesque faces, without the knowledge of the elders of the family; then, after nightfall, to steal out, light the candle within each head, and suddenly hold the grinning hobgoblin, with its fiery eyes and mouth, in front of the window of a room where sat some of those who were not in our secret. Oftentimes we decorated the top of each post of the front gate with one of the flame-eyed monsters. After the home fun was over, perhaps we might dance off, carrying our illuminations to some of the neighbors. Then home at last, with pulses all a-tingle, to go to bed in an unconscious rapture over the soft darkness, full of nameless autumnal scents, that we had just left, to lie building air-castles, while through the now half-sere morning-glory vines crept in the entrancing pathos of the music of myriads of crickets; starting now and then, as slumber stole on, when an apple fell to earth with a dull thud.

Thus waned the sylvan year. The long evenings came, when we sat about the home fireside, playing morris or fox-and-geese, with red and white grains of corn for men; cracking nuts; eating apples and counting their seeds, while we repeated the old divination rhymes; telling oft-told riddles; between whiles recalling the good times of the past season, planning new ones for next year, and reckoning the months until the opening spring should begin another round of rural pastimes.

Fanny D. Bergen.

THE OLD THINGS.

V.

"I 'LL give up the house if they 'll let me take what I require!" That, on the morrow, was what Mrs. Gereth's stifled night had qualified her to say, with a tragic face, at breakfast. Fleda reflected that what she "required" was simply every object that surrounded them. The poor woman would have admitted this truth and accepted the conclusion to be drawn from it, the reduction to the absurd of her attitude, the exaltation of her revolt. The girl's dread of a scandal, of spectators and critics, diminished the more she saw how little vulgar avidity had to do with this rigor. It was not the crude love of possession; it was the need to be faithful to a trust and loyal to an idea. The idea was surely noble: it was that of the beauty Mrs. Gereth had wrought. Pale but radiant, with her back to the wall, she rose there like a heroine guarding a treasure. To give up the ship was to flinch from her duty; there was something in her eyes that declared she would die at her post. If their difference should become public, the shame would be all for the others. If Waterbath thought it could afford to expose itself, why, Waterbath was welcome to the folly. Her fanaticism gave her a new distinction, and Fleda perceived almost with awe that she had never carried herself so well. She trod the place like a reigning queen or a proud usurper; full as it was of splendid pieces, it could show, in these days, no ornament so effective as its menaced mistress.

Our young lady's spirit was strangely divided; she had a tenderness for Owen which she deeply concealed, yet it left her occasion to marvel at the way a man was made who could care in any relation for a creature like Mona Brigstock, when he had known in any relation a creature

like Adela Gereth. With such a mother to give him the pitch, how could he take it so low? She wondered that she did not despise him for this, but there was something that kept her from it. If there had been nothing else, it would have sufficed that she really found herself from this moment the medium of communication with him.

"He 'll come back to assert himself," Mrs. Gereth had said; and the following week Owen in fact reappeared. He might merely have written, Fleda could see, but he had come in person, because it was at once "nicer" for his mother and stronger for his cause. He did not like the row, though Mona probably did; if he had not a sense of beauty, he had after all a sense of justice; but it was inevitable he should clearly announce at Poynton the date at which he must look to find the house vacant. "You don't think I'm rough or hard, do you?" he asked of Fleda, his impatience shining in his idle eyes as the dining-hour shines in club-windows. "The place at Ricks stands there with open arms. And then I give her lots of time, and tell her she can remove everything that belongs to her." Fleda recognized the elements of what the newspapers call a deadlock in the circumstance that nothing at Poynton belonged to Mrs. Gereth either more or less than anything else. She must either take everything or nothing, and the girl's suggestion was that it might perhaps be an inspiration to do the latter, and begin again on a clean page. What, however, was the poor woman, in that case, to begin with? What was she to do at all, on her meagre income, but make the best of the *objets d'art* of Ricks, the treasures collected by Mr. Gereth's maiden aunt? She had never been near the place: for long years it had been let to strangers, and after that the foreboding

that it would be her doom had kept her from the abasement of it. She had felt that she should see it soon enough, but Fleda (who was careful not to betray to her that Mona had seen it and had been gratified) knew her reasons for believing that the maiden aunt's principles had had much in common with the principles of Waterbath. The only thing, in short, that she would ever have to do with the objets d'art of Ricks would be to turn them out into the road. What belonged to her at Poynton, as Owen said, would conveniently mitigate the void resulting from that demonstration.

The exchange of observations between the friends had grown very direct by the time Fleda asked Mrs. Gereth whether she literally meant to shut herself up and stand a siege, or whether it was her idea to expose herself, more informally, to be dragged out of the house by constables. "Oh, I prefer the constables and the dragging!" the heroine of Poynton had answered. "I want to make Owen and Mona do everything that will be most publicly odious." She gave it out that it was her one thought now to force them to a line that would dishonor them and dishonor the tradition they embodied, though Fleda was privately sure that she had visions of an alternative policy. The strange thing was that, proud and fastidious all her life, she now showed so little distaste for the world's hearing of the squabble. What had taken place in her, above all, was that a long resentment had ripened. She hated the effacement to which English usage reduced the widowed mother: she had discoursed of it passionately to Fleda; contrasted it with the beautiful homage paid in other countries to women in that position, women no better than herself, whom she had seen acclaimed and enthroned, whom she had known and envied; made, in short, as little as possible a secret of the injury, the bitterness, she found in it. The great wrong Owen had done her was not his "taking up" with

Mona,—that was disgusting, but it was a detail, an accidental form; it was his failure from the first to understand what it was to have a mother at all, to appreciate the beauty and sanctity of the character. She was just his mother as his nose was just his nose, and he had never had the least imagination or tenderness or gallantry about her. One's mother, good heavens, if one were the kind of fine young man one ought to be, the only kind Mrs. Gereth cared for, was a subject for poetry, for idolatry. Had n't she often told Fleda of her friend Madame de Jaume, the wittiest of women, but a small, black, crooked person, each of whose three boys, when absent, wrote to her every day of their lives? She had the house in Paris, she had the house in Poitou, she had more than in the lifetime of her husband (to whom, in spite of her appearance, she had afforded repeated cause for jealousy), because she had, to the end of her days, the supreme word about everything. It was easy to see that Mrs. Gereth would have given again and again her complexion, her figure, and even perhaps the spotless virtue she had still more successfully retained, to have been Madame de Jaume. She was n't, alas, and this was what she had at present a magnificent occasion to protest against. She was fully aware, of course, of Owen's concession, his willingness to let her take away with her the few things she liked best; but as yet she only declared that to meet him on this ground would be to give him a triumph, to put him impossibly in the right. "Liked best"? There was n't a thing in the house that she did n't like best, and what she liked better still was to be left where she was. How could Owen use such an expression without being conscious of his hypocrisy? Mrs. Gereth, whose criticism was often gay, dilated with sardonic humor on the happy look a dozen objects from Poynton would wear, and the charming effect they would conduce to when interspersed with the peculiar features of Ricks.

What had her whole life been but an effort toward completeness and perfection? Better Waterbath at once, in its cynical unity, than the ignominy of such a mixture!

All this was of no great help to Fleda, in so far as Fleda tried to rise to her mission of finding a way out. When at the end of a fortnight Owen came down once more, it was ostensibly to tackle a farmer whose proceedings had been irregular; the girl was sure, however, that he had really come, on the instance of Mona, to see what his mother was doing. He wished to satisfy himself that she was preparing her departure, and he wished to perform a duty, distinct but not less imperative, in regard to the question of the trophies with which she would retreat. The tension between them was now such that he had to perpetrate these offenses without meeting his adversary. Mrs. Gereth was as willing as himself that he should address to Fleda Vetch whatever odious remarks he might have to make: she only pitied her poor young friend for repeated encounters with a person as to whom she perfectly understood the girl's repulsion. Fleda thought it nice of Owen not to have expected her to write to him; he would n't have wished any more than herself that she should have the air of spying on his mother in his interest. What made it comfortable to deal with him in this more familiar way was the sense that she understood so perfectly how poor Mrs. Gereth suffered, and that she measured so adequately the sacrifice the other side did take rather monstrously for granted. She understood equally how Owen himself suffered, now that Mona had already begun to make him do things he did n't like. Vividly Fleda apprehended how *she* would have first made him like anything she would have made him do; anything even as disagreeable as this appearing there to state, virtually on Mona's behalf, that of course there must be a definite limit to the number of articles

appropriated. She took a longish stroll with him in order to talk the matter over; to say if she did n't think a dozen pieces, chosen absolutely at will, would n't be a handsome allowance; and above all to consider the very delicate question of whether the advantage enjoyed by Mrs. Gereth might n't be left to her honor. To leave it so was what Owen wished; but there was plainly a young lady at Waterbath to whom, on his side, he already had to render an account. He was as touching in his offhand annoyance as his mother was tragic in her intensity; for if he could n't help having a sense of propriety about the whole matter, so he could as little help hating it. It was for his hating it, Fleda reasoned, that she liked him so, and her insistence to his mother on the hatred perilously resembled, on one or two occasions, a revelation of the liking. There were moments when, in conscience, that revelation pressed her; inasmuch as it was just on the ground of her not liking him that Mrs. Gereth trusted her so much. Mrs. Gereth herself did n't, in these days, like him at all, and she was of course on Mrs. Gereth's side. He ended, really, while the preparations for his marriage went on, by quite a little custom of coming and going; but on no one of these occasions would his mother receive him. He talked only with Fleda and strolled with Fleda; and when he asked her, in regard to the great matter, if Mrs. Gereth were really doing nothing, the girl usually replied, "She pretends not to be, if I may say so; but I think she is really thinking over what she'll take." When her friend asked her what Owen was doing, she could have but one answer: "He's waiting, my dear, to see what *you* do!"

Mrs. Gereth, a month after she had received her great shock, did something abrupt and extraordinary: she caught up her companion and went to have a look at Ricks. They had come to London first and taken a train from Liver-

pool Street, and the least of the sufferings they were armed against was that of passing the night. Fleda's admirable dressing-bag had been given her by her friend. "Why, it's charming!" she exclaimed a few hours later, turning back again into the small prim parlor from a friendly advance to the single plate of the window. Mrs. Gereth hated such windows, the one flat glass, sliding up and down, especially when they enjoyed a view of four iron pots on pedestals, painted white and containing ugly geraniums, ranged on the edge of a gravel-path, and doing their best to give it the air of a terrace. Fleda had instantly averted her eyes from these ornaments, but Mrs. Gereth grimly gazed, wondering of course how a place in the deepest depths of Essex and three miles from a small station could contrive to look so suburban. The room was practically a shallow box, with the junction of the walls and ceiling guiltless of curve or cornice, and marked merely by a little band of crimson paper glued round the top of the other paper, a turbid gray sprigged with silver flowers. This decoration was rather new and quite fresh; and there was in the centre of the ceiling a big square beam papered over in white, as to which Fleda hesitated about venturing to remark that it was rather picturesque. She recognized in time that this remark would be weak, and that, throughout, she should be able to say nothing either for the mantelpieces or for the doors, of which she saw her companion become sensible with a soundless moan. On the subject of doors, especially, Mrs. Gereth had the finest views; the thing in the world she most despised was the meanness of the single flap. From end to end, at Poynton, there were high double leaves. At Ricks the entrances to the rooms were like the holes of rabbit-hutches.

It was all, none the less, not so bad as Fleda had feared; it was faded and melancholy, whereas there had been a dan-

ger that it would be cheerful and loud. The house was crowded with objects of which the aggregation somehow made a thinness, and the futility a grace; things that told her they had been gathered as slowly and as lovingly as the rarities of Poynton. She too, for a home, could have lived with them: they made her like the old maiden aunt; they made her even wonder if it did n't work more for happiness not to have tasted, as she herself had done, of knowledge. Without resources, without a stick, as she said, of her own, Fleda was moved, after all, to some secret surprise at the pretensions of a shipwrecked woman who could hold such an asylum cheap. The more she looked about, the surer she felt of the character of the maiden aunt, the sense of whose dim presence urged her to pacification: the maiden aunt had been a dear; she would have adored the maiden aunt. The poor lady had had some tender little story; she had been sensitive and ignorant and exquisite: that too was a sort of origin, a sort of atmosphere for relics, though different from the sorts most prized at Poynton. Mrs. Gereth had of course more than once said that one of the deepest mysteries of life was the way that, by certain natures, hideous objects could be loved; but it was n't a question of love, now, for these; it was only a question of a certain practical patience. Perhaps some thought of that kind had stolen over Mrs. Gereth when, at the end of a brooding hour, she exclaimed, taking in the house with a strenuous sigh, "Well, something can be done with it!" Fleda had repeated to her more than once the indulgent fancy about the maiden aunt, — she was so sure she had suffered. "I'm sure I *hope* she did!" was, however, all that Mrs. Gereth had replied.

VI.

It was a great relief to the girl at last to perceive that the dreadful move would

really be made. What might happen if it should n't had been from the first indefinite. It was absurd to pretend that any violence was probable, — a tussle, dishevelment, shrieks; yet Fleda had an imagination of a drama, a "great scene," a thing, somehow, of indignity and misery, of wounds inflicted and received, in which, indeed, though Mrs. Gereth's presence, with movements and sounds, loomed large to her, Owen remained indistinct and on the whole unaggressive. He would n't be there with a cigarette in his teeth, very handsome and insolently quiet: that was only the way he would be in a novel, across whose interesting page some such figure, as she half closed her eyes, seemed to her to walk. Fleda had rather, and indeed with shame, a confused, pitying vision of Mrs. Gereth with her great scene left in a manner on her hands, Mrs. Gereth missing her effect, and having to appear merely hot and injured and in the wrong. The symptoms that she would be spared even that spectacle resided not so much, through the chambers of Poynton, in an air of determination as in an air of deeper suspense. There was no common preparation, but one day, at the turn of a corridor, she found her hostess standing very still, with hanging hands and only eyes that moved. These eyes appeared to Fleda to meet her own with a strange, dim bravado, and there was a silence, almost awkward, before either of the friends spoke. The girl afterwards thought of the moment as one in which her hostess mutely accused her of an accusation, meeting it, however, at the same time, by a kind of defiant acceptance. Yet it was with mere melancholy candor that Mrs. Gereth at last sighingly exclaimed, "I'm thinking over what I had better take!" Fleda could have embraced her for this virtual promise of a concession, the announcement that she had finally accepted the problem of knocking together a shelter with the small salvage of the wreck.

It was true that when, after their return from Ricks, they tried to lighten the ship, the great embarrassment was still immutably there, the odiousness of sacrificing the exquisite things one would n't take to the exquisite things one would. This immediately made the things one would n't take the very things one ought to, and, as Mrs. Gereth said, condemned one, in the whole business, to an eternal vicious circle. In such a circle, for days, she had been tormentedly moving, prowling up and down, comparing incomparables. It was for that one had to cling to them and their faces of supplication. Fleda herself could judge of these faces, so conscious of their race and their danger, and she had little enough to say when her companion asked her if the whole place, perversely fair on October afternoons, looked like a place to give up. It looked, to begin with, through some effect of season and light, larger than ever, immense, and it was filled with the hush of sorrow, which in turn was all charged with memories. Everything was in the air, — every history of every find, every circumstance of every struggle. Mrs. Gereth had drawn back every curtain and removed every cover; she prolonged the vistas, opened wide the whole house, gave it an appearance of awaiting a royal visit. The shimmer of wrought substances spent itself in the brightness; the old golds and brasses, old ivories and bronzes, the fresh old tapestries and deep old damasks, threw out a radiance in which the poor woman saw in solution all her old loves and patiences, all her old tricks and triumphs.

Fleda had a depressed sense of not, after all, helping her much; this was lightened, indeed, by the fact that Mrs. Gereth, letting her off easily, did n't now seem to expect it. Her sympathy, her interest, her feeling for everything for which Mrs. Gereth felt, were a force that really worked to prolong the deadlock. "I only wish I bored you and my possessions bored you," that lady,

with some humor, declared ; " then you 'd make short work with me, bundle me off, tell me just to pile certain things into a cart and have done." Fleda's sharpest difficulty was in having to act up to the character of thinking Owen a brute, or at least to carry off the inconsistency of seeing him when he came down. Fortunately, it was her duty, her function, and a protection to Mrs. Gereth. She thought of him perpetually, and her eyes had come to rejoice in his manly magnificence more even than they rejoiced in the royal cabinets of the red saloon. She wondered, very faintly at first, why he came so often ; but of course she knew nothing about the business he had in hand, over which, with men red-faced and leather-legged, he was sometimes closeted for an hour in a room of his own that was the one monstrosity of Poynton : all tobacco-pots and bootjacks, his mother had said, — such an array of arms of aggression and castigation that he himself had confessed to eighteen rifles and forty whips. He was arranging for settlements on his wife, he was doing things that would meet the views of the Brigstocks. Considering the house was his own, Fleda thought it nice of him to keep himself in the background while his mother remained ; making his visits, at some cost of ingenuity about trains from town, only between meals, doing everything to let it press lightly upon her that he was there. This was rather a stoppage to her meeting Mrs. Gereth on the ground of his being a brute ; the most she really, at last, could do was not to contradict her when she repeated that he was watching, — he was just insultingly watching. He *was* watching, no doubt ; but he watched somehow with his head turned away. He knew that Fleda knew at present what he wanted of her, so that it would be gross of him to keep repeating it. It existed as a confidence between them, and made him sometimes, with his wandering stare, meet her eyes as if a si-

lence so pleasant could only unite them the more. He had no great flow of speech, certainly, and at first the girl took for granted that this was all there was to be said about the matter. Little by little she speculated as to whether, with a person who, like herself, could put him, after all, at a sort of domestic ease, it was not supposable that he would have more conversation if he were not keeping some of it back for Mona.

From the moment she suspected he might be thinking what Mona would say to his chattering so to another person, this young lady's repressed emotion began to require still more repression. She grew impatient of her situation at Poynton ; she privately pronounced it false and horrid. She said to herself that she had let Owen know that she had, to the best of her power, directed his mother in the general sense he desired ; that he quite understood it, and that he also understood how unworthy it was of either of them to stand over the good lady with a notebook and a lash. Was n't this practical unanimity just practical success ? Fleda became aware of a sudden desire, as well as of pressing reasons, for bringing her stay at Poynton to a close. She had not, on the one hand, like a minion of the law, undertaken to see Mrs. Gereth down to the train, and locked, in sign of her abdication, into a compartment ; neither had she, on the other, committed herself to hold Owen indefinitely in dalliance while his mother gained time or dug a countermine. Besides, people *were* saying that she fastened like a leech on other people, — people who had houses where something was to be picked up : this revelation was frankly made her by her sister, now distinctly doomed to the curate, and in view of whose nuptials she had almost finished, as a present, a wonderful piece of embroidery suggested, at Poynton, by an old Spanish altar-cloth. She would have to exert herself still further for the intended recipient of this

offering, turn her out for her marriage with more than that drapery. She would go up to town, in short, to dress Maggie; and their father, in lodgings at West Kensington, would stretch a point and take them in. He, to do him justice, never reproached her with profitable devotions; so far as they existed he profited by them. Mrs. Gereth gave her up as heroically as if she had been a great bargain, and Fleda knew that she would n't at present miss any visit of Owen's, for Owen was shooting at Waterbath. Owen shooting was Owen lost, and there was scant sport at Poynton.

The first news she had from Mrs. Gereth was news of that lady's having accomplished, in form at least, her migration. The letter was dated from Ricks, to which place she had been transported by an impulse apparently as sudden as the inspiration she had obeyed before. "Yes, I've literally come," she wrote, "with a handbox and a kitchen-maid; I've crossed the Rubicon, I've taken possession. It has been like plunging into cold water: I saw the only thing was to do it, not to stand shivering. I shall have warmed the place a little by simply being here for a week; when I come back the ice will have been broken. I did n't write to you to meet me on my way through town, because I know how busy you are, and because, besides, I'm too savage and odious to be fit company even for you. You'd say I really go too far, and there's no doubt whatever I do. I'm here, at any rate, just to look round once more, to see that certain things are done before I enter in force. I shall probably be at Poynton all next week. There's more room than I quite measured the other day, and a rather good set of old Worcester. But what are space and time, what's even old Worcester, to your wretched and affectionate A. G.?"

The day after Fleda received this letter she had occasion to go into a big shop in Oxford Street, — a journey that she achieved circuitously, first on foot, and

then by the aid of two omnibuses. The second of these vehicles put her down on the side of the street opposite to her shop, and while, on the curbstone, she humbly waited, with a parcel, an umbrella, and a tucked-up frock, to cross in security, she became conscious that, close beside her, a hansom had pulled up short, in obedience to the brandished stick of a demonstrative occupant. This occupant was Owen Gereth, who had caught sight of her as he rattled along, and who, with an exhibition of white teeth that, from under the hood of the cab, had almost flashed through the fog, now alighted to ask her if he could n't give her a lift. On finding that her destination was only over the way, he dismissed his vehicle and joined her, not only piloting her to the shop, but taking her in; with the assurance that his errands did n't matter, that it amused him to be concerned with hers. She told him she had come to buy a trimming for her sister's frock, and he expressed an hilarious interest in the purchase. His hilarity was almost always out of proportion to the case, but it struck her at present as more so than ever; especially when she had suggested that he might find it a good time to buy a garnishment of some sort for Mona. After wondering an instant whether he gave the full satiric meaning, such as it was, to this remark, Fleda dismissed the possibility as inconceivable. He stammered out that it was for *her* he would like to buy something, something "ripping," and that she must give him the pleasure of telling him what would please her: he could n't have a better opportunity for making her a present, — the present, in recognition of all she had done for Mummy, that he had had in his head for weeks.

Fleda had more than one small errand in the big bazaar, and he went up and down with her, pointedly patient, pretending to be interested in questions of tape and of change. She had now not the least hesitation in wondering

what Mona would think of such proceedings. But they were not her doing, — they were Owen's; and Owen, inconsequent and even extravagant, was unlike anything she had ever seen him before. He broke off, he came back, he repeated questions without heeding answers, he made vague, abrupt remarks about the resemblances of shopgirls and the uses of chiffon. He unduly prolonged their business together, and gave Fleda a sense that he was putting off something particular that he had to face. If she had ever dreamed of Owen Gereth as nervous, she would have seen him with some such manner as this. But why should he be nervous? Even at the height of the crisis his mother had n't made him so, and at present he was satisfied about his mother. The one idea he stuck to was that Fleda should mention something she would let him give her: there was everything in the world in the wonderful place, and he made her incongruous offers, — a traveling-rug, a massive clock, a table for breakfast in bed, and above all, in a resplendent binding, a set of somebody's "works." His notion was a testimonial, a tribute, and the "works" would be a graceful intimation that it was her cleverness he wished above all to commemorate. He was immensely in earnest, but the articles he pressed upon her betrayed a delicacy that went to her heart: what he would really have liked, as he saw them tumbled about, was one of the splendid stuffs for a gown, — a choice proscribed by his fear of seeming to patronize her, to refer to her small means and her deficiencies. Fleda found it easy to chaff him about his exaggeration of her deserts; she gave the just measure of them in consenting to accept a small pin-cushion, costing sixpence, in which the letter F was marked out with pins. A sense of loyalty to Mona was not needed to enforce this discretion, and after that first allusion to her she never sounded her name. She noticed, on this occa-

sion, more things in Owen Gereth than she had ever noticed before, but what she noticed most was that he said no word of his intended. She asked herself what he had done, in so long a parenthesis, with his loyalty; and then reflected that even if he had done something very good with it, the situation in which such a question could come up was already a little strange. Of course he was n't doing anything so vulgar as making love to her; but there was a kind of rigor for a man who was engaged.

That rigor did n't prevent Owen from remaining with her after they had left the shop, from hoping she had a lot more to do, and from pressing her to look with him, for a possible glimpse of something she might really let him give her, into the windows of other establishments. There was a moment when, under this pressure, she made up her mind that his tribute would be, if analyzed, a tribute to her insignificance. But all the same he wanted her to come somewhere and have luncheon with him: what was that a tribute to? She must have counted very little if she did n't count too much for familiarity in a restaurant. She had to get home with her trimming, and the most, in his company, she was amenable to was a retracing of her steps to the Marble Arch, and then, after a discussion, when they had reached it, a walk with him across the Park. She knew Mona would have considered that she ought to take the omnibus again; but she had now to think for Owen as well as for herself, — she could n't think for Mona. Even in the Park the autumn air was thick, and as they moved westward over the grass, which was what Owen preferred, the cool grayness made their words soft, made them at last rare, and everything else dim. He wanted to stay with her, — he wanted not to leave her: he had dropped into complete silence, but that was what his silence said. What was it

he had postponed? What was it he wanted still to postpone? She grew a little scared as they strolled together and she thought. It was too confused to be believed, but it was as if somehow he felt differently. Fleda Vetch did n't suspect him at first of feeling differently to *her*, but only of feeling differently to Mona; yet she was not unconscious that this latter difference would have had something to do with his being on the grass beside her. She had read in novels about gentlemen who on the eve of marriage, winding up the past, had surrendered themselves for the occasion to the influence of a former tie; and there was something in Owen's behavior now, something in his very face, that suggested a resemblance to one of those gentlemen. But whom, and what, in that case, would Fleda herself resemble? She was n't a former tie, she was n't any tie at all; she was only a deep little person for whom happiness was a kind of pearl-diving plunge. It was down at the very bottom of all that had lately happened; for all that had lately happened was that Owen Gereth had come and gone at Poynton. That was the sum of her experience, and what it had made for her was her own affair, and quite consistent with her not having dreamed it had made a tie — at least what *she* called one — for Owen. The old one, at any rate, was Mona, — Mona whom he had known much longer.

They walked very far, to the southwest corner of the great Gardens, where, by the old round pond and the old red palace, when she had put out her hand to him in farewell, declaring that from the gate she must positively take a conveyance, it seemed suddenly to rise between them that this was a real separation. She was on his mother's side, she belonged to his mother's life, and his mother, in the future, would never come to Poynton. After what had passed she would n't even be at his wedding, and it was not possible now that Mrs. Gereth

should mention that ceremony to the girl, or express a wish that she should be present at it. Mona, from decorum, and with reference less to the bridegroom than to the bridegroom's mother, would of course not invite her. Everything, therefore, was ended; they would go their different ways; this was the last time they would stand face to face. They looked at each other with the fuller sense of it, and, on Owen's part, with an expression of dumb trouble, the intensification of his usual appeal to any interlocutor to add the right thing to what he said. To Fleda, at this moment, it appeared that the right thing might easily be the wrong. He only said, at any rate, "I want you to understand, you know, — I want you to understand."

What did he want her to understand? He seemed unable to bring it out, and this understanding was, moreover, exactly what she wished not to arrive at. Bewildered as she was, she had already taken in as much as she should know what to do with, and the blood was rushing into her face. He liked her — it was stupefying — more than he really ought: that was what was the matter with him, and what he wanted her to understand; so that she was suddenly as frightened as some thoughtless girl who finds herself the object of an overture from a married man.

"Good-by, Mr. Gereth, — I *must* get on!" she declared, with a cheerfulness that she felt to be an unnatural grimace. She broke away from him sharply, smiling, backing across the grass, and then turning altogether and moving as fast as she could. "Good-by, good-by!" she threw off again as she went, wondering if he would overtake her before she reached the gate; conscious, with a red disgust, that her movement was almost a run; conscious, too, of just the confused, handsome face with which he would look after her. She felt as if she had answered a kindness with a great

flouncing snub, but at any rate she had got away, though the distance to the gate, her ugly gallop down the Broad Walk, every graceless jerk of which hurt her, seemed endless. She signed from afar to a cab on the stand in the Kensington Road and scrambled into it, glad

of the encompassment of the four-wheeler that had officiously obeyed her summons, and that, at the end of twenty yards, when she had violently pulled up a glass, permitted her to recognize the fact that she was on the point of bursting into tears.

Henry James.

DAPHNE LAUREA.

"Arbor eris certe . . . mea."

WAS it not well, Apollo, for revenge
 Of thine, my stronghold should imprison me?
 Surely thou art content. No dream of thine
 For mockery, because I loved thee not,
 Could have matched bitterness with this, this spell
 That holds me fast in answer to my prayer.
 For had my sire Peneus taken thought
 To put upon me some enchanted shape
 Of river-waters, that had been glad life!
 I would have fled, for very joy of flight,
 Down the cool dusk of Tempe with the days,
 Singing and singing to the reeds that sing,
 Free as I was of old, and yet more free
 From such as thou. . . . I would have laughed aloud
 With all the laughing leaves, yet loitered not,
 Ever apace with time that never stays,
 Forever winged with a glad escape.
 None should have followed save the breathless wind,
 As some slim hound that follows to the chase.
 I would have pricked the darkness like a star,
 Holding forth silver hands of welcoming
 To the poor sweetness of the meadow weeds;
 The river-lilies should have stirred from sleep,
 Fain to set sail like little winged ships
 Against the anchoring root that held them fast.
 I would have called unto the untamed things
 That love the shadows: "Come, four-footed ones,
 Come hither, hither! Drink ye,—be at peace:
 Daphne, who hunts ye not, would pledge ye love
 In this cool gift." . . . I would have fed the roots
 Of growing things,—of wistful trees that lean
 Unto the water, even as I,—as I
 That am not Daphne, but a thirsty tree.
 Ay me, for rain!

When did I think to stand
 Blinded with twilight, reaching out vague hands
 Through small, thick shadows, — listening with all leaves,
 Soft breathing in the sky, in wait for her,
 My lady Moon? Hath she forgotten me?
 Since nevermore I serve her in the day
 At chase, before she leave her pleasuring
 To measure us the night. When will she come?
 Even at the close of such a fevered day,
 But happy then, I lingered through the woods,
 Weary with hunting; and I laid me down
 Under the shelter of a little tree,
 And left it without thanks. I did not know
 It was my sister made me welcome there.
 Ay me, for rain! . . . I had not ever thought
 To look so long upon a careless cloud
 Grazing on light, in pastures of the sky;
 I had not thought to tremble, when it came,
 For joy of all the bounty of glad rain,
 Thrilling my leaves to laughter, as the hands
 Of a minstrel thrill the harp-strings, that the breath
 Of a new life awakes them, and they sing, —
 Sing, and give back the joy in rain of song.

Yea, thou art lord of singers, Apollo. Yet
 Think not I bend. For Song is lord of thee,
 Song, that is thrall not to the deathless gods,
 But bloweth ever as the uncaged wind, —
 Strong shaper of the Earth, and measurer
 Even of thy strength, Apollo! Yea, I know;
 Song, the first-breath, that bloweth through us all,
 Encompasseth the universe and thee, —
 Even Olympus also. Am not I
 A little part of all this life of the Earth?
 Have I not heard the dim and secret thing
 Our Mother whispers, even in her sleep?
 Once I had given no heed: now, being held fast,
 With sad roots ever seeking in the dark,
 And leaves at parley with the nights and days,
 I feel her heart abeat, and, being her own,
 I know. Then crown thy lyre, if thou wilt so,
 With my unwilling leaves. And let them be
 Symbol, to men, of triumph; nay, but hear;
 To thee, memorial that I whisper now:
 The eternal thing thou shalt not overtake,
 Token of Daphne whom thou couldst not thrall,
 And Song that hath the sovereignty, — not thou!

Josephine Preston Peabody.

THE PRESERVATION OF OUR GAME AND FISH.

THE enormous area of territory available in the United States for the shelter and sustenance of game, and of inland waters suitable for the propagation and well-being of fish, will make it difficult to imagine that the extermination of the one or the other is within the limits of possibility. We are, however, confronted with this contingency, and unless prompt measures are taken to enforce more loyally the laws for the protection of fish and game, the end is not far distant. These laws, if properly enforced, would leave little to be desired. It is the machinery employed for their enforcement that renders them ineffective and almost inoperative. That in use is commonly in the form of game and fish wardens, appointed by the political party in power at the moment, or local game and fish constables, chosen by vote. Under this system, the wardens, it is needless to say, are in close affiliation with the party to which they owe their appointment; consequently, in view of the open hostility evinced to the game and fish laws by country folk, they are not supposed to exercise their authority with a severity that, in the face of a possibly close election, will jeopardize the rural vote. Moreover, most of these officials are engaged in some particular pursuit or occupation; their duties as protectors of fish and game being merely incidental, and not paramount. Even if their time be exclusively given to the discharge of their duties, the extent of territory over which a single one holds jurisdiction is so large that it is physically impossible that he shall exercise a close supervision

over more than a mere fraction of its area. It has happened that a warden was not only in open sympathy with those inimical to game protective measures, but a violator of the statutes that he was sworn to enforce. An Illinois warden appeared before a legislative committee as the champion of a law to permit the sale of game in Chicago throughout the entire year, provided it had not been killed within the limits of the State. Such a law, had it been enacted, would not only have encouraged the killing of game in Illinois during the close season, but would have had the same effect in every State from which Chicago obtains its supplies of game.¹

Another case, which occurred two or three years ago, was that of a game warden, also proprietor of a hunting and fishing camp. Two fellow-wardens who had occasion to visit his place were surprised to discover that it was his habit to feed transient boarders upon the fresh meat of deer killed during the close season. When the delinquent warden was confronted with the accusation, he was unable satisfactorily to disprove it.

This example of the turpitude of one game warden may be copiously multiplied. It must not be supposed, however, that none of these officials are earnest in the discharge of their duties. There are many such; among them, Mr. Collins, of Connecticut, who by his energetic efforts has brought to justice some of the more notorious violators of the game and fish laws of that State. Mr. Kidd, of Newburgh, N. Y., after years of unfaltering perseverance and in the face of all of the legislature, and approved by Governor Morton. This iniquitous measure will be productive of abuses which cannot but be fatal not only to game killed in the State of New York, but to that of all other territory from which it draws its supplies.

¹ What failed of accomplishment in Illinois was successful in New York. The Donaldson game and fish bill, which permits the sale of game in New York throughout the entire year, provided it has not been killed within the limits of the State or within three hundred miles of its boundaries, was enacted at the last session

most hopeless discouragements, was successful in a suit against Delmonico for the alleged serving of woodcock at his restaurant during the close season. Mr. Bortree, of Chicago, now out of office, in a city which previously had taken a mere humorous view of violations of the game and fish laws, caused much unhappiness among the dealers by his seizures of game illegally offered for sale. Mr. Andrews, late executive agent of the State Board of Game and Fish Commissioners of Minnesota, now removed from office for alleged political reasons, by his energy and administrative ability compelled a close observance of the game and fish laws of that State. The alleged political necessity for his removal was probably due to anxiety concerning the rural vote, which was antagonistic to a really serious protection of the wild life of the woods and streams of Minnesota.

If the game warden or protector be handicapped by party or political exigencies, the rural game constable, who is in many cases chosen by ballot, and who is merely a local official, is very much more so. Should he carry out the reason for his being, he would be called upon to enforce the game and fish laws against such neighbors and friends as might violate them. Should he exhibit any zeal in this direction, his term of office would be one of brief duration, even if he escaped personal humiliations of a depressing character. There is no more unpardonable offense, in localities where game and fish still exist, than for one man to inform against another for their illegal capture. While in such communities bitter animosities may be rife among neighbors, and the law may be promptly evoked to settle disputes of a trivial nature, the most determined foes will abstain from lodging complaint one against the other for an illegal traffic in fish or game. Under these conditions, it may be readily understood that a rural game constable, so far as practical effectiveness is concerned, is about as useful

as an upright piano would be to an Esquimaux.

In thinly populated districts where game and fish abound, to take "a mess" of one or the other at any season is looked upon as an inalienable right. In them neither the State nor the individual is accorded a proprietary claim. After game and fish are killed or captured, to take them from the capturer is looked upon as theft pure and simple. An illustration of this theory of inalienable right is found in the case of a town man who purchased a large tract of land in one of these sparsely populated districts. On the property was a small pond suitable for the propagation of trout. This the town man had stocked, intending, when the fish had grown to a proper size, to angle for them in company with his friends. They were at all times carefully guarded by watchmen, but not so alertly but that, when the trout had reached a marketable size, the night before the end of the close season, the pond was netted, and almost all of the five thousand which it contained were taken. The trout were carried off in two double-team wagons to a railway station some sixteen miles distant, boxed, and sent to market. To the natives the culprits were known, though their movements were conducted under cover of night. They were seen to go to the pond with empty wagons, and return with them loaded; nor was much effort made to conceal the nature of the contents of the vehicles. Although the owner of the trout offered a reward — which would have been a moderate fortune for more than one of those cognizant of the identity of the thieves — for information which would lead to their detection, it was impossible for him to secure a particle of evidence. Had his hen-roost instead of his trout-pond been robbed, the natives would have been instantly on the alert, and would gladly have furnished any clue in their possession which might lead to the capture of the marauders. This may ap-

pear to be a very nice distinction; none the less it reveals the attitude of large numbers of ruralists *vis-à-vis* the game and fish laws, and the difficulties which environ their enforcement. While these difficulties are not insurmountable, as has been proved by Mr. Andrews, of Minnesota, the very success which attended his efforts, and resulted in removal from office, demonstrated that, under existing political conditions, the serious enforcement of the laws for the protection of game and fish is considered by party managers neither wise nor prudent.

The space accorded in the statute-books to laws for the protection of game and fish is out of all proportion to their effectiveness or necessity. If these laws were intended to be taken seriously, groups of States with the same climatic conditions could combine and enact a simple and uniform code, jointly applicable, particularly as relates to the open and close seasons. As it is now, each State frames its fish and game laws without regard one to the other. Not only this, but many counties of the same State are provided with special enactments, conflicting with the general game and fish laws, and in force only within their own boundaries. An illustration of this is found in the State of New York, where the close season on wild ducks and geese commences on March 1, except on Long Island, where it goes into effect on May 1. As Brooklyn is on Long Island, wild ducks and geese may be sold in its markets until the later date, whereas in the city of New York the same birds cannot be offered for sale after March 1.¹ This fine distinction is represented by the line of a narrow river. The game laws are loaded with just such petty and confusing discriminations, which, if enforced, would entail endless trouble and litigation. At a recent session of the legislature of Wisconsin, an attempt was made to put into effect the theory of a uniform

game and fish law for contiguous States. A law was passed for the protection of certain species of game, which, however, was not to be valid until the governor of Wisconsin had issued a proclamation to the effect that the States of Iowa, Minnesota, Michigan, and Illinois had passed a law in conformity with the provisions of that of Wisconsin. This attempt at concert of action was a complete failure.

To secure the protection of game, nothing is more imperatively needed than a uniform measure which will afford reasonable immunity to wild fowl that make their home in the United States during the autumn, winter, and spring. The assertion that any alarming decrease in the number of wild fowl that frequent our waters is in process of accomplishment has been often denied. This negation is based on the fact that localities where they were formerly abundant have, after years of apparent desertion, witnessed their return in large numbers. This is a false assumption, as wild fowl, other conditions being equal, always congregate where food is the more available. Their absence is due to the lack of it. If they return, it is at the expense of some other locality, where the aquatic plants and crustaceæ upon which they feed are, for the time being, scarce. An illustration of this is found on some of the bays of the south side of Long Island, where broad-bill ducks were more plentiful during the autumn of 1893 than had been known for thirty years previous. This was owing to such an ample supply of food that no amount of shooting could drive the ducks away. In the autumn of 1894 the same fowl were exceptionally absent from those waters. They came, but did not stay. The nutriment which was in great plenty during the previous autumn was no longer there to tempt them. Some years ago, when the wild-celery beds of the Susquehanna River were covered with sand, brought down has been made uniform throughout the entire State of New York.

¹ Since this article was put in type, the date of the open season for wild ducks and geese

by unusual freshets in that stream, canvas-back ducks almost totally deserted the locality. Those that formerly tarried there during the season resorted to other waters where they found suitable food, and where they had not been seen for many years previous. With the recuperation of the wild-celery beds in the Susquehanna the canvas-back ducks returned to the flats in the usual numbers. This shifting habit of wild fowl creates a false impression as to their numerical increase. That they are rapidly on the decrease is apparent to those who understand the dangers which environ them.

The perfection to which breech-loading and magazine shot-guns have attained has been a most important factor in contributing to this result. In the case of snipe, for example, whose migratory habits are the same as those of wild ducks and geese, and which are shot over decoys, certain species have met with entire extermination, while others are fast on the way to the same end. This has come about through the rapidity of fire of modern weapons, and the facility with which a flock of certain varieties of snipe may be recalled again and again to the lures by the gunner skillful in the imitation of their note, until not a single one survives. This is notably the case with dowitchers, willet, large and small yellow-legs, and other sorts. Thirty years ago, when muzzle-loading shot-guns were used almost exclusively, when a flight of dowitchers was in progress along the coast, flock followed flock so uninterruptedly that half a dozen professional gunners in company could not load and shoot with sufficient rapidity to assail more than one flock in three. Within a brief period after the introduction of breech-loaders the large flights of these birds had totally ceased, so that to-day only occasional dowitchers are seen. What is true of them is proportionately so of other varieties of snipe. Breech-loading and magazine shot-guns are equally deadly when employed against wild ducks and

geese. The possession of a higher order of intelligence and greater caution and timidity have so far preserved them from total extermination, though some of the species no longer exist; but the end of all is not far off, unless prompt measures be taken to stay the conscienceless slaughter of which they are the victims. While the muzzle-loading shot-gun was in use, as in the case of snipe, when ducks were flying freely, many flocks passing over decoys escaped unharmed. With the more modern weapon, susceptible as it is of delivering a fire whose rapidity is in proportion to the supply of cartridges, a flock rarely fails to suffer loss. The use of the "choke" in the shot-gun of to-day has much increased its effective range. This encourages gunners to shoot into flocks of passing wild fowl at unreasonable distances, where, while one of its number may be killed, a half-dozen, more or less, will be so seriously wounded that, while able to escape for the time being, they ultimately succumb to their injuries. This inflicts a loss from which no one reaps any advantage. What is true of breech-loading or magazine shot-guns applies equally to magazine rifles, used in the pursuit of four-footed game. With these weapons, the gunner, failing with the first shot, is enabled to "pump lead" into his quarry until the supply of ammunition is exhausted. It must be a very poor marksman indeed who, thus equipped, fails either to kill or to wound.

To understand more fully the perils with which wild ducks and geese are environed, it is necessary to consider the conditions which affect their perpetuation. When our Northwestern States were but sparsely populated, many of the wild-duck species nested and reared their young within their limits. With the advent of population they shifted their breeding-grounds to the northern portions of Canada, from which they were driven in turn, until now all of them, with the exception of certain surface-feeding varieties, such as black

ducks, mallards, teal, wood-ducks, and others, have sought refuge in British America for the unmolested propagation of their kind. In search of safety for this purpose, the fowl have been driven so far north that frequently their young are overtaken by intense cold before being sufficiently fledged to undertake a southward flight. Almost every season great numbers perish from this cause. This loss due to climatic accident is another serious factor contributing to the decrease of the species. When the old birds and their young enter more thickly populated territory *en route* southward, they are exposed to the pursuit of Canadian gunners and sportsmen. The reception they meet with in Canada is geniality itself compared to that which awaits them on the American side of the line, from Maine to Oregon, throughout the interior, and along the line of coast from Maine to Mexico. Once within our borders, the unfortunate fowl discover that every feeding-ground at which they may be tempted to alight is garrisoned by human foes, equipped with every deadly device to lure and destroy. Nor is there any rest for them, day or night.

With the advent of modern weapons has come the cold-storage system, by which all flesh may be preserved for an indefinite period in a frozen condition. Previously, wild fowl were measurably free from molestation in the extreme Southern States during the winter months. The refrigerating process has changed all that. With the introduction of this device, the former respite which was granted them has ceased, and their killing goes on as mercilessly at the South during the winter as in the Northern States at other seasons of the year. Nor is this all. When the fowl start on their northward flight in the spring, they are harassed with the same persistency as during their progress to the South in the autumn, until they again approach the borders of their breeding-grounds in British America. It will appeal to the

dullest understanding that to kill these birds in the spring, when they are mating and preparing to propagate, involves a reckless and unpardonable waste. By a kind provision of nature, however, the average of females to males, among migratory wild fowl, is as one to three or four. All the more is the loss of one of the former during the mating season a thing to be deplored. Fortunately, she is at that time endowed with an instinct, or rather knowledge, which renders her exceedingly wary and suspicious of the lures of gunners. There is but one way to preserve our wild ducks and geese from extermination, at least for a long time to come, and that is a uniform law to prohibit the killing of these birds from the 1st of February to the 1st of September, and between sunset and sunrise. Given a law of this character, rigidly enforced, and wild fowl may be safely left to care for themselves. For one State to enact such a law, and the one adjoining to ignore it, is worse than useless. It offers the opportunity for a concentration of gunners where they may pursue the fowl with impunity in the spring, with a corresponding augmentation of slaughter. The conditions which environ wild fowl apply, with certain modifications, to all the feathered and four-footed game of the country.

The case of fish which annually migrate from Florida to Maine, along the Atlantic coast, is not dissimilar to that of migratory wild fowl. They likewise go where food is available. The menhaden, which provides sustenance to some of our finest varieties, such as striped bass, bluefish, Spanish mackerel, and others, formerly passed along our coast in countless numbers, followed by the latter in proportionate numbers. Every estuary and bay, at a certain season, was literally filled with menhaden, besides the vast numbers which followed outside the lines of beach. The fish which fed upon them were proportionately numerous. The best varieties were cheap, and

attainable to almost all. What is the situation to-day? At first the menhaden were taken and put in a crude state upon the land as a fertilizer. Then factories were established for rendering their flesh into a more concentrated fertilizing product. The demand which in consequence sprang up for these fish promptly absorbed all that resorted to the estuaries and bays. They were then caught in seines cast from the beaches. When this source of supply was exhausted, steamers were employed, which, equipped with vast nets, took the menhaden so soon as they appeared off Hatteras until they reached the coast of Maine. Under this dispensation, menhaden, while decreasing rapidly in numbers, were driven farther and farther from the shores, until now the cost of their capture is so large that the manufacture of fish guano has measurably decreased. What has been the result on the middle Atlantic and New England coasts of this reckless destruction of bait? Many fish which were formerly taken in the bays and estuaries frequented by menhaden, and upon which they fed, are now rarely captured there. The seines in which they were caught from the beaches can no longer be worked with profit. The only traps now used for this purpose are small set nets planted at a distance from land, tended with great risk, and productive of but trifling results compared to the former catches of the beach seines. The outcome of this reckless destruction of menhaden has been to throw thousands of men out of employment, and to enhance the price of striped bass, bluefish, and other edible fish for many people to the prohibitory point, with the prospect of a continued decrease in the supply. If menhaden ever return in their former numbers, the plant is all in readiness to gather them in promptly; but no effort will be made to control an abuse of the harvest, which will necessarily be a brief one. The conditions that environ our pelagic fish are different from those which

affect fresh-water species. The successful artificial propagation of the latter and of the anadromous sorts is an assured fact. It is entirely possible to restock our lakes and streams, provided a sufficient output of fry is assured. The difficulty which confronts us is that, from motives of economy, the present liberation of fry is ridiculously inadequate, and barely covers the natural losses incidental to all young fish life. It will only be necessary, in order to increase the supply of fish in our inland waters, to provide an enlarged plant and accord a more liberal expenditure of money.

The supporters and champions of the laws for the protection of our game and fish are anglers and other sportsmen. Opposed to them are several elements, which, however, are not entirely harmonious. Among these are farmers, market gunners, foreign dealers in birdskins and plumage, many dealers in game and fish, many proprietors of hotels, restaurants, and cold-storage warehouses, and "statesmen." Anglers and other sportsmen, generally, are honorable men and loyal to their convictions. Unfortunately, their efforts in the interest of the protection of game and fish are weakened by radical differences as to the measures to accomplish it. This lack of harmony is the opportunity of our statesmen—who are not unmindful of the votes at the command of the opposition—to thwart and embarrass them. Moreover, as another element of weakness, there exists among our sportsmen a class noisy and vociferous in exacting the most rigid enforcement of the game and fish laws, who, in the presence of quantities of game and fish, exhibit insatiable greed in killing and capturing. This class had its foreign prototype, mainly English, who, when large game was plentiful in this country, came to us for sport, and whose progress across the hunting-grounds of the West was marked by a wanton and ruthless slaughter that would have disgraced a band of savages.

It is this element that does incalculable harm to the efforts of conservative sportsmen in the effort to procure an effective enforcement of the laws for the protection of game and fish.

Of the opponents of these laws, farmers are the more mild and self-restrained. They argue that game and fish that live and propagate within the limits of their property are theirs by right, and not in the ownership of the State, as the courts have decided. The fact that anglers and other sportsmen proceed upon the latter presumption is what causes friction between them and the agriculturists. The point of view of the farmer is fully explained in the following extract from the *Milford, Pa., Dispatch*, which credits it to the *Orange County Farmer*: "Why has not a sportsman just as much right to shoot and carry off a farmer's poultry, pigs, and sheep, as his fish, game, birds, rabbits, etc.? The farmer really raises and feeds them all, — the one just as much as the other. Then why are not all his? And what right have legislatures to make laws, at the demand of 'alleged sportsmen,' to license the latter to run over a farmer's lands, and tear down his walls, trample on his grain, and shoot and maim and kill and carry away the birds and beasts found thereon? And then, moreover, to cap the climax, making it an offense to capture any of this so-called game, except at the periods designated by these same sportsmen? What an outrage on the farmer, the whole game-law tyranny!"

Gunners for market hold views similar to those of the farmers. They contend that game shall be killed at any time when it is marketable, and under conditions which will assure the largest results, and that they shall not be restrained in the killing by an arbitrary date fixed by those who pursue only pleasure or recreation.

Dealers in birdskins and plumage regard themselves as merely purveyors to a fashion which prescribes the use of

feathers for the decoration of women's hats and clothing. Of the pernicious and irreparable loss to bird life which this vogue inflicts we have evidence in every direction. Its more fatal quality is found in the fact that the active killing season is in the spring, when the plumage of birds takes on its most brilliant hues. Not long ago an English firm placed an order in this country for the skins of 500,000 ox-eye snipe, the smallest of the species. The same proportionate slaughter is in progress among all of the feathered race. Many kinds have well-nigh suffered extermination. It is not surprising, therefore, that the songs of birds are no longer heard except immediately about country residences or in our larger city parks. As an auxiliary to the rapid extinguishment of bird life, that of collecting their eggs is not ineffective. One dealer gave 20,000 as the number he had sold to amateurs during the season of 1894.

As regards some dealers in game and fish, some proprietors of hotels, restaurants, and cold-storage warehouses, they claim that it is their business to respond to a demand for these aliments. If there be an earnest popular desire to observe the laws respecting the sale of game and fish during the close season, — of which they see little or no evidence, — all that is necessary is for people to cease to purchase during that time. As long as the demand continues, business requires that they shall respond to the wishes of patrons. In respect to our statesmen, they are out gunning for votes, and not for game. As there is no close season on the one, they do not see why there should be on the other.

It is a maxim of swordsmen that "to every thrust there is a parry." Conservative anglers and other sportsmen are acting upon this principle in the establishment of preserves, where fish and game may be propagated and protected. The growth of game and fish preserves in this country has been rapid during the

past few years. Some are of very large dimensions. Yellowstone Park, which, however, is a government preserve, has an area of 3575 square miles. Some inclosures belonging to private organizations contain 100,000 acres and more. Whether large or small, their success has been remarkable. Not only do they fulfill all that was expected of them, but experience has shown that they act as nurseries, from which the overflow of fish and game restocks in a measure

exhausted contiguous lands and waters. The establishment of these preserves is the one practical means now offered to anglers and other sportsmen for the unmolested enjoyment of their favorite outdoor pursuits. These preserves may not be tolerated for any length of time. Legislative effort to suppress them has already been made in California. They may serve the purposes of the present generation, or possibly the next. "Après nous le déluge."

Gaston Fay.

SOME MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE.

IV.

July 3, 1852.

IN order to give an idea of how it happened that our family could return from Europe to Concord with a few great expectations, I will rehearse somewhat of the charm which had been found in the illustrious village when my father and mother first knew it. There a group of people conversed together who have left an echo that is still heard. There also is still heard "the shot fired round the world," which of course returned to Concord on completing its circuit. But even the endless concourse of visitors, making the claims of any region wearisomely familiar, cannot diminish the simple solemnity of the town's historical as well as literary importance; and indeed it has so many medals for various merit that it is no wonder its residents have a way of speaking about it which some of us would call Bostonian. Emerson, Thoreau, Channing, Margaret Fuller, and Alcott dispersed a fragrance that attracted at once, and all they said was resonant with charity and courage.

In 1852 my mother conveyed to a member of her family unbroken murmurs of satisfaction in the peaceful experiences at The Wayside: —

. . . Last week was memorable in the children's life by the occurrence of a party. Mrs. Emerson, with magnificent hospitality, invited all the children in town, from babyhood upwards (and their mothers), for a great festival. Rose and I were prevented from going by the arrival of three gentlemen from Boston, who stayed to tea; one being the brilliant Mr. Whipple. . . . First arrived General Solomon McNeil, an old veteran nearly seven feet tall, whose head was amazingly near the ceiling of our low dining-room. His gray hair stood up straight, full of demoniac energy, and his gray eyes flashed beneath overhanging brows. As he entered the room I advanced to meet him, and he said: "Mrs. Hawthorne, I presume. I have scarcely seen your husband, but I have known him well for fifteen years." At this he raised his hand and arm, as if he were wielding a sword with intent to do battle. . . . Mr. Hawthorne came in, and the old gentleman placed his hand with such force on his shoulder that you would have supposed he had dubbed him knight. . . . They left the room for the

study, the general brandishing the sword tremendously at every sentence he uttered. . . . The next day I went to see Mrs. Emerson. I found Mr. Emerson sitting on the side doorstep, with Edith on his knee, and Edward riding about the lawn on his pony. Mr. Emerson said that "the show of children was very pretty; but Julian! *He* makes his mark everywhere; there is no child so fine as Julian." Was not that pleasant to hear, from him? I told him how singular it was that Julian should find in Concord a pony, the desire of his imagination for two years. He smiled like Sirius. "Well, that is good. Send him this afternoon." He called Edward, and bade him go home with me on the pony, mount Julian, and fetch him back. And this was accordingly done. First, however, he invited me to go up on the hill-top opposite his house, whence there is a fine view. . . .

July 4th. Mr. Hawthorne, Una, and Julian have gone to a picnic with Ellen and Edith Emerson. This morning I went to the post-office, and Julian, who always is my shadow, went with me. I stopped at Mrs. Emerson's to ask her when and how her children were going. I found a superb Washington in the dining-room, nearly as large as life, engraved from Stuart. We saw no one of the family; but finally a door opened, and the rich music of Mr. Emerson's voice filled the entry, and Ellen and her father came into the room. Mr. Emerson asked me if that head (pointing to Washington) were not a fine celebration of the Fourth of July. "He would seem to have absorbed into that face all the serenity of these United States, and left none elsewhere, excepting," and he laid his hand on Julian, "excepting what is in Julian. Washington is the Great Repose, and Julian is the Little Repose, hereafter to become also the Great Repose!" He asked if Julian were going to the picnic, and I told him "no," as I was not going. "Oh, but if Una is going,

that would be a divided cherry, would it not?" Finding that Mrs. Emerson was to go, and that they were all to ride, I of course had no objection. And then Mr. Emerson wanted Mr. Hawthorne to go with him at five o'clock. My lord consented, and so they are all gone. Last evening Mrs. Emerson came to see us, loaded with roses. . . . My husband has sold the grass for thirty dollars, and has cut all his bean-poles in his own woods. We find *The Wayside* prettier and prettier. . . .

A few words from a letter of Emerson's, after my father's death, will give a true impression of the friendship which existed strongly between the two lovers of their race, who, though they did not have time to meet often, may be said to have been together through oneness of aim:—

July 11, 1864.

. . . I have had my own pain in the loss of your husband. He was always a mine of hope to me, and I promised myself a rich future in achieving at some day, when we should both be less engaged to tyrannical studies and habits, an unreserved intercourse with him. I thought I could well wait his time and mine for what was so well worth waiting. And as he always appeared to me superior to his own performances, I counted this yet untold force an insurance of a long life. . . .

R. W. EMERSON.

If my father expected a full renewal of comradeship with American men of his own circle, and even the deeper pleasure of such friendship in a maturer prime alluded to by Emerson, circumstances sadly intervened. The thunderstorm of the war was not the only cause of his retiring more into himself than he had done in Europe, although he felt that sorrow heavily. Or perhaps I might say with greater correctness that when he appeared, it was without the joyous air

that he had lately displayed in England, among his particular friends, when his literary work was over for the time being after the finishing of *Monte Beni*. I remember that he often attended the dinners of the Saturday Club. A bill of fare of one of the banquets, but belonging to an early date, 1852, reads: "Tremont House. Paran Stevens, Proprietor. Dinner for Twelve Persons, at three o'clock." A superb *menu* follows, wherein canvas-back ducks and Madeira testify to the satisfaction felt by the gentlemen whose names my father penciled in the order in which they sat; Mr. Emerson, Mr. Clough, Mr. Ellery Channing, Mr. Charles Sumner, Mr. Theodore Parker, Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Greenough, Mr. Samuel Ward, and several others making the shining list. His keen care for the health of his forces induced him to hold back from visits even to his best friends, if he were very deeply at work, or paying more rapidly than usual from his capital of physical strength, which had now begun to sink. Lowell tried to fascinate him out of seclusion, in the frisky letter given in *A Study of Hawthorne*; but very likely did not gain his point, since Longfellow and others did not have much success in similar attempts.

I chanced to discover the impression my father made upon Dr. Holmes, as we sat beside each other at a dinner given by the Papyrus Club of Boston more than fifteen years ago, on ladies' night. That same evening I dashed down a verbatim account of part of our conversation, which I will insert here.

He passed his card over to my goblet, and took mine. "That is the simplest way, is it not?" he asked.

"I was just going to introduce myself," said I. Then Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard sat down by me, and I turned to speak with her.

In a moment Dr. Holmes held my card forward again. "Now let me see!" he said.

"And you don't know who I am, yet?" I asked.

He smiled, gazed at the card through his eyeglasses, and leaned towards me hesitatingly. "And what *was* your name?" he ventured.

"Rose Hawthorne."

He started, and beamed. "There! I *thought* — but you understand how — if I had made a mistake — Could anything have been worse if you had *not* been? I was looking, you know, for the resemblance. Some look I seemed to discover, but" —

"The complexion," I helped him by interrupting, "is entirely different."

He went on: "I was — no, I cannot say I was intimate with your father, as others may have been; and yet a very delightful kind of intercourse existed between us. I did not see him often; but when I did, I had no difficulty in making him converse with me. My intercourse with your mother was also of a very gratifying nature."

To this I earnestly replied respecting the admiration of my parents for him.

"I delighted in suggesting a train of thought to your father," Dr. Holmes ran on, in his exquisitely cultured way, and with the *esprit* which has surprised us all by its loveliness. "Perhaps he would not answer for some time. Sometimes it was a long while before the answer came, like an echo; but it was sure to come. It was as if the high mountain range, you know! — *The house-wall there* would have rapped out a speedy, babbling response at once; but *the mountain*! — I not long ago was visiting the Custom House at Salem, the place in which your father discovered those mysterious records that unfolded into *The Scarlet Letter*. Ah, how suddenly and easily genius renders the spot rare and full of a great and new virtue (however ordinary and bare in reality) when *it* has looked and dwelt! A light falls upon the place not of land or sea! How much he did for Salem! Oh, the purple light,

the soft haze, that now rests upon our glaring New England! He has *done* it, and it will never be harsh country again. How perfectly he understood Salem!"

"Salem is certainly very remarkable," I responded.

"Yes, certainly so," he agreed. "Strange folk! Salem had a type of itself in its very harbor. The ship America, at Downer's wharf, grew old and went to pieces in that one spot, through years. Bit by bit it fell to atoms, but never ceded itself to the new era. So with Salem, precisely. It is the most delightful place to visit for this reason, because it so carefully retains the spirit of the past; and The House of the Seven Gables!" Dr. Holmes smiled, well knowing the intangibility of that house.

Said I: "The people are rich in extraordinary oddities. At every turn a stranger is astonished by some intense characteristic. One feels strongly its different atmosphere."

"And their very surroundings bear them out!" Dr. Holmes cried, vivacious in movement and glance as a boy. "Where else are the little door-yards that hold their glint of sunlight so tenaciously, like the still light of wine in a glass? Year after year it is ever there, the golden square of precious sunbeams, held on the palm of the jealous garden-patch, as we would hold the vial of radiant wine in our hand! *Do you know?*" He so forcibly appealed to my ability to follow his thought that I seemed to know anything he wished. "I hope I shall not be doing wrong," he continued, — "I *hope* not, — in asking if you have any preference among your father's books; supposing you read them, which I believe is by no means always the case with the children of authors."

"I am surprised by that remark. After the age of fifteen, when I read all my father's writings except The Scarlet Letter, which I was told to reserve till I was eighteen, I did not study his books

thoroughly till several years ago, in order to cherish the enjoyment of fresh effects, — except The Marble Faun, which I think I prefer."

He answered: "I feel that The Scarlet Letter is the greatest. It will be, it seems to me, the one upon which his future renown will rest."

I admitted that I also considered it the greatest.

In the above conversation I was entranced by what I have experienced often: the praise of my father's personality or work (in many cases by people who have never met him) is not only the courtesy that might be thought decorous towards a member of his family, or the bright zest of a student of literature, but also the glowing ardor of a creature feeling itself a part of him in spirit; one who longs for the human sweetness of the grasp of his hand; who longs to hear him speak, to meet his fellowship, but finds the limit reached in saying, at a distance of time and space, "I love him!" I have lowered my eyes before the emotion to be observed in the faces of some of his readers who were trying to reach him through a spoken word of eagerness. Very few have seen him, but how glad I am to cross their paths! Dr. Holmes's warmth of enthusiasm was so radiant that it could not be forgotten. It lit every word with the magic of the passion we feel for what is perfect, unique, and beyond our actual possession, now and forever.

After our return home, the first notes of the requiem about to envelop us fell through the sound of daily affairs, at long intervals, because my father, from that year, began to grow less and less vigorous.

But I will give a few glimpses of our neighbors and surroundings. It was never so well understood at The Wayside that its owner had somewhat retiring habits as when Alcott was reported to be approaching along the Larch Path,

which stretched in feathery bowers between our house and his. Yet I was not aware that the seer failed at any hour to gain admittance, — one cause, perhaps, of the awe in which his visits were held. I remember that my observation was attracted to him curiously from the fact that my mother's eyes changed to a darker gray at his advents, as they did only when she was silently sacrificing herself. I clearly understood that Mr. Alcott was admirable; but he sometimes brought manuscript poetry with him, the dear child of his own Muse, and a guest more unwelcome than the proverbial *enfant terrible* of the drawing-room. There was one particularly long poem which he had read aloud to my mother and father; a seemingly harmless thing, from which they never recovered. Out of the mentions made of this effusion I gathered that it was like a moonlit expanse, quiet, somnolent, cool, and flat as a month of prairies. Rapture, conviction, tenderness, often glowed upon Alcott's features and trembled in his voice. I believe he was never once startled from the dream of illusive joy which pictured to him all high aims as possible of realization through talk.

Another peculiar spirit now and then haunted us, usually sad as a pine-tree, — Thoreau. His enormous eyes, tame with religious intellect and wild with the loose rein, making a steady flash in this strange unison of forces, frightened me dreadfully at first. The unanswerable argument which he unwittingly made to soften my heart towards him was to fall desperately ill. During his long illness my mother lent him our sweet old music-box, which softly dreamed forth its tunes in a mellow tone. When he died, it seemed as if an anemone, more lovely than any other, had been carried from the borders of a wood into its silent depths, and dropped, in solitude and shadow, among the recluse ferns and mosses which are so seldom disturbed by passing feet. Son of freedom and oppor-

tunity that he was, he touched the heart by going to nature's peacefulness like the saints, and girding upon his American sovereignty the hair-shirt of service to self-denial. Walden woods rustled the name of Thoreau whenever we walked in them.

Hawthorne had returned, for the purpose of cherishing American loyalty in his children, from a scene that was after his own heart, even to the actors in it. He had hoped for quietude and the inimitable flavor of home, of course; but this hope was chiefly a self-persuasion. The title of his first book after returning, *Our Old Home*, was a concise confession. He would have considered it a base resource to live abroad during the war, bringing up his son in an alien land, however dear and related it might be to our bone and sinew; and if his children did not enjoy the American phase of the universe in its crude stage, he, at any rate, had done his best to make them love it. His loyalty was always something flawless. A friend might treat him with the grossest dishonor, but he would let you think he was himself deficient in perception or in a proper regard for his money before he would let you guess that his friend should be denounced. With loyal love, he had, for his part, wound about New England the purple haze of which Dr. Holmes spoke in ecstasy, because he had found his country standing only half appreciated, though with a wealth of virtue and meaning that makes her fairer every year. With love, also, he came home, after having barely tasted the delights of London and Oxford completeness.

In Concord he entered upon a long renunciation. Of necessity this was beneficial to his art. He was now fully primed with observation, and *The Dolliver Romance*, hammered out from several beginnings that he successively cast aside, appeared so exquisitely pure and fine because of the hush of fasting and reflection which environed the worker.

It is the unfailing history of great souls that they seem to destroy themselves most in relation to the world's happiness when they most deserve and acquire a better reward. He was starving, but he steadily wrote. He was weary of the pinched and unpromising condition of our daily life, but he smiled, and entertained us and guided us with unflagging manliness, though with longer and longer intervals of wordless reserve. As to anything that interested us, he joined in it at least sufficiently to turn his luminous eyes upon our enthusiasm with his genial "h'm-m" of permission. I was never afraid to run to him for his sympathy, as he sat reading in an easy-chair, in some one of those positions of his which looked as if he could so sit and peruse till the end of time. I knew that his response would be so cordially given that it would brim over me, and so melodiously that it would echo in my heart for a great while; yet it would be as brief as the single murmurous stroke of *one* from a cathedral tower, half startling by its intensity, but which attracts the birds, who wing by preference to that lofty spot.

There are many references in my mother's diaries and letters to my father's enforced monotony, and also to his gradually failing health, which, by the very instinct of loving alarm, we none of us analyzed as fatal; though, from his expression of face, if for no other reason, I judge he himself understood it perfectly. Death sat with him, at his right hand, long before he allowed his physical decline to change his mode of life. He tried to stem the tide setting against him, because it is the drowning man's part, even if hopeless. He walked a great deal upon the high hill-ridge behind the house, his dark, quietly moving figure passing slowly across the dim light of mingled sky and branches, as seen from the large lawn, around which the embowered terraces rose like an amphitheatre. A friend tells me that, from a neigh-

boring farm, he sometimes watched my father in an occupation which he had undertaken for his health. A cord of wood had been cut upon the hill, and he deliberately dragged it to the lower level of his dwelling, two logs at a time, by means of a rope. Along the ridge and down the winding pine-flanked path he slowly and studiously stepped, musing, looking up, stopping to solve some point of plot or morals; and meanwhile the cord of wood changed its abiding-place as surely as water may wear away a stone. But his splendid vigor paled, his hair grew snowy white, before the end. My mother wrote to him in the following manner from time to time, when he was away for change of scene:—

September 9, 1860. My crown of glory. This morning I waked to clouds and rain, but for myself I did not care, as you were not here to be depressed by it. There was a clear and golden sunset, making the loveliest shadows and lights on the meadows and across my straight path [over the field to the willows, between firs], and now the stars shine. — The way in which Concordians observe Fast is by loafing about the streets, driving up and down, and dawdling generally. No one seems to mourn over his own or his country's sins. Such behavior must disturb our Puritan fathers even on the other side of the Jordan. — In the evening Julian brought me a letter. "It is from New York," said he, "but not from papa." But my heart knew better, though I did not know the handwriting. I dashed it open, and saw, "N. H.," and then, "I am entirely well," not scratched out. Thank God. . . . The sun has not shone to-day, and there is now a stormy wind that howls like a beast of prey over its dead. It is the most ominous, boding sound I ever heard.

March 15, 1862. The news of your appetite sends new life into me, and immediately increases my own.

July. I am afraid you have been in

frightful despair at this rainy day. It has flooded here in sheets, with heavy thunder. But I have snatched intervals to weed. I could see and hear everything growing around me in the warm rain. The army corn has hopped up as if it were parched. The yellow lilies are reeling up to the skies. Pigweed has become camelopard weed. . . . Alas that you should be insulted with dried-apple pie and molasses preserves! Oh, horror! I thought that you would have fresh fruit and vegetables. Pray go to a civilized house and have decent fare. — I know it will do you immense good to make this journey. You should oftener make such visits, and then you would “like things” better. Your spirits get below concert pitch by staying in one place so long at a time. I am glad Leutze keeps you on [to paint his portrait]. Do not come home till the middle of September. Just remember how hot and dead it is here in hot weather, and how you cannot bear it. — I do not think I have a purer pleasure and completer satisfaction, nowadays, than I am conscious of when I get you fairly away from Concord influences. I then sit down and feel rested through my whole constitution. All care seems at an end. I would not have had you here yesterday for all England. It was red-hot from morn to dewy eve. We burned without motion or sound. But you were in Boston, and not under this hill. If you wish me to be happy, you must consent to spend the dogdays at the sea. — After a cool morning followed a red-hot day. It seemed to me more intolerable than any before. You could not have borne such dead weather. The house was a refrigerator in comparison to the outdoor atmosphere. — We have had some intolerably muggy days. That is, they would have been so, if you had not been at the sea. — You have been far too long in one place without change, and I am sure you will get benefit under such pleasant conditions as being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. [Horatio] Bridge,

and a witness of such new phases of life as those in Washington. — Splendors upon splendors have been heaped into this day. Loads of silky plumed corn or even sheaves of cardinal flowers cannot be compared to the new sunshine and the magnificent air which have filled the earth from early dawn. The brook that became a broad river in the flood of yesterday made our landscape perfect. It seemed to me that I must dance and sing, and now I know it was because you were writing to me. Rose and I went down the straight path [called later the Cathedral Aisle] to look at the fresh river. I delayed to be embroidered with gold sun over and over, and through and through. At the gate I was arrested by the tower, also illustrious with the glory of the atmosphere, and very pretty indeed, lifting its nice, shapely head above the decrepit old ridge-pole of the ancient house. — I took my saw and went on a lovely wander, with a fell intent against all dead and confusing branches. How infinitely sweet it is to have access to this woodland virtue! It does me measureless good; and I am sure such air as we have on these fine days must be the effect of heroic and gentle deeds, and is a pledge that there are not tens only, but tens of thousands of heroes on this earth, keeping it in life and being. — Your letter has kindled us all up into lamps of light to-day. But I am wholly dissatisfied with your boarding-house, so full of deaf women, and violin din, and schoolgirls! Pray change your residence and have peace. You will curse your stars if you have to “bellow” for three weeks, when you so hate to speak even in your natural inward tone. — Mary has just sent me a note, saying that there is a paragraph in the paper about your being at Washington, and that the President [Lincoln] received you with especial graciousness. Stay as long as you can, and get great good. I cannot have you return yet. — The President has had a delicious palaver with a deputation of

black folk, talking to them as to babies. I suspect the President is a jewel. I like him very well. — If it were not such a bore, I could wish thou mightest be President through this crisis, and show the world what can be done by using two eyes, and turning each thing upside down and inside out, before judging and acting. I should not wonder if thy great presence in Washington might affect the moral air and work good. If you like the President, then give him my love and blessing. — The President's immortal special message fills me with unbounded satisfaction. It is so almost superhumanly wise, moderate, fitting, that I am ready to believe an angel came straight from heaven to him with it. He must be honest and true, or an angel would not come to him. Mary Mann says she thinks the message feeble, and not to the point. But I think a man shows strength when he can be moderate at such a moment as this. Thou hadst better give my high regards to the President. I meant to write to him; but that mood has passed. I wish to express my obligations for the wisdom of his message.

Towards the last an unacknowledged fear took hold of my mother's consciousness, so that she gave every evidence of foretelling my father's death without once presenting the possibility to herself. This little note of mine, dated April 4, 1864, six weeks before he died, shows the truth: —

"I am so glad that you are getting on so well; but for your own sake I think you had better stay somewhere till you get entirely well. Mamma thought from the last letter from Mr. Ticknor that you were not so well; but Julian explained to her that, as Mr. Ticknor said in every line that you were better, he did not see how it could possibly be. I do not either."

From the first year of our return to America letters and visitors from abroad had interrupted the sense of utter quiet; and many friends called in amiable pil-

grimage. But a week of monotony is immensely long, and a few hours of zest are provokingly short. Nature and seclusion are welcome when, at our option, we can bid them good-by. All England is refreshing with the nearness of London. In the rush of cares and interruptions which we suppose will kill the opportunity, while we half lose ourselves and our intellectual threads of speculation, the flowers of inspiration suddenly blow, the gems flash color. This is a pleasant, but not always an essential satisfaction; yet, in my father's case, I think his life suffered with peculiar severity from the sudden dashing aside of many interests which he had already denied to himself, or which circumstances had denied to him, with the utmost persistence ever known in so perceptive a genius. He undoubtedly had a large store of *inherited* experiences to draw upon; he was richly endowed with these, and could sit and walk alone, year after year (except for occasional warm reunions with friends of the cleanest joviality), and feel the intercourse with the world, of his ancestors, stirring in his veins. He tells us that this was ghostly pastime; but it is an inheritance that makes a man well equipped and self-sustained, for all that. When too late, the great men about him realized that they had estimated his presence very cheaply, considering his worth. Should he frequently have sought them out, and asked if they were inclined to spare a chat to Hawthorne; or should they have insisted upon strengthening their greatness from his inimitably pure and unerring perception and his never weary imagination? It is impossible to ignore the superiority of his simplicity of truth over the often labored searchings for it of the men and women he knew, whose very diction shows the straining after effect, the desire to enchant themselves with their own minds, which is the bane of greatness, or else the uneasy skip and jump of a wit that dares not keep still. As time ripens,

these things are more and more apparent to all, as they were to him. In a manner similar to Emerson's, who spoke of his regret for losing the chance of associating fully with my father, Longfellow wrote to my mother : —

June 23, 1864.

. . . Thank you for your kind remembrance in sending me the volume of Goldsmith. There are some things one cannot say ; and I hardly need tell you how much I value your gift, and how often I shall look at the familiar name on the blank leaf, — a name which more than any other links me to my youth. I have written a few lines trying to express the impressions of May 23 [1864, the date of Hawthorne's burial]. . . . I trust you will pardon their deficiencies for the love I bear his memory. More than ever I regret that I postponed from day to day coming to see you in Concord.

With deepest sympathy,

Yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

To go back to our Concord amusements. Mr. Bright caroled out a greeting not very long after our return : —

WEST DERBY, September 8, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE, — Of course not ! — I *knew* you'd never write to me, though you declared you would. Probably by this time you've forgotten us all, and sent us off into mistland with Miriam and Donatello ; possibly all England looks by this time nothing but mistland, and you believe only in Concord and its white houses, and the asters on the hill behind your house, and the pumpkins in the valley below. Well, at any rate I have not forgotten you or yours ; and I feel that, now you have left us, a pleasure has slipped out of our grasp. Do you remember all our talks in that odious office of yours ; my visits to Rockferry ; my one visit, all in the snow, to Southport ; our excursions into Wales, and through the London

streets, and to Rugby and to Cambridge ; and how you plucked the laurel at Addison's Bilton, and found the skeleton in Dr. Williams's library ; and lost your umbrella in those dark rooms in Trinity ; and dined at Richmond, and saw the old lady looking like a maid of honor of Queen Charlotte's time ; and chatted at the Cosmopolitan ; and heard Tom Hughes sing the Tight Little Island ; and — But really I must stop, and can only trust that now at last you will be convinced of my existence, and remember your promise, and write me a good long letter about everything and everybody. The Marble Faun [manuscript] is now in process of binding. The photograph came just as I had begun to despair of it, and I lost not a moment in putting the precious MS. into my binder's hands. I've been for a week's holiday at Tryston, and met several friends of yours : Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hughes, Mrs. and Miss Procter, Mrs. Milnes. The latter spoke most *affectionately* about you. And so did Mrs. Ainsworth, whom I met two days ago. But *she* says you promised to write her the story of the Bloody Footstep [The Ancestral Footstep], and have never done it. I'm very fond of Mrs. Ainsworth ; she talks such good nonsense. She told us gravely, the other day, that the Druses were much more interesting than the Maronites, *because* they sounded like Drusus and Rome, whereas the Maronites were only like *marrons glacés*, etc. The H.'s are at Norris Green. Mrs. H. is becoming "devout," and *will* go to church on Wednesdays and Fridays. I want news from your side. What is Longfellow about ? Tell me about Leaves of Grass, which I saw at Milnes's. Who and what is the author ; and who buy and who read the audacious (I use mildest epithet) book ? I must now bring this letter to an end. Emerson will have forgotten so humble a person as I am ; but I can't forget the pleasant day I spent with him. Ask Longfellow to come over here very

soon. And for yourself, ever believe
me most heartily yours,

H. A. BRIGHT.

A friend of Mr. Bright's pardons my
father's unfeeling indifference by a re-
quest :—

WALTHAM HOUSE, WALTHAM CROSS,
August 10, 1861.

DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE, — Am I not
showing my Christian charity when, in
spite of the terrible disappointment which
I felt at your broken promise to come
with Bright to smoke a cigar with me
about this time last year, I entreat you,
in greeting Mr. Anthony Trollope, who
with his wife is about to visit America,
to give him an extra welcome and shake
of the hand, for the sake of yours most
sincerely and respectfully,

W. W. SYNGE.

Then, again, Concord itself sparkled
occasionally, even outside of its perfect
Junes and Octobers, as we can see here
in the merry geniality of Louisa Alcott,
who no more failed to make people laugh
than she failed to live one of the bravest
and best of lives. In return for a pack-
age of birthday gifts she sent us a poem,
from which I take these verses :—

The Hawthorne is a gracious tree
From latest twig to parent root,
For when all others leafless stand
It gayly blossoms and bears fruit.
On certain days a friendly wind
Wafts from its spreading boughs a store
Of canny gifts that flutter in
Like snowflakes at a neighbor's door.

The spinster who has just been blessed
Finds solemn thirty much improved,
By proofs that such a crabbed soul
Is still remembered and beloved.
Kind wishes "ancient Lu" has stored
In the "best chamber" of her heart,
And every gift on Fancy's stage
Already plays its little part.

Long may it stand, the friendly tree,
That blooms in autumn and in spring,
Beneath whose shade the humblest bird
May safely sit, may gratefully sing.

Time will give it an evergreen name,
Axe cannot harm it, frost cannot kill ;
With Emerson's pine and Thoreau's oak
Will the Hawthorne be loved and honored still !

A source of deep enjoyment to my
father was a long visit from his sister,
Ebie Hawthorne (he having given her
that pretty title instead of any other
abbreviation of Elizabeth). I came to
know her very well in after-years, and
was astonished at her magic resem-
blance to my father in many ways. I
always felt her unmistakable power.
She was chock-full of worldly wisdom,
though living in the utmost monastic re-
tirement, only allowing herself to browse
in two wide regions, — the woods and
literature. She knew the latest news
from the papers, and the oldest classics
alongside of them. She was potential-
ly, we thought, rather hazardous, or per-
verse. But language refuses to explain
her. Her brother seemed not to dream
of this, yet no doubt relished the fact
that a nature as unique as any he had
drawn sparkled in his sister. She was a
good deal unspiritual in everything ; but
all besides in her was fine mind, wisdom,
and loving-kindness of a lazy, artistic
sort. That is to say, she was unregen-
erate, but excellent ; and she fascinated
like a wood-creature seldom seen and ob-
servant, refined and untrained. My sis-
ter was devoted to her, and says, for the
hundredth time, in a passage among
many pages of their correspondence be-
queathed to me :—

MY OWN DEAR AUNTIE, — I was
made very happy by your letter this
week. What perfectly charming letters
you write ! Now, don't laugh and say
I am talking nonsense ; it is really true.
You make the simplest things interesting
by your way of telling them ; and your
observations and humor are so keen that
I often feel sorry the world does not know
something of them. I never remember
you to have told me anything twice, and
that can be said of very few people ; but

there are few enough people in the least like you, my dearest auntie. . . .

My father began to express his wishes in regard to provision for our aunt in case of his death; to burn old letters; and to impart to my mother and Una all that he particularly desired to say to them, among other things his dislike of biographies, and that he forbade any such matter in connection with himself in any distance of the future. This command, respected for a number of years, has been, like all such forcible and prophetic demurs, most signally set aside. It would take long to explain my own modifications of opinion from arguments of fierce resistance to the request for a biographical handling of him; and it matters, no doubt, very little. Such a man must be thoroughly known, as great saints are always sooner or later known, though endeavoring to hide their victories of holiness and charity. Certainly my father did not like to die, though he now wished to do so. My mother, later, often spoke, in consolation for us and for herself, of his dread of helpless old age; and she tried to be glad that his desire to disappear before decrepitude had been fulfilled. But such wise wishes are not carried out as we might choose. The sudden transformation which took place in my father after his coming to America was like an instant's change in the atmosphere from sunshine to dusky cold. I have never had the least difficulty in explaining it to myself; but I might ramble on unpardonably if I developed here the hints already given of my view.

One large item in the sum of his regrets was his unexpectedly narrowed means. It would have required a generous amount of money to put *The Wayside* and its grounds into the delectable order at first contemplated, to bring them into any sort of English perfection, and my parents found that they could not afford it; and so all resulted in semi-comfort and

rough appearances. This narrowing of means was caused not a little by the want of veracity of a person whom my father had trusted with entire affection and a very considerable loan, about which we none of us ever heard again. A crust becomes more than proverbially dry under these circumstances.

My mother bore every reverse nobly. She writes, after her husband's death: "I have 'enjoyed life,' and 'its hard pinches' have not too deeply bitten into my heart. But this has been because I am not only hopeful and of indomitable credence by nature, but because this temperament, together with the silent ministry of pain, has helped me to the perfect, the unshadowed belief in the instant providence of God; in his eternal love, patience, sweetness; in his shining face, never averted. It is because I cannot be disappointed on account of this belief. To stand and wait after doing all that is legitimate is my instinct, my best wisdom, my inspiration; and I always hear the still, small voice at last. If man would not babble so much, we could much oftener hear God. The lesson of my life has been patience. It has only made me feel the more humble that God has been so beyond count benignant to me. I have been cushioned and pillowed with tender love from the cradle. Such a mother seldom falls to the lot of mortals. She was the angel of my life. Her looks and tones and her acts of high-bred womanhood were the light and music and model of my childhood. Then God joined my destiny with him who was to be all relations in one. Pain passed away when my husband came. Poverty was lighter than a thistledown with such a power of felicity to uphold it. With 'lowering clouds' I have never been long darkened, because the sun above has been so penetrating that their tissue has directly become silvered and goldened. Our own closed eyelids are too often the only clouds between us and the ever-shining sun. I

hold all as if it were not mine, but God's, and ready to resign it."

It seemed to me a terrible thing that one so peculiarly strong, sentient, luminous, as my father should grow feeble and fainter, and finally ghostly still and white. Yet when his step was tottering and his frame that of a wraith, he was as dignified as in the days of greater pride, holding himself, in military self-command, even more erect than before. He did not omit to come in his very best black coat to the dinner-table, where the extremely prosaic fare had no effect upon the distinction of the meal. He hated failure, dependence, and disorder, broken rules and weariness of discipline, as he hated cowardice. I cannot express how brave he seemed to me. The last time I

saw him, he was leaving the house to take the journey for his health which led suddenly to the next world. My mother was to go to the station with him, — she who, at the moment when it was said that he died, staggered and groaned, though so far from him, telling us that something seemed to be sapping all her strength; I could hardly bear to let my eyes rest upon her shrunken, suffering form on this day of farewell. My father certainly knew, what she vaguely felt, that he would never return.

Like a snow image of an unbending but an old, old man, he stood for a moment gazing at me. My mother sobbed, as she walked beside him to the carriage. We have missed him in the sunshine, in the storm, in the twilight, ever since.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

THE SCANDINAVIAN CONTINGENT.

"WHAT a glorious new Scandinavia might not Minnesota become! Here would the Swede find again his clear romantic lakes, the plains of Scania rich in corn, and the valleys of Norrland; here would the Norwegian find his rapid-flowing rivers, his lofty mountains, for I include the Rocky Mountains and Oregon in the new kingdom; and both nations their hunting-fields and their fisheries. The Danes might here pasture their flocks and herds, and lay out their farms on richer and less misty coasts than those of Denmark. . . . The climate, the situation, the character of the scenery, agrees with our people better than that of any other of the American States."

So wrote Frederika Bremer from St. Paul in the autumn of 1850, when there were barely a score of Scandinavians in all the vast region she called Minnesota. Forty-five years have brought a marvelous fulfillment of these prophetic words, and to-day, of the 11,500,000 direct liv-

ing descendants of the Vikings, 2,500,000, more than one fifth, reside in the United States, — born of Scandinavian parents, either in Europe or in America. In the sixty years since the movement really began, about 1,500,000 of these northern peoples have left their peninsular homes and built again in the New World. Few provinces of Denmark, Sweden, or Norway contain so many Scandinavians as the 375,000 who make up one fourth of the population of Minnesota. Wisconsin and Illinois have each 200,000. Iowa, Nebraska, and the two Dakotas have the larger part of the remainder. Twenty-five thousand or more are in Kansas, in each of the far Western States of California, Washington, and Utah, and even in the east coast States of Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania. In the last three States, however, they live for the most part in the great cities and manufacturing towns.

As I have gone about in the new Scan-

dinavia and in the old Scandinavia, noting the same points of striking similarity which Miss Bremer described, and differences equally marked, I have ceased to wonder at the coming of the mighty host that has settled so quietly among us. The surprise is rather that so many have been content not to come. That the advantages in life for the vast majority of those who have emigrated are very real and positive is demonstrated by the exceedingly small percentage who return to the homeland for permanent residence. Some of these backsliders from faith in the great West have repented, and emigrated a second time. A physician, graduated at the University of Christiania, had gained a small fortune in a large Wisconsin town, and returned to Christiania with his family and belongings by the same steamer in which I went. He had served his term in exile, and was going back where a man could really live. In two years he was again in the Northwest, to stay.

It is a suggestive fact that so large a proportion of the Scandinavians are settled in the distinctively agricultural States. A glance at a map showing the locations of the various foreign elements of our population would increase the significance by disclosing how much greater that proportion is with the Scandinavians than with any other class of immigrants. The most reliable figures obtainable indicate that, of the Scandinavians, one out of four engages in agriculture; of the Germans, one out of seven; of the Irish, only one out of twelve. But this fact alone must not be over-emphasized. It does not follow that immigrants are desirable because they choose the country rather than the city. The value of the Scandinavians is that they choose a pursuit in which they excel.

In order to understand the conditions and tendency of the generation of to-day, something must be added from a close study of these children of the north, among the mountains of Norway, on the

broader fields of Sweden and Denmark, in their towns, and by the all-surrounding sea. Any one who has investigated the situation on both sides of the water will realize that no class or section can be neglected in such a study, for the immigrants have come from all grades of society and from all parts of the three countries. Many times, in various parishes and cities in Norway and Sweden, I have asked men, as I met them, if they had relatives or intimate friends settled in America, and I cannot recall a single negative answer. Peasants in out-of-the-way valleys in the Norwegian mountains or in northern Sweden, fishermen, tradesmen in the cities, editors, government officials, and university professors, — all gave me the same reply. Every class is bound to America by the closest ties. An excellent example of one of the Swedish nobility settling in the United States is found in the late Baron Nils Posse, who was so well known in educational circles. Not since the English immigration of the seventeenth century has there come to us such complete representation of all classes of a civilized community.

The term "Scandinavian" is convenient, but at best only broadly generic. As descriptive of Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes, it is even looser than the use of "British" to describe the English, Scotch, and Welsh collectively. We all know that there is no Scandinavian language, no Scandinavian nation, but we do not so well realize that Sweden and Denmark have different languages, governments, and traditions. To be sure, Norway and Sweden, since 1814, have constituted a dual monarchy, but they are just as widely separated in language and tradition as Spain and Portugal, or as Russia and Poland. The physical features of the countries — the mountains, fjords, and extensive coastline of Norway, the level stretches, the lakes, and the regular coast of Sweden, and the flat, sandy plains and islands of Denmark — seem to find a spiritual counterpart in the people

themselves. The typical Swede is aristocratic, assertive, fond of dignities; he is polite, vivacious, bound to have a good time, without any far look into the future. Yet he is persistent, and capable of great energy and endurance. He is fond of music. In literature his best work has been the lyrics and epics of Bellman and Tegnér. The typical Norwegian is, above all, democratic. He is simple, severe, intense, often radical and visionary. There lies an unknown quantity of passion in him, a capacity for high, even turbulent endeavor, but rarely the qualities of a great leader. He too is fond of music, but with a dramatic element. In his literature of this century, even more than in his music, the dramatic predominates. The towering figures of Björnson and Ibsen, great in both drama and novel, belong not merely to Norway, but to the world. The Dane is the Southerner of the Scandinavians, though still a conservative; gay, but not to excess. He is preëminently a small farmer or a trader, ready and easy-going, not given to great risks, but quick to see a bargain and shrewd in making it. His interests have led him out from his small kingdom in all directions, so that he, more than his brothers to the north, has yielded to foreign influences. His best literature has been romantic.

Judged by American standards, these northern folk are slow, often immoderately slow. Their fastest express train rarely attains a speed of thirty miles an hour, and does not run at all in the winter. The ordinary trains from Christiania north, some years ago, ran only during the day, and passengers were obliged to go to an inn for the night. All three peoples, down to the stolidest laborer, mountaineer, or fisherman, are industrious and frugal. Nature is no spendthrift in any part of the Scandinavian countries. Small economies are the alphabet of her teachings. Only by diligence are the treasures in land and sea wrung from her unwilling grasp.

Björnsterne Björnson, one of the most striking and original figures of the century in Norwegian politics and letters, himself an enthusiastic patriot and a radical, wrote some years ago to Professor Hjärne, of Upsala, in Sweden, concerning the Norwegian people: "The Norwegians are, in my opinion, not that people in the north which is least gifted or has the weakest character. But . . . its aims are not far reaching. It is not so grand as the Swedish people, — not so flippant, either, perhaps. It is not so industrious and faithful as the Danish people, — not so zealous, either, perhaps. It takes hold and lets go, it lets go and takes hold, of persons and aims. It will exert itself to the utmost, but it demands speedy and signal success. Its ambition is not so great as its vanity. Hot-headed, impetuous, in small things, it is patient in great ones. . . . The condition of conditions [for great things] is the right of self-determination."

The Scandinavian countries belong to a group of five or six European states which are set down, in ordinary statistical works, as practically without illiteracy; that is, with less than one per cent of persons unable to read and write. These figures are confirmed in the case of Sweden by the statistics of the army recruits. They also gain in meaning immensely when compared with those for some other countries of Europe from which there has been large emigration. Austro-Hungary shows thirty per cent of illiteracy, Italy forty-one, Russia nearly eighty. An educational requirement would debar a large part of these immigrants; but however rigidly the United States might enforce it, the Scandinavians would be only very slightly affected. They have actually done for themselves, without flourish or bragging, what we, with our boasted system of public schools, have not yet been able to do. In nine years spent in Minneapolis I became personally acquainted with hundreds of them, and in my visits to the various sec-

tions of Minnesota and the neighboring States, where they are thickly settled, I met hundreds more. Not a single adult among them all, so far as I observed, was unable to read and write. On the other hand, some of the physicians, ministers, and teachers were men educated in the universities of Christiania, Copenhagen, Upsala, and Lund.

In the matter of religion, all Scandinavians are most uncompromising Protestants. There are barely enough Catholic exceptions in Europe and the United States together to prove that conversion to the Roman Catholic faith is possible for them. Dislike of Catholicism is rather an instinct, coming down from Reformation times, than a matter of knowledge or close observation. It is so strong as an innate sentiment that, consciously or unconsciously, it colors their relations in politics and in society. The distrust of the Irish, which sometimes takes active form, is at bottom religious, and not racial.

Few of them come here without some political knowledge and experience. Freedom, republican institutions, constitutional government, and elections are no novelties. The Norwegian lives under the extremely democratic constitution of 1814, and on the 17th of May, on both sides of the Atlantic, celebrates its adoption. In Norway all titles of nobility have been abolished. The essential difference between the Norwegian system and our own is that in the former a property qualification is still retained. The Swede since the reforms of 1866, and the Dane since those of 1849 and 1866, have lived under much the same conditions as the Norwegian, though in both Sweden and Denmark there is still a noble class. It has been natural, therefore, for all three nationalities to fall in with the method of government in the United States, and at once to take a normal part. There have been none of the excesses characteristic of the use of a new-found liberty.

With such equipments as these, the Scandinavians have come into the United States, not for adventure, but with serious purpose; not merely to get away from Europe, but to "arrive" somewhere in America. Most of them have been far from typical Swedes, Danes, or Norwegians. Conservatism and slowness, with them, have often degenerated into stolidity, independence into stubbornness, and shrewdness into insincerity. They have sometimes been clannish; but how can any class with a foreign speech avoid clannishness? It is a necessary stage in the evolution, and, with the people from the north, only a stage. Out of it, through the gates of the English language, speedy naturalization, and increased prosperity, they pass into broader relations. Until the recent increase of the urban element, none of the three nationalities has deliberately settled apart, intensifying its peculiarities. They mingle freely with each other and with the Americans in business and politics. Inter-marriages are by no means uncommon. In the complex people, or mixture of peoples, which may hereafter be called Scandinavian will appear many of the qualities of each component. Fresh additions will continue to reinforce the old, while the third and fourth generations cannot lose completely the original characteristics. They will be sturdy, independent, and Protestant; they will be intelligent, persistent, patient, and thrifty. We shall not, therefore, expect the current of their life to run counter to that of the nation.

For this hopeful expectation there is good historical reason. America has an experience of Scandinavian colonization more than two centuries old, and the result shows what may be expected from the next two centuries. The Swedish settlement of the seventeenth century is doubly instructive: because it was formed from the same classes of society and followed the same lines as the movement of the last fifty years, and because the Swede of the seventeenth century and

the Swede of the nineteenth century, in essential characteristics, are one. Two hundred years have wrought far less change in him than in his cousin of Germany or England. The colony on the Delaware was like an experiment in irrigation: the nature of the result must be the same, whether the water be applied by the bucketful in Delaware or by turning a great stream upon the prairies of the Northwest.

Before the second generation of English or Dutch settlers in America had grown to manhood, the Swedes began their colonization. The colony had been originally planned by Gustavus Adolphus in 1624. It was to be no mere commercial speculation, no mere haven for aristocratic adventurers, but "a blessing to the common man," a place for "a free people with wives." But sterner duties took the energies of the great king, and it remained for his daughter, Queen Christina, and his faithful Oxenstjerna to carry out the plans. From 1638 to 1655 the Swedish flag floated over a Swedish colony on the banks of the Delaware, and then disappeared forever as a sign of sovereignty in America. In these years several hundreds of settlers had there acquired a home. Their justice in dealing with the Indians had prevented any massacre or war. Their shrewdness and thrift had sent back to Sweden many a cargo of furs. Their loyalty and piety had built the fort and the church side by side. Dutch and English threats did not destroy the prosperity of the company; and when an expedition set out for New Sweden in 1654, about one hundred families who had made preparations to go were left behind for lack of accommodations.

Sweden seems thus to have had a touch of the "America fever" as early as the middle of the seventeenth century. The disease, however, did not become chronic, for in 1656 New Sweden became a part of New Netherland, and in 1664 a part of New York. The prosper-

ity of the colony continued, and by the end of the seventeenth century it numbered about one thousand, scattered along both banks of the Delaware.

It was only a handful of quiet, industrious men and women who made up the colony of farmers. Nor was it continually reinforced by additions from Sweden. It cannot be said to have exercised any powerful or controlling influence on colonial life. But as an element it was highly desirable. It contributed only good blood and sturdy good sense to a heterogeneous population that all too often sorely needed just these qualities. The Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, who had lived long among their descendants, wrote in 1888: "I make bold to say that no better stock has been contributed (in proportion to its numbers) toward giving a solid basis to society under republican forms than these hardy, honest, industrious, law-abiding, God-fearing Swedish settlers on the banks of the Christiana in Delaware. While I have never heard of a very rich man among them, I have never heard of a pauper. I cannot recall the name of a statesman or distinguished law-giver among them, nor of a rogue nor a felon." For two centuries can this Swedish thread in our fabric be clearly traced, and to-day many a man bearing the familiar Swedish name of Nelson, Thompson, or Anderson is indebted to the Swedes on the Delaware for characteristics as well as a name. One of these descendants gave clear evidence that he was no degenerate son of New Sweden, for in the defense of Fort Sumter Major Robert Anderson displayed virtues worthy of the terrible field of Lützen, where Gustavus Adolphus and his Swedes sacrificed themselves to win religious freedom for millions who were not of their blood.

The story of the nineteenth-century Scandinavian immigration is but that of the seventeenth-century Swedish settlement, revised and rewritten on an immense scale. With a slight modification,

the quaint words of Thomas Paskell's letter from Philadelphia in 1683 are true in the great West to-day: "They [the Swedes] weer but ordinarily cloathed, but since the English came, they have gotten fine cloaths and are going proud." The first result of the later movement, both for the adopted country and for the immigrant, has been economic. The prime motive of the emigration throughout has been the betterment of material conditions. With few exceptions, political and religious persecution has played no part whatever. The forerunners of the later thousands were certain Norwegians who emigrated in the twenties and thirties, — men of the poorest classes of the communities whence they came, but not paupers or criminals. They were squeezed out from the bottom of society, escaping as it were through cracks and crevices. The average quality, however, steadily improved from the first, though poverty at home has always been one of the commonest reasons for emigration. Down to about 1878 the great majority came from the country parishes, where the dearest ambition was to own land, the more the better. But they could not expect to gain more than a few lean acres even by the hard, unceasing labor of a lifetime. From America came letters full of stories of prosperity. Occasionally a man returned to his old home, and men tramped scores of miles to hear him tell of a land of promise, which, if it did not flow with milk and honey, at least abounded with fabulously rich, level land, to be had at a nominal price. Sometimes these fascinating advantages were set forth, with purely benevolent intent, in a little pamphlet, rather more naïve and truthful than those circulated later by railroad and state land commissioners and immigration agents. I found one of these pamphlets, printed in the early forties, in the Royal Library at Copenhagen, and one of the advantages, described in bold-faced type, was that land was so plenty

that the pigs and cattle might be allowed to run at will. What more could a poor peasant ask? So the Scandinavians passed by the coast States, by the middle Western States, where their longing for land at a dollar and a quarter an acre could not be satisfied, and streamed into the Northwest: into Illinois and Wisconsin in the forties, into Iowa and Minnesota in the fifties, and then, as good government land grew scarcer, into Nebraska, Dakota, and the Far West. The Southwest attracted almost none of them, partly because of their hatred of slavery, partly because of the climate. Since 1835, when La Salle County, Illinois, received the first company, the Scandinavian has been among the foremost in redeeming the wilderness of prairie and forest. No other class of immigrants, and few Americans, have been so ready to undergo the hardship, privation, and isolation of the frontier for the sake of a far-distant competence. New-comers filtered through the old settlements, where land was well occupied and its price had risen, to the new regions beyond. They did not usually come empty-handed, since the average man brought about a hundred dollars in specie or exchange. This was put into land as speedily as possible, a hut was built, and a home was begun. Some years ago I became well acquainted with one of these average men, a young Swede. He had brought a little money with him, and by working two years on a farm he had saved enough to buy twenty acres of tilled land. Upon this he had had a shanty built, which, in the evolution of the estate, was to become a storeroom. After another year of work for wages he was married, and the shanty became a home. Men who had come before 1850, and had settled in Illinois and Wisconsin, were in 1870, in many cases, wealthy farmers, owning four hundred and even six hundred acres of land, and worth twenty thousand and thirty thousand dollars. Ease and independence had not been won by speculation or by politics,

but by hard work, care, thrift, and the normal increase in the value of their farms. Exactly the same thing is still going on in the Northwest wherever there is farm land open to settlers, as in northern Minnesota and North Dakota. In a quiet, determined way, the Scandinavian is gaining a home for himself and better conditions for his children. It is simply because he puts a higher value upon land-owning than any other immigrant, and has generally preferred to settle upon cheap wild land instead of purchasing at a higher price land already cultivated, or settling down in town, that millions of dollars have been so rapidly added to the valuation of the Northwestern States, like Minnesota and Iowa. The extension of railroads in turn attracting more settlers, the development of manufactures, particularly milling, and the increase of trade have been greatly hastened as a result of the Scandinavian's thrift and steadiness, qualities in which even the German cannot equal him.

It has been asserted by a noted writer on immigration that one reason why the Scandinavians have been so successful is that their standard of living is lower than that of other peoples;—the Americans or Germans, for example. In other words, they sell everything they can, and live upon the rest. My own experience and observation among them do not confirm this. In 1886 I spent six weeks in the home of a Danish farmer in Minnesota, and frequently called upon his neighbors, both Swedes and Norwegians. There seemed to be no inferiority in their homes or their tables as compared with those of Americans in similar circumstances. On the frontier the same holds true, so far as I have observed. The standard of living in the log hut in a clearing in the forest, or in a sod house on the prairie, is about the same, whether the owner is American, German, or Scandinavian.

Connected with the economic gain

from the filling-up of the thinly settled regions is another which also springs from that strong sense of individuality and independence which characterizes the northern Teutons. Organized emigration has been quite unknown among them. There has been no exploitation of their labor by agents abroad or by American capitalists. They have come as individuals, as families, or as voluntary companies, and they have settled in the same fashion. In general, it is true that there is among them no large permanent class of men who have nothing but their hands. Great numbers of them are willing to serve for some years as farm-hands, domestics, or operatives, while they are learning our language and getting a start, but they are not content to continue hired laborers. An independent business, however small, a farm or a shop of their own, is their ambition, and no labor is too severe to gain it. In the last fifteen years many people have been emigrating from the towns of Scandinavia, especially from those of Sweden, and these have located mainly in our cities and manufacturing towns. Large additions to the Eastern cities have been made in this period, and they seem to be joining the permanent wage-earning class. In Brooklyn, for example, the number of foreign-born Scandinavians rose from about 4000 in 1880 to 16,000 in 1890. Though many have made their mark in great commercial enterprises, it is as farmers that the Scandinavians have been preëminently successful. In a class by themselves belong the domestics,—the house servant, the coachman, and the general utility man. They are faithful, hard-working, and honest, as a rule, but they have a strong liking for doing things in their own way, regardless of instructions. They lack the faculty of implicit obedience. In the West the quality of those in domestic service seems to be better than it is in the East. The proletariat is not largely recruited from them. Secret societies and in-

trigues are not their specialties. The anarchist does not look to them for allies or supplies.

The difficult problem of municipal government is of course complicated by the recent addition of a Scandinavian element. Any increase of the percentage of aliens in the urban population adds a danger. But it must be remembered that the new element is fairly well educated, and not inexperienced in self-government. It is capable and ready to assist in the solution of the problems, and is demonstrating its usefulness for that purpose. Minneapolis gives a good example in connection with its public-school system, which is conceded to be one of the best in the United States. Any one acquainted with the development of the schools of that city must recognize the great services of Norwegians.

The political influence of the Scandinavians has been second to the economic. In no case have they exercised an influence proportionate to their numbers. In Minnesota they come nearer doing so than elsewhere, but even there, with about one fourth of the population, they have rarely had more than one sixth of the members in the state legislature. Of course, in towns and counties which are solidly filled up by Scandinavians, most of the offices are commonly taken by them. In the early years they were too much absorbed in home-building and money-getting to give much attention to politics, but with prosperity came a chance to indulge their taste for public affairs. The Norwegian in particular seems to have a *penchant* for politics. He is a controversialist by nature, and takes delight in the excitement of a campaign. He has a clear notion at least of equality with every other man, and in shrewdness in pushing toward his political goal neither the Dane nor the Swede can compare with him.

An ingrained antipathy to slavery was undoubtedly the most powerful impulse which before the war carried the Scandi-

navians into the Republican party. The example of the earlier immigrants, the anti-slavery tradition, and the prestige of the party after the war predisposed the new-comers in favor of the Republicans. It was a perfectly natural choice, and indicates nothing more than a conservative mind. I find very little evidence that dislike of the Irish had anything to do with the loyalty of the Scandinavians to the Republican party. The war brought some of them prominently before the public, and soon afterward they began to appear frequently in the state legislature in Wisconsin, as well as in purely local offices. They have filled various state offices in Wisconsin and Minnesota since 1869, when a Swede was first elected secretary of state for Minnesota. In 1892, and again in 1894, a Norwegian was elected governor of Minnesota, and that State is at present represented in the United States Senate by a Norwegian. In general, the allegiance to party has been stronger than any race feeling. Only very rarely has a Scandinavian Democratic candidate been elected by the aid of Scandinavian Republican votes. A Swede's loyalty to a Swede is usually stronger than his loyalty to a Dane or to a Norwegian. In fact, there is always an undercurrent of jealousy among the three nationalities. But it is rarely strong enough to overcome the ordinary obligations and motives of politics; and while each party usually apportions its candidates among the various nationalities, its failure to do so does not materially affect the result. For example, a state ticket in Minnesota, on which both the candidates for governor and secretary of state were Norwegians, polled the usual Swedish and Danish vote. Some years ago, in Rockford, Illinois, the Democrats nominated a Swede for alderman, against a native American in a ward strongly Swedish and Republican. Though there was no particular issue, the Swedes could not be moved by the offer, and the American was elected. Demands are

sometimes made of conventions and of successful candidates, but these cases are rare, and confined mostly to municipal affairs. Nearly all who have risen to any prominence in state or national elections thus far have been Republicans, and the majority of them have been Norwegians. Out of six Scandinavian Representatives in Congress five have been Norwegians, though this proportion does not hold good in the state offices, which are more proportionately divided. Four of the six Representatives were Republicans, two Populists.

Towards the close of the decade 1880-90 the allegiance of the Scandinavians to the Republican party was gradually shaken. The original anti-slavery impulse had completely died out; the agrarian discontent affected those who were farmers, as it did Americans of that class, causing them to look to political forces to relieve them; the increased percentage of immigrants who went to the towns furnished material for labor agitators. Finally, the tariff reform sentiment had gained a great hold upon them; so great, in fact, that one of their Representatives was one of six Republicans who voted for the Mills bill in 1888. Altogether, the division of the Scandinavians, politically, is going on more and more along the same lines as among the Americans. The Populist party has gained the most in the readjustment of party affiliations, and has twice elected a Norwegian to Congress from the seventh Minnesota district. Though the Republican party still holds the majority of the Scandinavian voters, it can no longer make a respectable claim of a monopoly of them. A fair index of the loosening of party ties among them is found in the changed politics of their press. All told, they have about one hundred and thirty newspapers. In 1885, probably three fourths of those who had any political bias were Republican. At present less than one half of them can be so classed, the remainder being chiefly Independent or

Democratic. A few are Prohibitionist, while others are Populist. The change of politics has not usually been due to a transfer of ownership. The editor of *Norden*, of Chicago, a paper which became Democratic in 1888, told me that the change was made only after a careful investigation had shown that such a move would be approved by its supporters.

Legislative acts due directly to Scandinavian influences are few. The most characteristic measure is that passed by the legislature of North Dakota in 1893, providing for courts of conciliation modeled after those which have worked so successfully in Norway. Attempts to pass a similar law in Minnesota and in Wisconsin had been made before, but had failed. The machinery of the act has not been widely used, and it is too soon to judge of the value of the law. Temperance legislation, whether high license in Minnesota or prohibition in North Dakota and Kansas, has had strong Scandinavian support, especially in the Lutheran churches.

On the social side, the people from the Northland are quite as remarkable, by contrast, for what they have not done as for what they have done. With rare exceptions, they have not attempted to maintain separate church schools for elementary instruction. Where other than public schools are opened, it is in the summer vacation, and for the purpose of teaching the church catechism and the mother tongue. The length of the term varies, sometimes extending through three months. The teacher, usually a minister or a student in some church seminary, is paid by the parents of the children taught or by the parish. Often the public school building is used, in country villages where the Scandinavians predominate. The maintenance of these summer schools is by no means general. The influence of the younger people is often against it, for they look upon it as an un-American custom, an attempt to per-

petuate a language and distinctions which are destined to disappear among them. Not infrequently they revolt against the mild paternalism of the clergy who desire to keep them in the old paths, and the result is either indifference or a complete break with the old church. The public school is the great foe to clannishness, and their loyalty to it is one of the best evidences of the genuineness of their Americanization. It is a principle as well as a practice. Their vehement opposition to the famous Bennett law, enacted in Wisconsin a few years ago, would seem to contradict this statement; but a close examination of the law will make it clear that the resistance, in which Lutherans and Catholics, curiously enough, were allied in the Democratic party, was not to the principle of compulsory education, but to the manner of its application.

The great adaptability of the Scandinavians to the circumstances and customs of their adopted country is acknowledged on all sides. Whenever and wherever they have transplanted themselves, whether in England in the ninth century, in Normandy in the tenth, in Sicily in the eleventh, or in America in the nineteenth, the same process of transformation has taken place. No other people in all history has such a record. In the United States they have eagerly learned English, and have quickly done so because of its similarity to their own languages in structure and vocabulary. Of course, men who have come hither as adults always prefer the old speech, and in some districts in the country and in Scandinavian quarters of the cities it will be heard almost exclusively, because of the large numbers of the foreign-born. But the second generation quite invariably choose English, and many of them have forgotten the language of their fathers. At a town convention which I attended in 1894, in Chisago County, a large Swedish community, the proceedings went on smoothly in English for some time, until an elderly

Swede became somewhat puzzled, and asked the chairman, a young Swede, to explain the matter in Swedish. From that point all motions were put first in English, and immediately after in Swedish. Remarks were addressed to the chair in both languages.

In matters of religion Scandinavians have shown a peculiar facility in conforming to the bad American custom of multiplying denominations. In the home countries, though there is now practically complete toleration, the existence of a state church and an episcopal organization has maintained a good degree of uniformity. Neither of these restraining influences has ever operated in this country. There have been no bishops to check the tendency to diversity. Liberty to adopt any creed and to change church relations at will is freely used. The zeal of the Norwegian in controversy has found even a better field in the church than in politics. Before 1890, when three divisions united, there were five bodies of Norwegian Lutherans, while the Danes were comfortable with two, and the Swedes lagged behind with only one. What the Swedes lack in Lutheranism they make up in "dissenting sects," though none of them are large. The Mormon church has a very large number of Scandinavians, principally Danes, though few of them have been converted in this country.

The statistics of intemperance and illegitimacy, which are sometimes so alarming in parts of the Scandinavian countries, do not appear to find a parallel among the Scandinavians in America. But all such statistics are unsatisfactory, and frequently untrustworthy. Generalization is, therefore, unsafe. There are drunkenness and illegitimacy among them here, but I have not observed that it is more difficult to maintain order and decency in a city like Minneapolis with its Norwegians and Swedes, than in St. Paul with its Irish and Germans. Of the pauper and criminal classes the Scandinavians

have a smaller proportion than any other alien element except the British, while of the insane, judging from Minnesota, they seem to have a larger percentage than the Germans or British. Unfortunately, in ordinary statistics of this nature, the second generation is usually put down as native-born, with no hint as to parentage beyond some peculiarity of name.

Several forces are at work against any distinct permanent influence of the Scandinavian elements of our population. Some of these I have already touched upon, as rapid and thorough Americanization and stanch Protestantism. The Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes are particularly free from other than traditional ties binding them to the mother countries. None of the three northern kingdoms is great or powerful in the affairs of Europe. Patriotism is a sentiment of the parish or the homestead more than of the nation. No dramatic outbursts of national sentiment on the other side rekindle the old enthusiasms here. No great causes centring in the Old World continually demand the intense sympathy and financial aid of any class of the Scandinavians, knitting them closely together. Their church organization is decentralized, centrifugal, not

centripetal, recognizing no unity under a supreme temporal head. It cannot, therefore, be used as a potent political force. Their nearest approach to a widespread, peculiar society that can be utilized by a skillful "boss" is a national musical union.

As Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes they fast disappear; merging, not into Scandinavians, but into Americans. They earn their rights as such, and are proud of the possession. They readily fit into places among our better classes, and, without hammering or chiseling, give strength and stability to our social structure, if not beauty and the highest culture. Because of their habits of thought, their respect for education, and their conservatism, the difficulties of adjusting ourselves to their presence are at a minimum. The Scandinavians will not furnish the great leaders, but they will be in the front ranks of those who follow, striving to make the United States strong and prosperous, — "a blessing to the common man." As Americans, they will be builders, not destroyers; safe, not brilliant. Best of all, their greatest service will be as a mighty steadying influence, reinforcing those high qualities which we sometimes call Puritan, sometimes American.

Kendric Charles Babcock.

WHIMSICAL WAYS IN BIRD LAND.

"O irritant, iterant, maddening bird!"

ONE lovely evening in May, I was walking down a quiet road, looking, as usual, for birds, when all at once there burst upon the sweet silence a loud alarm. "Chack! chack! chack! too! too! t-t-t! quawk! quawk!" at the top of somebody's loud, resonant voice, as if the whole bird world had suddenly gone mad. I looked about, expecting to see a general rush to the spot; but, to my

surprise, no one seemed to notice it. A catbird on the fence went on with his bewitching song, and a wood-thrush in the shrubbery dropped not a note of his heavenly melody.

"They have heard it before; it must be a chat," I said; and lo! on the top twig of a tall tree, brilliant in the setting sun, stood the singer. Never before had I seen one of the family show himself freely; and while I gazed he proceeded

to exhibit another phase of chat manners, new to me, — wing antics, of which I had read. He flew out toward another treetop, going very slowly, with his legs hanging awkwardly straight down. At every beat of the wings he threw them up over his back till they seemed to meet, jerked his expressive tail downward, and uttered a harsh “chack,” almost pausing as he did so. “Not only a chat, but a character,” was my verdict, as I turned back from my stroll.

For several years I had been trying to know the most eccentric bird in North America, — the yellow-breasted chat. Two or three times I had been able to study him a little, but never with satisfaction, and I was charmed to discover one of his kind so near the pleasant old family mansion in which I had established myself for the summer. This house, which had been grand in its day, but, like the whole place, was now tottering with age, was an ideal spot for a bird lover, being delightfully neglected and gone to seed. Berry patches run wild offered fascinating sites for nests; moss-covered apple-trees supplied dead branches for perching; great elms and chestnuts, pines and poplars, scattered over the grounds, untrimmed and untrained, presented something to suit all tastes; and above all, there existed no nice care-taker to disturb the paradise into which Mother Nature had turned it for her darlings.

It was a month later than this before I discovered where the chat and his mate, the image of himself, had taken up their abode for the season,¹ and then I was drawn by his calls to another old tangle of blackberry bramble at the upper edge of the orchard. “Quoik!” he began, very low, and then quickly added, “Whe-up! ch’k! ch’k! toot! toot! too! t-t-t-t!” concluding with a

very good imitation of a watchman’s rattle. I hastened toward the spot, and was again treated to that most absurd wing performance, followed by an exhibition of himself in plain sight, and then a circling around my head, till, tired of pranks or satisfied with his survey, he dropped out of sight in the bushes.

Here, I said to myself, is a chat of an unfamiliar sort; just as eccentric as any of his race, and not at all averse to being seen; wary, but not shy; and at once I was eager to know him, for the great and undying charm of bird study lies in the individuality of these lovely fellow-creatures, and the study of each one is the study of a unique personality, with characteristics, habits, and a song belonging exclusively to itself. Not even in externals are birds counterparts of one another. Close acquaintance with one differentiates him decidedly from all his fellows; should his plumage resemble that of his brethren, — which it rarely does, — his manners, expressions, attitudes, and specific “ways” are peculiarly his own.

The blackberry patch pointed out by the chat occupied the whole length of a steep little slope between a meadow and the orchard, and at the lower edge rested against a fence in the last stages of decrepitude. During many years of neglect it had almost returned to a state of wildness. Long, briery runners had bound the whole into an impenetrable mass, forbidding alike to man and beast, and neighboring trees had sprinkled it with a promising crop of seedlings; or, as Lowell pictures it,

“The tangled blackberry, crossed and recrossed,
weaves

A prickly network of ensanguined leaves.”

As if planned for the use of birds, at one end stood a delectable watch-tower in the shape of a great elm, and at the

¹ The actual watching of this bird was done by a trustworthy observer of my own training, but by close study of her daily notes and records I have so nearly made the experience

my own that, after this explanation, I take the liberty of telling the story in the first person.

other a cluster of smaller trees, apple, ash, and maple. These advantages had not escaped the keen eyes of our clever little brothers, and it was a centre of busy life during the nesting season.

The first time I attempted to find the chat's nest, the bird himself accompanied me up and down the borders of this well-fortified blackberry thicket, mocking at me, and uttering his characteristic call, a sort of mew, different from that of the catbird or the cat; at the same time carefully keeping his precious body entirely screened by the foliage. Well he knew that no clumsy, garmented human creature, however inquisitive, could penetrate his thorny jungle, and doubtless the remarks so glibly poured out were sarcastic or exultant over my failure; for though I walked the whole length, and at every step peered into the bushes, no nest could I discover.

Somewhat later I made the acquaintance of the domestic partner of the chat family. She was less talkative than her spouse, as are most feathered dames, — a nice arrangement in the bird world, for what would become of the nest and nestlings, if the home-keepers had as much to say as their mates? She sat calmly on the fence, as I passed, or dressed her plumage on the branch of a tree, uttering no sound except, rarely, the common mewing call. She was a wise little thing, too. When I caught her carrying a locust, and at once concluded she had young to feed, as quickly as if she had read my thoughts she let her prey drop, looking at me as who should say, "You see I am not carrying food." But though I admired her quick wit and respected her motive, I did not believe the little mother, and despite the attractiveness of the head of the household I kept close watch upon her, hoping to track her home. I soon observed that she always rose from the tangle at one spot near the elm; but vainly did I creep through what once might have been a path between the blackberries, though I did have the satis-

faction of seeing the singer uneasy, and of feeling sure that, as the children say, I was "very warm."

Day after day, in fair weather or foul, in cold or heat, I took my way down the lane, and seated myself as comfortably as circumstances would admit, to spy upon the brown-and-gold family; and day after day I was watched in turn, — sometimes by the singer, restlessly flying from tree to tree, peering down to study me from all sides, and amusing me with all his varied eccentricities of movement and song, if one may thus name his vocal performances. Occasionally madam condescended to entertain, or, what is more probable, tried to perplex me by her tactics. She scorned the transparent device of drawing me away from the dangerous vicinity by pretending to be hurt or by grotesque exhibitions. Her plan was far more cunning than these: it was to point out to the eager seeker after forbidden knowledge convenient places where the nest might be, — but certainly was not, — and so to bewilder the spy, by many hints, that she would not realize it when the real passage to the waiting nestlings was made. The wise little matron would alight on the fence and look anxiously down, seemingly about to drop into the nest; then, as if she really could not make up her mind to do so while I looked on, fly to a blackberry spray and do it all over again. In a moment she would repeat the performance from an elm sapling, and again turn anxious and lingering glances in still another direction. Then, as if now she surely must go home, she would slip in among the bushes, apparently trying to keep out of sight. At last, having thoroughly mystified me, and confused my ideas past clearing up, with a dozen or more hints, she would fly over the small elm and disappear, in a different direction from any one of the places she had with such pretended reluctance pointed out. Nor was the nest to be found by following any of her hints.

One day, when the beguiling little dame had exasperated me beyond endurance, I suddenly resolved to track her to the nest, if it took the whole day. So when she flung herself, in her usual way, over the small elm, I instantly followed, in my humbler fashion. Under the fence I crept, through the patched-up opening the cows had broken through, and up the path they had attempted to make. Now I fully appreciated the wisdom of the bird in the choice of a nesting-site. The very blackberry bushes appeared to league themselves together for her protection, stretching long, detaining arms, and clutching my garments in all sorts of unexpected and impossible ways; and while I carefully disengaged one, half a dozen others snatched at me in new quarters, till, in despair, I jerked away, leaving a portion of my gown in their grasp. Thus fighting my way, inch by inch, I progressed slowly, until the chat's becoming silent encouraged me to fling prudence to the winds, and pull aside every bush at the risk of tearing the flesh off my hands on the briers.

At last a nest! My heart beat high. I struggled nearer, cautiously, not to alarm the owner; for though I must see the nest, I had no desire to disturb it. I parted the vines and looked in. Empty, and plainly a year old!

Forgetting the brambles, in my disappointment, I turned hastily away, when the bush, as if in revenge for my discovery of its secret, seized my garments in a dozen places; and, suffering in gown and temper, I tore myself away from the birds' too zealous guardians and wandered up the lane.

The lane was an enticing spot, with young blackberry runners stretching out tender green bloom toward whom they might reach, and clematis rioting over and binding together in flowery chains all the shrubs and weeds and young trees. What happiness to dwell in the grounds of the "shiftless" farmer! Since tidiness, with most cultivators, means the

destruction of all natural beauty, and especially the cutting down of everything that interferes with the prosperity of cabbages and potatoes, blessed is untidiness to the lover of Nature. So long as I study birds I shall carefully seek out the farmer who has lost his energy, and allows Nature her own inimitable way in his fields and lanes. The fascinations of that neglected corner cannot be put into words. The whole railroad embankment which bordered it on one side, stretching far above my head, was a mad and joyous tangle of wild-grape vines. In the shade of a cluster of slender trees was a spot enriched by springs, where flourished the greenest of ferns, sprinkled with Jack-in-the-pulpits and forget-me-nots. This was the delight of my heart, and my consolation for the trials connected with chat affairs.

Alas that the usual fate of Nature's divine work should overtake it; that into a "shiftless" head should come the thought that railroad ties and fallen trees make good firewood, and without too much trouble can be dragged out by horses! As a preliminary calamity, half-starved cows were turned in to nibble the grass, and, incidentally, to trample and crush flowers and ferns into one ghastly ruin. And at the same moment, as if inspired by the same spirit of destruction, some idle railroad hand, with a scythe, laid low the whole bank of grapevines. Ruthless was the ruin, and wrecked beyond repair the spot, after man's desolating hand passed over it; a scene of violence, of dead and dying scattered over the trampled and torn-up sod; "murder most foul" in the eyes of a Nature-lover. I could not bear to look upon it. I shunned it, lest I should hate my fellow-man, who can, unnecessarily and in pure wantonness, destroy in one hour what he cannot replace in a lifetime.

Nor was that the full measure of sufferings inflicted on the lane — and me. That beautiful green passageway happened to

be a short cut from the meadow, and horse-rake and hay-wagon made the ravage complete. The one crushed and dragged out every sweet-growing thing spared by the previous devastators, and the other defiled with wisps of dead grass every branch that reached over its grateful shade. It was pitiful, as much for the exhibition thus made of a man's insensible and sordid existence, as for the laceration of my feelings and the actual ruin wrought.

A pleasanter theme is the love-making in which I chanced to catch the beautiful but bewildering pair in the blackberry bushes. Madam, hopping about an old apple-tree, was apparently not in the least interested in her lover, who followed after, in comical fashion, with ludicrous and truly chatlike antics, every feather raised, crouching, with head turned this way and that and neck stretched out, and changing his position at every hop with the most dramatic action. If modern theories are true, and bird eccentricities of dress and behavior are assumed to please and win the mate, what must we think of the taste of our demure little sisters in feathers?

Did I ever assert that the chat is shy? Then am I properly punished for not appreciating his individuality, by having to admit that this pair possessed not a trace of the quality. The singer seemed to be always on exhibition; and as for his spouse, though she performed no evolutions, she came boldly into sight, postured in the most approved Delsartian style, uttered a harsh purr or jerked out a "mew," with a sidewise fling of her head which showed the inside of her mouth to be black, — all for my benefit, and without the slightest embarrassment. She made it obvious to the dullest understanding that while she did not like spies, nor approve of human curiosity in neighborhood matters, she was not in the least afraid.

As the days passed on, a change crept over the chat family; they became more

retiring. In my daily walk they were not so easily found; indeed, sometimes they were not to be seen at all. When I did discover them, they seemed very much engaged in private affairs, with no time for displays of any sort. No more droll performances on the treetop, no more misleading antics in the blackberries; the days of frolic were over, the sober duties of life claimed all their energies, and they went about silently and stealthily. Of course I was sure something had happened to induce this change, — no doubt nestlings, — and a great and absorbing determination grew in my mind to find that nest, if I suffered in body and estate from every bush in the patch.

Let the story of my encounter be veiled in oblivion. Suffice it to say that perseverance under such difficulties deserved, and met, reward. In due time I saw the bird flit away, and my eyes fell upon the nest. No birds, but four pearls of promise within.

"Think on the speed, and the strength, and the glory,

The wings to be, and the joyous life,
Shut in those exquisite secrets, she brooded."

I looked, but did not touch; and I departed content. A few days later I made another call. Again I flushed the mother from the nest, and this time looked upon a brown mass of wriggling baby chats. Meanwhile, since life had become so serious, the chat sobered down into the dignified head of a family, and joined his mate in hard work from morning till night.

But summer days were passing. Dandelion ghosts lined the paths, wild roses dropped their rosy pink and appeared in sombre green, and meadow lilies peeped out from every fence corner. A few days after my grand discovery, I went one evening to the blackberry tangle, and was greeted by gleeful shouts and calls from the bird of late so silent. There he was, his old self, his recent reserve all gone. My heart fell; I sus-

pected, and in a moment I knew, the reason. The nest was empty. Where, then, could be those youngsters, less than a week old, who four days before were blind and bare of feathers? They could not have flown; they must have been hurried out of the nest as soon as they could stand. Could it be because I knew their secret? I felt myself a monster, and I tried to make amends by hunting them up and replacing them. But the canny parents, as usual, outwitted me. Not only had they removed their infants, but they had hidden them so securely that I could not find them, and I was sure, from their movements, that they were not bereaved.

I began my search by trying to follow the wily singer, who appeared to understand, and regard it as a joke. First he led me up the lane, then I had to follow down the lane; the next minute he shouted from the blackberry patch, and I had to go around the wall to reach him. Alas, the race between wings and feet is hopeless! I abandoned that plan, and resolved to go to a grove not heretofore invaded, being absolutely impenetrable from undergrowth. My way led across a cornfield, over stone walls, through thickets and bushes everywhere. Many other birds I startled, and at last came a chat's "mew" from a wild jungle of ailantus and brambles, which nothing less effective than an axe could pass through. But on I went around the edge, the chat's call accompanying me, and at the point where it sounded loudest I dropped to a humble position, hoping that eyes might enter further than feet. Nothing to be seen or heard but

a flit of wings. The singer tried to lead me away, but I was serious and not to be coaxed, and all his manœuvres failed. I seated myself on the ground, for now I heard low, soft baby calls, and determined to stay there till the crack of doom, or till I had solved the mystery of those calls.

But I did not stay so long, and I did not see the babies. An hour or two of watching weakened my determination, and slowly and sadly I wended my way homeward; admiring, while I execrated, the too, too clever tactics of the chat. But I did make one discovery, — that a sound which had puzzled me, like the distant blow of an axe against a tree, must be added to the *répertoire* of the chat mother. I saw her utter it, and saw the strange movement of the throat in doing so. The sound seemed to come up in bubbles, which distended her throat on the outside, exactly as if they had been beads as big as shoe buttons.

I was not to be wholly disappointed. Fate had one crumb of consolation for me, for I saw at last a chat baby. He was a quiet, well-behaved little fellow, with streaks on throat and breast, and dull yellow underparts. His manners were subdued, and gave no hint of the bumptious acrobat he might live to be.

While the vagaries of chat life had been drawing me down toward the lane, the feathered world on the other side of the house had not been idle, and glad now to avoid the ruined lane and the deserted berry patch, I turned my attention to a bird drama nearer home, the story of which must have a chapter to itself.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE PRESIDENCY AND MR. OLNEY.

THERE is a more radical difference between the Republican party and the Democratic party than appears at first sight. Their political opinions, indeed, are not sharply discriminated. In each party we find some protectionists and some free-traders, gold men and silver men, civil service reformers and adherents of the spoils doctrine. Upon foreign affairs, as we have learned by recent experience, political opinion does not run in anything like strict accordance with party lines. The real distinction between the two parties lies in, or perhaps we should say, rather, springs from, the elements of which they are composed. The average or typical Democrat is a very different kind of man from the average or typical Republican; and this difference is recognized by everybody in a general way. Thus, if a person at all familiar with American politics were walking down Broadway, in the city of New York, he would certainly assume that the laborer digging up the street with a pickaxe was a Democrat; and so of the policeman at the crossing, of the fireman rushing past on his engine, of the 'bus driver, of the motor-man on the electric car. But as to the shopkeepers along the street, both Jew and Gentile, both wholesaler and retailer, he would set them down as Republicans. When he reached the lower part of Broadway, where lawyers and bankers abound, there would be more uncertainty in his calculations; still, by far the greater number of lawyers and bankers would be Republicans. And what is true of New York, in this matter, is true, though of course with many variations and exceptions, of the whole country, saving the Southern States. It is a frequent saying among Republicans that the great body of uneducated voters are found in the ranks of their opponents; the Democrats, they declare, re-

present the ignorance of the country. The Democrat has a strong feeling for what he regards as his personal rights, the Republican a greater regard for institutions and for the strength of the government. The Republican has more money, and he occupies a position which is thought to be higher in the social scale. There is a corresponding difference between the Democratic and the Republican ideals of a public man; and these ideals are usually realized. Politicians may pull and haul as they will, but in the long run, so far as the highest elective offices are concerned, the voters get their own way; they elect the kind of man that they like.

Now, if it be inquired what kind of a candidate the Democratic masses naturally choose, we could hardly give a better or more definite answer than is furnished by the name of Richard Olney. Democrats prefer a man of the masterful, commanding, straightforward type. They have no desire to dictate to their leaders, they want to be dictated to; they want to be led, not to drive. We need not now inquire very curiously into the origin and nature of this Democratic submission to authority. Some people call it subservience; others call it loyalty; others, again, attribute it to the simple fact that the Democratic voters have nothing to gain from legislation. Not being predominantly engaged in trade, in manufactures, or in mining, they are not applicants for protection, or for bounties, or for any other form of paternal assistance: Consequently, they are willing to leave questions of policy and of legislation to be settled by their leaders. But whatever the explanation, the fact is perfectly obvious that the Democratic voter has an instinctive liking for a real leader, for a dominating person. He elects a man of that kind,

and, having put him in office, gives him a free rein. Mr. Cleveland is notoriously of this nature, and Mr. Olney resembles him in this respect. The two men are of similar origin, for they both come of sturdy New England fighting and preaching stock.

Mr. Olney is in the direct line of descent from Thomas Olney, who emigrated from England in 1635, and settled in Salem. Being a Baptist, he was excommunicated and expelled from Massachusetts, two years after his arrival in this country, along with Roger Williams, whom he assisted in founding Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations. His descendants have been among the inhabitants of Rhode Island ever since. Richard Olney's father was Wilson Olney, who moved from Providence to Oxford, Massachusetts, in 1819, and there became a woolen manufacturer and a banker. He was a man of perfect integrity and of great energy. He died in 1874, leaving three sons, of whom Richard was the oldest. Wilson Olney's wife was the daughter of Peter Butler, of Oxford, and granddaughter of Mary Sigourney, who was descended from Andrew Sigourney, a Huguenot, and the leader of a small band of Huguenots who settled at Oxford in 1687. Mr. Olney, therefore, in addition to his good Anglo-Saxon descent, has a strain of that Huguenot blood which, as we are informed by the researches of Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, has contributed a greater proportionate number of distinguished men to American life than any other except the native stock.

Richard Olney was born September 15, 1835, at Oxford. He was educated at the academy in Leicester, near Oxford, and at Brown University in Providence, where he was graduated with high honors in 1856. In the autumn of that year he entered the Harvard Law School, and in 1859 he was admitted to the Boston bar. He immediately became associated with the late Judge Thomas,

whose daughter he married in 1861, and he continued to be the friend and partner of Judge Thomas until the death of the latter, which occurred in 1879. When he was admitted to the bar, and indeed for twenty years afterward, the practice of the law was not specialized, as it has since become. In those days, a lawyer in good practice would be found now in the criminal court, now in the court of law or of equity; he might act as a conveyancer to-day, and as a counselor in the Admiralty Court to-morrow. This variety of employment probably tended to develop a more practical and well-rounded man than is produced under the present system of specialization. It is on record that Mr. Olney once defended a man accused of murder, and obtained his acquittal. From an early period in his career, however, he has been concerned chiefly with trust estates and with corporations. In fact, his long employment as counsel for railroad corporations doubtless tends to diminish what is called his "availability" as a candidate for the presidency.

From the beginning of his apprenticeship to the law, Mr. Olney has labored at it with such industry as only a robust physique could have enabled him to support. He is noted for deep and accurate knowledge of the law, and for the logic, skill, and pertinacity with which that knowledge has been applied. The only political offices which he has ever held are those of selectman in the town of West Roxbury, where he used to live, and of representative in the Massachusetts legislature, of which he was a member in 1874. It will be seen, therefore, that the story of his life, with the exception of the past two or three years, is that of a lawyer, pure and simple. He was known in Boston merely as a very able, honest, accurate, well-read member of the bar. He had, to be sure, a rather unusual reputation for firmness and pugnacity. So little, indeed, had he been considered as a figure in public life or

as a possible subject of political honors that he was not even thought of by those leading Democrats in Massachusetts who, at Mr. Cleveland's invitation, suggested the names of persons whom they thought suitable for a place in his Cabinet. The names thus suggested were passed over, and the President offered the post of Attorney-General to Mr. Olney. The office was directly in the line of his profession, and he accepted it. It was thus purely as a lawyer that he entered political life, and we may add that it is entirely from the manner in which he has dealt with certain questions of national and of international law that he has become a prominent figure in the country, and a possible candidate for the presidency. He is known to the general public only by the part which he played in suppressing the Chicago railroad riots of 1894, and by his conduct of the Venezuelan controversy.

It will be remembered that in the latter part of June, 1894, a general railroad strike was in progress at the West, the centre of the disturbance being at Chicago. Very great injury had already been inflicted upon the business of the country: passengers were detained in uninhabited places without food; cattle and sheep in course of transportation were dying of thirst and hunger; whole communities were cut off from their ordinary supplies of food and fuel. The state authorities made but feeble efforts to cope with the difficulty, and matters were hourly going from bad to worse. Had the United States courts any authority to interfere? It was a very doubtful question; there was no precedent for it whatever. Such a jurisdiction never had been exercised by any court in England or in America. There was no time to consult authorities or to ponder the nice legal questions involved; and the responsibility of moving or not moving in the matter rested wholly upon a single person, — Richard Olney, Attorney-General of the United

States. He promptly decided that he had authority to act. He applied to the United States Circuit Court for the Northern District of Illinois for an injunction to restrain the leaders of the strike from interfering, and from inciting others to interfere, with the transportation of United States mails or with interstate commerce; that is, with the movement of freight *en route* from one State to another. The injunction was granted, and the strike came to an end. As one of the defendants testified afterward: "The strike was broken up, . . . not by the army and not by any other power, but simply and solely by the action of the United States courts in restraining us from discharging our duties as officers and representatives of the workmen."

The strike was ended, but not the concern of Mr. Olney with it; that remained to be passed upon by the Supreme Court, to which the defendants (who were subsequently imprisoned for contempt of court in violating the injunction) had appealed.

A strong argument was made in their behalf. "No case can be cited," was said, and said truly, by counsel for the defendants, — "no case can be cited where such a bill in behalf of the sovereign has been entertained against riot and mob violence, though occurring on the highway. . . . The strong hand of executive power is required to deal with such lawless demonstrations. The courts should stand aloof from them, and not invade executive prerogative, nor even at the behest or request of the executive travel out of the beaten path of well-settled judicial authority." The Supreme Court, however, after great deliberation, and with the assistance of the elaborate briefs filed upon each side, arrived at the same conclusion reached by Mr. Olney in those few hours, one might almost say minutes, in which he was obliged to decide whether or not he should take action. This decision must be accepted as

a vindication of his action. The precedent which he thus had a hand in establishing is one of the utmost importance, and its results will be felt for many years to come. In fact, it is quite conceivable that the very existence of the government of the United States might depend upon or might be destroyed by the power of the United States courts to interfere in every strike which involves the stoppage of the mails or of interstate commerce. Certainly no railroad strike upon a great scale can ever be carried out so long as this power is exercised. Thus a great safeguard is thrown about the business of the country.

But there is another side to the matter. Railroad employees deprived, practically, of the right to strike are deprived of their only weapon of self-defense. Unless they are protected by some new legislation from the possible rapacity and injustice of their employers, this power of interference by the Federal courts, now settled by the decision of the Supreme Court, may give rise to evils far worse than those which it was designed to prevent. That Mr. Olney himself is not blind to such considerations, that he aims at justice to the workman as well as protection to the public, is plain from one of his subsequent acts, not as Attorney-General, but as a private individual. The case was as follows: The receivers of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad issued an edict that none of their employees should join the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, and that those who had joined it should leave the Brotherhood on pain of immediate dismissal from the service of the company. Some of the employees who were members of the Brotherhood petitioned the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania to restrain the receivers (who, as such, are officers of the court) from carrying out this policy of injustice and oppression. Mr. Olney had no connection with this case, one way or the other. The receivers were represented

by their counsel, and the employees by theirs, and neither the Attorney-General nor his assistants were engaged on either side. But the action of the receivers was a gross interference with the liberty of the individual; and Mr. Olney, of his own motion and by special leave of the court, filed a brief upon the side of the petitioners. From this brief we quote the following passage: "Whatever else may remain for the future to determine, it must now be regarded as substantially settled that the mass of wage-earners can no longer be dealt with by capital as so many isolated units. The time has passed when the individual workman is called upon to pit his feeble strength against the might of organized capital. Organized labor now confronts organized capital. They are the best off when friends, but are inevitably often at variance. As antagonists, neither can afford to despise the other; and the burning question of modern times is, How shall the ever-recurring controversies between them be adjusted and terminated?" It remains only to add that the circuit judge refused the petition, leaving the receivers at liberty to pursue the course upon which they had entered. This decision was perfectly honest, but it is doubtful if one more unjust was ever made by any tribunal in a civilized country.

By his public acts, therefore, Mr. Olney has proved himself not only an able lawyer, with a capacity for original action, but a courageous man; and not only a courageous man, but a just one. The same fortune — one hardly knows whether to call it good or bad — which attended him as Attorney-General has followed him as Secretary of State; he has been called upon to decide questions of far greater difficulty and importance than fall ordinarily to the lot of a Cabinet officer. It would be impossible, as well as out of place, to attempt here an analysis of the Venezuelan controversy; but Mr. Olney's famous letter upon the subject may be examined briefly, so far as it

throws light upon his character as a man and as a possible President.

It is now generally understood that the dispute between England and Venezuela had lasted for half a century, and that various Secretaries of State for the United States had addressed the English government on the subject, in one way and another, but always upon the ground that we had an interest in the matter. That is, the intervention of the United States was based upon the Monroe doctrine. Chiefly, this intervention had taken the form of repeated requests to Great Britain to submit the dispute to arbitration. These requests had always been refused, and meantime the boundary line, as the British Foreign Office understood it, was creeping further and further over the disputed territory. In the two years between 1885 and 1887 it advanced so far as to include thirty-three thousand square miles which had not previously been claimed by Great Britain. Such was the situation when Mr. Olney became Secretary of State. He took up the matter with the promptness and thoroughness which have always marked his career as a lawyer. It may be that he misunderstood and misapplied the Monroe doctrine; some of his critics have concluded that he did, and he has fallen in their estimation accordingly. But whether he was historically correct or not has ceased to be a matter of practical importance. The American people, with a few but notable exceptions, have accepted and approved his understanding of the doctrine. It is the Monroe doctrine now, whether it was so before or not; and it is hardly conceivable that it should ever be repudiated by any future Secretaries of State or Presidents of the republic. That doctrine, so far as it applies to the Venezuelan case, is this: no foreign power shall acquire new territory in South America, without the consent of the United States, either by actual conquest, or by pushing forward its boundary line against the will of the

state whose territory is thus invaded. This practical exposition of the Monroe doctrine will preserve Mr. Olney's name in American history, even if no other act of his shall be remembered.

The terms of his letter to Mr. Bayard, for the information of Lord Salisbury, have been criticised severely. It is said that he might have put the matter more diplomatically, and that a request, instead of a peremptory demand, would have done better. But it must be remembered that the resources of diplomacy had been exhausted by former Secretaries of State without producing the slightest effect. The English are not, like the French (and perhaps like ourselves), unduly sensitive about either giving or taking a hint. The elder Mr. Osborne was a typical Englishman, and there is no dispute about his peculiarities. "When he gave what he called a 'hint,'" his biographer relates, "there was no possibility for the most obtuse to mistake his meaning. He called kicking a footman downstairs a hint to the latter to leave his service."

Mr. Olney, in his letter to Mr. Bayard, gave the British government a strong hint, but a hint no stronger than was required. The same critics who condemned the terms of that letter also derided Mr. Olney's proposed commission as being an additional insult to Great Britain. Lord Salisbury, they declared, would ignore it. And yet, as these lines are written, news comes that the case of the British government, prepared by the most competent man in England, and duly illustrated by elaborate maps and diagrams, will be presented at Washington. This, of course, will not be done officially. The book will not be sent by Lord Salisbury, with his compliments; but it will arrive; it will be laid upon the table of the commission, and there will be no doubt as to its authenticity. If the commission, constituted as it is, and having been furnished with all the evidence at the disposal of the British government, should

decide against England, it is reasonably certain that public opinion in England would not sustain Lord Salisbury in maintaining his case by actual war against the United States. It seems, therefore, not premature to conclude that Mr. Olney's diplomacy has succeeded; and it is hardly fair to attribute this success entirely to good luck and "pugnacity." He is a pugnacious man, no doubt; even the carriage of his head suggests that trait in his character. His head does not hang like the head of a dreamy man, nor droop like the head of a scholar; it is lowered, like the head of a bull.

But this pugnacity is held in check by a very cool and logical intellect, by a lawyer's respect for the law, by the conscience of a man who in his whole life has never done a single thing for display. There was nothing rash, or reckless, or unpremeditated in the famous letter to Mr. Bayard; and yet that letter had certain defects which correspond with a defect in Mr. Olney's character considered as a President. It showed a want of tact: there were sentences in it which, without adding to the strength of the Secretary's position, were of such a nature as to wound the pride and provoke the resentment of the person to whom it was addressed. It must be admitted that Mr. Olney is not a politic man. He would not be successful in winning over disaffected persons, in harmonizing differences of opinion, in arranging compromises, in opposing people without offending them. As President, he would probably make many enemies.

Mr. Olney's election would be, in one respect, almost unique. He would be the first President since Washington — with the single exception of Grant — who had not been a politician. He would take office absolutely untrammelled by previous alliances or associations; he would be under obligations to nobody, and he would have nobody to reward or to punish. His want of experience as an ex-

ecutive officer (except during the past few years) is not important. The chief functions of a President are to select men and to choose policies; and nobody has a better knowledge of men, or is more fitted to decide questions of policy, than a naturally acute and well-educated lawyer, who has been trained by many years of hard and responsible labor at the bar. Nor is Mr. Olney merely a lawyer, in the sense that his interests are confined to his office. He is not the kind of man who goes home late, with a green bag full of papers under his arm. Instead, he leaves his office at a seasonable hour, and takes a long walk, or plays tennis, at which he is an adept. He has been seen upon the baseball grounds; and best of all, he has a keen sense of humor. He is not an orator, and as a writer he has no distinction of style; but the justness of his ideas and the cultivation of his mind are shown in the few occasional addresses which he has been obliged to make since he became a member of the Cabinet. As Attorney-General, it was his part to present to the court the resolutions of the bar upon the death of the late Mr. Justice Blatchford, and in the course of his remarks he said: —

"It is not given to every man to be instinct with true genius, to exult in acknowledged intellectual superiority, to be chief among the chiefs of his chosen calling. Such men are rare, and their examples as often provoke despair as excite to emulation. But to every man it is given to make the most of the faculties that he has; to cultivate them with unflagging diligence; to make sure that they deteriorate neither from misuse nor disuse, but continue in ever-growing strength and efficiency, until the inevitable access of years and infirmities bars all further progress. By such means alone, without the aid of any transcendent powers, it is astonishing to what heights men have climbed, what conquests they have made, and what laurels they have won."

No man spends three years at Washington in an official position without some change in his character or habits, either for better or for worse; and this is especially true when the transition to Washington is made from the country or from a provincial city like Boston. For a weak man the experience is apt to be depraving; in some cases it has proved disastrous. But Mr. Olney, in the course of his residence at Washington, has visibly brightened and expanded. He has the air of one who, having suddenly been put in a new and difficult place, yet finds the ground firm under his feet, and himself the master of the situation. We began by saying that he was of that type which is most admired by the typical Democrat, by the great mass of Democratic voters, and we believe that this will appear the more

clearly the more his character becomes known. Notwithstanding his dignity and reserve, in spite of the conventional surroundings of his life and his forty years of office work, the primitive man survives in him. His long association with corporations has bred in him not a trace of the timidity or selfishness of wealth. Though a man of education and refinement, he has never been touched by that academic frost under the blighting influence of which the natural promptings of the heart are so often replaced by the feeble conclusions of the intellect. Mr. Olney has retained what may be called the natural impulses of human nature, — the impulses of love and hatred, the impulse of pity, and the impulse of pugnacity; and it is this naturalness and spontaneity which make his character attractive as well as strong.

TEACHING OF ECONOMICS.

THERE are obvious differences between the students in high schools or academies, studying elementary economics, and the older students engaged in collegiate or university work, in both maturity and general training. Hence, methods of instruction should be fittingly adapted to their differing needs. If I were to begin with the elementary and lead up to the advanced work, assuming that the two were quite alike, it might be said of this treatment as of Bishop Berkeley's *Siris* (1744), that it began with Tar Water and ended with the Trinity. But as theology and ethics may possibly underlie the virtues of tar water as well as those of the Trinity, it is also possible that we may find a common characteristic running through both the elementary and the advanced work of instruction. At least, it will be at once apparent that the special peculiarities of the subject, what-

ever they may be, should shape the methods of teaching, in both its earlier and its later stages.

These distinguishing features of our subject are not difficult to determine. Economics deals not only with psychological, but also with physiological and physical phenomena, — that is, with mental operations as well as with bodily and physical facts; and it aims at the discovery and exposition of causes and effects in regard to this subject-matter. Preëminently concerned as it is with every-day life, it demands careful investigation into the accuracy of data, and a keen sense to note their relations to existing science. The field of economics is, fortunately, quite definite, but it includes differing orders of things. It does not deal solely with physical nature, as do the natural sciences; nor solely with ethical or psychic data, as do the moral sciences.

It deals with conclusions taken from both these groups of sciences. Therefore its field is somewhat peculiar, although its aim, common to other sciences, is the discovery and verification of a body of principles. This is a point of particular importance to us in discussing methods of teaching.

A science is a body of principles. While principles may abide, the phenomena in which they appear may change. For instance, the hot debates on the inflation of the currency by greenbacks in 1874 may seem to the public quite dissimilar to the rancorous struggle on silver of our day; but the same fundamental monetary principles underlay both discussions. So, as in all science, the first and primary interest of economics is not in its subject-matter, but in the validity and scope of its principles. One realizes instinctively that a mathematician, for example, is less occupied with the whole mass of matter in the world having length, breadth, and thickness, than with the principles which may apply to any and all of this matter. Similarly, economics, when properly understood, is seen to be a body of principles, and not a description at any given moment of mere concrete facts. Any student, therefore, who aims at more than narrow or superficial knowledge should be directed not merely to collate the data in which the principles appear, but to comprehend the principles themselves. (It should be here noted that I am not now discussing in any way the methods of discovering these principles, but only the methods of teaching existing principles.) From this point of view, to teach a science is to teach, first, how to understand and assimilate this body of principles; and then, how, by constant practice, to apply them to every kind of its own subject-matter. This furnishes us our bearings in teaching economics. For the economic student, who has been taught merely the facts of a certain period or subject, and who has not been trained

primarily in using principles to explain these facts, has been given the counterfeit of an education, and not the real thing. If he has been plunged at once into figures and facts before he has received a careful preliminary training in principles, he is cheated by his instructor into a false belief that he is being educated, when he is not. Such a student is like a traveler in the dark, who has a lantern, but, when an emergency arises, finds, to his chagrin, that it contains no light.

Therefore, whether we are speaking of the tar water or of the Trinity of economics, of teaching the elementary or the advanced work, it must be quite clear that the nature of our subject prescribes a common point of view which the instructor should never forget. No matter with what class of students he is dealing, even though he may change his detailed processes of teaching to suit different ages, he cannot overlook the fact that he is teaching a science. It may seem too simple a matter to enforce this point of view; but it is, and has been, constantly overlooked. So with purpose aforethought, let us emphasize here that it is the fundamental aim of the instructor in economics to give power, and not mere information; to teach how to apply principles to groups of complicated facts; to train students to explain, not merely to collate; in short, to teach them to think, and not merely to know.

No apology, however, need be offered for setting forth so plain a lesson of pedagogics, because the study of economics in this country is relatively young, and its teaching methods have not yet had proper examination. In the beginning, economic instructors adopted the methods they had been familiar with in other fields. The other and older studies, with long-established methods of teaching, naturally handed down their habits and traditions to their younger sister. But we are now breaking away from

these ties, in the process of a natural evolution into better things. An experience of twenty years or more has brought about a better understanding of the nature of economics and of its characteristics, and consequently has given a distinct impetus towards applying appropriate methods of training economic students. In regard to teaching, economics is declaring its independence.

The earlier teacher in economics, as in history and law, generally spoke through a formal textbook. A great dependence on a textbook, however, is a clear indication of that lack of thorough and broad training in the whole subject, on the part of the instructor, which necessarily followed from the meagreness of the opportunities for economic training of a few years ago. Or if the earlier instructor did not rely on a formal textbook, he not infrequently went to another extreme of relying entirely upon lectures, after the German fashion. In first introducing a student to economics, be he young or old, some textbook, as an exposition of principles, is a necessity. That goes without saying; but the textbook, if properly used, should be regarded only as a means of grasping principles, and not as a record of dogma. The effect of a hard-and-fast set of lectures may not differ in practice from that of a textbook; the lectures may be only the equivalent of a textbook of which the instructor is the author, and may be subject to the same abuses. They are often more objectionable than a textbook, because not accessible to the student for study in accurate form, and they often degenerate into directions as to what the student should believe. Without getting trained, in such cases, the student takes the facts, the interpretation, and a bias from the lecturer.

Not so much stress, of course, can be put upon teaching how to think, in the elementary as in the advanced work, but this aim must still control the policy of the teacher. While keeping this general

principle in view, more emphasis could be laid upon clear exposition and illustration of elementary principles. For the younger mind, more time could be wisely devoted to instructive and interesting information upon questions of the day. But it is dangerous to carry this too far. These questions of the day often change their shape, and much of the information-teaching soon becomes obsolete; and only that teaching remains which gave a grasp of governing principles persisting in varying forms of actual life. Consequently, elementary textbooks for high schools or academies might be divided into two parts: one devoted to an exposition of the main and undisputed principles of economics, and the other to materials of practical interest to which these principles are to be applied. In this way, the materials of the second part could be modified as the questions of the day come and go.

In collegiate and university work, however, the instructor will find his students older and more mature, and can exact scientific methods with rigor and success. In introductory work with mature students, the necessity of grasping an abstract principle and working out its application in every-day life can be urged at once. Unexpected tests upon practical problems made in writing drive this operation home, and force habits of precision and accuracy. But an increase of numbers in the class-room, which makes these tests every few days impossible, will result in a less seasoned student for advanced work. As soon as the introductory work is passed, it is often assumed as a matter of course that lecturing is the only method of teaching: it has a more learned sound, and suggests the great man whose every word is eagerly swallowed by admiring students. Some of the evils of this system, which is common in Germany and elsewhere to-day, are doubtless familiar to all of us. In proportion as the lecturer is learned and gifted with the art of lucid and attractive

exposition, he saves his hearers from study and thinking; the more thorough and masterly his treatment, the more completely he removes from the student the incentive to independent thinking. Such a system of teaching is ingeniously devised to prevent a young man from getting a real education, and yet lead him to believe the contrary. It is a brilliant plan for developing power in the instructor, and false conceit in the student. When the latter has been separated from his thinking-guide, new facts, new arguments, find him unprotected, and there result strange reversals of opinion and belief.

There is another method of teaching, in which the lecturer is no longer the main source of information and belief for the student. To distinguish it from the others, I may call it, in default of a better name, the laboratory method. As its name implies, it requires a collection of documents, materials, and treatises wherein the student can take his sources at first hand; and this workshop with its materials is to the economist what the laboratory with its appliances is to the chemist or biologist. The purpose of study is not the absorption of a given author, but the understanding of a subject through many sources and many authors. Instructed to report upon a given topic, the student is obliged to learn methods of work and study of far greater importance than any acquired information; he learns how to use books, and he learns to weigh and discriminate between statements. Instead of accepting a carefully prepared exposition by the lecturer, with its logic and its resulting conclusions fully worked out, he is taught how to prepare the data, to exercise himself in the application of principles, and to draw his own conclusions. Instead of having the ground covered for him in a masterly way by the instructor, he is obliged to cover it himself, to learn by his own mistakes, and to gather experience from the fate of his own perform-

ances under the most rigorous criticism. The purpose of such a system is the acquisition of independent power and methods of work, rather than any specific beliefs. Indeed, the instructor may never know what the final beliefs of his student are. To the extent to which the laboratory method is used, the scientific spirit drives out prejudice and partisanship, and the instructor finds the time has gone by when it seemed proper to urge the acceptance of any specific beliefs.

If the instructor, then, granting the adoption of such a system, is called upon to lecture, as he often is, on some practical and descriptive subjects, like Railways or Tariffs, he is in effect only saving the student's time by collecting for him some of the materials which otherwise he must gather for himself, and upon which he will have to use his principles; while, on other topics, the student is at the same time fully occupied. Or the instructor presents his treatment of a subject as a model and stimulus. It becomes clear that the student and his instructor are doing field work together, and the former gains the best things from his superior with amazing rapidity. To see a thing well done before one's very eyes is sure to excite effort and bring out latent power. In this process, as in the "natural method" of teaching modern languages, the necessary accumulation of technical and useful information comes as a matter of course. So that while we can readily admit that the possession of mere learning is highly useful and desirable, yet we are saved from regarding industry and collation as the cardinal virtues, because we have set the chief value upon the higher mental processes, in which those like synthesis and the explanation of cause and effect play the principal rôle. The result of such a system is that the instructor is left free to put emphasis upon that which is of lasting value to the student. He can naturally urge a non-partisan, ju-

dicial attitude of mind in weighing evidence and balancing arguments. His chief concern is in showing how to approach a subject, how to gather materials and use books, how to treat and analyze the results, to be orderly and logical, to preserve the homely virtue of common sense, and, not least, to demand that the conclusions be expressed in tolerable English.

In the natural sciences this laboratory method has long been familiar; and recently it has succeeded in working a veritable revolution in the teaching methods of American law schools. That which in economics I have called the laboratory method is in law the case system. This reference to what has been going on in the teaching of law has more than passing significance for the teaching of economics, because the mental processes required in the study of law are strikingly like those required in the study of economics. The student of law is obliged to discover the pivotal point in a case, grasp clearly a general principle of law, and apply the relevant principle to the point at issue. The power to assimilate principles and apply them to facts of some complexity with accuracy and logic makes the successful jurist. Similarly, as we have seen, the power to grasp a general principle, to weigh facts, and to apply principles logically to particular cases makes the successful economist. In short, the training in economics is largely the same as the training in law. A student of economics, however loaded his mind may be with information, if untrained in the power to trace the operation of cause and effect in his facts, is distinctly not an economist. On the other hand, he is just as distinctly not a jurist, who has gathered all the facts material to his client's case, if he is untrained in applying the principles of law governing legal contests.

The similarity, consequently, between economics and law gives a peculiar interest to the parallel development which

is even now going on in the methods of teaching these two subjects. The case system has already an established place in the leading schools of law; its purpose is to train, not merely to inform; and by a study of numerous cases under given branches of law, students are forced to acquire relevancy, and to practice themselves in applying precedents to facts under the fire of galling criticism. It has a different aim from the old system, in which the lecturer, usually a successful practitioner, told the student what the law was. Not content with merely instructing him as to existing law, the new system sends out a man with a seasoned mind, ready to apply principles in sudden emergencies in the court-room. In law as in economics, the laboratory system is driving out the textbook and the lecture. To crowd the mind of an economic student with information is by far the easiest method for the instructor; in this way he may give the raw young student arms and ammunition with which to take the field at once, and externally he looks like a soldier. But the laboratory method produces men of a different fibre. It is not sufficient to throw a uniform over a new recruit and thrust a musket into his hand, to make him a soldier; on the contrary, it requires a seasoning of body and nerve and will by years of training, to create the kind of soldier who marched from the Rhine through Gravelotte and Sedan to Paris. So, likewise, long and careful training is needed for the economist, in order that he may deal with his subject independently, freshly, and with individuality; that he may be prepared not only to deal adequately with a single issue, — a special phase of the tariff, or taxation, or socialism, — but to think and reason correctly on any and all the forms into which the various issues may shape themselves.

From the basis of the newer and better methods thus explained and illustrated, many corollaries may be drawn

by the reader himself; and the practical teacher will see many. I shall take space here to notice only a very few, quite briefly. One of vital importance concerns the order of teaching the introductory work in economics. From the modern point of view, it must be regarded as a high crime and misdemeanor to set mere information above training and power. And yet it has not infrequently happened that an instructor has precipitated a new student into economic history and the history of the development of economic thought before he was in the least familiar with the principles which explain the relations of economic phenomena. The effects upon the student are evil and lasting, and just what might be expected. Such a man is like a door without a latch; it flies open at the pressure of every passing breeze. This kind of a door is worse than no door; it is an annoyance to the ear. It is criminal pedagogies to plunge the student into complicated facts before he has become familiar with methods of reasoning on the primary principles of his science. A process of this nature, moreover, wastes time. If given the proper preliminary training, on the other hand, he will enter upon the descriptive courses, or upon the more exacting and later work of research, with intelligence and facility.

Since a characteristic of the later methods is the study of a subject rather than of an author, we are likely to see less imitation of German forms of organizing departments of economics. In the past, with a proper regard for the influence of a great spirit, a distinguished master was appointed to lecture at will. There are evident gains in giving a great personality free play, but the progress of the subject may suffer. The subject will gain by a just subdivision of the field and a corresponding division of labor. No one man can pretend to cover the whole field of economics; indeed, there are numerous sections, to

one of which a man may well give his great abilities and training, and then with humility admit that he cannot be familiar with all parts of it. Hence, a division of departments into subjects, each being given its relative weight and attention, leads to the selection of men for each subject, to work in common for an organized whole. In this way the student meets with intensity of effort in each branch of economics, and obtains greater insight into the problems of each division of it. Such organization, moreover, with a less number of geniuses, may with more effectiveness train students throughout the whole field, and save no little duplication of work and waste of power among instructors. Certainly, there does not exist in German universities to-day an organized system of training men to become economists equal to that of the best American universities. And it is still more true that our system is not equaled in France; while England gives little chance for graduate work.

Such phenomenal development in America in a subject scarcely twenty-five years old is worth noting, and could not have come about without a proper understanding of its value on the part of those who have furnished the material equipment to our institutions of learning. The laboratory method, like most good things, is expensive. The student must have free access to a large and carefully arranged library, especially rich in all records of legislation, statistics, reports, and the like for each country in the world. Such a system, of course, means a large and generous expenditure. But this new need should cause no surprise, because no greater demands are made in behalf of economic science than are justly accepted as proper for biological and physical laboratories. In both cases the end is the same: the development of eager, independent research on subjects intimately and directly affecting the welfare of the human race.

The work of research, however brilliant, is, in a way, of no greater importance to the good of our nation than that elementary teaching of economics to the great masses who never enter a college, but who form the majority of those who enter a polling-booth. In what has been said above, this elementary instruction has been found to be affected by the

same characteristics which are common to it as well as to the advanced work. To the reader it will be left to determine where the tar water of my discussion leaves off, and where the Trinity begins. It may possibly result, as was finally held by Bishop Berkeley's critics, that the discussion of tar water was more important than that of the Trinity.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

OLD WINE AND NEW.

READERS of Old Mortality will perhaps remember that when Graham of Claverhouse escorts Henry Morton as a prisoner to Edinburgh, he asks that estimable and unfortunate young non-conformist if he has ever read Froissart. Morton, who was probably the last man in Scotland to derive any gratification from the Chronicles, answers that he has not. "I have half a mind to contrive you should have six months' imprisonment," says the undaunted Claverhouse, "in order to procure you that pleasure. His chapters inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetry itself. And the noble canon, with what true chivalrous feeling he confines his beautiful expressions of sorrow to the death of the gallant and high-bred knight, of whom it was a pity to see the fall, such was his loyalty to his king, pure faith to his religion, hardihood towards his enemy, and fidelity to his lady-love! Ah, benedicite! how he will mourn over the fall of such a pearl of knighthood, be it on the side he happens to favor or on the other! But truly, for sweeping from the face of the earth some few hundreds of villain churls, who are born but to plough it, the high-born and inquisitive historian has marvelous little sympathy."

I should like, out of my affection for the Chronicles, to feel that Sir Walter overstated the case, when he put these

cheerful words into the mouth of Dundee; but it is vain to deny that Froissart, living in a darkened age, was as indifferent to the fate of the rank and file as if he had been a great nineteenth-century general. To be sure, the rank and file were then counted by the hundreds rather than by the thousands, and it took years of continuous warfare to kill as many soldiers as perished in one of our modern battles. Moreover, the illuminating truth that Jack is as good as his master — by help of which we all live now in such striking brotherhood and amity — had not then dawned upon a proud and prejudiced world. Fighting was the grand business of life, and that Jack did not fight as well as his master was a fact equally apparent to those who made history and to those who wrote it. If the English archers, the French men-at-arms, and the Breton lances could be trusted to stand the shock of battle, the "lusty varlets," who formed the bulk of every army, were sure to run away; and the "commonalty" were always ready to open their gates and deliver up their towns to every fresh new-comer. When Philip of Navarre was entreated to visit Paris, then in a state of tumult and rebellion, and was assured that the merchants and the mob held him in equal affection, he resolutely declined their importunities,

concluding that to put his faith in princes was, on the whole, less dangerous than to confide it in the people. "In commonalties," observed this astute veteran, "there is neither dependence nor union, save in the destruction of all things good." "What can a base-born man know of honor?" asks Froisart coldly. "His sole wish is to enrich himself. He is like the otter, which, entering a pond, devours all the fish therein."

Now, if history, as Professor Seeley teaches us, should begin with a maxim and end with a moral, here are maxims and morals in abundance, albeit they may have lost their flavor for an altruistic age. For no one of the sister Muses has lent herself so unreservedly to the demands of an exacting generation as Clio, who, shorn of her splendor, sits spectacted before a dusty table strewn with Acts of Parliament and Acts of Congress, and forgets the glories of the past in the absorbing study of constitutions. She traces painfully the successive steps by which the sovereign power has passed from the king to the nobles, from the nobles to the nation, and from the nation to the mob, and asks herself interesting but fruitless questions as to what is coming next. She has been divorced from literature, — "mere literature," as Professor Seeley contemptuously phrases it, — and wedded to science, that grim but amorous lord whose harem is tolerably full already, but who lusts perpetually for another bride. If, like Briseis, she looks backward wistfully, she is at once reminded that it is no part of her present duty to furnish recreation to grateful and happy readers, but that her business lies in drawing conclusions from facts already established, and providing a saddened world with wise speculations on political science, based upon historic certainties. Her safest lessons, Professor Seeley tells her warningly, are conveyed in "Blue Books and other statistics," with which, indeed, no living

man can hope to recreate himself; and her essential outgrowths are "political philosophy, the comparative study of legal institutions, political economy, and international law," a witches' brew with which few living men would care to meddle. It is even part of his severe discipline to strip her of the fair words and glittering sentences with which her suitors have sought for centuries to enhance her charms, and "for the beauty of drapery to substitute the beauty of the nude figure." Poor shivering Muse, with whom Shakespeare once dallied, and of whom great Homer sang! Never again shall she be permitted to inspire the genius that enthalls the world. Never again shall "mere literature" carry her name and fame into the remotest corners of the globe. She who once told us in sonorous sentences "how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted," is now sent into studious retirement, denied the adornments of style, forbidden the companionship of heroes, and requested to occupy herself industriously with Blue Books and the growth of constitutions. I know nothing more significant than Professor Seeley's warning to modern historians not to resemble Tacitus, — of which there seems but little danger, — unless, indeed, it be the complacency with which a patriotic and very popular American critic congratulates himself and us on the felicity of having plenty of young poets of our own, who do not in the least resemble Wordsworth, or Shelley, or Keats.

Yet when we take from history all that gives it color, vivacity, and charm, we lose, perchance, more than our mere enjoyment, — though that be a heavy forfeiture, — more than the pleasant hours spent in the storied past. Even so stern a master as Mr. Lecky is fain to admit that these obsolete narratives, which once called themselves histories, "gave insight into human character, breathed noble sentiments, rewarded and stimu-

lated noble actions, and kindled high patriotic feeling by their strong appeals to the imagination." This was no unfruitful labor, and until we remember that man does not live by parliamentary rule nor by accuracy of information, but by the power of his own emotions and the strength of his own self-control, we can be readily mistaken as to the true value of his lessons. "A nation with whom sentiment is nothing," observes Mr. Froude, "is on its way to become no nation at all;" and it has been well said that Nelson's signal to his fleet at Trafalgar, that last pregnant and simple message sent in the face of death, has had as much practical effect upon the hearts and the actions of Englishmen in every quarter of the globe, in every circumstance of danger and adventure, as seven eighths of the Acts of Parliament that decorate the statute-book. Yet Dr. Bright, in a volume of more than fourteen hundred pages, can find no room for an incident which has become a living force in history. He takes pains to omit, in his lukewarm account of the battle, the one thing that was best worth the telling.

It has become a matter of such pride with a certain school of modern historians to be gray and neutral, accurate in petty details, indifferent to great men, cautious in praise or blame, and as lifeless as mathematicians, that a gleam of color or a flash of fire is apt to be regarded with suspicion. Yet color is not necessarily misleading; and that keen, warm grasp of a subject which gives us atmosphere as well as facts, interest as well as information, comes nearer to the veiled truth than a catalogue of correct dates and chillingly narrated incidents. It is easy for Mr. Gardiner to denounce Clarendon's "well-known carelessness about details whenever he has a good story to tell;" but what has the later historian ever said to us that will dwell in our hearts, and keep alive our infatuations and our antipathies, as do some of

these condemned tales? Nay, even Mr. Gardiner's superhuman coldness in narrating such an event as the tragic death of Montrose has not saved him from at least one inaccuracy. "Montrose, in his scarlet cassock, was hanged at the Grass-market," he says, with frigid terseness. But Montrose, as it chanced, was hanged at the city cross in the High Street, midway between the Tolbooth and the Tron Church. Even the careless and highly colored Clarendon knew this, though Sir Walter Scott, it must be admitted, did not; but, after all, the exact point in Edinburgh where Montrose was hanged is of no vital importance to anybody. What is important is that we should feel the conflicting passions of that stormy time, that we should regard them with equal sanity and sympathy, and that the death of Montrose should have for us more significance than it appears to have for Mr. Gardiner. Better Froissart's courtly lamentations over the death of every gallant knight than this studied indifference to the sombre stories which history has inscribed for us on her scroll.

For the old French chronicler would have agreed cordially with Landor: "We might as well, in a drama, place the actors behind the scenes, and listen to the dialogue there, as, in a history, push back valiant men." Froissart is enamored of valor wherever he finds it; and he shares Carlyle's reverence not only for events, but for the controlling forces which have moulded them. "The history of mankind," says Carlyle, about whose opinions there is seldom any room for doubt, "is the history of its great men;" and Froissart, whose knowledge is of that narrow and intimate kind which comes from personal association, finds everything worth narrating that can serve to illustrate the brilliant pageant of life. Nor are his methods altogether unlike Carlyle's. He is a sturdy hero-worshiper, who yet never spares his heroes, believing that when all is set down truthfully and without excuses,

those strong and vivid qualities which make a man a leader among men will of themselves claim our homage and admiration. What Cromwell is to Carlyle, what William of Orange is to Macaulay, what Henry VIII. is to Froude, Gaston Phoebus, Count de Foix, is to Froissart. But not for one moment does he assume the tactics of either Macaulay or Froude, coloring with careful art that which is dubious, and softening or concealing that which is irredeemably bad. Just as Carlyle paints for us Cromwell, — warts and all, — telling us in plain words his least amiable and estimable traits, and intimating that he loves him none the less for these most human qualities, so Froissart tells us unreservedly all that has come to his knowledge concerning the Count de Foix. Thus it appears that this paragon of knighthood virtually banished his wife, kept his cousin, the Viscount de Châteaubon, a close captive until he paid forty thousand francs ransom, imprisoned his only son on a baseless suspicion of treason, and actually slew the poor boy by his violence, though without intention, and to his own infinite sorrow and remorse. Worse than all this, he beguiled with friendly messages his cousin, Sir Peter Arnaut de Béarn, the commander and governor of Lourdes, to come to his castle of Orthès, and then, under his own roof-tree, stabbed his guest five times, and left him to die miserably of his wounds in a dungeon, because Sir Peter refused to betray the trust confided to him, and deliver up to France the strong fortress of Lourdes, which he held valiantly for the king of England.

Now, Froissart speaks his mind very plainly concerning this cruel deed, softening no detail, and offering no word of extenuation or acquittal; but none the less the Count de Foix is to him the embodiment of knightly courtesy and valor, and he describes with ardor every personal characteristic, every trait, and every charm that wins both love and

reverence. "Although I have seen many kings and princes, knights and others," he writes, "I have never beheld any so handsome, whether in limbs and shape or in countenance, which was fair and ruddy, with gray, amorous eyes that gave delight whenever he chose to express affection. He was so perfectly formed that no one could praise him too much. He loved earnestly the things he ought to love, and hated those which it was becoming him to hate. He was a prudent knight, full of enterprise and wisdom. He had never any men of abandoned character about him, reigned wisely, and was constant in his devotions. To speak briefly and to the point, the Count de Foix was perfect in person and in mind; and no contemporary prince could be compared with him for sense, honor, or liberality."

In good truth, this despotic nobleman illustrated admirably the familiar text, "When a strong man armed keepeth his court, those things which he possesseth are in peace." If he ruled his vassals severely and taxed them heavily, he protected them from all outside interference or injury. None might despoil their homes, nor pass the boundaries of Béarn and Foix without paying honestly for all that was required. At a time when invading armies and the far more terrible "free companies" pillaged the country, until the fair fields of France lay like a barren land, the Count de Foix suffered neither English nor French, Gascon nor Breton, to set foot within his territories until assurance had been given that his people should suffer no harm. He lived splendidly, and gave away large sums of money wherever he had reason to believe that his interests or his prestige would be strengthened by such generosity; but no parasite, male or female, shared in his magnificent bounty. Clear-headed, cold-hearted, vigilant, astute, liberal, and inexorable, he guarded his own, and sovereigns did him honor. His was no humane nor tranquil record,

yet, judging him by the standards of his own time and place, by the great good as well as by the lesser evil that he wrought, we are fain to echo Froissart's rapturous words, "It is a pity such a one should ever grow old and die."

The earlier part of the *Chronicles* is compiled from the *Vrayes Chroniques* of Jean le Bel, Canon of St. Lambert's at Liège. Froissart tells us so plainly, and admits that he made free use of the older narrative as far as it could serve him; afterwards relying for information on the personal recollections of knights, squires, and men-at-arms who had witnessed or had taken part in the invasions, wars, battles, skirmishes, treaties, tournaments, and feasts which made up the stirring tale of fourteenth-century life. To gain this knowledge, he traveled far and wide, attaching himself to one court and one patron after another, and indefatigably seeking those soldiers of distinction who had served in many lands, and could tell him the valorous deeds he so ardently loved to hear. In long, leisurely journeys, in lonely castles and populous cities, in summer days and winter nights, he gathered and fitted together — loosely enough — the motley fabric of his tale. This open-air method of collecting material can hardly be expected to commend itself to modern historians; and it is surely not necessary for Mr. Green or any other careful scholar to tell us seriously that Froissart is inaccurate. Of course he is inaccurate. How could history passed, ballad fashion, from man to man be anything but inaccurate? And how could it fail to possess that atmosphere and color which students are bidden to avoid, — lest perchance they resemble Tacitus, — but which lovers of "mere literature" hail rapturously, and which give to the printed page the breath of the living past? Froissart makes a sad jumble of his names, which indeed, in that easy-going age, were spelt according to the taste and discretion of the writer; he embellishes

his narrative with charming descriptions of incidents which perhaps never went through the formality of occurring; and he is good enough to forbear annoying us with dates. "About this time King Philip of France quitted Paris in company with the king of Bohemia;" or, "The feast of St. John the Baptist now approaching, the lords of England and Germany made preparations for their intended expedition." This is as near as we ever get to the precise period in which anything happened or did not happen, as the case may be; but to the unexact reader names and dates are not matters of lively interest, and even the accuracy of a picturesque incident is of no paramount importance. If it were generally believed to have taken place, it illustrates the customs and sentiments of the age as well as if it were authentic; and the one great advantage of the old over the new historian is that he feels the passions and prejudices of his own time, and reflects them without either condemnation or apology. The nineteenth-century mind working on fourteenth-century material is chilly in its analysis and Draconian in its judgment. It can and does enlighten us on many significant points, but it is powerless to breathe into its pages that warm and vivid life which lies so far beyond our utmost powers of sympathy or comprehension.

Now, there are many excellent and very intelligent people to whom the fourteenth century or any other departed century is without intrinsic interest. Mr. John Morley has emphatically recorded his sentiments on the subject. "I do not in the least want to know what happened in the past," he says, "except as it enables me to see my way more clearly through what is happening now." Here is the utilitarian view concisely and comprehensively stated; and it would be difficult to say how Froissart, any more than Tacitus or Xenophon, can help us efficaciously to understand the Monroe doctrine or the troubles in the Transvaal.

Perhaps these authors yield their finest pleasures to another and less meritorious class of readers, who are well content to forget the vexations and humiliations of the present in the serener study of the mighty past. The best thing about our neighbor's trouble, says the old adage, is that it does not keep us awake at night; and the best thing about the endless troubles of other generations is that they do not in any way impair our peace of mind. It may be that they did not greatly vex the sturdier race who, five hundred years ago, gave themselves scant leisure for reflection. Certain it is that events which should have been considered calamitous are narrated by Froissart in such a cheerful fashion that it is difficult for us to preserve our mental balance, and not share in his unreasonable elation. "Now is the time come when we must speak of lances, swords, and coats of mail," he writes with joyous zest. And again, he blithely describes the battle of Auray: "The French marched in such close order that one could not have thrown a tennis-ball among them but it must have stuck upon the point of a stiffly carried lance. The English took great pleasure in looking at them." Of course the English did, and they took great pleasure in fighting with them half an hour later, and great pleasure in routing them before the day was past; for in this bloody contest fell Charles of Blois, the bravest soldier of his time, and the fate of Brittany was sealed. Invitations to battle were then politely given and cordially accepted, like invitations to a ball. The Earl of Salisbury, before Brest, sends word to Sir Bertrand du Guesclin: "We beg and entreat of you to advance, when you shall be fought with, without fail." And the French, in return, "could never form a wish for feats of arms but there were some English ready to gratify it."

This cheerful, accommodating spirit, this alacrity in playing the dangerous game of war, is difficult for us peace-

loving creatures to understand; but we should remember the "desperate and gleeful fighting" of Nelson's day, and how that great sailor wasted his sympathy on the crew of the warship *Culoden*, which went ashore at the battle of the Nile, "while their more fortunate companions were in the full tide of happiness." Du Guesclin or Sir John Chandos might have written that sentence, had they been much in the habit of writing anything,¹ and Froissart would have subscribed cordially to the sentiment. "Many persons will not readily believe what I am about to tell," he says with becoming gravity, "though it is strictly true. The English are fonder of war than of peace." "He had the courage of an Englishman" is the praise continually bestowed on some enterprising French knight; and when the English and Scotch met each other in battle, the French historian declares, "there was no check to their valor as long as their weapons endured." Nothing can be more vivacious than Froissart's description of the manner in which England awaited the threatened invasion of the French under their young king, Charles VI.: "The prelates, abbots, and rich citizens were panic-struck, but the artisans and poorer sort held it very cheap. Such knights and squires as were not rich, but eager for renown, were delighted, and said to each other: 'Lord! what fine times are coming, since the king of France intends to visit us! He is a valiant sovereign, and of great enterprise. There has not been such a one in France these three hundred years. He will make his people good men-at-arms, and blessed may he be for thinking to invade us, for certainly we shall all be slain or grow rich. One thing or the other must happen to us.'"

Alas for their disappointment, when adverse winds and endless altercations kept the invaders safe at home! There was a great deal of solid enjoyment lost

¹ Du Guesclin never knew how to write.

on both sides, though wealthy citizens counted their gains in peace. War was not only a recognized business, but a recognized pleasure as well, and noble knights relieved their heavy fighting with the gentler diversions of the tournament and the chase. When Edward III. entered France for the last time, he carried with him thirty falconers laden with hawks, sixty couples of strong hounds, and as many greyhounds, "so that every day he had good sport, either by land or water. Many lords had their hawks and hounds as well as the king." A merry life while the sun shone; and if it set early for most of these stout warriors, their survivors had but little leisure to lament them. It is not easy to read Froissart's account of certain battles, serious enough in their results, without being strangely impressed by the boyish enthusiasm with which the combatants went to work; so that even now, five centuries later, our blood tingles with their pleasurable excitement. When France undertook to support the Earl of Flanders against Philip van Arteveld and the rebellious citizens of Ghent, the Flemish army entrenched themselves in a strong position on the river Lys, destroying all bridges save one, which was closely guarded. The French, in the dead of night, crossed the river in rickety little boats, a handful of men at a time, and only a mile or so distant from the spot where nine thousand of the enemy lay encamped. Apparently they regarded this hazardous feat as the gayest kind of a lark, crowding like school-boys around the boats, and begging to be taken on board. "It was a pleasure to see with what eagerness they embarked," says the historian; and indeed, so great was the emulation that only men of noble birth and tried valor were permitted to cross. Not a single varlet accompanied them. After infinite labor and danger some twelve hundred knights — the flower of French chivalry — were transported to the other side of the river,

where they spent the rest of a cold and stormy November night standing knee-deep in the marshes, clad in complete armor, and without food or fire. At this point the fun ceases to sound so exhilarating; but we are assured that "the great attention they paid to be in readiness kept up their spirits, and made them almost forget their situation." When morning came, these knights, by way of rest and breakfast, crossed the intervening country, fell upon the Flemish ranks, and routed them with great slaughter; for what could a mass of untrained artisans do against a small body of valiant and accomplished soldiers? A few days later the decisive battle of Rosebecque ended the war. Van Arteveld was slain, and the cause of democracy, of "the ill intentioned," as Froissart for the most part designates the toiling population of towns, received its fatal blow.

Yet this courtly chronicler of battles and deeds of chivalry is not without a sense of justice and a noble compassion for the poor. He disapproves of "commonalties" when they assert their claims too boisterously; he fails to detect any signs of sapience in a mob; and he speaks of "weavers, fullers, and other ill-intentioned people" as though craftsmen were necessarily rebellious, — which perhaps was true, and not altogether a matter for surprise. But the grievous taxes laid upon the French peasantry fill him with indignation; the distress of Ghent, though brought about, as he believes, by her own pride and presumption, touches him so deeply that he grows eloquent in her behalf; and he records with distinct approbation the occasional efforts made by both the French and the English kings to explain to their patient subjects what it was they were fighting about. Eloquent bishops, he tells us, were sent to preach "long and fine sermons," setting forth the justice of the respective claims. "In truth, it was but right that these sovereigns, *since they were determined on war*, should explain

and make clear to their people the cause of the quarrel, that they might understand it, and have the better will to assist their lords and monarchs." Above all, he gives us a really charming and cheerful picture of the French and English fishermen, who went quietly about their daily toil, and bore each other no ill will, although their countries were so hard at war. "They were never interrupted in their pursuits," he says, "nor did they attack each other; but, on the contrary, gave mutual assistance, and bought or sold, according as they had more fish or less than they required. For if they were to meddle in the national strife, there would be an end of fishing, and none would attempt it unless supported by men-at-arms." So perhaps there is one lesson of common sense and forbearance we may learn, even now, from those barbarous days of old.

As for the personal touches which give such curious vitality to Froissart's pages, they belong naturally to an unscientific age, when history, — or what passed as such, — biography, court gossip, and legendary lore were all mingled together, with no vexatious sifting of material. The chronicler tells us in ample detail every separate clause of an important treaty, and then breaks off to recount, at great length and with commendable gravity, the story of the Lord de Corasse and his familiar demon, Orthon, who served him out of pure love, and visited him at night, to the vexation and lasting terror of his lady wife. We hear in one chapter how the burghers of Ghent spoiled all the pleasure of the Lord d'Estournaz's Christmas by collecting and carrying away his rents, "which made him very melancholy," as well it might; and in the next we are told in splendid phrases of the death of Duke Wenceslaus, of Bohemia, "who was, in his time, magnificent, blithe, prudent, amorous, and polite. God have mercy on his soul!" It is hard to see how anything could be better described, in fewer

words, than the disastrous expedition of William of Hainault against the Frieslanders: "About the feast of St. Rémy, William, Earl of Hainault, collected a large body of men-at-arms, knights, and squires, from Hainault, Flanders, Brabant, Holland, Gueldres, and Juliers, and, embarking them on board a considerable fleet at Dordrecht, made sail for Friesland; for the earl considered himself as lord thereof. If the Frieslanders had been people to listen to the legality and reasonableness of the claim, the earl was entitled to it. But as they were obstinate, he exerted himself to obtain it by force, and was slain, as well as a great many other knights and squires. God forgive them their sins!"

Surely that line about the unreasonable Frieslanders is worthy of Carlyle, — of Carlyle, whose grim and pregnant humor lurks beneath sentences that, to the unwary, seem as innocent as the sheathed dagger before the blade is sprung. He it was who hated with a just and lively abhorrence all constitutional histories and all philosophy of history, as likewise "empty invoice lists of Pitched Battles and Changes of Ministry," — as dead, he declared, as last year's almanacs, "to which species of composition they bear, in several points of view, no inconsiderable affinity." He it was, moreover, who welded together history and literature, and gave us their perfect and harmonious union in the story of the Diamond Necklace. The past was enough for Carlyle, when he worked amid her faded parchments, and made them glow with renewed color and fire. That splendid pageant of events, that resistless torrent of life, that long roll-call of honored names, which we term comprehensively history, had for him a significance which needed neither moral nor maxim to confirm it. If we can believe with him that it is better to revere great men than to belittle them, better to worship blindly than to censure priggishly, better to enlarge our mental

vision until it embraces the standards of other centuries than to narrow it in accordance with the latest humanitarian doctrine, then we may stray safely through the storied past, until even Froissart, writing in a feudal chimney-corner strange tales of chivalry and carnage, will have for us a message of little practical service, but of infinite comfort in hours of idleness and relaxation. It is an engaging task to leave the present, so weighted with cumbersome enigmas and ineffectual activity, and to go back, step by step, to other days, when men saw life in simpler aspects, and moved forward unswervingly to the attainment of definite and obvious desires.

One voice has been recently raised with modest persistence in behalf of old-fashioned history, — history which may possibly be inaccurate here and there, but which will give to the present generation some vivid insight into the lives of other generations which were not without importance in their day. Now that we are striving to educate every class of people, whether they respond to our advances or not, it is at least worth while to make their instruction as pleasant and as profitable as we can. Mr. Augustus Jessopp, whose knowledge of the agricultural classes is of that practical and intimate kind which comes of living with them for many years in sympathy and friendship, has a right to be heard when he speaks in their behalf. If they must be taught in scraps and at the discretion of committees, he believes that the Extension lecturers who go about dispensing small doses of Ruskin and water, or weak dilutions of Mr. Addington Symonds, or teaspoonfuls of disconnected Egyptology, would be better employed in telling the people something of their own land and of their rude forefathers. And this history, he insists, should be local, full of detail, popular in character, and without base admixture of political science, so that the rustic mind may accustom itself

to the thought of England, in all Christian ages, as a nation of real people; just as Tom Tulliver woke gradually, under the stimulating friction of Maggie's questions, to the astonishing conviction that the Romans were once live men and women, who learned their mother tongue through some easier medium than the Latin grammar. Again and again Mr. Jessopp has tried the experiment of lecturing on local antiquities and the dim traditions of ancient country parishes; and he has always found that these topics, which carried with them some homely and familiar flavor of the soil, awoke a deep and abiding interest in minds to which abstract ethics and technical knowledge appealed alike in vain. School boards may raise the cry for useful information, and fancy that a partial acquaintance with chlorides and phosphates is all that is necessary to make of a sulky yokel an intelligent agriculturist and a contented citizen; but a man must awaken before he can think, and think before he can work, and work before he can realize his position and meaning in the universe. And it needs a livelier voice than that of elementary chemistry to arouse him. "The Whigs," said Sir Walter Scott, "will live and die in the belief that the world is ruled by pamphlets and speeches;" and a great many excellent people in every country will live and die in the belief that the world is ruled by printed books, full of proven and demonstrable truths. But we, the world's poor children, sick, tired, and fractious, know very well that we never learn unless we like our lesson, and never behave ourselves unless inspired by precept and example. The history of every nation is the heritage of its sons and daughters; and the story of its struggles, sufferings, misdeeds, and glorious atonements is the story that keeps alive in all our hearts that sentiment of patriotism, without which we are speeding swiftly on our path to national corruption and decay.

Agnes Repplier.

HERMANN SUDERMANN.

AT the commencement of the decade 1890-1900, Germany apparently was possessed of an eminent poet and literary leader for each of its three great political movements. The writings of Ernst von Wildenbruch appeared to voice nothing so much as the peculiar sentiments and passions of tory patriots, the novels and dramas of Hermann Sudermann embodied the ideas of social democrats, while Gerhardt Hauptmann's tragedies seemed inspired by the despairing experiences of anarchists. Yet time has shown that this early rough-and-ready classification of the three authors named, as conservative, democratic, anarchistic, is poor and quite inadequate; although it cannot be pronounced, even to-day, wholly misleading. It is true that Herr von Wildenbruch continues to put the flamboyant prose of the historian Von Treitschke into verse; but Hermann Sudermann and Gerhardt Hauptmann have both made marked advance not merely in the quality of their matter, but also in workmanship. There is still a reminiscence in most of their works of the social misery peculiar to the proletarian classes, and Hannele, by Gerhardt Hauptmann, is even more than a reminiscence: it is a brand-new inspiration, quite unlike anything else in German literature. But partisan tendency is conspicuous no longer either in Hauptmann's productions or in Sudermann's. The same sympathy for the poor is disclosed, but the conception as to who are the truly miserable in the world has broadened in the minds of both authors so as to include individuals of all the various classes of society, not the poor in means only. Sudermann, especially, has come into the true artist's heritage of serenity of soul and universal sympathy. The socialist in him is merged in the larger life of the humanist, and the partisan in that of the poet. Still,

as we cannot help being reminded on taking up his latest romance,¹ radicalism remains one of the distinguishing traits of his works. He cannot create a hero who is not vivified by revolutionary blood, whose spring of action is not moved by a personal ideal different from the common, and whose life is not spent, at least during the period held up to our view, in maintaining this ideal in the face of the venerable dogmas of conventionalism and of his own defection; and most of his heroes, besides being radical, are moral opportunists.

Leo, the hero of the novel *Es War*, is a gentleman by birth, a landed proprietor. He had exiled himself for a while, after the manner of his class, as a kind of expiation for having killed a neighbor in a duel (the result of a quarrel over a woman who is now the Baroness Felicitas Kletzingk), and is returning to his old home. At the railway station he is met by Baron Ulrich Kletzingk, and the two sit down to dinner at the restaurant. Leo laughs heartily at his friend's remark at his robustness. Yes; he has been living! Cowboy life in South America is not namby-pambyism. A man's faculties there must come into use, and his senses too. A man adds muscle to his heart as well as to his bones. His home affairs are in a ruinous state, are they? Well, it is to get them into some sort of order that he has come back; otherwise he would have stayed in South America.

"Ulrich, old boy," he exclaims suddenly, laying his big hand on his friend's thin arm with a puzzled look, "why did you marry Felicitas?"

Ulrich stares in grave and fond surprise, and asks if he did not give Leo his promise to do all he could for her. And all was not done until he had taken

¹ *Es War*. Roman. Von HERMANN SUDERMANN. Stuttgart: Cotta. 1894.

her for his wife, and so made it clear to the world that it was not she who had been the cause of the duel.

"But, old fellow, your marriage has separated us, don't you see that?" cries Leo.

Ulrich's lips quiver for a moment. Then he replies quietly, yes; he did not think of it at the time, but he sees now that Felicitas cannot well be expected to receive into her house the man who killed her child's father, nor be reconciled to seeing her husband maintain friendship with this man. They part, therefore, for good, though the separation that ensues is most hard for both. But while Ulrich bears it with resignation, to Leo the pain is like that of an open wound. For the fact is, the one lie that he has ever told in his life to Ulrich, whom he has loved as long as he can remember, with the protective tenderness that a rugged Newfoundland may be supposed to feel for a spaniel, is the stupendous denial that Felicitas was his mistress.

"That 's done for, however!" he repeats to himself, — the past and all its pack. What 's wanted is hard work, study of crops and fertilizers; and upon fertilizers and crops he stoutly concentrates all his thoughts. The old kinsman whom he had put at the head of his affairs when he left the country is a dissipated rogue, who has as good as ruined him, and his first business is to get rid of the ribald rascal; and this is done with a promptness which the author sets forth with an Homeric plainness of language. What a telling bit, for instance, is the mere catalogue of the books that compose the "library" of this Falstaff in the country!

But Ulysses had not so hard a task in coming into his own as Leo has in retaining possession of his. For among the modern hero's dearest properties is his peace of mind, and this is attacked relentlessly, long after the summary process of ousting his steward has been ef-

fected. There is, to begin with, his piously fanatic sister, Johanna, half insane from mental suffering. She gets at the secret of his former *liaison* with Felicitas, slowly but surely, by drawing it out of Felicitas herself through some occult force of intuition, and the irresistible, uncanny penetration of the mad. Johanna, in her turn, deposits the criminal secret upon the conscience of Pastor Breckenridge. This man, a Luther in coarseness as well as in the energy of his mingled divine and earthly ardor, knows no better way to reach Leo than by preaching a sermon at him, and this he does. Leo, in retaliation, forces Johanna to quit his house, and turns the dominie out into the cold of his baronial displeasure. But the morbidness of the widowed Johanna only increases after her separation from Leo, and she works upon the superstitious nature of the pastor with insane persistency. They take Felicitas into their confidence, and the three urge Leo to show his repentance by kneeling at the holy communion with the woman he has wronged.

Now, all Leo's healthy instinct has warned him against dwelling on the subject of his past sin in any shape or manner, and his desperate defense against these people has been at the prompting of this instinct. But in the long run their united, constant activity drains his resolution; a kind of moral miasma weakens him, and one day, sure enough, he consents to go to the communion with Baroness Felicitas. And what happens? Why, precisely what his common sense has foreseen: the close proximity of the woman he has loved, the recalling, in her company, of the incidents that led to their common sin, set on foot a procession of thoughts that continue to journey toward her from that day on. And just as in a procession the groups of marchers are not all of one quality, so are his thoughts not all holy; those that bring up the rear are as abandoned and unruly as were ever the bacchanalian

rabble that closed the priestly lines of old. The desires of Felicitas likewise begin to travel the invisible highway of space between her heart and Leo.

Ulrich, meanwhile, who is the only man of position in the neighborhood at once rich and intelligent enough to devote himself to parliamentary affairs, goes to Berlin to take his seat in the Reichstag, content and happy in mind over the reconciliation of his wife and Leo. The temptation to which his absence exposes both is great, and is battled against by his friend with all that remains of his moral power. Since Charlotte Brontë wrote *Jane Eyre*, there has hardly been in fiction a portrayal of the exercise of will-power against temptation so convincing as this. Leo's love is commonplace enough, but it takes on a certain tragic pathos by reason of its passion, and the might of the resistance which is savagely set up against it.

There comes a scene, which is most wonderfully painted, when the pair cower for heat, in the dusk of a winter's day, at the mouth of the lighted furnace in the heating-room of the Klezingsks' greenhouse, and Leo sinks in a heap on the steps and sobs aloud. Felicitas thinks him subdued by passion at last, and with blissful repose of affection she strokes his head. But Leo's emotion is not demoralization; it is wild despair. He dreads the giving way of his good intentions towards Ulrich, and he urges Felicitas to end all and die with him. She consents, and so tumultuous is his state of mind that he does not perceive she does so in a mood of indulgent sympathy, not out of a fatal conviction like his own. Leo thereupon goes home in an overwrought state, and in the interval carouses like a man possessed. Felicitas, on her part, spends the day in devising coquettish schemes for completing his fond enthrallment. Her husband returns home from the death-bed of their little Paul, and attempts to tell her of the last hours of the boy. She

becomes too hysterical to listen. Every new emotion merges, at this conjuncture, into her dizzy passion and adds to its intensity, just as an inflowing stream, instead of diverting a rapid, only accelerates its force. When at last the hour of her hopes approaches she is completely ready, — so thoroughly prepared, indeed, that she does not run to meet "her lion;" he must be worked upon first, she thinks, by old and dear associations. So she leaves him to wait awhile in her boudoir, where, amidst cosy and intimate warmth, persuasive perfume, and rosy glowing light, everything shall whisper of their sweet and delirious past.

And in truth Leo does no sooner enter the room, so insinuating in its privacy, than this past starts up out of his memory like a suppressed heart-throb. But the memories of a strong man are, fortunately, not all of one kind, and so among the objects which can touch the electric bells of his remembrance in this critical hour is a letter in the dead little Paul's handwriting. It lies open where it has been left neglected on his mother's desk. Leo pulls it towards him, and groans aloud, — as does also the reader of the book, if he be a parent, — so pitiful in its stiff awkwardness is the child's plea to be allowed to come home for the holidays, and so altogether insufficient in proper eloquence, but so all the more touching beyond compare in its betrayal of boyish homesickness. Felicitas had refused the request out of regard for Leo. It was her neglect, also, in her pre-occupation, to send Paul a Christmas-box that had started the child out to seek for the post-office, on the stormy night in which he had caught his death of cold. She had confessed it all; and Leo, at the time, had known she was lost past salvation, and he with her. This sinister reflection is overcoming him afresh, when Felicitas glides in from the adjoining room. She has dressed herself with seductive art, and smiles at him with the abandonment of passion. For some mo-

ments Leo is incapable of grasping her intention. On apprehending it, the recoil of his feeling expresses itself with the disappointment of revolt. Felicitas is mortally piqued. She stares at him for a moment, then steps to her husband's door and calls on him frantically. When Ulrich rushes in, she explains the situation by coolly repeating against Leo the charge of Potiphar's wife.

The spell over Leo is at once broken. The heartless untruth of the woman's words, their vulgar flippancy, the coarse boldness of the impromptu intrigue, is a shock that does for him what an icy wind does for a landscape when it whirls away a fog and shows the limbo therein to be but a common gulch. He can manage a mere lust of the eye: he knows that sort of thing, and can cope with it. The hysterical pleading of his sister, the religious admonitions of Breckenridge, and all the rest had made him mistake their passion for authority. The more fool he for having let his own instinctive judgment be knocked on the head, as it were, and carried off stunned in the company of superstitious ideas. Now he is once more himself. And with this feeling he strides back home to await the dawn of day, when Ulrich, as he is firmly determined, shall not be the one to suffer in the duel which they have been forced into by Felicitas.

But the novel and Leo's life are not to close tragically. He goes to the place of rendezvous at the appointed hour, but only to find Ulrich an unconscious heap in the snow, distinguishable by its dark color alone from the rest of the desolate winter scene. The tale continues with an account of Leo nursing his sick friend to life and convalescence, while Felicitas betakes herself upon a journey, during which she obtains a writ of divorce.

The real finale lies further back than the ostensible end of the romance, — in the midnight conflict within the chamber of Felicitas. To this culmination it is well, we think, for the reader who is

unacquainted with the author's works to look attentively, for it displays several of Sudermann's most striking peculiarities. First of all, his overbalanced tendency toward the dramatic. He is like the very greatest of epic writers in crowding his pages, as human homes are crowded, with inanimate objects, with children, with accessories; but, unlike novelists of the first class, he is incapable of enduing all personages with life according to their individual natures, or of carrying forward two or more actions in parallel lines. Instead, one action or one set of his numerous characters gets a start and runs quite away with his pen; all the rest are left behind, to be fetched up at intervals or at the end of the book, with evident want of spontaneity; his fire and strength having been expended in guiding the main runners to their final goal. His novels are neither of the trim French style, in which a few grown-up individuals, sharply delineated, are presented against backgrounds as unobtrusive as old tapestry in their faint coloring, nor, on the other hand, are they like the English romances of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot, swarming with personages to the last page, almost shutting out all background; they resemble English workmanship in their beginnings and endings, and French in their main, middle portion. There are scenes in *Es War* of incomparable merit, either by reason of their verisimilitude, as the opening scene in the railway station, or because of their rugged naturalism, or for their passionate power; but these scenes, like the *coulisses* of a stage, are limited in number, and, without exception, they are illustrative of the one main plot of the criminal passion of Leo and Felicitas. The growth of the affection of Leo for the girl Ethel, the secondary action in the story, is utterly incapable, on the other hand, of suggesting one real bit of life; the hundred pages devoted to this subject leave not a single vivid picture in the reader's mind. In other words,

Sudermann's talent is shown, by the very faults of his novels, to be theatrical; it discloses itself in the rapid development of single plots that unroll with increasing force. It is as if a play, *Leo's Reëchantment* and *Coming-To*, were imbedded in a shapeless, flabby romance.

The situation in the culminating scene in the chamber is characteristic of Sudermann, since it shows him taking a very hackneyed theme and lifting it into novelty by making the motive of the lover's coming one of dead earnestness. The voluptuous details of the early part of the scene are also common in fiction, but these Sudermann does not vary by a single line; he might have copied them in gross from a hundred French novels, or from some of his own earlier works; they are so totally without any individuality, in fact, both in *Es War* and in his earlier works, that it may be asserted confidently that the erotic romanticism of this author is merely a reminiscence of the schools, and not a product of his own nature. The exaggerated sensuality, the pessimism, and the gross virility which he feels obliged to display in imitation of the French masters whom he has studied compose a slag in his compositions which he would do well to throw off and out. It has no real innate affinity with the rest of his matter, and his best inspirations, his most individual creations, are without it. The sensuality of *Magda* in the drama *Heimat*, of the hero of *Frau Sorge*, and of *Count Trast* in the drama *Ehre* is not that of French romances; it is that of ordinary life. If the instinct of sex in them had free play, it would be but one manifestation of the universal energy which distinguishes them; and there is in this a virility as different from the superficial one which disgusts us in mere erotic fiction as exuberant health is from delirium.

If Sudermann is thus inferior to the latest school of novelists in this matter of describing lust and grossness, he is above it in greater respects. He diverges

from the beaten paths and journeys independently towards truth. The majority of pessimistic realists let their characters succumb to temptations of the flesh and the devil; he shows his as fighting successfully against adverse obstacles of every kind. If his characters have human weaknesses, they possess at the same time firm and healthy fibres of will. And from the optimistic realists, like *Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach*, he is equally distinguishable. For these realists incline to point to the future for adjustment of wrongs and faults, whereas Sudermann never takes his eyes from the present and its moral contrasts. In *Ehre*, *Count Trast* says to *Mother Heinicke*, "You have toiled so hard and suffered so much, you must be right." Evidently a vital point of the creed of the author lies condensed within the homely phrase. So far as he has fathomed, every character in individual life and every phenomenon in social life are the result of doleful experience. Each one is, consequently, sublimely justified in its own peculiar existence. His faith seems to conclude, furthermore, that every human being acts in the main according to the best of his ability; and to show that the best ability of a single soul is pathetically at odds in the struggle with the battalioned enemy, — the corps of bodily wants, the regiments of social requirements, the mobs of temptation, the ambushes of hereditary and ingrained perversities, — and that, notwithstanding, it does effect something through loyalty to its inner sense, is the great mission of his enheartening art. Nothing can be more like the actual world than his books, if taken as a whole; their pages teem with descriptions of sins and small miseries; yet just as mankind, in spite of the Fall in Eden, has perceptibly advanced in civilization, so, in spite of small miseries and faults, the characters of his creation make progress, if not in material wealth, then in the possession of character, insight, will, charity.

It is not easy entirely to love the heroes and heroines of Sudermann. There is something hard about them. They remind one of the bronze figures of Donatello. They want the graciousness and the repose that win the affections while captivating the soul. Magda fills the heart with appreciation, without, however, warming it to love. So likewise with Count Trast and the young hero of Frau Sorge. The iron of care stiffens their backs; they have left off kneeling, and their attitude of unbending fortitude electrifies us by flashing across our minds a sense of the tragedy of their spiritual isolation. But we have no longing to take part with them therein; while they, on their side, have passed beyond the weakness of drawing near to us.

The dramas of Sudermann are models

of plain, colloquial German, as forcible by reason of their clear and unadorned expression as Sheridan's. They afford no "immortal sentences," but delight through their mastery of what Thackeray calls the dialect of the individual. Each personage speaks according to his individual nature, so that his every phrase is a revelation of character. The conversations in the author's later novels display a good deal of the same naturalness; but in all the novels, save in the sketches entitled *At Twilight*, which are of genuine Gallic lightness, there is still so much superfluous rhetoric in the descriptive parts that his style must be pronounced inferior, as a whole, in point of polish and brilliancy. On the other hand, he is not only a versatile writer; he is a strong one, and can be charmingly fresh.

TWO LIGHT-BRINGING BOOKS.

AN impression easily obtained from the current higher criticism is, that of all who have had to do with the Scripture documents the final redactor merits the scantiest regard. To the prevailing historic sense, so greedy for origins, he is almost necessarily a marplot, who will not let the primitive writings speak for themselves, but mixes them together in the most perplexing way, or confuses their utterance with glosses of his own; and from this view it is but a step to regarding him as a bungler and dislocator, whose interference were better dispensed with. It is as if there had crept into Biblical study a kind of book-fancier's craze for first editions; which latter, one suspects, are accounted all the more valuable for not revealing their inside, but remaining uncut. Of course this impression is not intended by the higher critics themselves; it is chargeable rather to the unchecked critical method, which in

fact can see only one thing at a time, and which just at present is in the sway of the historic spirit, as heretofore that has in its turn been controlled by the dogmatic and the philological. The untoward fact remains, however, that for the time the general reader's sense of Scripture as an ordered, digested, articulated whole is painfully eclipsed, — a result whose *reductio ad absurdum* may perhaps be expressed in the words of Renan, who, in his comic History of the People of Israel, describing the Oriental compilations, says: "The last absorbs those that precede it, without assimilating them; so much so that the most recent compilation always has in its stomach, so to speak, morsels of previous works quite raw."

It is with a real sense of relief that one escapes from this feeling of dislocation and chaos to a view which, without laying aside the strictest scientific spirit,

frankly approaches the Scripture record as it lies before us, in its final and presumably definitive edition, — a view which contemplates the finished evolution, in its larger meanings, as it reveals itself after it has worked out of the confusion of history and literature in the making. This common characteristic it is which unites the books we have here chosen for remark.

If Professor Moulton's analysis of the literary forms of Scripture¹ holds, the men who were responsible for the final shape assumed by the Hebrew writings are worthy of greater respect than we have been inclined to accord them, — the respect due to trained men of letters. Nor were the writings themselves, those immensely potent factors in the life and uplifting of the world, the mere Grub Street hack-work that all this talk of Jehovahists and Elohistes and Priests' codes would seem to make them. Let it be proved by careful study of their form that they have crystallized into an organic literary creation, part answering to part, and one constructive idea controlling word and plan alike, and we have a fact of great significance to import into our critical study. The final editor becomes increasingly identified with the original creator; and the Bible is seen to have reached its acknowledged literary power by having an involution to balance its evolution; it was made according to the dictates of the literary sense, like a book, rather than those of the business sense, like a directory.

This is the great service that Professor Moulton is rendering to Biblical interpretation: in one important department, the study of form, he has applied the literary sense to the investigation of the Hebrew literature. As one reads his book, and sees how much the study yields not only of interest, but of positive illumination, the wonder is that men could

have let a field that lies at their doors remain so long uncultivated, while they were compassing land and sea to get means of elucidating Scripture. After all, "the word is nigh thee."

With some general principles and facts of Hebrew literature, scholars, and to some extent general readers, have long been familiar. That there is in the poetic parts of our Bible a verse system founded on the principle of parallelism; that indications of an art sequence in verse, albeit to our sense more artificial than artistic, are to be found notably in the acrostic poems; that in some poems set expressions recur like a refrain or response; that — to broaden our view — some parts of the Bible have a certain epic power, others are rudimentally dramatic, others idyllic, others elegiac: such things as these are open to a mere casual observation. But they have heretofore been studied only far enough to produce the sense of crudeness rather than that of skill; the acrostic poems, for instance, have been regarded as the decadence of an art never highly developed, and the larger literary types, estimated by the Greek standard, have been named by accommodated terms, and under protest, as a kind of half-barbarous coincidence. So the Hebrew poetry has come to us as an incongruity: on the one side, word and imagery confessedly of the purest and sublimest; on the other, a form that seems either to have happened or to have run wild. May it not be, however, that these superficial forms, so crude in seeming, are merely the translatable evidences of a much more finished art, outposts of it as it were, and that if we could get the key to it there is a wealth of literary art represented in our Bible just suited to the genius of the Hebrew mind? Professor Moulton seems to have proved abundantly that there is: parallelism, lower and higher; stanza forms wrought up

¹ *The Literary Study of the Bible. An Account of the Leading Forms of Literature represented in the Sacred Writings.* By RICHARD

G. MOULTON, M. A., Ph. D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1895.

even to the fineness of the sonnet; elaborate arrangements of strophe, antistrophe, refrain, antiphon; nor these poetic forms only, but an equally cultivated recognition of the sphere of prose, in its historical, oratorical, and epistolary forms, and of a spontaneous alternation of prose and verse to which certain kinds of Hebrew subject-matter naturally lend themselves. On the basis of a lucid classification of forms, tabulated on page 108, he subjects the various types of Scripture discourse to a detailed analysis, which then is condensed into valuable tables in the appendix. His results are so rich as to be hardly short of bewildering; it will take time, doubtless, for general readers to get them verified in everyday sense. And not improbably he has in some cases yielded to the discoverer's enthusiasm, and pushed his distinctions farther than was in the original author's mind, erring on the side of minuteness, — a fault, if a fault, which the testing of time will correct. There is enough in half of what he has here given to throw an amazing new light and coloring over Scripture, if we will simply get out our Revised Version and let its articulations of thought and form reveal themselves.

This last remark, indeed, goes far to sum up Professor Moulton's practical aim in his literary study of the Bible. It is the body rather than the spirit with which he is dealing; but while he attempts nothing of that subtle appreciation of word and figure which was so present to Matthew Arnold in his little work on *Isaiah of Jerusalem*, he is doing what is perhaps the best service toward clearing the approaches thereto. It is not so much through considerations of age, or authorship, or cleavage and documentary components of the books, as through a simple recognition of literary forms, prose or poetic, lyric or dramatic, that we can hear the Bible speaking for itself, in its natural and intended voice.

"For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make."

To approach a passage as poetry is to approach it in a mood poetically attuned, and to get from it the effect, not of matter of fact or of dogma, but of an exalted, impassioned truth or image. Joshua chanting to the sun and moon his intense desire to be avenged on his enemies produces a very different effect from Joshua issuing a command as a general to his troops. To approach a lyric poem with a recognition of its stanza form is to have a means of parting and combining its thoughts, of adjusting our sense to its natural arsis and thesis, and thereby getting its proposed impulse and power. Thus the appreciation of the form determines our mood toward it; and to a great degree this literary mood makes the Bible independent of a commentary. It becomes by so much like a book of our own day, which the spirit of the time makes plain and congenial to the common mind without need of explication.

A further means of making the Bible speak for itself in the familiar accents of a modern book Professor Moulton insists upon, — a means astonishingly effective for one so simple, — and that is a modern manner of printing. No book has suffered so much from a printing truly atrocious as the Book which of all others should be most attractive. The text cut up, from beginning to end, into little prose bits, each about long enough for the text of a sermon, and probably so intended by the perpetrator; these bits carefully numbered and grouped into chapters, not according to the natural divisions of the subject, but in convenient sections for reading in public; words in *Italic* print constantly appearing, not for emphasis, but requiring the exact reverse; occasional paragraph marks disfiguring every page; pages in double columns, and generally on the thinnest of paper and in eye-destroying fineness of print; add to this, in the case of reference Bibles, a text sown thick with

letters and other marks of reference, — is not the indictment really formidable? The Revised Version has done something toward the correction of this by employing paragraph divisions for the prose and parallelism for the poetic portions; still, much remains to be done, and will remain, perhaps, so long as the public insists on having a whole body of literature crowded into a single volume. Meanwhile, as a practical exemplification of his literary views, Professor Moulton is engaged in editing a charming series of handy volumes,¹ in which the reader can judge for himself how much the simple expedient of modern attractive printing, the text being arranged in fitting prose or verse form, put in stanzas or couplets as needed, indented, divided, and numbered according to sense of subject or type of discourse, will do toward making the Bible its own lucid interpreter. The result fully justifies us in calling our author's work light-bringing. If, in taking up one of these volumes, the familiar text seems at first strangely unfamiliar, the strangeness is all on the side of the attractive, the natural, the clear; it is like taking off a husk of austerity and ecclesiasticism, and finding that the Bible is a book for the fireside no less than for the pulpit. Nor do its dignity and sanctity suffer in the least thereby. One observation by way of criticism may here be made: the marks of the shop, the sedulous naming of sonnets and epigrams, essays and proverb clusters, seem unduly to cumber the text, which, as in the run of modern books, could be trusted to the printer's resource to secure its sufficient rights; and thus appeal is too insistently made to the technical literary student rather than to the general reader, for whom the Bible, as a book of universal literature, is presumably designed. It would be a pity,

however, to let this infelicity crowd these little manuals back into the class of specialist books; it is so greatly overborne by the substantial aid that the series, supported by the textbook of theory, is rendering to the cause of Biblical interpretation and criticism.

While the study of the literary forms of the Bible as evolved and finished supplies important aid and reassurance from one side, the present emergency of Biblical study calls also for something more fundamental. Far greater than the pain of perusing an unorganized literature is the pain of contemplating an unfinished, apparently unmotivated history; and especially if the history is one with which we have always felt our own destiny to be vitally connected. And in the exacting work of tracing connections of ancient books with the course of obscure events men so naturally become absorbed in the records of some ancient Stationers' Hall, so subsist on dates and editions and allusions, that, to the ordinary reader, their work is swallowed up in the scoriæ of the publisher; it fails of that light, that guidance, in which the history and the literature assume character and organism. All these things may be getting out indispensable material for a luminous interpretation to come; but after all, critics and historians must from all their excursions of learning come back sooner or later to the truth that a phenomenon, historical or literary, can be really interpreted only in its own spirit, not in some other spirit scientifically applied from without. An important contribution to this spiritual, sympathetic interpretation of the history which, in its vast reaches for mankind, is "the one phenomenon in all the world most deserving of study,"² lies before us in the late Dr. Coyle's volume of E. D. Rand lectures.² The object of this volume is to trace the evolu-

¹ *The Modern Reader's Bible. A Series of Works from the Sacred Scriptures presented in Modern Literary Form.* Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by RICHARD G. MOULTON,

M. A., Ph. D. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

² *The Spirit in Literature and Life.* The E. D. Rand Lectures in Iowa College for the

tion of the Hebrew spirit, as a distinctive national energy, from its obscure beginnings in Moses and the patriarchs, through those Old Testament ages during which it makes a history of marked individuality and vitalizes a literature the most remarkable in the world; then as it becomes embodied in a Man who, "evidently through the quickening of that spirit, was fitted to stand at the centre and summit of the world's development, and able to take and hold his place there, and to compel history henceforth to revolve around him;" then, still onward, as going forth from him this Hebrew spirit becomes a world-spirit, stamped with his individuality, and progressively conforming the world's ongoings to itself. Such is its theme, great enough for an epic pen. And the treatment, although, covering so vast a ground, it has in the nature of the case to be compendious, is full of luminous insight and sanity. It reveals the spiritual vista which so attracts the higher critic and lends nobility to the obscure details of his research; it traces with sympathetic hand the spiritual thread which guides the way through the nebulous ages of prophetic, legislative, didactic, and devotional literature. Thus it may be regarded as a serviceable guide-book for the times.

Such investigation as here comes to expression we may regard as a mark of the advancing and broadening spirit continually at work in the inquiries of our age. If it does not take, it at least foreshadows the step ahead which is to be taken when the critical evidence is all in and construction supervenes. The historical spirit has had its day of light and power; but unless something is added, men's interest in the past may easily grow beyond what is vital, and run to seed in antiquarianism. Meanwhile, a new kind of inquiry is taking possession

of the thinking world, the sociological; and as soon as its search-light is turned upon ancient history, forthwith a new coloring, hitherto undreamed of, begins to suffuse the long-past interests, enterprises, institutions of man in society. The author of this book is a student, not of exegesis, but of sociology; the book is the result of his endeavor to adjust the Hebrew history to that awakening consciousness which is gaining the floor for the immediate future, — the consciousness of men walking in the suffusion of a common spirit and working out a common destiny. So the old martyr's prediction is verified anew; and as each new generation comes to view the world in a new light, the light breaking forth from the old record evinces its identity therewith.

A noteworthy feature of Dr. Coyle's thought is that it occupies a plane higher than the higher criticism. It moves on that table-land where the Biblical consciousness of the conservative and of the radical critic alike may see eye to eye. Questions of the relative order of prophetism and legalism, of the developmental stages in the history of codes, liturgies, historical records, and books of wisdom, become of quite secondary importance in the contemplation of an energy which was confessedly vital in some fitting way before history or literature was made; they become mere questions of detail, not tests of faith. It is the same with our author's attitude toward the schools and methods of the day. He postulates no supernaturalism to offend the rationalist, no leaps of pietistic faith to invalidate a scientist's conclusions. To study the Hebrew spirit as a phenomenon of history is as legitimate a research as to study the scientific spirit or the romantic. It aims at a broad and self-justifying interpretation of facts; which latter it presents with a bent, indeed, distinctly apologetic and irenic, with an almost too serene optimism, but with no invasion of the historical method. The facts are

there: piety and faith may draw their own conclusion; so may science and rational philosophy.

For a book of this kind the author's modest disclaimer of scholarly endowment, as put forth in the preface, is less disturbing than would to him appear. To be sure, oceans of reading, meditation, and verification are only too meagre for the details of so vast a research; and traces of unseasoned assertion, of the lack of first-hand testing, may here and there be found. But it is doubtful if the most abysmal scholarship would have done so well. It is not to the lifelong resident in a picturesque region that we go for a description of it; it is to one who, coming from elsewhere, has discovered it, and has not forgotten the rapture and surprise of his discovery. An expert is often the man least fitted to open a sub-

ject comprehensively. He has got along so far in it that his wonder at the whole is swallowed up in his interest in details; we need the man in whom the wonder is still fresh, and for whom conversance with minutiae has not obscured the perspective of the subject, to give the illuminating compendious view. The main question is, whether he has the real heart of the matter; and of the answer to this question, in the case before us, there can be little uncertainty. More scholarship would, on the whole, while perhaps sharpening or correcting many a detail, but substantiate his main results the more. In truth, one feels, on laying down the book, that this course of thought might not inaptly stand as a kind of programme to which specializing scholarship might adjust its processes and results.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. The Men of the Moss-Hags, being a History of Adventures taken from the Papers of William Gordon of Earlstoun in Galloway, and told over again by S. R. Crockett. (Macmillan.) Mr. Crockett is often at his very best in this chronicle of the Covenanting days, and though a writer "born of the hill-folk" cannot be other than a partisan, he is so in no ill sense. He strives, with some measure of success, to deal justly with Claverhouse, and William Gordon is neither a zealot nor a fanatic, which fact makes his strong and vivid but unexaggerated narrative infinitely the more effective. As pathetic as the story of the child martyr Willie, in The Raiders, is the episode of the terrified but steadfast children in this book, while such sketches as the winter's-night ride of the hero and his cousin into Edinburgh and their escape therefrom, to give no further instances, are in an unusual degree forcible and impressive. Mr. Crockett is so full of his subject that he overcrowds his tale with incidents, so that his personages, though they do not lack vitality, in-

terest the reader less than the many moving accidents in which they are the actors. — Sir Quixote of the Moors, being some Account of an Episode in the Life of the Sieur de Rohaine, by John Buchan. (Holt.) The Sieur de Rohaine is, we suspect, a near kinsman of some of Mr. Weyman's heroes, but is not on that account a less agreeable acquaintance. It was a rather whimsical fancy to place this gentleman of France amongst the Covenanters, but the fragment of his story is very well told, and will probably be found all too brief by most readers. — Red Rowans, by Mrs. F. A. Steel. (Macmillan.) We have heretofore known Mrs. Steel as a novelist of Anglo-Indian life, a field in which only one writer can outrank her; but in this story she does not leave her native land, where at present she must meet not a few well-equipped competitors. It is pleasant to find that she holds her own as bravely in the misty West Highlands as in the glow and color of the Punjab, nor do we think that she has ever shown in character-drawing a firmer or

truer hand. For the sincerity of feeling, the insight, and the sanity which are to be found in this book we are so grateful that we are not disposed to criticise the later complications of the plot,—entanglements which are summarily, if effectively, cut by the final catastrophe, which the majority of readers will be likely to find needlessly tragic; feeling, perhaps, that the author is responsible for the event, rather than inevitable fate.—A Set of Rogues, their Wicked Conspiracy and a True Account of their Travels and Adventures, by Frank Barrett. (Macmillan.) Le Sage and Defoe have been Mr. Barrett's masters in the construction and telling of this story, and he has proved himself no inapt pupil. Three merry rogues, players reduced to great straits by the long closing of the theatres during the Great Plague, are persuaded by the wiles of an astute Spaniard to personate the rightful owner of a rich estate and her friends,—the said owner being a prisoner amongst the Moors. To study these new parts they are obliged to travel in Spain, as the characters of a picaresque novel should; and throughout the author shows a lively invention, and, as a narrator, has the right touch of realism and is invariably entertaining. He also assumes the later seventeenth-century manner and style with a somewhat unusual degree of success.—Centuries Apart, by Edward T. Bouvé. With illustrations by W. St. John Harper. (Little, Brown & Co.) Colonel Bouvé set himself a rather difficult task when he introduced a party of nineteenth-century Americans into the England of Henry VII., and it must be confessed that he is only moderately successful. His way of bringing about this combination of elements is an ingenious one, and no small part of the interest of the tale is due to that. The details are for the most part very well carried out, but certain points are left unexplained; as, for instance, why a nation of Englishmen had remained the same in customs and speech for three centuries and a half, a state of things which their seclusion from the world on an unknown and inaccessible island would hardly account for entirely. Colonel Bouvé naturally makes the most of his opportunity to show the differences between modern and mediæval warfare by a detailed and interesting description of a battle with the South-English, in which, be it said, the Americans

are not the aggressors. Of course the book has its love-story, and the tragedy is necessary to its verisimilitude. The unusual conditions are handled with moderation and reserve throughout, and the narrative has an air of reality.—On the Point, a Summer Idyl, by Nathan Haskell Dole. Illustrated. (Joseph Knight Co., Boston.) A very mild little story, which seems to be pointless, in spite of its title.—Bullet and Shell, a Soldier's Romance, by George F. Williams. Illustrated from Sketches among the Actual Scenes, by Edwin Forbes. (Fords, Howard, & Hulbert.) A reissue of a popular war book containing more fact than fiction, with letters of introduction from General Sherman and General McClellan.—The Artificial Mother, a Marital Fancy, by G. H. P. (Putnams.) It turns out to be nothing but a dream, after all.—The Doom of the Holy City, by Lydia Hoyt Farmer. (Randolph.) An historical romance, dealing with the destruction of Jerusalem and the lives of certain early Christian martyrs.—Aunt Belindy's Points of View, and a Modern Mrs. Malaprop, Typical Character Sketches, by Lydia Hoyt Farmer. (The Merriam Co., New York.) In the conventional Yankee of such books as the Widow Bedott Papers Mrs. Farmer has essayed a comment on topics which come under discussion at women's clubs.—An Initial Experience, and Other Stories, edited by Captain Charles King. (Lippincott.) A dozen soldier stories: the one which gives the title to the book by the editor; the others by seven different writers, most of them officers of the United States army.—Messrs. Estes & Lauriat have issued, in an attractive little volume, two characteristic short stories by Laura E. Richards: Jim of Hellas, or In Durance Vile, and Bethesda Pool.—Her Majesty, a Romance of To-Day, by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins. (Putnams.)—Mrs. W. K. Clifford's The Last Touches, and Other Stories, and Mr. Crawford's A Tale of a Lonely Parish, are reissued as the tenth and eleventh numbers of Macmillan's Novelists' Library.—Messrs. Harpers have added to their series of foreign novels Doña Perfecta, by Benito Pérez Galdós, admirably translated by Mary J. Serrano. The introduction is by Mr. Howells, who, while he finds the book a great novel, hardly thinks it realistic enough; but he also owns that perhaps, because it is transitional from the author's

earlier romantic work, "it will please the greater number who really never arrive anywhere, and who like to find themselves in good company *en route*." We agree with this judgment so far as to think that the majority of readers will find no lack of realism in the work. — Messrs. Lippincott have brought out in uniform style English versions of Daudet's *Fromont Junior* and *Risler Senior*, translated by Edward Vizetelly, and Zola's *A Love Episode* (*Une Page d'Amour*), translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, who also contributes an introduction. Each book is profusely illustrated: the first by George Roux, the second by E. Thévenot. — Alfred de Musset's *The Confession of a Child of the Century*, translated by Kendall Warren, has been published by Messrs. Sergel & Co., Chicago, in their *Medallion Series*. — A commendable addition to the *Autonym Library* is a translation of *Cœurs Russes*, by the Vicomte E. Melchior de Vogüé, to which the translator, Elisabeth L. Cary, has given the not inappropriate title *Russian Portraits*. She prefaces the book with a brief sketch of its author.

History and Biography. The *Life and Letters of George John Romanes*, written and edited by his wife. (Longmans.) A noble character shines forth from these letters, and that is the best offering a biography can make. The scientific suggestions which occur in the letters are admirable, and there are many delightful glimpses to be had of Romanes's associates, particularly of Darwin, to whom he stood in an affectionate and reverential attitude; but after all, the splendid devotion to truth shown by Romanes himself and the single-mindedness of his life are the great forces in character which glow in these pages and illuminate the track of a remarkable career. Mrs. Romanes has been very frank with the reader, and he will thank her sincerely for allowing him to see so clearly the workings of Romanes's spirit, especially as regards his religious belief. — *The Life and Times of John Kettlewell*, with *Details of the History of the Nonjurors*, by the Author of *Nicholas Ferrar, His Household and His Friends*. Edited, with an Introduction, by the Rev. T. T. Carter, M. A. (Longmans.) In reality a popular history of the Nonjurors, Kettlewell being used as a central figure. The book is well written

and steadily interesting, despite the fact that the position of the men it commemorates can make little appeal, either religiously or politically, to readers of to-day, the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience having passed out of the domain of actual belief and experience. Indeed, because of this we can the more heartily respect the simplicity and unworldliness of the best of these adherents of a lost cause; and after all, it is more to their personal qualities than to their public position that their exceedingly sympathetic annalist devotes himself. — *The Oxford Church Movement, Sketches and Recollections*, by the late G. Wakeling. With an Introduction by Earl Nelson. (Sonnen-schein, London; Macmillan, New York.) This book is not a history of the Oxford Movement, properly so called, but rather some rambling recollections of the growth of ritualism in certain churches in London and the provinces, with sketches of various persons, clerical and lay, concerned therein, and it is enlivened by a moderate amount of decorous ecclesiastical gossip. The naïve and thoroughgoing partisanship of the writer gives the volume more a commemorative than a historical value. The book has no index nor even descriptive headings to the chapters, a serious omission in a work of the kind. — *Memoirs of Constant, First Valet de Chambre of the Emperor, on the Private Life of Napoleon, his Family and his Court*. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin, with a Preface to the English edition by Imbert de Saint-Amand. (Scribners.) The Napoleonic revival or craze, whichever it may be called, is of course responsible for the production — in excellent style, we may say — of an English version of Constant's *Memoirs*, a book first published in 1830. But though the work has never before been especially presented to the English-reading world, we imagine that the part of that public interested in its hero will find the most noteworthy portions of the *Memoirs* not altogether unfamiliar, so largely have a legion of writers drawn upon this book for intimate details respecting the personal habits of the Emperor. Regarding military or state affairs, except in their spectacular aspects, the reminiscences of the valet naturally have no particular value. The most entertaining chapters in the *Memoirs* are

those containing the too brief fragment of the diary of a lady-in-waiting, which Constant accidentally found, kept, and finally incorporated, with deprecatory annotations, in his work, where it shines greatly by contrast. This unnamed lady was a keen observer, and her touch-and-go sketches of Josephine are admirable. — A Metrical History of the Life and Times of Napoleon Bonaparte. A Collection of Poems and Songs, many from Obscure and Anonymous Sources. Selected and arranged, with Introductory Notes and Connecting Narrative, by William J. Hillis. With 25 Photogravure Portraits. (Putnam's.) In his preface to Constant's Memoirs, M. de Saint-Amand declares that "the two names best known in the great American republic are those of Washington and Napoleon," and the compiler of this extraordinary volume, who feels bound to apologize for our mistaken grandfathers' estimate of his hero in view of our present enlightenment, would probably agree with him. Mr. Hillis has collected a great number of poems, — why, it is difficult to say, as the few that are good are generally exceedingly well known, while the many that are of indifferent quality or quite worthless have been mercifully forgotten, and to thus sumptuously reprint them seems a gratuitous unkindness. As to the collector's notes, it is sufficient to say that his attitude is always that of a worshiper, and it will depend upon the unsympathetic reader's mood whether he find them amusing or pitiable. — Two valuable additions to the professional commentaries on the military history of Napoleon are, *Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign*, by General Sir Evelyn Wood, V. C. (Roberts), and *Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign*, with Comments by Herbert H. Sargent, First Lieutenant Second Cavalry, United States Army (McClurg). The latter is a comprehensive, forcible, and lucid account of the wonderful campaign of 1796-97. It is a volume which will probably be largely used by both military and historical students, and they will be grateful for the exceptionally full index which accompanies it. Sir Evelyn Wood's book will attract both technical and untechnical readers: the first particularly because of its vigorous and effective plea for the use of cavalry in the armies of to-day, while the second will be interested in so distinguished a soldier's spirited ac-

count of the great battle. — *The Story of the West Series*, edited by Ripley Hitchcock (Appletons), very properly begins at the beginning with *The Story of the Indian*, by George Bird Grinnell. Dr. Grinnell has had so intimate and friendly an acquaintance with the Indians of the Great Plains that his interest in their lives has enabled him to write, to a certain extent, from their point of view. His book is neither a history of bloody wars nor a rehearsal of the red man's wrongs, but a description of the wild, uncivilized Indian's ways of life and thought. His Indian is a man before he is a savage, and the picture, although not entirely rose-colored, is yet not unattractive, and is by no means as black as some writers have painted it. The author describes what he himself has seen, and retells the stories which the Indians themselves have told him. An especially entertaining story is that of the first discovery of white men by the Blackfeet. This came to Dr. Grinnell from an old half-breed, who had heard it when a boy from an Indian whose grandfather was one of the discoverers. The editor's introductory note tells us that the series is intended to show the types of men which have made the West of Kansas and beyond what it is to-day, and that the stories of the explorer, the miner, the soldier, the ranchman, and others are to follow. — *Headwaters of the Mississippi*, comprising *Biographical Sketches of Early and Recent Explorers of the Great River*, and a full Account of the Discovery and Location of its True Source in a Lake beyond Itasca, by Captain Willard Glazier. Illustrated. (Rand, McNally & Co.) The first two Parts tell the interesting story of the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi River, and Part Third gives Captain Glazier's narrative of his second expedition to its headwaters, in 1891, which established the validity of the claim for Lake Glazier as the true source of the river. — A new and cheaper two-volume edition of *The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala*, written by Himself, has been issued by the Messrs. Scribner.

Literature and Art. *Letters and Verses of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley*, edited by Rowland E. Prothero. (Scribners.) A very acceptable addition to the two-volume *Life*. Stanley's eager nature is here shown in its most favorable light. There is a

smaller proportion of letters of travel, but the choice is a good one, especially as it includes the interesting letters to the Queen on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh at St. Petersburg, when Stanley was a participant in the ceremonies. The brief passages, also, between Stanley and Jowett illuminate the character of each, and the whole volume is full of generous life. We are not sure but the reader would do well to read this before he reads the *Life and Letters*. — The latter half of *The Princess and Enoch Arden*, *Aylmer's Field* and *Lucretius*, form two volumes in the new so-called *People's Edition* of Tennyson. Popular the little books are in price and form, but as an entire edition the long series of small volumes hardly suggests the title. (Macmillan.) — The complete, uniform edition of Thomas Hardy's writings has reached *The Trumpet Major*, surely one of his most brilliant pieces, and *The Woodlanders*. Each has an attractive etched frontispiece. (Harpers.) — *Tales of a Traveler*, by Washington Irving. Buckthorne Edition. (Putnams.) An elaborate production in two octavo volumes, with a lithographed border to the page, and illustrated with photogravures from drawings and photographs. The artists represented are Frederick Dielman, F. S. Church, Henry Sandham, Arthur Rackham, W. J. Wilson, and Allan Barraud. — *Contemporary French Painters, an Essay. Painting in France after the Decline of Classicism, an Essay*. A new and good edition of these two books of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's has been issued by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, with photogravure reproductions of the original photographs. — Two more volumes of the Messrs. Roberts' edition of Balzac continue the tales of the division *Scenes from Private Life*: one containing *Béatrix*, a romance, whose heroine and her literary rival were probably, after a sort, suggested by the *Comtesse d'Agoult* and *George Sand*; and the other giving *A Daughter of Eve*, and that little masterpiece *L'Interdiction*, here called *A Commission in Lunacy*, as well as *The Rural Ball* (*Le Bal de Sceaux*). Again the excellence of the translator's work calls for a word of hearty praise. — *Other Times and Other Seasons*, by Laurence Hutton. (Harpers.) A collection of gossip little papers, first contributed to *Harper's Weekly*; and though the book is small, it contains a great deal

of curious information as to old-time celebrations of high days and holidays, the origin and history of many out-of-door sports, as well as a consideration of the beginnings of tobacco and of the early-day coffee-house. A portrait of the writer serves as frontispiece to the volume. — *Readings and Recitations for Jewish Homes and Schools*, compiled by Isabel E. Cohen. (The Jewish Publication Society of America.) For the object in view, this compilation has been made with excellent judgment and unflinching good taste. — *The Aims of Literary Study*, by Hiram Corson, LL. D., and *The Novel, What Is It?* by F. Marion Crawford, have been reissued in Macmillan's (paper) *Miniature Series*. — Stevenson's *The Suicide Club* has been brought out in the pretty *Ivory Series*. (Scribners.) — *Art in Theory, an Introduction to the Study of Comparative Æsthetics*, by George Lansing Raymond, L. H. D., Professor of Æsthetics in the College of New Jersey at Princeton. (Putnams.) — Messrs. L. Prang & Co. have sent some attractive Easter cards, books, and booklets, the flower designs for which are unusually graceful and pleasing, and — as well as the accompanying texts or verses — altogether appropriate to the season for which they are intended, a thing by no means a matter of course in many publications of the kind.

Nature and Travel. Mentone, Cairo, and Corfu, by Constance Fenimore Woolson. (Harpers.) Hardly a good quality that should be found in a travel-sketch is wanting in the delightful papers which are reprinted in this volume. In Mentone we are introduced to a group of chance acquaintances, American and English, who spend many weeks together in the busy idleness of sojourners in the Riviera, the very atmosphere of which is felt in these pages. At Cairo and Corfu we have only the charming and all-sufficient companionship of the author in her own proper person, and go with her, to our great content, in her desultory, leisurely sight-seeing; her delicate appreciation, insight, and humor never failing by the way. The illustrations which accompanied the sketches in their magazine publication are reproduced in this volume. — *Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America*, by Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. (Harpers.) Despite the arrangement of the title, it was in Cen-

tral America that the three young men first found themselves "gringos," but Venezuela proved so much more attractive to Mr. Davis that we do not wonder at his giving that country the precedence. In Venezuela he found civilization, even Paris, — the Paris of South America; and though to see and report life in many and various phases seems to be the chief of this young author's aims, yet his leaning is decidedly towards civilized life. With only this one condition, he cares not how different it may be from the life of his "little old New York." And yet he can rough it, too, on occasion, like a "thorough sport," riding cow-catchers, climbing mountains, and swimming torrents with more than the enthusiasm of youth. It is interesting to learn from him the feeling of Venezuelans for the United States, and their view of the Monroe doctrine. We have no complaint to make against Mr. Davis for changing his mind about the application of this doctrine to the boundary dispute, but surely, in revising the original magazine article for book publication, he should have taken the pains to make *all* his text conform to his changed opinions. As it is, the reader is left to choose between two flatly contradictory statements in successive sentences. — New Orleans, the Place and the People, by Grace King. With Illustrations by Frances E. Jones. (Macmillan.) The author tells the romantic story of New Orleans, from its settlement by French Canadian voyageurs through all its eventful history up to the present time, in graceful and entertaining style, and with the sympathy and interest of a loving and indulgent daughter. There is nothing formal or prosaic about the book, nor do facts and dates assert themselves unpleasantly, but an interesting and varied panorama is opened before the reader, — a city successively French, Franco-Spanish, and Franco-Spanish-American. Miss King writes plainly and sorrowfully, but not bitterly, of the Federal occupation in 1862, directing her animadversions against the commanding general rather than against the people of the North. — Handbook of Arctic Discoveries, by A. W. Greely. (Roberts.) In this third volume of the Columbian Knowledge Series, edited by Professor David P. Todd, we have a ready reference book on a subject of perennial interest, written by an acknowledged authority. Eleven

maps, bibliographical matter, and an index add to the book's usefulness. In spite of its condensed form and the consequent omission of enlivening details, it is not unreadable. — In New England Fields and Woods, by Rowland E. Robinson. (Houghton.) It is not as a new writer on out-of-door themes that readers of *The Atlantic* will welcome Mr. Robinson, for several of these papers were first published in its pages. Though most of the others are addressed to sportsmen, they are marked by a humane feeling of kinship with bird and beast, and a genuine sympathy with nature in all its rural phases, which give them a very general interest. After reading *A Voyage in the Dark* one can easily account for the cheerfully reminiscent strain which runs through the book. Mr. Robinson has been a careful observer as well as a sincere lover of nature. The life of the woods is the life which appeals to him most strongly, and the incense of the camp-fire seems to be as the breath of his nostrils. — Garden and Forest, a Journal of Horticulture, Landscape Art, and Forestry, conducted by Charles S. Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum, Professor of Arboriculture in Harvard College, etc. Illustrated. Volume VIII. January to December, 1895. (Garden and Forest Publishing Co., New York.) To say that this excellent and attractive journal has made no important change in its character and aims during the past year is to give it the highest possible praise. When a thing is good enough, improvement is unnecessary.

Psychology. An Introduction to Comparative Psychology, by C. Lloyd Morgan. (Imported by Scribners.) Mr. Morgan, in an introductory chapter, defines his position as a monist, but the body of the work is devoted to psychology alone, and can be read with pleasure and profit by persons who find themselves unable to accept the author's philosophy. Comparative as distinguished from introspective psychology is the subject, and special attention is paid to the mental phenomena of animals as related to the human mind. Mr. Morgan finds that animals are capable of sense experience, and possess memory and intelligence to enable them to profit by it, but he cannot credit them with a perception of relations or with the power of reasoning. Adopting the rule — very proper from a sci-

entific point of view — that when an act can be explained from a lower motive it should not be ascribed to a higher, he considers that no case of animal intelligence has come to his attention which could not be explained as readily by denying the animal's reasoning power as by affirming it. His experiments with chickens and ducklings have led him to restrict his belief in the operations of instinct to the most elementary actions, such as pecking at food. Other habits come from observation, imitation, practice, and memory. Mr. Morgan writes modestly and sensibly, in a lucid style, with an occasional touch of humor, and his book will interest laymen as well as psychologists. — *Primer of Psychology*, by George Trumbull Ladd. (Scribners.) — *The Diseases of the Will*, by Th. Ribot. Authorized Translation from the Eighth French Edition by Merwin-Marie Snell. (Open Court Publishing Co.) — *How to Study Strangers by Temperament, Face, and Head*, by Nelson Sizer. (Fowler & Wells Co.) — *A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life*, by Thomson Jay Hudson. (McClurg.)

Ethics. Menticulture, or The A-B-C of True Living, by Horace Fletcher. (McClurg.) An interesting and stimulating small book which is an expansion of the prophet's charge, "Cease to do evil; learn to do well." Character-formation by prescription is not without its place in human morals, but one may question the power of Mr. Fletcher's gospel to exorcise demoniacal possession.

Social Science. Eighteenth Year Book of the New York State Reformatory, Elmira, N. Y., containing the Annual Report of the Board of Managers for the Year ending September 30, 1893. Besides the special matter of interest principally to penologists, this volume has a chapter of Notes in Anthropology, giving a record of many valuable observations. The book was printed and bound by prisoners at the Reformatory, and is a very creditable piece of work. — *The Blind as Seen through Blind Eyes*, by Maurice de la Sizeranne. Authorized Translation from the Second French Edition, by F. Park Lewis, M. D. (Putnam's.) — *Marriage a Covenant — Not Indissoluble, or The Revelation of Scripture and History*, by the Rev. J. Preston Fugette. (Cushing & Co., Baltimore.)

Education and Textbooks. Milton's Paradise Lost, Books I. and II., in the Students' Series of English Classics (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn), shows marks of much painstaking by the editor, Albert S. Cook. It is distinctly a schoolbook, with questions in the notes, and a goodly array of learning. The side-notes, which serve as an analysis of the poem, are perhaps too much in the way of a topical index, and of too little use as disclosing the construction. In spite of Professor Cook's plea in his preface, we hope *Paradise Lost* will be read through many times and long before it is studied thoroughly. — Coleridge's *Principles of Criticism*, with Introduction and Notes by Andrew J. George, M. A., is the latest addition to Heath's English Classics. It contains twelve chapters of the *Biographia Literaria*, including the seven (XIV.-XX.) in which, as Mr. Traill says, the main value of that "literally priceless" work is to be found. The editor's notes often make Coleridge his own commentator, but also draw from a wide range of other sources, and aim to impress the lesson which Coleridge once gave to a London actor: "Think, in order that you may be able to observe! . . . Always think!" — *Silk, its Origin and Culture. Illustrated.* (Nonotuck Silk Co., Florence, Mass.) An interesting little pamphlet, with good half-tone illustrations. The publisher's note indicates that it has been prepared especially for use in schools. — *Apperception, a Monograph on Psychology and Pedagogy*, by Dr. Karl Lange, Director of the Higher Burger-School, Plauen, Ger. Edited by Charles De Garmo. (Heath.) — *Manual of English Literature. Era of Expansion, 1750-1850. Its Characteristics and Influences, and the Poetry of its Period of Preparation, 1750-1800. With Biographical Appendix.* By J. Macmillan Brown, Professor of English Literature, Canterbury College. (Whitcombe & Tombs Limited, Christchurch and Dunedin, N. Z., and London.) — *How Gertrude Teaches her Children, an Attempt to Help Mothers to Teach their own Children*, by Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi. Translated by Lucy E. Holland and Frances C. Turner, and edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Ebenezer Cooke. (Sonnenschein, London; Bardeen, Syracuse.) — *A System of Physical Culture prepared expressly for Public School Work*, by Louise Preece. Analyzed and

arranged by Louise Gilman Kiehle. Illustrated. (Bardeen.) — Biennial Report of the State Superintendent of Free Schools of the State of West Virginia, for the Years 1893 and 1894, by Virgil A. Lewis. (Moses W. Donnally, Public Printer, Charleston, W. Va.) — The French Verb Newly Treated, an Easy, Uniform, and Synthetic Method of its Conjugation, by A. Esclançon, Examiner in the University of London. (Macmillan.) — The Principles of Rhetoric, by Adams Sherman Hill, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard College. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. (Harpers.) — Elements of Inductive Logic, by Noah K. Davis, Ph. D., LL. D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Virginia. (Harpers.)

Science. Electricity for Everybody, its Nature and Uses Explained, by Philip Atkinson, A. M., Ph. D. (Century Co.) A clearly written and interesting description and explanation of electrical science and its application as known and practiced today. So eminently practical and useful a

book must, of course, be indulged in the matter of cover-design; else we should protest against so hideously violent and violently hideous a thunderstorm. — Parts III. and IV. of the Sixteenth Annual Report of the United States Geological Survey are devoted to the Mineral Resources of the United States in 1894, — to Metallic and Nonmetallic Products respectively. They are ponderous tomes, containing a vast amount of valuable information in statistical form. The mineral products of this country for the year 1894, estimated at the original cost of raw material, amounted to nearly five hundred and thirty millions of dollars in value. This is, however, the lowest production since 1887. The decrease is laid to the general financial depression, and to certain special causes which operated on individual industries, such as the strike of the soft-coal miners and the low price of silver. Part III. contains special reports of investigation into the production of iron ore, iron and steel, and tin all over the world.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A School
Conservatory.

THE writer of the article The Schoolhouse as a Centre, in the January Atlantic, pleads for a conservatory in the public school building, "not for botanical uses, but for the pleasure to the eye," and adds, "If there is only one fountain in the village, it should be in the schoolhouse court or garden." San Francisco is not exactly a village, and it is not a very arable city, but there is at least one conservatory and fountain in it within the walls of a public school. A high school for girls, with an enrollment of about six hundred pupils, has been the scene of an interesting and successful experiment. About two and a half years ago, the master of the school, eager to introduce some beauty into the school surroundings, persuaded the authorities to have thirty or forty loads of loam dumped upon the waste of sand which formed the playground of the school, a plot sixty-five by one hundred and thirty feet. With this loam a border was made, about three feet wide, and several patches of

earth were spread about the lot. The master and his pupils exercised their ingenuity in producing rockeries and ferneries. Everything grows quickly in California, and soon the girls had palms and ferns and varieties of tropical plants growing in the border and on the patches. To work at this gardening was a privilege, and if any plot was neglected it was to be taken out of the hands of the gardener and given to another; but so far not more than three or four out of the ninety-eight who undertook the work have fallen under this penalty. It was perhaps rather fortunate that the lack of funds compelled this resort to volunteer labor, for certainly more than half the pleasure would have been lost if the care of the gardens had fallen to the charge of a paid gardener.

But when the desert had been thus transformed into a blooming garden, there was still a corner, formed by two brick walls, which served for a rubbish heap, and the master wished not only to get rid of the

unsightly pile, but to make this sunny spot available for a conservatory. His call on the authorities for such a conservatory was met with derision; how could a delicate plant-house possibly be cared for, even if there were funds to build it? The master's enthusiasm and self-help carried him forward, and a year ago, in the Christmas vacation, putting off the schoolmaster and putting on the workman, he built a conservatory with his own hands, — a conservatory fourteen feet by eighteen, and twelve feet high in the peak. Thus far but one pane of glass has been broken; and as for the plants, they have flourished famously. The girls take the greatest pride in the house, helping to stock it and bringing their ailing plants from home to enjoy it, and so jealous of the good name of the school that it is the rarest thing for a blossom to be plucked. The immediate care is in the hands of the janitor.

One thing leads to another, and to the garden and conservatory has now been added a fountain, with a basin eight by ten feet, in which fish are hatched and reared and their habits closely watched by the girls. In this charming spot the pupils spend their recesses, and often a class is allowed to spend a study hour there. If a girl's head droops or her eye grows dull, she is sent into the garden for a while, and the visit is a wonderful panacea for geometrical headaches, chemical sore throats, or optical aberrations. And as a girl takes a visitor first of all to this favorite resort, it is fair to believe that the memory of most, when it turns to the old schoolhouse in after-years, will be a fragrant memory.

Shorthand and Typewriting. — May an old stenographer come to the defense of many young people who feel rather aggrieved at certain criticisms of their work in an article in *The Atlantic* for December, 1895?

It is true that young shorthand writers have difficulty in reading their own imperfectly made hieroglyphics; but the best stenographers read with facility not only what they themselves write, but each other's notes, unless these are taken at great speed. One of the most rapid congressional reporters has for many years employed in his office two or three ladies to transcribe his notes, and transcription is found a fascinating, not a severe task. Many other experts follow the same method.

As to shading in stenography, there is no need of a marked distinction between light and dark strokes, but the best writers make a difference which their own eyes readily recognize. So, too, the accurate shorthand writer makes his vertical characters perpendicular to the line, even in the most rapid writing; and it almost never occurs that a *p* can be read for a *t*, or a *b* for a *d*.

Again, the good stenographer invariably begins a paragraph as a paragraph should begin, with the line indented. He makes the long stroke for a period. Proper names simple enough to be written in shorthand he underlines, vocalizes those which might be doubtful, and spells out those which it would be unsafe to trust to phonography. This takes quick thinking? Yes, but the expert is nimble not only with his fingers, but with his brains. In the course of thirty years' experience it has been the good fortune of the writer to know at least a score of the best stenographers in the country. They have all substantially followed these rules, and there are hundreds following them now who read their notes as fluently as most people read longhand.

If an imperfectly educated amanuensis stumbles over her writing, that may not be the fault of any one of the many systems of shorthand; it is the common American habit of "skipping." Because many half-educated girls have found their way into offices, it is a fallacy to suppose that all amanuenses may be charged with stupidity, ignorance, and inaccuracy in their work.

To test the supposed impossibility of reading a page of this magazine without vowels, paragraphs, periods, or other marks of punctuation, a column of the article in question was copied, eliminating these supposed necessities. This skeleton page was submitted to two intelligent persons, who read it all after a little puzzling. But shorthand is much more easily read, when written correctly, because position implies certain vowels in every case.

As to the assistance of memory, reporting becomes so mechanical that often a speech, a sermon, a long address, may be entirely new to the reporter when he comes to transcribe his notes. It is as though he had never heard a word of it.

Now for typewriting. Within the last fifteen years, hundreds — nay, thousands of

manuscripts have passed through the writer's hands. In the earlier part of that period they were all pen-written, and the work of preparing them for printing was a burden to the flesh and a vexation to the spirit. The majority come now in neat typewritten dress, which is easy to read, and therefore the editing of them requires not one tenth of the time. Yet these are rarely typewritten by the authors themselves. They have been guilty of "the absurdity of entrusting the transcription" to copyists, who, as a rule, have improved on the verbal form of the original manuscripts.

As for the machines, some of them have every punctuation mark (with one trifling exception) used by *The Atlantic Monthly*. It is, therefore, impossible to sympathize with the writer of the article under review, who says, "What would be my sensations were I obliged to put even this modest article which I am now preparing into the hands of a copyist? All I know is that, until the agony was over, I should not get a single night's sleep." This "modest article," on the contrary, will be handed to one of half a dozen young ladies to copy, any one of whom will return it in such shape that even the critical proof-reader of this most carefully printed magazine will have hardly a change to make. Upbraid those who deserve it, but let it be acknowledged that there are copyists who are a "luxury," and not a "torment."

The Fool in Fiction. — If the course of literary evolution be followed out, it will be found to take its rise in the ballad. That is the form of recital which lends itself best to repetition. The metrical limitations tend to keep the flow of the story within its own banks, as well as to give emphasis to the sharp turns, the rapids, and the waterfalls which distinguish a rivulet from a canal. Recitation leads to acting, and acting expands into dialogue. The Nut-Brown Maid and others which will occur to the lover of ballads are examples of this incipient tendency. Thus the drama is only a ballad in a developed stage.

The novel is the play put into print, with description substituted for action and scenery. This relation is evident, since a ballad may be the theme on which a play is founded, and a play may be converted into a novel. A contributor to *The Atlantic* in days gone by so treated the farce of *Lend*

Me Five Shillings, and *Maga* was kind enough to accept, publish, and pay for the same. There is a retrograding process possible, by which a novel may be dramatized, a drama made into a ballad; but, as a rule, it is not to the benefit of the work. The reader turned hearer resents the playwright's conception. The development on the lines of a true evolution is ever in the search for increase of power. The play has its limitations in the conventionalities of the stage, the capacities of actors, and the necessity of condensation and swift action. There is a division of interest between the drama in itself and the skill used in presenting it. Garrick and Kean are applauded the more the deeper their emphasis of the villainy of Iago and Sir Giles Overreach.

In both the drama and the novel the appeal is to the imagination to produce a temporary illusion. The spectator knows that the stage sword does not pierce or the theatrical goblet intoxicate, and that the spectre vanishes behind the wings *o. p.*, and not into thin air. The reader knows that what he reads is fiction, and that the author has (presumably) the power to shape the catastrophe as he will, to reward virtue and to punish vice, even in utter disregard of the inscrutable laws of real life. The art of the actor and the dramatist, like the art of the novelist and his illustrator, consists in suppressing for the moment the cooler judgment, and giving one over to the spell of the imagination. The power is gained by the combination of two opposing forces, — realism and exaggeration. The artist in a dramatic situation strikes a true chord, and then intensifies it to shut out any other perception. The novelist has the far larger freedom of leading gradually up to the subject, and of describing secret thoughts without the halting aid of soliloquy and the transparent hypocrisy of stage asides.

The true novel, therefore, is a developed and improved drama, and this preface is to lead up to a curious corroboration to be found in the study of literary evolution. Dismissing many of the more recent novels, which have passed on into a state of gelatinous coagulation, or even of fluid decomposition, as the modern stage has declined into mere farce and superficial melodrama, I wish to take two distinctive and first-class representatives of the two phases of development, the plays of Shakespeare and the novels of

Sir Walter Scott. In these there are many points of resemblance, showing this continuity of development, but there is one in particular on which I rest my case. It is that in each is felt the necessity, in order to reach the proper balance of the action, of using the foil of the comic element.

There is required the fool in fiction. This need may be met by the use either of the jester, the clown, the professional merry-maker, or of the butt, the gull, the knave who is to fill the rôle of Sancho Panza to the Don Quixote of tragedy. There is hardly a play of Shakespeare in which this foil is not to be found. Trinculo and Caliban in *The Tempest*; Launce in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; the clown in *Twelfth Night*, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek; Falstaff and Justice Shallow, Doctor Caius and Sir Hugh the Welsh parson, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; the clown and Lucio in *Measure for Measure*; Dogberry in *Much Ado about Nothing*; Puck and Bottom the weaver in *Midsummer Night's Dream*; Armado and Costard in *Love's Labour's Lost*; Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale*; Touchstone in *As You Like It*; Christopher Sly and Gremio in *The Taming of the Shrew*; the two Dromios in *The Comedy of Errors*; Pandarus in *Troilus and Cressida*; Apemantus in *Timon of Athens*; Cloten in *Cymbeline*; the fool and Edgar in *King Lear*; the porter in *Macbeth*; Polonius, Osric, and the grave-diggers in *Hamlet*; Roderigo in *Othello*, — these all come to my pen without the necessity of opening the books, and I dare say the reader can fill out the list with others, which space forbids to enumerate.

Turn now to the Waverley series, and take them in their order. Davie Gellatley in *Waverley* holds the position of the household jester, — "the innocent" who uses the shrewd license of his order, covered by the infirmity behind which he takes refuge. The Baron of Bradwardine belongs to the class of eccentrics whose peculiarities are food for mirth. In *Guy Mannering*, Dominie Sampson, with his misplaced erudition, absence of mind, and real simplicity, is as marked a comic character and as complete a factor in the story as any of the Shakespearean personages of like position. The Antiquary himself is a creature of the finest comedy; but, putting him aside, in *Edie Ochiltree* one finds the combination of the best points of Touchstone and Autolycus

with a Scotch shrewdness entirely his own. Rob Roy develops a new type in Andrew Fairservice, to say nothing of Wilfred Osbaldistone and Bailie Nicol Jarvie; for Andrew is a fine specimen of the serving-man of comedy. In *The Black Dwarf*, which is a failure in almost every particular, there is no one who exactly fills the place; but Old Mortality makes up for it in Cuddie Headrigg, who is, perhaps, the most delightful because the most lovable of all his class. *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* displays the same combination of mental infirmity and wit which belongs to the class, but transfers it to a female in the person of Madge Wildfire. *The Bride of Lammermoor* gives in Caleb Balderstone a character in every way worthy of the old comedy, and unsurpassed by any we can recall in Shakespeare. The Legend of Montrose has in Allan M'Aulay another instance of the disordered intellect, with gleams of great acuteness breaking through its habitual gloom. But its great and distinguishing character is Dugald Dalgetty, a compound of Falstaff and Falconbridge, yet unlike either. The likeness to both is moral rather than intellectual. In *The Monastery*, the White Lady seems intended to fill the rôles of Ariel and Puck, but the real comic personage is Piercie Shafton. In *The Abbot*, Adam Woodcock, the falconer, supplies the comic element, slightly but effectively. *Ivanhoe*, again, has in Wamba the almost perfect type of the clown proper, the jester *par excellence* of the feudal age, who in wit and shrewdness hardly falls behind Touchstone. Wayland Smith and Flibbertigibbet in partnership form the comic element, the clown, so to speak, of the drama of Kenilworth, in some respects one of the most dramatic of Scott's novels. In *The Pirate* one has a choice between Claud Halero, Triptolemus Yellowley, and Jack Bunce, the fantastic follower of Cleveland; while Peveril of the Peak can furnish nothing better than the little dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson, who is a sort of Falstaff seen through an inverted telescope. To make up for this, *The Fortunes of Nigel* has not only Richie Moniplies, but King James himself, who is not less the fool in history than here the fool in fiction. Quentin Durward offers Le Balafré as well as Le Glorieux, the jester of the Burgundian court. St. Ronan's Well is rather meagre, unless one takes both Captain MacTurk

and the old oddity Touchwood. But Redgauntlet, which, in spite of the critics, has always been a favorite of mine, has the masterly picture of Peter Peebles and also of Wandering Willie, to say nothing of Nanty Ewart. In *The Betrothed*, Wilkin Flammock is the broad-comedy character, while in the far superior story of *The Talisman* there is hardly any touch of jest, save in the few sayings of Jonas Schwanker, the court fool of the Archduke of Austria. Woodstock, again, furnishes a capital example in Roger Wildrake, and *The Fair Maid of Perth* has a truly Shakespearean character in Oliver Proudfoot. Anne of Geierstein has a specimen of the dullard in Sigismund; and in Count Robert of Paris, which belongs to the failing period of Sir Walter's power, Sylvan, the ape of Agelastes, marks the fading out of the type.

If the critic of this brief paper will kindly consider the passing mention given above, and recall the characters barely named in it, it may be seen that, broadly classified, the several types which go to form the underplay of the dramas of Shakespeare and of the Elizabethan age are constantly repeated in Scott. They help to carry on the story by their weaknesses, foibles, and eccentricities, and though in many instances not fools, they play the part of the conventional and traditional stage-fool. They make the rollers on which the weightier action of the plot moves. They serve as foils to the loftier and more heroic actors. They are indispensable to the right development of the theme. They are not mere stop-gaps to divert one in the shifting of scenes, or reliefs to the sombre pathos of set speeches and impassioned dialogue. They cannot be cut out and dropped as superfluous. In this the dramatic sympathy of Scott marks the principle of evolution which is here insisted on, and I therefore hold that the true novel is only a further development of the true stage-play. It is a drama addressed to the mind rather than to the eye and ear of the reader.

— Edward Fitzgerald's letters to Bernard Barton. the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, remind me of the singular manner in which I first became acquainted with Barton's letters to Lamb, Southey, and others. About forty years ago, there was an ideal Quaker settlement three miles from Bryant's historical home at Roslyn, Long Island. Nearly all the Friends who were wont to

assemble in a barnlike meeting-house on Sunday lived in quaint, old-fashioned houses, I know not how many generations old, and wore the original Quaker dress. One of the women preachers, known in my mother's family as Cousin Rebecca, lived on the hill overlooking Roslyn. Books and papers were scarce in her house, but next to George Fox, William Penn, and Horace Greeley, Bernard Barton was Cousin Rebecca's hero. She not only had Barton's *Memoirs*, published by his daughter Lucy (the lady who subsequently became the wife of Edward Fitzgerald), but she possessed a costly copy, bound in red morocco, of that elegant edition of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* about which Charles Lamb teased Barton in the letter beginning, "A splendid edition of 'Bunyan's Pilgrim'! Why, the thought is enough to turn one's moral stomach. His cockle-hat and staff transformed to a smart cock'd beaver and a jemmy cane; his amice grey to the last Regent Street cut; and his painful palmer's pace to the modern swagger. Stop thy friend's sacrilegious hands. . . Perhaps you don't know my edition what I had when a child." For this edition Barton wrote a very beautiful sonnet, which I herewith transcribe, as it is not found in his *Memoirs*, and I never have seen it except in two copies of an edition reprinted in this country by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, dated 1844. One of these belonged to my relative, and the other I chanced upon in the University Library at Lawrence, Kansas. The sonnet reads as follows:—

"O! for one bright though momentary glance;
Such as of old in Patmos Isle was given
To him who saw the clouds asunder riven:
And, passing all the splendour of romance,
In glory, and in 'pomp of circumstance':
The new Jerusalem come down from Heaven:—
Or the least measure of that mystic leaven,
Which blessed old Bunyan's visionary trance!
But vain the painter's or the poet's skill,
That heavenly city's glory to declare;—
All such can furnish is a vision fair,
And gorgeous; having as its centre still,
His cross who died on Calvary's Holy Hill;
Man's only title to admittance there."

Mr. R. H. Stoddard has scarcely done Bernard Barton justice. A few of the sonnets, such as those upon the Howitts and John Evelyn and the one upon Selborne (Gilbert White's village), show much poetical insight, but the letters which Barton inspired Lamb, Edward Fitzgerald, and Southey to write are a precious legacy, which ought to save his name from oblivion. To this Quaker poet

Lamb opened his heart during the melancholy months when Mary had to be sent to an insane asylum; to him Fitzgerald confided his hopes and fears as to whether a painting which he had purchased was a genuine Gainsborough; and Southey wrote, July 9, 1821, the startling sentence, "So Buonaparte is now as dead as Cæsar or Alexander." Thus much of the literary gossip and life of the early part of our century may be found in the letters written to Bernard Barton, the popular Quaker poet, who is but a name in our day to the general reader.

A Variegated — "Black as a pot! Black as Color Line. a pot!"

"I ain't nigh so black as your own gran'-mammy."

"Black as a crow! Black as the ace o' spades!"

"All what you says to me I puts on your gran'-mammy," — this in the solemn tone of a witch casting a spell.

The foregoing dialogue took place between two little colored girls who were loitering on the banquette just outside my parlor window; and it set in motion a long train of thought. I was impressed anew by one of the strongly marked characteristics of the negro race, — the way in which the color line is drawn among them, — and it struck me as being somewhat surprising that people who write about them usually ignore this trait. The fact is, the white man draws one black color line, but the negro's color line is variegated. Every shade "counts" with the latter, and the color question is a fruitful topic for discussion; more frequent, it must be added, among women than among men. Tongues wag excitedly over the comparative "brightness" of Molly's and Juley Ann's complexion; hard words, and even blows, are often the outcome of such arguments. Naturally, the "brighter" — that is to say, the whiter — the complexion, the more superior and aristocratic does its owner consider herself; while "coal-black Rose" is literally and metaphorically in outer darkness. To have hair "as straight as a poker" and a skin light enough to freckle is to be an object of envy to those less blessed.

"My daughter Calline is the freckledest thing ever you see," said one colored mother proudly to another. "Why, even to her eyelids is freckled. An' as fer her hair, you could n't curl it to save you."

"Ah, Lord!" sighed the other, as she gazed mournfully upon her own dark-hued progeny, "wisht I could say 's much fer mine. Think I must 'a' ben cunjered when I married a man black like George, an' now I has this houseful o' nappy-headed chil-lun. Emma's hair 's that kinky it jus' *won't* grow long; an' it 's goin' to be a mighty big set-back to her when she comes old 'nough to marry."

There is a colored benevolent society in a certain Southern city — doubtless there are associations like it elsewhere — which will not admit to membership any one whose skin is darker than a certain delicate shade of tan. It is considered something of a misalliance when a yellow girl marries a black man. One tawny mother absolutely refused to let her daughter wed the man of her choice. "I don't want to have nothin' to do with dark-colored folks more 'n passin' the time o' day with 'em," remarked this stern parent. "I don't like 'em near me." But love laughs at such parental decisions, and the daughter settled the matter by eloping. In one respect she was fortunate; for her husband's relatives looked up to her as to a superior being. As one of her friends expressed it: "Ab's folks makes a perfec' treasure o' Jinny. They think she's just let down" (that is, descended, as an angel might, from heaven to earth), "because she's lighter 'n what they are."

"Nigger," of course, as a word typifying the deepest blackness, is an old-established taunt. But the black people know how to defend themselves. Yellow Clementine remarks of some passer-by: "Ain't she black, though! She don't look like nothin' in the world but the stump of a tree that's been burnt down. If I was black like that, I'd ask some one to give me a dost o' poison." Whereat black Nancy retorts: "Don't you be so stuck up about bein' bright-complected. The white in you is what the white folks would n't have. I'm a *nation*; you're *nothin'*!" Certainly, the handsome black woman, with her fine, robust figure and splendid teeth, did more resemble a "nation" than the yellow girl, who was frail in physique, with a sickly looking complexion and discolored teeth.

One dark-brown girl, of unusual intelligence and industry, was frequently heard asseverating with much emphasis, "Thank

goodness, there's no nigger about me!" "Well, what are you if you ain't a nigger, you conceited little black something?" inquired her fellow-servant one day, in tones of exasperation. "I'm no nigger. I'm a *Hayti*," responded Rosina haughtily. Being asked subsequently why she called herself a "*Hayti*," she laughed shamefacedly as she answered: "Oh, Lor', ma'am! I just wanted to say something to shut Marie's mouth. She's always crowin' over me because she's yellow."

This poor girl's idea of bliss was to be white; she could not imagine how a white person could ever be downcast or despairing; in her opinion, the color was enough to console one for anything. Her conception of heaven was that there she would be rid of her dark skin. It was quite pathetic to hear her shrilling, over her work,

"Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,"

as if it gave her passionate pleasure to identify herself, in song, with the "dominant race."

The single color line of the whites and the variegated color line of the negroes are equally hard to cross; and without doubt the latter is accountable for the strange want of solidarity among the dark race which may often be noted. The yellow Afro-American learned from the white American the bitter lesson he now passes on so pitilessly to his black brethren; and sometimes one wonders what the upshot of it all will be.

The National Hymn. — The death of Rev. Samuel F.

Smith brings up again the subject of the origin of the tune to which he wrote the words of the national hymn America. The *Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy* contain the solution of this much-disputed question.

The music was composed by Lully, an Italian, educated in France, and distinguished as the creator of French opera. The original text was written by Madame de Brinon, a Parisian lady. The hymn was suggested by Madame de Maintenon,

in honor of King Louis XIV. on his appearance at the official opening of the school for noble young ladies at the convent of St. Cyr, in 1686. It was sung by the pupils at the entrance of the king into the chapel, and the words were as follows:—

"Grand Dieu, sauvez le Roi!
Grand Dieu, vengez le Roi!
Vive le Roi!
Qu'à jamais glorieux
Louis victorieux
Voye ses ennemis
Toujours soumis.
Grand Dieu, sauvez le Roi!
Grand Dieu, vengez le Roi!
Vive le Roi!"

It was a tradition at St. Cyr that Handel, during a visit to the superior of the convent, asked and obtained permission to copy the air and the words of that French invocation; and this assertion is supported by a written declaration, signed by the nuns of St. Cyr, and also by a full narration of the circumstances in the *Memoirs of the Duchess of Perth*, who gives three nuns of St. Cyr as her authority. Handel published the music with English words, and offered the work to King George I. of England, apparently as his own composition.

In 1790, a Danish clergyman, Heinrich Harries, prepared a hymn in honor of the birthday of King Christian VIII. of Denmark, and set it to what was called the English tune of God Save the King.

In 1793, a German scholar, Dr. Schumacher, translated the Danish hymn, with slight alterations, and published it in a Berlin newspaper, as a greeting to King Friedrich Wilhelm on his return from the campaign against France. That hymn, *Heil dir im Siegerkranz*, sung to the melody of God Save the King, became at once the favorite national hymn of Germany, and found its way also into Austria, Hungary, and Iceland; both music and words being in every case a plagiarism of the French originals.

Mr. Smith borrowed the tune from a German music-book, being entirely ignorant of the history of the composition, and he wrote his text without reference to the royalist invocation.

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THE OLD THINGS.

VII.

As soon as her sister was married Fleda went down to Mrs. Gereth at Ricks, — a promise to this effect having been promptly exacted and given; and her inner vision was much more fixed on the alterations there, complete now, as she understood, than on the success of her plotting and pinching for Maggie's happiness. Her imagination, in the interval, had indeed had plenty to do and numerous scenes to visit; for when, on the summons just mentioned, it had taken a flight from West Kensington to Ricks, it had hung but an hour over the terrace of painted pots, and then yielded to a current of the upper air that swept it straight off to Poynton and Waterbath. Not a sound had reached her of any supreme clash, and Mrs. Gereth had communicated next to nothing; giving out that, as was easily conceivable, she was too busy, too bitter, and too tired for vain civilities. All she had written was that she had got the new place well in hand, and that Fleda would be surprised at the way it was turning out. Everything was even yet upside down; nevertheless, in the sense of having passed the threshold of Poynton for the last time, the amputation, as she called it, had been performed. Her leg had come off, — she had now begun to stump along with the lovely wooden substitute; she would stump for life, and what her young friend was to come and admire was the beauty of her movement and

the noise she made about the house. The reserve of Poynton and Waterbath had been matched by the austerity of Fleda's own secret, under the discipline of which she had repeated to herself a hundred times a day that she rejoiced at having cares that excluded all thought of it. She had lavished herself, in act, on Maggie and the curate, and had opposed to her father's selfishness a sweetness quite ecstatic. The young couple wondered why they had waited so long, since everything was after all so easy. She had thought of everything, even to how the "quietness" of the wedding should be relieved by champagne, and her father be kept brilliant on a single bottle. Fleda knew, in short, and liked the knowledge, that for several weeks she had appeared exemplary in every relation of life.

She had been perfectly prepared to be surprised at Ricks, for Mrs. Gereth was a wonder-working wizard, with a command, when all was said, of good material; but the impression in wait for her on the threshold made her catch her breath and falter. Dusk had fallen when she arrived, and in the plain square hall, one of the few good features, the glow of a Venetian lamp just showed, on either wall, the richness of an admirable tapestry. This instant perception that the place had been dressed at the expense of Poynton was a shock: it was as if she had abruptly seen herself in the light of an accomplice. The next moment, folded in Mrs. Gereth's arms, her eyes were

diverted ; but she had already had, in a flash, the vision of the great gaps in the other house. The two tapestries, not the largest, but those most splendidly toned by time, had been on the whole its most uplifted pride. When she could really see again, she was in the drawing-room, on a sofa, staring with intensity at an object soon distinct as the great Italian cabinet that, at Poynton, had been in the red saloon. Without looking, she was sure the room was occupied with other objects like it, stuffed with as many as it could hold of the trophies of her friend's struggle. By this time the very fingers of her glove, resting on the seat of the sofa, had thrilled at the touch of an old velvet brocade, a wondrous texture that she could recognize, would have recognized among a thousand, without dropping her eyes on it. They stuck to the cabinet with a kind of dissimulated dread, while she painfully asked herself whether she should notice it, notice everything, or just pretend not to be affected. How could she pretend not to be affected, with the very pendants of the lustres tinkling at her, and with Mrs. Gereth, beside her and staring at her, even as she herself stared at the cabinet, hunching up a back like Atlas under his globe ? She was appalled at this image of what Mrs. Gereth had on her shoulders. That lady was waiting and watching her, bracing herself, and preparing the same face of confession and defiance she had shown the day, at Poynton, she had been surprised in the corridor. It was farcical not to speak ; and yet to exclaim, to participate, would give one a bad sense of being mixed up with a theft. This ugly word sounded, for herself, in Fleda's silence, and the very violence of it jarred her into a scared glance, as of a creature detected, to right and left. But what, again, the full picture most showed her was the far-away empty sockets, a scandal of nakedness in high, bare walls. She at last uttered something formal and incoherent, — she did n't know what : it had no re-

lation to either house. Then she felt Mrs. Gereth's hand once more on her arm. "I've arranged a charming room for you, — it's really lovely. You'll be very happy there." This was spoken with extraordinary sweetness, and with a smile that meant, "Oh, I know what you're thinking ; but what does it matter when you're so loyally on my side ?" It had come, indeed, to a question of "sides," Fleda thought, for the whole place was in battle array. In the soft lamplight, with one fine feature after another looming up into sombre richness, it defied her not to pronounce it a triumph of taste. Her passion for beauty leaped back into life ; and was not what now most appealed to it a certain gorgeous audacity ? Mrs. Gereth's high hand was, as mere great effect, the climax of the impression.

"It's too wonderful, what you've done with the house !" The visitor met her friend's eyes. They lighted up with joy, — that friend herself so pleased with what she had done. This was not at all, in its accidental air of enthusiasm, what Fleda wanted to have said : it offered her as stupidly announcing from the first minute on whose side she was. Such was clearly the way Mrs. Gereth took it : she threw herself upon the delightful girl and tenderly embraced her again ; so that Fleda soon went on, with a studied difference and a cooler inspection : "Why, you brought away absolutely everything !"

"Oh no, not everything ; I saw how little I could get into this scrap of a house. I only brought away what I required."

Fleda had got up ; she took a turn round the room. "You 'required' the very best pieces, — the *morceaux de musée*, the individual gems !" she answered, smiling.

"I certainly did n't want the rubbish, if that's what you mean." Mrs. Gereth, on the sofa, followed the direction of her companion's eyes ; with the light of her satisfaction still in her face, she slowly rubbed her large, handsome hands.

Wherever she was, she was herself the great piece in the gallery. It was the first Fleda had heard of there being "rubbish" at Poynton, but she did n't, for the moment, take up this insincerity; she only, from where she stood in the room, called out, one after the other, as if she had had a list in her hand, the pieces that in the great house had been scattered, and that now, if they had a fault, were too much like a minuet danced on a hearth-rug. She knew them each, in every chink and charm, — knew them by the personal name their distinctive sign or story had given them; and a second time she felt how, against her intention, this uttered knowledge struck her hostess as so much free approval. Mrs. Gereth was never indifferent to approval, and there was nothing she could so love you for as for doing justice to her deep morality. There was a particular gleam in her eyes when Fleda exclaimed at last, dazzled by the display, "And even the Maltese cross!" That description, though technically incorrect, had always been applied, at Poynton, to a small but marvelous crucifix of ivory, a masterpiece of delicacy, of expression, and of the great Spanish period, the existence and precarious accessibility of which she had heard of, at Malta, years before, by an odd and romantic chance, — a clue followed through mazes of secrecy till the treasure was at last unearthed.

"'Even' the Maltese cross?" Mrs. Gereth rose as she sharply echoed the words. "My dear child, you don't suppose I'd have sacrificed *that*? For what in the world would you have taken me?"

"A *bibelot* the more or the less," Fleda said, "could have made little difference in this grand general view of you. I take you simply for the greatest of all conjurers. You've operated with a quickness — and with a quietness!" Her voice trembled a little as she spoke, for the plain meaning of her words was that what her friend had achieved belonged to the class of achievement essen-

tially involving the protection of darkness. Fleda felt she really could say nothing at all if she could n't say that she knew what the danger had been. She completed her thought by a resolute and perfectly candid question: "How in the world did you get off with them?"

Mrs. Gereth confessed to the fact of danger with a cynicism that surprised the girl. "By calculating, by choosing my time. I *was* quiet, and I *was* quick. I manœuvred; then at the last I rushed!" Fleda drew a long breath: she saw in the poor woman something much better than sophisticated ease, a crude elation that was a comparatively simple state to deal with. Her elation, it was true, was not so much from what she had done as from the way she had done it, — by as brilliant a stroke as any commemorated in the annals of crime. "I succeeded because I had thought it all out and left nothing to chance: the whole process was organized in advance, so that the mere carrying it into effect took but a few hours. It was largely a matter of money: oh, I was horribly extravagant, — I had to turn on so many people. But they were all to be had, — a little army of workers, the packers, the porters, the helpers of every sort, the men with the mighty vans. It was a question of arranging in Tottenham Court Road and of paying the price. I have n't paid it yet; there'll be a horrid bill; but at least the thing's done! Expedition pure and simple was the essence of the bargain. 'I can give you two days,' I said; 'I can't give you another second.' They undertook the job, and the two days saw them through. The people came down on a Tuesday morning; they were off on the Thursday. I admit that some of them worked all Wednesday night. I had thought it all out; I stood over them; I showed them how. Yes, I coaxed them, I made love to them. Oh, I was inspired, — they found me wonderful. I neither ate nor slept, but I was as calm as I am now. I didn't know what was in me; it was worth find-

ing out. I'm very remarkable, my dear: I lifted tons with my own arms. I'm tired, very, very tired; but there's neither a scratch nor a nick, there isn't a teacup missing." Magnificent both in her exhaustion and in her triumph, Mrs. Gereth sank on the sofa again, the sweep of her eyes a rich synthesis and the restless friction of her hands a clear betrayal. "Upon my word," she laughed, "they really look better here!"

Fleda had listened in awe. "And no one at Poynton said anything? There was no alarm?"

"What alarm should there have been? Owen left me almost defiantly alone: I had taken a time that I had reason to believe was safe from a descent." Fleda had another wonder, which she hesitated to express: it would scarcely do to ask Mrs. Gereth if she had n't stood in fear of her servants. She knew, moreover, some of the secrets of her humorous household rule, all made up of shocks to shyness and provocations to curiosity, — a diplomacy so artful that several of the maids quite yearned to accompany her to Ricks. Mrs. Gereth, reading sharply the whole of her visitor's thought, caught it up with fine frankness. "You mean that I was watched, — that he had his myrmidons, pledged to wire him if they should see what I was 'up to'? Precisely. I know the three persons you have in mind: I had them in mind myself. Well, I took a line with them, — I settled them."

Fleda had had no one in particular in mind; she had never believed in the myrmidons; but the tone in which Mrs. Gereth spoke added to her suspense. "What did you do to them?"

"I took hold of them hard, — I put them in the forefront. I made them work."

"To move the furniture?"

"To help, and to help so as to please me. That was the way to take them; it was what they had least expected. I marched up to them and looked each

straight in the eye, giving him the chance to choose if he'd gratify me or gratify my son. He gratified *me*. They were too stupid!"

Mrs. Gereth massed herself there more and more as an immoral woman, but Fleda had to recognize that she too would have been stupid, and she too would have gratified her. "And when did all this take place?"

"Only last week; it seems a hundred years. We've worked here as fast as we worked there, but I'm not settled yet: you'll see in the rest of the house. However, the worst is over."

"Do you really think so?" Fleda presently inquired. "I mean, does he, after the fact, as it were, accept it?"

"Owen — what I've done? I have n't the least idea," said Mrs. Gereth.

"Does Mona?"

"You mean that she'll be the soul of the row?"

"I hardly see Mona as the 'soul' of anything," the girl replied. "But have they made no sound? Have you heard nothing at all?"

"Not a whisper, not a step, in all the eight days. Perhaps they don't know. Perhaps they're crouching for a leap."

"But would n't they have gone down as soon as you left?"

"They may not have known of my leaving." Fleda wondered afresh; it struck her as scarcely supposable that some sign should n't have flashed from Poynton to London. If the storm was taking this term of silence to gather, even in Mona's breast, it would probably discharge itself in some startling form. The great hush of every one concerned was strange; but when she pressed Mrs. Gereth for some explanation of it, that lady only replied, with her brave irony, "Oh, I took their breath away!" She had no illusions, however; she was still prepared to fight. What indeed was her spoliation of Poynton but the first engagement of a campaign?

All this was exciting, but Fleda's spirit

dropped, at bedtime, in the chamber embellished for her pleasure, where she found several of the objects that in her earlier room she had most admired. These had been reinforced by other pieces from other rooms, so that the quiet air of it was a harmony without a break, the finished picture of a maiden's bower. It was the sweetest Louis Seize, all assorted and combined, — old chastened, figured, faded France. Fleda was impressed anew with her friend's genius for composition. She could say to herself that no girl in England, that night, went to rest with so picked a guard; but there was no joy for her in her privilege, no sleep even for the tired hours that made the place, in the embers of the fire and the winter dawn, look gray, somehow, and loveless. She could not care for such things when they came to her in such ways; there was a wrong about them all that turned them to ugliness. In the watches of the night she saw Poynton dishonored; she had cared for it as a happy whole, she reasoned, and the parts of it now around her seemed to suffer like chopped limbs. Before going to bed she had walked about with Mrs. Gereth and seen at whose expense the whole house had been furnished. At poor Owen's, from top to bottom. There was not a chair he had not sat upon. The maiden aunt had been exterminated, — no trace of her to tell her tale. Fleda tried to think of some of the things at Poynton still unappropriated, but her memory was a blank about them, and in trying to focus the old combinations she saw again nothing but gaps and scars, a vacancy that gathered at moments into something worse. This concrete image was her greatest trouble, for it was Owen Gereth's face, his sad, strange eyes, fixed upon her now as they had never been. They stared at her out of the darkness, and their expression was more than she could bear; it seemed to say that he was in pain, and that it was somehow her fault. He had looked to her to help

him, and this was what her help had been. He had done her the honor to ask her to exert herself in his interest, confiding to her a task of difficulty, but of the highest delicacy. Had not that been exactly the sort of service she longed to render him? Well, her way of rendering it had been simply to betray him and hand him over to his enemy. Shame, pity, resentment, oppressed her in turn; in the last of these feelings the others were quickly submerged. Mrs. Gereth had imprisoned her in that torment of taste; but it was clear to her for an hour, at least, that she might hate Mrs. Gereth.

Something else, however, when morning came, was even more intensely definite: the most odious thing in the world for her would be ever again to meet Owen. She took on the spot a resolve to neglect no precaution that could lead to her going through life without that accident. After this, while she dressed, she took still another. Her position had become, in a few hours, intolerably false; in as few more hours as possible she would therefore put an end to it. The way to put an end to it would be to inform Mrs. Gereth that, to her great regret, she could not be with her now, could not cleave to her to the point that everything about her so plainly urged. She dressed with a sort of violence, a symbol of the manner in which this purpose was precipitated. The more they parted company, the less likely she was to come across Owen; for Owen would be drawn closer to his mother now by the very necessity of bringing her down. Fleda, in the inconsequence of distress, wished to have nothing to do with her fall; she had had too much to do with everything. She was well aware of the importance, before breakfast and in view of any light they might shed on the question of motive, of not suffering her invidious expression of a difference to be accompanied by the traces of tears; but it none the less came to pass, downstairs,

that after she had subtly put her back to the window, to make a mystery of the state of her eyes, she stupidly let a rich sob escape her before she could properly meet the consequences of being asked if she was n't delighted with her room. This accident struck her on the spot as so grave that she felt the only refuge to be instant hypocrisy, some graceful impulse that would charge her emotion to the quickened sense of her friend's generosity, — a demonstration entailing a flutter round the table and a renewed embrace, and not so successfully improvised but that Fleda fancied Mrs. Gereth to have been only half reassured. She had been startled, at any rate, and she might remain suspicious: this reflection interposed by the time, after breakfast, the girl had recovered sufficiently to say what was in her heart. She accordingly did n't say it that morning at all: she had absurdly veered about; she had encountered the shock of the fear that Mrs. Gereth, with sharpened eyes, might wonder why the deuce (she often wondered in that phrase) she had grown so warm about Owen's rights. She would doubtless, at a pinch, be able to defend them on abstract grounds, but that would involve a discussion, and the idea of a discussion made her nervous for her secret. Until in some way Poynton should return the blow and give her a cue, she must keep nervousness down; and she called herself a fool for having forgotten, however briefly, that her one safety was in silence.

Directly after luncheon Mrs. Gereth took her into the garden for a glimpse of the revolution — or at least, said the mistress of Ricks, of the great row — that had been decreed there; but the ladies had scarcely placed themselves for this view before the younger one found herself embracing a prospect that opened in quite another quarter. Her attention was called to it, oddly, by the streamers of the parlor-maid's cap, which, flying straight behind the neat young woman

who unexpectedly burst from the house and showed a long red face as she ambled over the grass, seemed to articulate in their flutter the name that Fleda lived at present only to catch. "Poynton — Poynton!" said the morsels of muslin; so that the parlor-maid became on the instant an actress in the drama, and Fleda, assuming pusillanimously that she herself was only a spectator, looked across the footlights at the exponent of the principal part. The manner in which this artist returned her look showed that she was equally preoccupied. Both were haunted alike by possibilities, but the apprehension of neither, before the announcement was made, took the form of the arrival at Ricks, in the flesh, of Mrs. Gereth's victim. When the messenger informed them that Mr. Gereth was in the drawing-room, the blank "Oh!" emitted by Fleda was quite as precipitate as the sound on her hostess's lips, besides being, as she felt, much less pertinent. "I thought it would be somebody," that lady afterwards said; "but I expected, on the whole, a solicitor's clerk." Fleda did n't mention that she herself had expected, on the whole, a pair of constables. She was surprised by Mrs. Gereth's question to the parlor-maid.

"For whom did he ask?"

"Why, for *you*, of course, dearest friend!" Fleda interjected, falling instinctively into the address that embodied the intensest pressure. She wanted to put Mrs. Gereth between her and her danger.

"He asked for Miss Vetch, mum," the girl replied, with a face that brought startlingly to Fleda's ear the muffled chorus of the kitchen.

"Quite proper," said Mrs. Gereth austere. Then to Fleda, "Please go to him."

"But what to do?"

"What you always do, — to see what he wants." Mrs. Gereth dismissed the maid. "Tell him Miss Vetch will come." Fleda saw that nothing was in the mo-

ther's imagination at this moment but the desire not to meet her son. She had completely broken with him, and there was little in what had just happened to repair the rupture. It would now take more to do so than his presenting himself uninvited at her door. "He's right in asking for you, — he's aware that you're still our intermediary; nothing has occurred to alter that. To what he wishes to transmit through you, I'm ready, as I've been ready before, to listen. As far as I'm concerned, if I could n't meet him a month ago, how am I to meet him to-day? If he has come to say, 'My dear mother, you're here, in the hovel into which I've flung you, with consolations that give me pleasure,' I'll listen to him; but on no other footing. That's what you're to ascertain, please. You'll oblige me as you've obliged me before. There!" Mrs. Gereth turned her back, and, with a fine imitation of superiority, began to redress the miseries immediately before her. Fleda meanwhile hesitated, lingered for some minutes where she had been left, feeling secretly that her fate still had her in hand. It had put her face to face with Owen Gereth, and it evidently meant to keep her so. She was reminded afresh of two things: one of which was that, though she judged her friend's rigor, she had never really had the story of the scene enacted in the great awestricken house between the mother and the son weeks before, — the day the former took to her bed in her collapse; the other was, that at Ricks, as at Poynton, it was before all things her place to accept thankfully a usefulness not, she must remember, universally acknowledged. What determined her at the last, while Mrs. Gereth disappeared in the shrubbery, was that, though she was at a distance from the house, and the drawing-room was turned the other way, she could absolutely see the young man alone there with the sources of his pain. She saw his simple stare at his tapestries, heard his heavy tread on

his carpets and the hard breath of his sense of unfairness. At this she went to him fast.

VIII.

"I asked for you," he said, when she stood there, "because I heard from the flyman who drove me from the station to the inn that he had brought you here yesterday. We had some talk, and he mentioned it."

"You did n't know I was here?"

"No. I knew only that you had had, in London, all that you told me, that day, to do, and it was Mona's idea that, after your sister's marriage, you were staying on with your father; so I thought you were with him still."

"I am," Fleda replied, idealizing a little the fact. "I'm here only for a moment. But do you mean," she went on, "that if you had known I was with your mother you would n't have come down?"

The way Owen hung fire at this suggested that it was a more ironic question than she had intended. She had, in fact, no consciousness of any intention but that of confining herself rigidly to her function. She could already see that, in whatever he had now braced himself for, she was an element he had not reckoned with. His preparation had been of a different sort, — the sort congruous with his having been careful to go first and lunch solidly at the inn. He had not been forced to ask for her, but she became aware, in his presence, of a particular desire to make him feel that no harm could really come to him. She might upset him, as people called it, but she would take no advantage of having done so. She had never seen a person with whom she wished more to be light and easy, to be exceptionally human. The account he presently gave of the matter was that he would n't have come, indeed, if he had known she was on the spot; because then, did n't she see, he could

have written to her? He would have had her there, to go at his mother.

"That would have saved me — well, it would have saved me a lot. Of course I should rather see you than her," he somewhat awkwardly added. "When the fellow spoke of you, I assure you I quite jumped at you. In fact, I've no real desire to see my mother at all. If she thinks I *like* it" — He sighed disgustedly. "I only came down because it seemed better than any other way. I did n't want her to be able to say I had n't been nice. I dare say you know she has taken everything; or if not quite everything, why, a lot more than one ever dreamed. You can see for yourself, — she has got half the place down. She has got them crammed, — you can see for yourself!" He had his old trick of artless repetition, his helpless iteration of the obvious; but he was sensibly different, for Fleda, if only by the difference of his clear face, mottled over and almost disfigured by little points of pain. He might have been a fine young man with a bad toothache; with the first, even, of his life. What ailed him above all, she felt, was that trouble was new to him: he had never known a difficulty; he had taken all his fences, his world wholly the world of the personally possible, rounded indeed by a gray suburb into which he had never had occasion to stray. In this vulgar and ill-lighted region he had evidently now lost himself. "We left it quite to her honor, you know," he said ruefully.

"Perhaps you have a right to say that you left it a little to mine." Mixed up with the spoils there, rising before him as if she were in a manner their keeper, she felt that she must absolutely dissociate herself. Mrs. Gereth had made it impossible to do anything but give her away. "I can only tell you that, on my side, I left it to her. I never dreamed, either, that she would pick out so many things."

"And you don't really think it's fair,

do you? You *don't*!" He spoke very quickly; he really seemed to plead.

Fleda faltered a moment. "I think she has gone too far." Then she added, "I shall immediately tell her that I've said that to you."

He appeared puzzled by this statement, but he presently rejoined, "You have n't, then, said to mamma what you think?"

"Not yet; remember that I only got here last night." She appeared to herself ignobly weak. "I had had no idea what she was doing; I was taken completely by surprise. She managed it wonderfully."

"It's the sharpest thing I ever saw in *my* life!" They looked at each other with intelligence, in appreciation of the sharpness, and Owen quickly broke into a loud laugh. The laugh was in itself natural, but the occasion of it strange; and stranger still, to Fleda, so that she too almost laughed, the inconsequent charity with which he added, "Poor dear old Mummy! That's one of the reasons I asked for you," he went on, — "to see if you'd back her up."

Whatever he said or did, she somehow liked him the better for it. "How can I back her up, Mr. Gereth, when I think, as I tell you, that she has made a great mistake?"

"A great mistake! That's all right." He spoke — it was n't clear to her why — as if this declaration were a great point gained.

"Of course there are many things she has n't taken," Fleda continued.

"Oh yes, a lot of things. But you would n't know the place, all the same." He looked about the room with his discolored, swindled face, which deepened Fleda's compassion for him, conjuring away any smile at so candid an image of the dupe. "You'd know this one soon enough, would n't you? These are just the things she ought to have left. Is the whole house full of them?"

"The whole house," said Fleda un-

compromisingly. She thought of her lovely room.

"I never knew how much I cared for them. They're awfully valuable, are n't they?" Owen's manner mystified her; she was conscious of a return of the agitation he had produced in her on that last bewildering day, and she reminded herself that, now she was warned, it would be inexcusable of her to allow him to justify the fear that had dropped on her. "Mother thinks I never took any notice, but I assure you I was awfully proud of everything. Upon my honor, I was proud, Miss Vetch."

There was an oddity in his helplessness; he appeared to wish to persuade her, and to satisfy himself that she sincerely felt, how worthy he really was to treat what had happened as an injury. She could only exclaim, almost as helplessly as himself: "Of course you did justice! It's all most painful. I shall instantly let your mother know," she again declared, "the way I've spoken of her to you." She clung to that idea as to the sign of her straightness.

"You'll tell her what you think she ought to do?" he asked, with some eagerness.

"What she ought to do?"

"Don't you think it — I mean that she ought to give them up?"

"To give them up?" Fleda hesitated again.

"To send them back, — to keep it quiet." The girl had not felt the impulse to ask him to sit down among the monuments of his wrong, so that, nervously, awkwardly, he fidgeted about the room, with his hands in his pockets and an effect of returning a little into possession through the formulation of his view. "To have them packed and dispatched again, since she knows so well how. She does it beautifully," — he looked close at two or three precious pieces. "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander!"

He had laughed at his way of putting

it, but Fleda remained grave. "Is that what you came to say to her?"

"Not exactly those words. But I did come to say" — he stammered, then brought it out — "I did come to say we must have them right back."

"And did you think your mother would see you?"

"I was n't sure, but I thought it right to try, — to put it to her kindly, you know. If she won't see me, then she has herself to thank. The only other way would have been to set the lawyers at her."

"I'm glad you did n't do that."

"I'm dashed if I want to!" Owen honestly declared. "But what's a fellow to do if she won't meet a fellow?"

"What do you call meeting a fellow?" Fleda asked, with a smile.

"Why, letting *me* tell her a dozen things she can have."

This was a transaction that Fleda, after a moment, had to give up trying to represent to herself. "If she won't do that" — she went on.

"I'll leave it all to my solicitor. *He* won't let her off: by Jove, I know the fellow!"

"That's horrible!" said Fleda, looking at him in woe.

"It's utterly beastly!"

His want of logic, as well as his vehemence, startled her; and with her eyes still on his, she considered before asking him the question these things suggested. At last she asked it: "Is Mona very angry?"

"Oh dear, yes!" said Owen.

She had perceived that he would n't speak of Mona without her beginning. After waiting fruitlessly now for him to say more, she continued: "She has been there again? She has seen the state of the house?"

"Oh dear, yes!" Owen repeated.

Fleda disliked to appear not to take account of his brevity, but it was just because she was struck by it that she felt the pressure of the desire to know more.

What it suggested was simply what her intelligence supplied, for he was incapable of any art of insinuation. Was n't it, at all events, the rule of communication with him to say for him what he could n't say? This truth was present to the girl as she inquired if Mona greatly resented what Mrs. Gereth had done. He satisfied her promptly; he was standing before the fire, his back to it, his long legs apart, his hands, behind him, rather violently jiggling his gloves. "She hates it awfully. In fact, she refuses to put up with it at all. Don't you know?—she saw the place with all the things."

"So that of course she misses them."

"Misses them—rather! She was awfully sweet on them." Fleda remembered how sweet Mona had been, and reflected that if that was the sort of plea he had prepared, it was indeed as well he should n't see his mother. This was not all she wanted to know, but it came over her that it was all she needed. "You see it puts me in the position of not carrying out what I promised," Owen said. "As she says herself,"—he hesitated an instant,— "it's just as if I had obtained her under false pretenses." Just before, when he spoke with more drollery than he knew, it had left Fleda serious; but now his own clear gravity had the effect of exciting her mirth. She laughed out, and he looked surprised, but he went on: "She regards it as a regular sell."

Fleda was silent; but finally, as he added nothing, she exclaimed, "Of course it makes a great difference!" She knew all she needed, but none the less she risked, after another pause, an interrogative remark: "I forget when it is that your marriage takes place?"

Owen came away from the fire, and, apparently at a loss where to turn, ended by directing himself to one of the windows. "It's a little uncertain; the date is n't quite fixed."

"Oh, I thought I remembered that at

Poynton you had told me a day, and that it was near at hand."

"I dare say I did; it was for the 19th. But we've altered that,—she wants to shift it." He looked out of the window; then he said, "In fact, it won't come off till Mummy has come round."

"Come round?"

"Put the place as it was." In his off-hand way he added, "You know what I mean!"

He spoke, not impatiently, but with a kind of intimate familiarity, the sweetness of which made her feel a pang for having forced him to tell her what was embarrassing to him, what was even humiliating. Yes, indeed, she knew all she needed: all she needed was that Mona had proved apt at putting down that wonderful patent-leather foot. Her type was misleading only to the superficial, and no one in the world was less superficial than Fleda. She had guessed the truth at Waterbath, and she had suffered from it at Poynton; at Ricks, the only thing she could do was to accept it, with a dumb exaltation that she felt rising. Mona had been prompt with her exercise of the member in question, for it might be called prompt to do that sort of thing before marriage. That she had indeed been premature, who should say save those who should have read the matter in the full light of results? Neither at Waterbath nor at Poynton had even Fleda's thoroughness discovered all that there was—or rather, all that there was n't—in Owen Gereth. "Of course it makes all the difference!" she said, in answer to his last words. She pursued, after considering, "What you wish me to say from you, then, to your mother, is that you demand immediate and practically complete restitution?"

"Yes, please. It's tremendously good of you."

"Very well, then. Will you wait?"

"For Mummy's answer?" Owen stared and looked perplexed; he was

more and more fevered with so much formulation of his case. "Don't you think that if I'm here she may hate it worse, — think I may want to make her reply bang off?"

Fleda thought. "You don't, then?"

"I want to take her in the right way, don't you know, — treat her as if I gave her more than just an hour or two."

"I see," said Fleda. "Then, if you don't wait — good-by."

This again seemed not what he wanted. "Must you do it bang off?"

"I'm only thinking she'll be impatient — I mean, you know, to learn what will have passed between us."

"I see," said Owen, looking at his gloves. "I can give her a day or two, you know. Of course I did n't come down to sleep," he went on. "The inn seems a horrid hole. I know all about the trains, — having no idea you were here." Almost as soon as his interlocutress he was struck with the absence of the visible, in this, as between effect and cause. "I mean, because in that case I should have felt I could stop over. I should have felt I could talk with you a blessed sight longer than with Mummy."

"We've already talked a long time," smiled Fleda.

"Awfully, have n't we?" He spoke with the stupidity she did n't object to. Inarticulate as he was, he had more to say; he lingered, perhaps, because he was vaguely aware of the want of sincerity in her encouragement to him to go. "There's one thing, please," he mentioned, as if there might be a great many others, too. "Please don't say anything about Mona."

She did n't understand. "About Mona?"

"About its being *her* that thinks she has gone too far." This was still slightly obscure, but now Fleda understood. "It must n't seem to come from *her* at all, don't you know? That would only make Mummy worse."

Fleda knew exactly how much worse, but she felt a delicacy about explicitly assenting; she was already immersed, moreover, in the deep consideration of what might make "Mummy" better. She could n't see, as yet, at all; she could only clutch at the hope of some inspiration after he should go. Oh, there was a remedy, to be sure, but it was out of the question; in spite of which, in the strong light of Owen's troubled presence, of his anxious face and restless step, it hung there before her for some minutes. She felt that, remarkably, beneath the decent rigor of his errand, the poor young man, for reasons, for weariness, for disgust, would have been ready not to insist. His fitness to fight his mother had left him, — he was n't in fighting trim. He had no natural avidity, and even no special wrath; he had none that had not been taught him, and it was doing his best to learn the lesson that had made him sick. He had his delicacies, but he hid them away like presents before Christmas. He was hollow, perfunctory, pathetic; he had been girded by another hand. That hand had naturally been Mona's, and it was heavy even now on his strong, broad back. Why then had he originally rejoiced so in its touch? Fleda dashed aside this question, for it had nothing to do with her problem. Her problem was to help him to live as a gentleman, and carry through what he had undertaken; her problem was to reinstate him in his rights. It was quite irrelevant that Mona had no intelligence of what she had lost, — quite irrelevant that she was moved, not by the privation, but by the insult: she had every reason to be moved, though she was so much more movable — in the vindictive way, at any rate — than one might have supposed, and assuredly than Owen himself had imagined.

"Certainly I shall not mention Mona," Fleda said, "and there won't be the slightest necessity for it. The wrong's

quite sufficiently yours, and the demand you make is perfectly justified by it."

"I can't tell you what it is to me to feel you on my side!" Owen exclaimed.

"Up to this time," said Fleda, after a pause, "your mother has had no doubt of my being on hers."

"Then, of course, she won't like your changing."

"I dare say she won't like it at all."

"Do you mean to say you'll have a regular row with her?"

"I don't exactly know what you mean by a regular row. We shall, naturally, have a great deal of discussion, — if she consents to discuss the matter at all. That's why you must decidedly give her two or three days."

"I see you think she *may* refuse to discuss it at all," said Owen.

"I'm only trying to be prepared for the worst. You must remember that to have to withdraw from the ground she has taken, to make a public surrender of what she has publicly appropriated, will go uncommonly hard with her pride."

Owen considered; his face seemed to broaden, but not into a smile. "I suppose she's tremendously proud, is n't she?" This might have been the first time it had occurred to him.

"You know better than I," said Fleda, with high extravagance.

"I don't know anything in the world half so well as you. If I were as clever as you, I might hope to get round her." Owen hesitated; then he went on: "In fact, I don't quite see what even you can say or do that will really fetch her."

"Neither do I, as yet. I must think, — I must pray!" the girl pursued, smiling. "I can only say to you that I'll try. *I want* to try, you know, — I want to help you." He stood looking at her so long on this that she added with much distinctness, "So you must leave me, please, quite alone with her, — you must go straight back."

"Back to the inn?"

"Oh no, back to town. I'll write to you to-morrow."

He turned about vaguely for his hat. "There's the chance, of course, that she may be afraid."

"Afraid, you mean, of the legal steps you may take?"

"I've got a perfect case, — I could have her up. The Brigstocks say it's simple stealing."

"I can easily fancy what the Brigstocks say!" Fleda permitted herself to remark, without solemnity.

"It's none of their business, is it?" was Owen's unexpected rejoinder. Fleda had already noted that no one so slow could ever have had such rapid transitions.

She showed her amusement. "They have a much better right to say it's none of mine."

"Well, at any rate, you don't call her names."

Fleda wondered whether Mona did; and this made it all the finer of her to exclaim in a moment, "You don't know what I'll call her if she holds out!"

Owen gave her a gloomy glance; then he blew a speck off the crown of his hat. "But if you do have a row with her?"

He paused so long for a reply that Fleda said, "I don't think I know what you mean by a row."

"Well, if she calls *you* names."

"I don't think she'll do that."

"What I mean to say is, if she's angry at your backing me up, — what will you do then? She can't possibly like it, you know."

"She may very well not like it; but everything depends. I must see what I shall do. You must n't worry about me."

She spoke with decision, but Owen seemed still unsatisfied. "You won't go away, I hope?"

"Go away?"

"If she does take it ill of you."

Fleda moved to the door and opened it. "I'm not prepared to say. You must have patience and see."

"Of course I must," said Owen, — "of course, of course." But he took no more advantage of the open door than to say: "You want me to be off, and I'm off in a minute. Only, before I go, please answer me a question. If you *should* leave my mother, where would you go?"

Fleda smiled again. "I have n't the least idea."

"I suppose you 'd go back to London."

"I have n't the least idea," Fleda repeated.

"You don't — a — live anywhere in particular, do you?" the young man went on. He looked conscious as soon as he had spoken; she could see that he felt himself to have alluded more grossly than he meant to the circumstance of her having, if one were plain about it, no home of her own. He had meant it as an allusion, of a tender sort, to all that she would sacrifice in the case of a quarrel with his mother; but there was indeed no graceful way of touching on that; one just could n't be plain about it.

Fleda, wound up as she was, shrank from any treatment at all of the matter, and she made no answer to his question. "I *won't* leave your mother," she said. "I'll produce an effect on her; I'll convince her, absolutely."

"I believe you will, if you look at her like that!"

She was wound up to such a height that there might well be a light in her pale, fine little face, — a light that while, for all return, at first, she simply shone back at him, was intensely reflected in his own. "I'll make her see it, — I'll make her see it!" She rang out like a silver bell. She had at that moment a perfect faith that she should succeed; but it passed into something else when, the next instant, she became aware that Owen, quickly getting between her and the door she had opened, was sharply closing it, as might be said, in her face. He had done this before she could stop him, and he stood there with his hand on the knob and smiled at her strangely.

Clearer than he could have spoken it was the sense of those seconds of silence.

"When I got into this I did n't know you, and now that I know you how can I tell you the difference? And *she's* so different, so ugly and vulgar, in the light of this squabble. No, like *you*, I've never known one. It's another thing, it's a new thing altogether. Listen to me a little: can't something be done?" It was what had been in the air in those moments at Kensington, and it only wanted words to be a committed act. The more reason, to the girl's excited mind, why it should n't have words; her one thought was not to hear, to keep the act uncommitted. She would do this if she had to be horrid.

"Please let me out, Mr. Gereth," she said; on which he opened the door, with an hesitation so very brief that in thinking of these things afterwards — for she was to think of them forever — she wondered in what tone she could have spoken. They went into the hall, where she encountered the parlor-maid, of whom she inquired whether Mrs. Gereth had come in.

"No, miss; and I think she has left the garden. She has gone up the back road." In other words, they had the whole place to themselves. It would have been a pleasure, in a different mood, to converse with that parlor-maid.

"Please open the house door," said Fleda.

Owen, as if in quest of his umbrella, looked vaguely about the hall, — looked even, wistfully, up the staircase, — while the neat young woman complied with Fleda's request. Owen's eyes then wandered out of the open door. "I think it's awfully nice here," he observed; "I assure you I could do with it myself."

"I should think you might, with half your things here! It's Poynton itself — almost. Good-by, Mr. Gereth," Fleda added. Her intention had naturally been that the neat young woman, opening the front door, should remain to close it on

the departing guest. That functionary, however, had acutely vanished behind a stiff flap of green baize which Mrs. Gereth had not yet had time to abolish. Fleda put out her hand, but Owen turned away, — he could n't find his umbrella. She passed into the open air, — she was determined to get him out; and in a moment he joined her in the little plastered portico which had small resemblance to any feature of Poynton. It was, as Mrs. Gereth had said, like the portico of a house in Brompton.

"Oh, I don't mean with all the things here," he explained, in regard to the opinion he had just expressed. "I mean I could put up with it just as it was; it had a lot of good things, don't you think? I mean if everything was back at Poynton, if everything was all right." He brought out these last words with a sort of smothered sigh. Fleda did n't quite understand his explanation, unless it had reference to another and more wonderful exchange, — the restoration to the great house not only of its tables and chairs, but of its alienated mistress. This would imply the installation of his own life at Ricks, and, obviously, that of another person. That other person could scarcely be Mona Brigstock. He put out his hand now; and once more she heard his unsounded words: "With everything patched up at the other place, I could live here with *you*. Don't you see what I mean?"

Fleda saw perfectly, and, with a face in which she flattered herself that nothing of this vision appeared, she gave him her hand, and said, "Good-by, good-by."

Owen held her hand very firmly, and kept it even after an effort made by her to recover it, — an effort not repeated, as she felt it best not to show she was flurried. That solution — of her living with him at Ricks — disposed of him beautifully, and disposed not less so of herself; it disposed admirably, too, of Mrs. Gereth. Fleda could only vainly

wonder how it provided for poor Mona. While he looked at her, grasping her hand, she felt that now, indeed, she was paying for his mother's extravagance at Poynton, — the vividness of that lady's public plea that little Fleda Vetch was the person to insure the general peace. It was to that vividness poor Owen had come back, and if Mrs. Gereth had had more discretion little Fleda Vetch would n't have been in a predicament. She saw that Owen had at this moment his sharpest necessity of speech, and so long as he did n't release her hand she could only submit to him. Her defense would be, perhaps, to look blank and hard; so she looked as blank and as hard as she could, with the reward of an immediate sense that this was not a bit what he wanted. It even made him hang fire, as if he were suddenly ashamed of himself, were recalled to some idea of duty and of honor. Yet he none the less brought it out. "There's one thing I dare say I ought to tell you, if you're going so kindly to act for me; though of course you'll see for yourself it's a thing it won't do to tell *her*." What was it? He made her wait for it again, and while she waited, under firm coercion, she had the extraordinary impression that Owen's simplicity was in eclipse. His natural honesty was like the scent of a flower, and she felt at this moment as if her nose had been brushed by the bloom without the odor. The allusion was undoubtedly to his mother; and was not what he meant about the matter in question the opposite of what he said, — that it just *would* do to tell her? It would have been the first time he had said the opposite of what he meant, and there was certainly a fascination in the phenomenon, and a challenge to suspense in the ambiguity. "It's just that I understand from Mona, you know" — he stammered; "it's just that she has made no bones about bringing home to me" — He tried to laugh, and in the effort he faltered again.

"About bringing home to you?"
Fleda encouraged him.

He was sensible of it, he achieved his performance. "Why, that if I don't get the things back — every blessed one of them except a few *she* 'll pick out — she won't have anything more to say to me."

Fleda, after an instant, encouraged him again. "To say to you?"

"Why, she simply won't marry me, you know."

Owen's legs, not to mention his voice, had wavered while he spoke, and she felt his possession of her hand loosen, so that she was free again. Her stare of perception broke into a lively laugh. "Oh, you're all right, for you *will* get them. You will; you're quite safe; don't worry!" She fell back into the house, with her hand on the door. "Good-by, good-by." She repeated it several times, laughing bravely, quite waving him away, and as he did n't move, and save that he was on the other side of it, closing the door in his face quite as he had closed that of the drawing-room in hers. Never had a face, never at least had such a handsome one, been so presented to that offense. She even held the door a minute, lest he should try to come in again. At last, as she heard nothing, she made a dash for the stairs and ran up.

IX.

In knowing, a while before, all she needed, Fleda had been far from knowing as much as that; so that, once upstairs, where, in her room with her sense of danger and trouble, the age of Louis Seize suddenly struck her as wanting in taste and point, she felt that she now for the first time knew her temptation. Owen had put it before her with an art beyond his own dream. Mona would cast him off if he did n't proceed to extremities; if his negotiation with his mother should fail, he would be a free man. That ne-

gotiation depended on a young lady to whom he had pressingly suggested the condition of his freedom; and as if to aggravate the young lady's predicament, designing fate had sent Mrs. Gereth, as the parlor-maid said, "up the back road." This would give the young lady more time to make up her mind that nothing should come of the negotiation. There would be different ways of putting the question to Mrs. Gereth, and Fleda might profitably devote the moments before her return to a selection of the way that would most surely be tantamount to failure. This selection, indeed, required no great adroitness; it was so conspicuous that failure would be the reward of an effective introduction of Mona. If that abhorred name should be properly invoked, Mrs. Gereth would resist to the death, and before envenomed resistance Owen would certainly retire. His retirement would be into single life, and Fleda reflected that he had now gone away conscious of having practically told her so. She could only say, as she waited for the back road to disgorge, that she hoped it was a consciousness he enjoyed. There was something *she* enjoyed, but that was a very different matter. To know that she had become to him an object of desire gave her wings that she felt herself flutter in the air; it was like the rush of a flood into her own accumulations. These stored depths had been fathomless and still, but now, for half an hour, in the empty house, they spread till they overflowed. He seemed to have made it right for her to confess to herself her secret. Strange, then, there should be nothing for him, in return, that such a confession could make right! How could it make right that he should give up Mona for another woman? His attitude was a sorry appeal to Fleda to legitimate that. But he did n't believe it himself, and he had none of the courage of his suggestion. She could easily see how wrong everything must be when Owen was wanting in courage. She had

upset him, as people called it, and he had spoken out from the force of the jar of finding her there. He had upset her too, Heaven knew, but she was one of those who could pick themselves up. She had the real advantage, she considered, of having kept him from seeing that she had been overthrown.

She had, moreover, at present, completely recovered her feet, though there was in the intensity of the effort required to do so a vibration which throbbed away into an immense allowance for the young man. How could she know, after all, what, in the disturbance wrought by his mother, Mona's relations with him might have become? If he had been able to keep his wits, such as they were, more about him, he would probably have felt — as sharply as she felt on his behalf — that so long as those relations were not ended he had no right to say even the little he had said. He had no right to appear to wish to draw in another girl to help him to an end. If he was in a plight, he must get out of the plight himself, he must get out of it first, and anything he should have to say to any one else must be deferred and detached. She herself, at any rate, — it was her own case that was in question, — could n't dream of assisting him save in the sense of their common honor. She could never be the girl to be drawn in, she could never lift her finger against Mona. There was something in her that would make it a shame to her forever to have owed her happiness to an interference. It would seem intolerably vulgar to her to have "ousted" the daughter of the Brigstocks; and merely to have abstained, even, would n't assure her that she had been straight. Nothing was really straight but to justify her little pensioned presence by her use; and now, won over as she was to heroism, she could see her use only as some high and delicate deed. She could n't do anything at all, in short, unless she could do it with a kind of pride, and there would be nothing to be

proud of in having arranged for poor Owen to get off easily. Nobody had a right to get off easily from pledges so deep, so sacred. How could Fleda doubt they had been tremendous when she knew so well what any pledge of her own would be? If Mona was so formed that she could hold such vows light, that was Mona's peculiar business. To have loved Owen, apparently, and yet to have loved him only so much, only to the extent of a few tables and chairs, was not a thing she could so much as try to grasp. Of a different way of loving him she was herself ready to give an instance, an instance of which the beauty indeed would not be generally known. It would not, perhaps, if revealed, be generally understood, inasmuch as the effect of the particular pressure she proposed to exercise would be, should success attend it, to keep him tied to an affection that had died a sudden and violent death. Even in the ardor of her meditation Fleda remained in sight of the truth that it would be an odd result of her magnanimity to prevent her friend's escaping from a woman he disliked. If he did n't dislike Mona, what was the matter with him? And if he did, Fleda asked, what was the matter with her own silly self?

Our young lady met this branch of the temptation it pleased her frankly to recognize by declaring that to encourage any such cruelty would be tortuous and vile. She had nothing to do with his dislikes; she had only to do with his good nature and his good name. She had joy of him just as he was, but it was of these things she had the greatest. The worst aversion and the liveliest reaction, moreover, would n't alter the fact — since one was facing facts — that but the other day his strong arms must have clasped a remarkably handsome girl as close as she had permitted. Fleda's emotion, at this time, was a wondrous mixture, in which Mona's permissions and Mona's beauty figured powerfully as aids to reflection. She herself had no beauty,

and *her* permissions were the stony stares she had just practiced in the drawing-room, — a consciousness of a kind appreciably to add to the particular sense of triumph that made her generous. I may not perhaps too much diminish the merit of that generosity if I mention that it could take the flight we are considering just because really, with the telescope of her long thought, Fleda saw what might bring her out of the wood. Mona herself would bring her out; at any rate, Mona might. Deep down plunged the idea that even should she achieve what she had promised Owen, there was still the possibility of Mona's independent action. She might by that time, under stress of temper or of whatever it was that was now moving her, have said or done the things there is no patching up. If the rupture should come from Water-bath, they might all be happy yet. This was a calculation that Fleda would n't have committed to paper, but it affected

the total of her thoughts. She was, meanwhile, so remarkably constituted that while she refused to profit by Owen's mistake, even while she judged it and hastened to cover it up, she could drink a sweetness from it that consorted little with her wishing it might n't have been made. There was no harm done, because he had instinctively known, poor dear, with whom to make it, and it was a compensation for seeing him worried that he had n't made it with some horrid mean girl who would immediately have dished him by making a still bigger one. Their protected error (for she indulged a fancy that it was hers too) was like some dangerous, lovely living thing that she had caught and could keep, — keep vivid and helpless in the cage of her own passion, and look at and talk to all day long. She had got it well locked up there by the time that, from an upper window, she saw Mrs. Gereth again in the garden. At this she went down to meet her.

Henry James.

THE "BIRD OF THE MUSICAL WING."

MR. BRADFORD TORREY has started an inquiry into the conduct of the ruby-throated humming-bird, who is said, contrary to the habits of the feathered world in general, to absent himself from his family during the time that his mate is brooding and rearing the young. The question of interest to settle is his motive in so doing. Does he consider his brilliant ruby dangerous to the safety of the nest, and so deny himself the pleasure as well as the pain of family life? Does he selfishly desert outright, and return to bachelor ways, when his mate settles herself to her domestic duties? Or does the pugnacious little creature herself decline not only his advice and counsel, but even his presence?

This problem in the life of the bird has

lent new interest to its study, and I was greatly pleased, last summer, when the bursting into bloom of a trumpet creeper, which clad with beauty the branches of an old locust-tree, attracted to the door of my temporary home this

"Rare little bird of the bower,
Bird of the musical wing."

No sooner did the great red trumpets begin to open than their winged admirers appeared, and the special object of my interest — whether by right of discovery or by force of will I could not determine — asserted her claim to the vine and its vicinity, and at once proceeded to evict every pretender to any share of the treasure. Nor was it a difficult task; for though the smallest of our birds, the rubythroat is perhaps the most spirited.

No bird, not even the mighty eagle, standard-bearer of the republic, is too big for this midget to attack, and none fails to retire before his rapier-like beak. Madam of the vine lacked none of the courage and self-assertion of her race, and a few lively skirmishes convinced the neighbors, with one exception, that this particular crop of blossoms was preempted and no trespassing allowed. That matter happily arranged, she settled down in peace to enjoy her estate, and I followed her example.

July was nearly half gone when blossoms began to unclothe on the vine and my lady took possession. The world about the house and orchard was full of melody, for goldfinches were just celebrating their nuptials, and birds have to furnish their own wedding music. Though a march may express the pomp and ceremony of human marriage, a rhapsody is more in harmony with joyous bird unions, and the air rang with their raptures. The marriage hymn of the humming-bird — if any there were — was not for human ears; indeed, most of the life, certainly all of the wedded life of this bird, is shrouded in mystery, perhaps never to be unraveled till we understand bird language, and can subject him to an "interview."

The first thing that surprised me in my little neighbor was her volubility, for I had never found her kin talkative. She made remarks to herself, doubtless both witty and wise, but sounding to her dull-eared hearers, it must be confessed, like squeaky twitters; and somewhat later, when she recognized me as an admirer, as I fully believe she did, she even addressed some conversation to me, going out of her way to fly over my head as she did so.

Nothing could be more dainty than her way of exploring the flowers on her vine. Poising herself on wing before a blossom, she first gazed earnestly into its rosy depths, to judge of its quality, — or possibly of its tenants; for it was

not nectar alone that she sought. If it pleased her, she dashed upon it, seized the lower rim with her tiny claws, and folded her wings. Then drawing her head far back, she thrust her beak, her head, and sometimes her whole body into the flower tube, her plump little form completely filling it; and there she hung motionless for a few seconds, while I struggled with the temptation to inclose blossom and bird in my hand. If the flower chanced to be an old one, her roughness sometimes detached it, when she hastily backed out, protesting indignantly, and looking over to see it fall.

Atom though the hummer was, hardly more than a pinch of feathers, she was a decided character, with notions and ways of her own. One of her fancies was to open the honey-pots for herself. When she found a bud beginning to unclothe, a lobe or two unfolded, she at once took it in hand and vigorously proceeded to aid the process with her needle-like beak, and the instant it was accomplished rushed in to secure her spoils in their first freshness. She never appeared to have patience to wait for anything, and sometimes even tried to hurry up dilatory buds. She did succeed, as such vehemence must, in breaking in the back way, as it were, through a hole in the corolla tube, and rifling the bud before it had a chance to become a blossom. I could not decide positively whether she pierced the tubes, or availed herself of the labors of an oriole I had seen splitting them by inserting his beak and then opening it wide to enlarge the hole.

One quality that my little friend most woefully lacked was repose. Not only were her motions jerky and exasperating in the extreme, but during my whole acquaintance with her I never saw her for a moment absolutely still. On the rare occasions when her body was at rest, her head turned from side to side as though moved by machinery, like the mandarin dolls of the toy-shops, and I had doubts

whether she ever slept. I was really concerned about her. Nervous prostration seemed the only thing she could look forward to; and later I found that Bradford Torrey had suffered similar anxiety about one of her kind, as related in his charming story *A Widow and Twins*.

There was one exception, as I said, to the complete success of the little lady in green in establishing her claim to the vine. The individual who refused to be convinced interested me greatly. He looked a guileless and innocent youth; his tender age being indicated by a purer white on the breast, and a not fully grown tail. Moreover, he was not so deft in movement as the experienced matron he defied; he was almost clumsy, in fact, having some difficulty in manœuvring his unwieldy beak and getting his head into the tube, and being much disconcerted by the swaying of the blossoms in the breeze. Youth and innocence were shown, too, in the manner of the little stranger toward my lady. He approached her in a confiding way, as if expecting a welcome, and was plainly astonished at being attacked instead. Indeed, he apparently could not believe his repulse was serious, for he soon returned in the most friendly spirit, and utterly refused to be driven away.

After making myself well acquainted with the manners and ways of Madam Rubythroat, and noting that she always took her departure in exactly the same direction and at quite regular intervals, I began to suspect that she had important business somewhere; probably a nest, possibly a pair of twin babies. Should I undertake the hopeless task of seeking that tiny lichen-covered cradle, so nearly resembling a thousand knots and other protuberances that one might as easily find the proverbial needle in a haystack, or should I turn my attention to other inviting quarters on the place? While I hesitated, balancing the attractions, madam herself chanced to give me a hint. One morning, as I was watch-

ing her steady flight across the lawn, I caught a decided upward swerve of the gleaming line, and instantly resolved to take the hint, if such it were. I went quietly to a pear-tree on her course, and waited for the next point, if she chose to give it. She did; she was most obliging, — may I venture to say friendly? Almost immediately she passed me, and alighted on one of a row of tall trees that lined the road. There she hovered for a moment, giving sharp digs at one spot, as though detaching something, and then flew straight along the line to an immense silver poplar.

Here at last the bird settled, and a wild hope sprang up in my heart. Stealing nearer to the tree without taking my eyes from the spot; ignoring the danger of pitfalls in my path, of holes to fall into and rocks to fall over, of briars to scratch and snakes to bite, I drew as near as I dared, and then cautiously raised my glass to my eyes, and behold! the nest with my lady upon it! The thrill of that moment none but a fellow bird lover can understand. What now was the most beguiling of chats; what the danger of dislocating my neck; what the dread of neighborhood wonder; what the annoyance of mosquitoes, or dogs, or small boys, or loose cattle, or anything? There was the nest. (I am obliged to admit, parenthetically, that nearly all these calamities befell me during my devotion to that nest, but I never faltered in my attentions, and I never regretted.)

At the moment of discovery, however, I was too excited to watch. First carefully locating the tiny object by means of a dead branch, — for I knew I should have to seek it again if I lost it then, and the luck of finding it so easily could not fall to me twice, — I rushed to the house to share my enthusiasm with a sympathizer.

My lady rubythroat was a canny bird; she had selected her position with judgment. The silver poplar of her choice was covered with knobs so exactly copied

by the nest that no one would have suspected it of being anything different. It was on a dead branch, so that foliage could not trouble her, while leafy twigs grew near enough for protection. No large limb afforded rest for a human foe, and it was at the neck-breaking height of twenty feet from the ground. Neck-breaking indeed I found it, after a trial of twenty minutes' duration, which, judging from my sensations, might have been a century.

But whether my head ever recovered its natural pose or not, I was happy; for I saw the humming-bird shaping her snug domicile to her tidy form, turning around and around in it, pressing with breast and bend of the wing, as I was certain, from the similarity of her attitude and motions to those of a robin I had closely watched at the same work. During the time I watched her she made ten trips between the poplar and the vine, and at every visit worked at shaping the nest and adjusting the outside material. She did not care for my distant and inoffensive presence on the earth below, and she probably did not suspect the power of my glass to spy upon her secrets, for she showed no discomfiture at my frequent visits. Indeed, she took pains to let me know that she had her eye upon me, for twice when she left the nest she swerved from her course to swoop down over my head, squeaking most volubly as she passed.

While sitting at my post of observation, my neck sometimes refused to retain its unnatural position a moment longer, and then I refreshed myself with other objects around; for, after some search, I had found a charming place for study. It was beside a rocky ledge which ran through the middle of a bit of meadow-land, and happily defied being cultivated, although it supported a flourishing crop of wildings, — scattering elm, oak, and pine trees, with sumac, goldenrod, and other sweet things to fill up the tangle. Under a low-spreading

tree I placed my seat: at my back the screening rocks, in front a strip of meadow waiting for the mower. Along the side where I entered ran a stone wall, but before me was a stretch of delightfully dilapidated old board and pole fence. It had been reinforced and made available for keeping out undesirables by barbed wire, but at my distance that was inconspicuous and did not disturb me. The fence had never been painted, the wind and weather of many years had toned it down to the hue of a tree-trunk, and it was so thoroughly decorated with lichens that it had come to look almost like a bit of Nature's work, — if Nature could have made anything so ugly. I believe the birds regarded it as a special arrangement for their benefit. Certainly they used it freely.

But beyond the fence was a genuine bit of Nature's handiwork in which man had no part: an extended and luxuriant tangle, bordering the river, of alder and other bushes, with here and there a young tree, elm, apple, cedar, or wild cherry; and winding through it a bewitching path, made by cows in their unconventional and meandering style and for their own convenience, penetrating every charming nook in the shrubbery, and so unnoticeable at its entrance that one might pass it and not suspect its presence. In this path bushes met over their heads, often not high enough for ours, wild roses perfumed the air, and meadow-sweet lingered long after it was gone from haunts less cool and shaded. Every turn offered a new and fascinating picture, and a stroll through the irresistible way always began or ended my day's study.

For several days following my happy discovery I spent much time watching domestic affairs in the poplar-tree. The little matron was not a steady sitter. From two to four minutes, at intervals of about the same length, was as long as she could possibly remain in one place; and even then she entertained herself

by rearranging the materials composing her nest, till I began to fear she would have it pulled to pieces before the bird-lings appeared. Beautiful beyond words was her manner of entering and leaving her snug home. On departing, she simply spread her wings and floated off, as if lifted by the rising tide of an invisible element; and on returning, she sank from a height of ten or twelve inches, as if by the subsidence of the same tide.

This corner of my small world, however enchanting with its rocky ledge, its cow-path, and its nest, did not absorb me entirely. Life about the trumpet-vine was far more stirring and eventful. It was there that madam spent half her time, for at that point, as well as at the nest, were duties to be performed, her larder to be defended, intruders to be banished, and crops to be gathered; there, too, in the intervals, her toilet to be made. That a creature so tiny should make a toilet at all was wonderful to think of, and to see her do it was charming. Each minute feather on gossamer wing or widespread tail was passed carefully through her beak; from all soft plumage, the satin white of the breast and the burnished green of the back, every particle of dust was removed and every disarrangement was set right. Her long white tongue, looking like a bristle, was often thrust out far beyond the beak, and the beak itself received an extra amount of care, being scraped and polished its whole length by a tiny claw, which was used also for combing the head feathers.

At the vine, too, was war; for the youngster already mentioned persisted in denying the matron's right to the whole, and many a sharp tussle they had, when for an hour at a time there would not be a shadow of peace for anybody. Occasionally madam would relax her opposition to the intruder and let him remain on the vine; but, with the proverbial ingratitude of beneficiaries, he then assumed to own it himself, and flew at her when she returned from a visit to

her nest, as if she had no right there. His advantage lay in having nothing else to do, and thus being able to spend all his time on the ground.

The energy of the little mother was wonderful. In spite of the unrest of her life, of continual struggles, and work over the nest, she frequently indulged in marvelous aerial evolutions, dashing into the air and marking it off into zig-zag lines and angles, as if either she did not know her own mind for two seconds at a time, or was forced to take this way to work off surplus vitality. During all this time I was hoping to see her mate. But if he appeared at all, as several times a ruby-throated individual did, she promptly sent him about his business.

It was the 19th of July when I decided that sitting had finally begun on the poplar-tree nest, madam controlling her restlessness sometimes for the great space of ten minutes, and working no more on the structure. Now I redoubled my vigilance, going out from the breakfast-table, and spending my day under the rocky ledge, leaving matters at the trumpet-vine to take care of themselves. On the 28th I started out as usual. There had been a heavy fog all night and not a breath of wind stirring, and I found the whole world loaded with waterdrops. When I reached the stone wall which bounded my delightful field, and slipped through my private gate, I stopped in amazement at the sight before me. The fine meadow-grass was bowed down with its weight of treasure, as if a strong wind had laid it low, and every stem strung its whole length with minute crystals. Purple-flowering grasses turned the infinitesimal gems that adorned every angle into richest amethysts, and looked like jeweled sprays fit for the queen of fairies. Every spider's web was glorified into a net of pearls of many sizes, all threatening, if touched, to mass themselves and run down the tunnel, at the bottom of which, it is to be presumed, sat Madam Arachne waiting for far other prey.

I looked on all this magnificence with admiration and dismay. Should I wade through that sea of gems, which at the touch of my garments would resolve themselves, like the diamonds of the fairy tales, not into harmless dead leaves, but into mere vulgar wet? The hummer flew by to her nest, goldfinches called from the ledge. I hesitated — and went on. Making a path before me with my stick, stepping with care, to disturb no drop unnecessarily, and leaving to every spider her net full of pearls, I reached my usual place, and seated myself in a sea of jewels such as no empress ever wore. And behold, the old fence too was transfigured with strange hieroglyphics, into which dampness had changed the lichens, and one half-dead old tree, under the same subtle influence, had clad its bare and battered branches in royal velvet, of varied tints of green, white, and black.

At last I turned lingeringly from all this beauty to the nest. Ah! something had happened there too! Madam sat on the edge, leaned over, and made some movements within. At my distance I could not be positive, but I could guess — and I did, and subsequent events confirmed me — that birdlings were out. Like other bird mammas she sat on those infants as steadily as she had sat on the eggs, and it was a day or two later before I saw her feed. This was the murderous-looking fashion in which that dainty sprite administered nourishment to her babies: she clung to the edge of the nest, and appeared to address herself to the task of charging an old-fashioned muzzle-loading gun, using her beak for a ramrod, and sending it well home, violently enough, one would suppose, to disintegrate the nestling on whom she operated. If I had not read Mr. Torrey's description of humming-bird feeding, I should have thought the green-clad dame was destroying her offspring, instead of tenderly ministering to their wants.

Bird babies grow apace. Appetites waxed stronger, and the trumpet-vine had dropped its blossoms. The little mother had to seek new fields, and she settled on a patch of jewelweed for her supplies. Now, if ever, was needed the help of her mate, but not once did he show himself. Was he loitering — as the books hint — at a distance, and did she go to him now and then, on her many journeys, to tell him how the young folk progressed? I cannot tell; I was busy watching the business partner; I had no time to hunt up absentees. But I have a "theory," which may or may not explain his apparent indifference. It is that the small dame, so intolerant of neighbors even on her feeding-ground, simply cannot endure any one about her, and prefers to do all her building and bringing-up herself, with no one to "bother." Have we not seen her prototype in the human world?

The young hummers had been out of their shells for two weeks before I saw them, and then the sight was unsatisfactory, — only the flutter of a tiny wing, and two sharp beaks thrust up above the edge. But after this day beaks were nearly always to be seen, and sometimes a small round head, or a glistening white tongue, or the point of a wing appeared to encourage me. Baby days were now fast passing away; the mother fed industriously, and the "pair of twins," waxed strong and pert, sat up higher in the nest, and began the unceasing wag of the head from side to side, like their mother. What a fairylike world was this they were now getting acquainted with! What to them was the presence of human beings, with their interests, their anxieties, and their cares, passing far below on the road, or what even the solitary bird student, sitting hour after hour by the rocks in silence, turning inquisitive eyes upon them? The green tree was their world, and their mother was queen. Valiantly did this indefatigable personage drive away every in-

truder, bravely facing the chickadee who happened to alight in passing, even showing fight to the wasps that buzzed about her castle in the air. I shall always think she really knew me, and had a not unfriendly feeling toward me; for when I met her about the place, even away from the nest, she frequently greeted me with what one would not wish to be so disrespectful as to call a squeaking twitter.

As the end of the three weeks reported to be necessary to fit baby hummers for life drew near, I rarely left the rocky ledge for an hour of daylight, so anxious was I to see a nestling try his wings. The mother herself seemed to be in a state of expectancy, and would often, after feeding, linger about the little home, as if inviting or expecting a youngster to come out to her. At the last I could not stay in my bed in the morning, but rushed out before sunrise, remembering

how momentous are the early morning hours in the bird world. But it was noon of the twenty-first day of his life when the first baby flew. He had just been fed, and he sat on the edge of the nest beating his wings, when all at once away he went, floating off like a bit of thistle-down, up and out of sight. Though expecting it and looking for it, I was greatly startled when the moment came.

The last act in the little drama was a pretty scene in the bushes. I was wandering about in the hope of one more interview, when suddenly my lady and a young one alighted on a twig before me. She appeared to feed the youth, hovered about him an instant, and with the tip of her beak touched him gently on the forehead. Then, with a farewell twitter, both flew away over my head, so closely they almost swept me with their wings. And so the pretty story of the nest was ended.

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

DANCER of air,
Flashing thy flight across the noontide hour,
To pierce and pass ere it is full aware
Each wondering flower!

Jeweled coryphée,
With quivering wings like shielding gauze outspread,
And measure like a gleaming shuttle's play
With unseen thread!

The phlox, milk-white,
Sways to thy whirling; stirs each warm rose breast;
But not for these thy palpitant delight,
Thy rhythmic quest;

Swift weaves thy maze
Where flaunts the trumpet-vine its scarlet pride,
Where softer fire, behind its chalice blaze,
Doth fluttering hide.

The grave thrush sings
 His love-call, and the nightingale's romance
 Throbs through the twilight; thou hast but thy wings,
 Thy sun-thrilled dance.

Yet doth love's glow
 Burn in the ruby of thy restless throat,
 Guiding thy voiceless ecstasy to know
 The richest note

Of brooding thrush!
 Now for thy joy the emptied air doth long;
 Thine is the nested silence, and the hush
 That needs no song.

Ednah Proctor Clarke.

LETTERS OF D. G. ROSSETTI.

II. 1855.

ROSSETTI, in his letter of June 26, 1854, as the readers of the last number of *The Atlantic Monthly* may remember, describing how "the mighty MacCracken" had come to town "on purpose to sell his Hunt, his Millais, his Brown, his Hughes, and several other pictures," continues: "The Brown he sold privately to White of Madox Street. The rest he put into a sale at Christie's, after taking my advice as to the reserve he ought to put on the Hunt, which I fixed at 500 guineas. It reached 300 in real biddings, after which Mac's touters ran it up to 430, trying to revive it, but of course it remains with him." What the picture was that met with such unworthy treatment I did not learn in time to mention in my notes. Mr. Holman Hunt has been kind enough to send me the information required. It is with much pleasure that I quote the following letter from this great painter:—

DRAYCOTT LODGE, FULHAM,
 February 27, 1896.

DEAR MR. BIRKBECK HILL, — I trust that I am not now too late — although

so very much so, owing to a variety of causes — in giving you the information you desired. The only picture that Mr. MacCracken bought of me was *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. It was painted in 1850–51, and was assailed by the critics in the R. A., together with works by Millais, in the most violent manner, until Ruskin came forward quite unexpectedly and assailed the critics, to the lasting confusion of one or two of the craft. The picture did not, however, sell in London, and I sent it to Liverpool, when again it was attacked most acrimoniously; but the committee of the exhibition, to my surprise, ended by giving me the £50 prize awarded to the best picture in the exhibition, and yet it did not sell there; but from Belfast Mr. MacC. wrote, saying he very much wanted to get to Liverpool to see it. He could not, however, get away, and at last asked whether I would take a painting by young Danby as payment for £50 or £60 of the price, which was, I think, £157. (It might, however, have been 200 guineas.) Eventually I agreed, and he

paid me the money, part in installments of £10 at the time.

The picture was bought at Christie's by Sir T. Fairbairn for 500 guineas, and he sold it about eight years since for £1000 to the Birmingham Art Gallery, where it now is.

I am yours ever truly,

W. HOLMAN HUNT.

MacCracken, as will be seen later on, made another attempt to sell the picture, but in vain. The day of the great Pre-Raphaelite painter was still in its dawn. It was, no doubt, some years later that Sir T. Fairbairn made his purchase.

From this digression about Holman Hunt I will now return to the letters of his Pre-Raphaelite Brother.

IX.

BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE,

Tuesday Evening, 23 January, 1855.

. . . The other day Moxon called on me, wanting me to do some of the blocks for the new Tennyson. The artists already engaged are Millais, Hunt, Landseer, Stanfield, Maclise, Creswick, Mulready, and Horsley. The right names would have been Millais, Hunt, Madox Brown, Hughes, a certain lady, and myself. NO OTHERS. What do you think? Stanfield is to do "Break, break," because there is the sea in it, and Ulysses, too, because there are ships. Landseer has Lady Godiva, and all in that way. Each artist, it seems, is to do about half a dozen, but I hardly expect to manage so many, as I find the work of drawing on wood particularly trying to the eyes. I have not begun even designing for them yet, but fancy I shall try the Vision of Sin and Palace of Art, etc., — those where one can allegorize on one's own hook on the subject of the poem, without killing for one's self and every one a distinct idea of the poet's. This, I fancy, is always the upshot of illustrated editions, — Tennyson, Allingham, or any one, — unless where the poetry is so ab-

solutely narrative as in the old ballads, for instance. Are we to try the experiment ever in their regard? There are one or two or more of Tennyson's in narrative, but generally the worst, I think, — Lady Clare, Lord of Burleigh, to wit.

News must have grown so old since I wrote to you that most likely I shall forget the most of it. For myself, I got nearly finished (and shall make it do for quite, I think) with my calf and cart at Finchley, when I was laid up all of a sudden for some little time, through the wind blowing my picture down on my leg, which caused it to gather and create a nuisance. Since I got over this I have been water-coloring again, — somewhat against the grain, — and have not yet got my picture to London. I began my class last night at the Working Men's College: it is for the figure, quite a separate thing from Ruskin's, who teaches foliage. I have set one of them as a model to the rest, till they can find themselves another model. I intend them to draw only from nature, and some of them — two or three — showed unmistakable aptitude, almost all more than one could ever have looked for. Ruskin's class has progressed astonishingly, and I must try to keep pace with him. The class proceeds quite on a family footing, and, I feel sure, will prove amusing. . . .

You asked me how I liked *The Angel* in the House. Of course it is very good indeed, yet will one ever want to read it again? The best passages I can recollect now are the one about "coming where women are," for the simile of the frozen ship, and the part concerning the "brute of a husband." From what I hear, I should judge that, in spite of idiots in the Athenæum and elsewhere, the book will be of use to the author's reputation, — a resolute poet, whom I saw a little while back, and who means to make his book bigger than the *Divina Commedia*, he tells me. . . .

I am awfully sleepy and stupid, or should try to say something about the

only book I have read for a long while back, Crabbe, whose poems were known to me long ago, but not at all familiarly till now. I fancy one might read him much oftener and much later than Wordsworth, — than almost any one.

I must try and fill this paper, so I substitute one of my "clever" moments for the present helpless one, and copy you my last sonnet: —

The gloom which breathes upon me with these
airs

Is like the drops that strike the traveller's
brow

Who knows not, darkling, if they menace now
Fresh storm, or be old rain the covert bears.

Ah! bodes this hour its harvest of new tares?
Or keeps remembrance of that day whose
plough

Sowed hunger once, — that night at last
when thou,

O prayer found vain! didst fall from out my
prayers?

How prickly were the growths which yet how
smooth,

On cobwebbed hedgerows of this journey shed,
Lie here and there till night and sleep may
soothe!

Even as the thistledown from pathways dead
Gleaned by a girl in autumns of her youth,

Which one new year makes soft her marriage
bed.

Does it smack, though, of Tupper at
all? It seems to, in copying. The last
simile I heard as a fact common in some
parts of the country. . . .

The "certain lady" referred to in connection with the new Tennyson was, of course, Miss Siddal. About the time the new volume appeared, many of the Pre-Raphaelite artists were staying in Oxford. I well remember how they scorned the illustrations of some of these men whom Rossetti would have excluded. One of them even encouraged me to scribble over the feeblest of the pictures in my copy of the work, promising to supply their places with designs of his own. I left the volume with him for many weeks, but nothing came of it. My book is still disfigured, and his promise is still unkept.

How much Rossetti "allegorized on

his own hook" in illustrating Tennyson is shown by his brother, who writes: "It must be said that himself only, and not Tennyson, was his guide. He drew just what he chose, taking from his author's text nothing more than a hint and an opportunity. The illustration of St. Cecilia puzzled Tennyson not a little, and he had to give up the problem of what it had to do with his verses." In an autograph letter of Rossetti's, in my collection, he says, "T. loathes mine [my designs]."

Allingham wrote to W. M. Rossetti on August 17, 1857: "I spent one day with Clough near Ambleside, and two or three with Tennyson at Coniston, who is cheerful. His chief affliction now is the bad poetry which keeps showering on his head very fast. He ought to put up the umbrella of utter neglect, and talks of doing so. He praised the P. R. B. designs to his poems in a general way, but cares nothing about the whole affair." This mention of Coniston reminds me how, when a boy, I heard the vicar of that village tell some brother clergymen that he could not think of knowing Mr. Tennyson, as the poet never went to church.

The first of the two passages in *The Angel in the House*, which Rossetti praised, is the following: —

"Whene'er I come where ladies are,

How sad soever I was before,

Though like a ship frost-bound and far

Withheld in ice from the ocean's roar,

Third-wintered in that dreadful dock

With stiffen'd cordage, sails decay'd,

And crew that care for calm and shock

Alike, too dull to be dismay'd,

Yet if I come where ladies are,

How sad soever I was before,

Then is my sadness banish'd far,

And I am like that ship no more;

Or like that ship if the ice-field splits,

Burst by the sudden Polar spring,

And all thank God with their warming wits,

And kiss each other, and dance and sing,

And hoist fresh sails, that make the breeze

Blow them along the liquid sea,

Out of the North, where life did freeze,

Into the haven where they would be."

The sonnet, under the title of *A Dark Day*, is No. LXVIII. in *Ballads and*

Sonnets. The only important alterations are in the tenth and eleventh lines, which now stand : —

“Along the hedgerows of this journey shed,
Lie by Time's grace till night and sleep may
soothe.”

X.

Saturday, *March 18, 1855.*

. . . Let me try to devote the rest of this second sheet to more pleasant news, — news which would compensate me for a hundred bothers, and will, I am sure, go far to put you in a good temper, even after I have gone so far to try it.

About a week ago, Ruskin saw and bought on the spot every scrap of designs hitherto produced by Miss Siddal. He declared that they were far better than mine, or almost than any one's, and seemed quite wild with delight at getting them. He asked me to name a price for them, after asking and hearing that they were for sale ; and I, of course, considering the immense advantage of getting them into his hands, named a very low price, £25, which he declared to be too low even for a low price, and increased to £30. He is going to have them splendidly mounted and bound together in gold ; and no doubt this will be a real opening for her, as it is already a great assistance and encouragement. He has since written her a letter, which I inclose, and which, as you see, promises further usefulness. She is now doing the designs wanted. Pray, after reading it, inclose it and return it to me at once, as I want much to have it by me and show to one or two friends ; and accompany it with a word or two, as I want to know that you are not quite disgusted with me on account of that unlucky job. Ruskin's praise is beginning to bear fruit already. I wrote about it to Woolner, who has been staying for a week or two with the Tennysons ; and they, hearing that several of Miss Siddal's designs were from Tennyson, and being told about Ruskin, etc., wish her exceedingly to join in the illustrated edition ; and Mrs. T.

wrote immediately to Moxon about it, declaring that she had rather pay for Miss S.'s designs herself than not to have them in the book. There is only one damper in this affair, and that is the lesson as to the difficulty of wood-drawing which I am still wincing under ; but she and I must adopt a simpler method, and then I hope for better luck. All this will, I know, give you real pleasure, so I write it at such length. . . .

W. M. Rossetti, writing of a period a few weeks later than the date of this letter, says : “Mr. Ruskin committed one of those unnumbered acts of generosity by which he will be remembered hardly less long than by his vivid insight into many things, and by his heroic prose. He wanted to effect one of two plans for Miss Siddal's advantage : either to purchase all her drawings one by one, as they should be produced, or else to settle on her an annual £150, he taking in exchange her various works up to that value. . . . This latter plan was carried into actual effect by May 3. It will easily and rightly be supposed that Rossetti used to find funds for Miss Siddal whenever required ; but his means were both small and fitful.”

“‘That unlucky job’ is, I believe, Rossetti's design to *The Maids of Elfin-Mere*. He was exceedingly (I think overmuch) dissatisfied with the wood-cutting of this design by Dalziel.” (W. M. R.) A few months later, writing about it, Rossetti said : “It used to be by me till it became the exclusive work of Dalziel, who cut it. I was resolved to cut it out, but Allingham would not, so I can only wish Dalziel had the credit as well as the authorship.” Dalziel said to Mr. Hughes : “How is one to engrave a drawing that is partly in ink, partly in pencil, and partly in red chalk ?” “He took,” Mr. Hughes tells me, “a great deal of trouble ; but Rossetti was as impatient as a genius usually is. He wanted to crowd more into a picture than it could hold.”

XI.

Wednesday, BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE,
March 22, 1855.

... Now to answer your question about Dr. Polidori. The fact of his suicide does not, unfortunately, admit of a doubt, though the verdict on the inquest was one of natural death; but this was partly pardonable insincerity, arising from pity for my grandfather's great grief, and from a schoolfellow of my uncle's happening to be, strangely enough, on the jury. This death happened in the year '21, and he was only in his twenty-sixth year. I believe that, though his poems and tales give an impression only of a cultivated mind, he showed more than common talent both for medicine, and afterwards for law, which pursuit he took to, in a restless mood, after he returned from Italy. The pecuniary difficulties were only owing, I believe, to sudden losses and liabilities incurred at the gaming-table, whither, in his last feverish days, he had been drawn by some false friend, though such tastes had always, in a healthy state, been quite foreign to him. I have met accidentally, from time to time, persons who knew him, and he seems always to have excited admiration by his talents, and with those who knew him well affection and respect for his honorable nature; but I have no doubt that vanity was one of his failings, and should think he might have been in some degree of unsound mind. He was my mother's favorite brother, and I feel certain her love for him is a proof that his memory deserves some respect. In Medwin, in Moore, and in Leigh Hunt, and elsewhere, I have seen allusions to him which dwelt on nothing but his faults, and therefore I have filled this sheet on the subject, though of course, as far as your proposed criticism goes, I am only telling you that the book tells truth in this particular.

Write soon, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

By the bye, I am delighted at your appreciation of Scott. I shrewdly suspect that the last time I heard you talk of him there "was nothing in him." [Allingham grates a little.] I think myself that Mary Anne, with all its faults, is better worth writing than *The Angel in the House*. As exemplified in the poem, as well as in other respects, Scott is a man something of Browning's order, as regards his place among poets, though with less range and even much greater incompleteness, but also, on the other hand, quite without affectation ever to be found among his faults, and I think, too, with a more commonly appreciable sort of melody in his best moments. . . .

John William Polidori, brother of Rossetti's mother, an Englishman by birth, took his degree at Edinburgh as doctor of medicine at the early age of nineteen. A year later, in 1816, he accompanied Lord Byron as his traveling-physician. In less than six months they parted company. Polidori returned to England. Abandoning medicine, he studied for the bar. He published two volumes of verse and two of prose. "In August, 1821, the end came in a melancholy way: he committed suicide with poison, having, through losses in gambling, incurred a debt of honor which he had no present means of clearing off. The jury returned a verdict of 'Died by the visitation of God.'"

Moore, in his *Life of Byron*, describes "the strange sallies of this eccentric young man, whose vanity made him a constant butt to Lord Byron's sarcasm and merriment." Moore allows that "he seems to have possessed both talents and disposition which, had he lived, might have rendered him a useful member of his profession and of society." One day, after an altercation with Byron, thinking his dismissal inevitable, "retiring to his room, he had already drawn forth the poison from his medicine-chest, when Lord Byron tapped at the door, and en-

tered with his hand held forth in sign of reconciliation. The sudden revulsion was too much for poor Polidori, who burst into tears. He afterwards declared that nothing could exceed the gentle kindness of Lord Byron in soothing his mind."

Byron, writing of him, said: "I know no great harm of him; but he had an alacrity of getting into scrapes, and was too young and heedless; and having enough to attend to in my own concerns, and without time to become his tutor, I thought it much better to give him his *congé*."

What could have been expected of a clever young fellow who had been turned by a university into a doctor of medicine at the age of nineteen, and then had had entrusted to his care the health of the most famous poet of the age?

"Scott" is William Bell Scott. Rossetti wrote on July 1, 1853: "Scott and I have looked through his poems together, and have made some very advantageous amendments between us. Rosabell, especially, is quite another thing, and is now called Mary Anne."

Holman Hunt, describing Rossetti's "storehouse of treasures," says: "If he read twice or thrice a long poem, it was literally at his tongue's end; and he had a voice rarely equaled for simple recitations. Sordello and Paracelsus he would give by forty and fifty pages at a time. Then would come the pathetic strains of W. B. Scott's Rosabell."

W. M. Rossetti has shown how groundless was Scott's assertion that the subject of *Found* was taken from Mary Anne.

It will be seen in a later letter how highly Browning's genius was valued by Rossetti, — far more highly than the comparison with W. B. Scott indicates. "Browning," he wrote in 1871, "seems likely to remain, with all his sins, the most original and varied mind, by long odds, which betakes itself to poetry in our time."

XII.

May 11, 1855.

... Yesterday I took the MSS. to Ruskin, who, on hearing that they came from you, said you were one to whom he owed and would yet pay a letter of thanks, which he was sorry remained so long unwritten; and therewith spoke again with great delight of your poems. He was not delighted, by the bye, with that design beyond designation which your readers are to suppose I did; and he even saw it to great advantage, as I had been over the proof with white, to get Dalziel to alter parts of it. I have since given it him to do so, and have seen it in part done. Well! I have supped full with horrors, served (out) in three courses, which, as Hood says, can't be helped. I wish D. only had his desert as a finish.

Meanwhile, how is Millais's design which I have not yet seen? I hope it is only as good as his picture at the Royal Academy, the most wonderful thing he has done, except perhaps the Huguenot. He had an awful row with the hanging committee, who had put it above the level of the eye; but J. E. M. yelled for several hours and threatened to resign, till they put it right. They have been running wilder than ever this year in insolence and dishonesty; have actually turned out a drawing by Hunt (his pictures have not reached England; I heard from him the other day, and he is likely to be back in two or three months); put the four best landscapes in the place — three by Inchbold, one by some new Davis — quite out of sight; kicked out two pictures by one Arthur Hughes, — Orlando, and a most admirable little full-length of a child in a flannel nightgown; and played "various games of that sort." There is a big picture of Cimabue one of his works in procession, by a new man, living abroad, named Leighton, — a huge thing, which the Queen has bought, and of which every one talks. The Royal Academi-

cians have been gasping for five years for some one to back against Hunt and Millais, and here they have him, — a fact which makes some people do the picture injustice in return. It was *very* uninteresting to me at first sight; but on looking more at it, I think there is great richness of arrangement, — a quality which, when *really* existing, as it does in the best old masters, and perhaps hitherto in no living man, at any rate English, ranks among the great qualities.

But I am not quite sure yet either of this or of the faculty for color, which I suspect exists very strongly, but is certainly at present under a thick veil of paint; owing, I fancy, to too much Continental study. One undoubted excellence it has, — facility without much neatness or ultra-cleverness in the execution, which is greatly like that of Paul Veronese; and the color may mature in future works to the same resemblance, I fancy. There is much feeling for beauty, too, in the women. As for purely intellectual qualities, expression, intention, etc., there is little as yet of them; but I think that in art, richness of arrangement is so nearly allied to these that where it exists (in an earnest man) they will probably supervene. However, the choice of the subject, though interesting in a certain way, leaves one quite in the dark as to what faculty the man may have for representing incident or passionate emotion. But I believe, as far as this showing goes, that he possesses qualities which the mass of our artists aim at, chiefly, and only seem to possess; whether he have those of which neither they nor he give sign, I cannot yet tell; but he is said to be only twenty-four years old. There is something very French in his work, at present, which is the most disagreeable thing about it; but this I dare say would leave him if he came to England.

I suppose there is no chance of your having written an unrhymed elegy on Currer Bell, called Haworth Church-

yard, in this Fraser, and signed "A"? There is some *thorough* appreciation of poor Wuthering Heights in it, but then the same stanza raves of Byron, so you can't have done it; not to add that it would n't be up to any known mark of yours, I think.

You heard, I suppose, that MacCracken was going finally to sell his pictures in a lump at Christie's, but perhaps I wrote to you since the event. The utmost offered for the Hunt was 220 guineas, so he retains it still, having put a reserve of £300 on it. My Annunciation, 76 guineas; water-color Dante, 50. These are both sold: first to one Pearse, I hear; second to Combe of Oxford. Collins' St. Elizabeth only had 31 guineas bid, so he keeps that too. None of the other pictures went well, but I think the Bernal humbug has been settling all other sales lately. Hunt's father, who was at the sale, called on me with the above information, which I suppose is right. . . .

I would greatly like the walking tour you propose this summer, and better with you than any one, — now in good sooth, la! But I don't know well yet what my abilities and advisabilities may be; will write you of my probable movements as soon as I know them.

Good-morning. I am just told very loudly that it is three A. M.; and lo! it is horridly light. Write soon, and I'll write soon.

By the bye, this morning (12 May), through the first two hours of which I have slept over this letter, is the very morning on which I first woke up, or fell a-dreaming, or began to be, or was transported for life, or what is it? — twenty-seven years ago! It is n't your birthday, so I can wish *you* many happy returns of it.

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

"The MSS.," as I infer from the next letter, were Rossetti's translations entitled *The Early Italian Poets*. "Self-reliant though he was when he made the

translations," writes his brother, "and still more so when he was preparing to publish them, he was nevertheless extremely ready to consult well-qualified friends as to this book. In this way he showed his MS. to Mr. Allingham, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Patmore, Count Aurelio Saffi, and no doubt to Mr. Swinburne and some others as well."

Millais's design is entitled *The Fireside Story*. It illustrates the following stanza of Frost in the Highlands, in the second series of *Day and Night Songs*:

"At home are we by the merry fire,
Ranged in a ring to our heart's desire.
And who is to tell some wondrous tale,
Almost to turn the warm cheeks pale,
Set chin on hands, make grave eyes stare,
Draw slowly nearer each stool and chair?"

His picture in the Royal Academy was *The Rescue*. On November 8, 1853, Rossetti wrote to his sister Christina: "Millais, I just hear, was last night elected Associate. 'So now the whole Round Table is dissolved.'"

The drawing by Hunt turned out of the Academy was "a life-size crayon of his father, admirably finished."

"'Some new Davis' was William Davis, an Irish landscape-painter, settled in Liverpool." (W. M. R.)

The two pictures "kicked out" of the Academy had been painted by Arthur Hughes in Rossetti's studio. He had long been working at scenes from *As You Like It*. This Orlando, he tells me, was painted before he had attained sufficient mastery. How well he succeeded in the end is seen in the beautiful triptych illustrating scenes from Shakespeare's play, in Mr. Sing's collection in Aigburth, Liverpool. The "child in a flannel nightgown" was his nephew, Edward Hughes, now well known as an artist.

The "new man named Leighton" was Lord Leighton, the late president of the Royal Academy. His picture was entitled *Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence*.

Twenty-seven years later, at the Academy banquet, speaking of two artists lately dead, after mentioning one, he continued: "The other was a strangely interesting man, who, living in almost jealous seclusion as far as the general world was concerned, wielded, nevertheless, at one period of his life, a considerable influence in the world of art and poetry, — Dante Gabriel Rossetti, painter and poet."

Haworth Churchyard, in Fraser's Magazine, "signed 'A,'" was not by Allingham, but by Matthew Arnold, who wrote to his mother on April 25 of this year: "There will be some lines of mine in the next Fraser (without name) on poor Charlotte Brontë." The stanza which contains "some *thorough* appreciation of poor Wuthering Heights, but raves of Byron," is the following: —

"Round thee they lie — the grass
Blows from their graves to thy own!
She, whose genius, though not
Puissant like thine, was yet
Sweet and graceful; — and she
(How shall I sing her?) whose soul
Knew no fellow for might,
Passion, vehemence, grief,
Daring, since Byron died,
That world-famed son of fire, — she, who
sank
Baffled, unknown, self-consumed;
Whose too bold dying song
Stirr'd, like a clarion-blast, my soul."

In his boyhood Rossetti had delighted in Byron. When he was sixteen years old, "some one told him," writes W. M. Rossetti, "that there was another poet of the Byronic epoch, Shelley, even greater than Byron. I do not think that he ever afterwards read much of Byron."

Rossetti's Annunciation was his *Ecce Ancilla Domini*; the "water-color Dante" was Dante drawing an Angel in Memory of Beatrice. On May 11, 1854, Rossetti wrote to his brother: "I heard from MacCrac, who offers £50 for the water-color, with all manner of soap and sawder into the bargain, — a princely style of thing." On this W. M. Rossetti remarks: "That my brother should have regarded £50

for the water-color as 'a princely style of thing' shows how scanty was then the market for his productions."

"Combe of Oxford" was the printer to the Clarendon Press. He made a collection of Preraphaelite paintings; among them was Holman Hunt's *Light of the World*, which his widow gave to Keble College, Oxford, and this water-color of Rossetti's, which, with other pictures, she bequeathed to the University Gallery.

"Charles Alston Collins was a young painter much under Millais's influence, and though not a member of the 'Brotherhood,' practically a Preraphaelite." He died early.

"The Bernal humbug" was the sale for nearly £71,000 of Ralph Bernal's collection of glass, plate, china, and miniatures.

To sit up till three in the morning was no uncommon thing with Rossetti. One of his comrades in his student days describes how "his cheeks were roseless and hollow enough to indicate the waste of life and midnight oil to which the youth was addicted."

XIII.

CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE,
June 25 [1855].

... I have such a strong idea that I am to see you soon that I shan't enter so much into the poems as I otherwise should now, but my favorites among the new ones are the two Harps, *The Pilot's Daughter*, *St. Margaret's Eve*, *The Girl's Lamentation*, *The Sailor* (both these last most admirable), and *Would I Knew!* *The Nobleman's Wedding* I really don't think at all improved [Ah! it is! W. A.], and am not at all sure about the close of *The Pilot's Daughter*. *The Music Master* is full of beauty and nobility, but I'm not sure it is not *too* noble or *too* resolutely healthy. . . .

LONDON, July 4.

I had to break off in the above, and go on with it to-day, instead of beginning afresh, to prove that I was not wait-

ing for you to write, as I remembered well owing you two or three, though one of mine had been lost for some time. Yours was very welcome on Monday. Going on about *The Music Master*, I see the sentence already written looks very iniquitous, and perhaps is; but one can only speak of one's own needs and cravings: and I must confess to a need, in narrative dramatic poetry (unless so simple in structure as *Auld Robin Gray*, for instance), of something rather "exciting," and indeed I believe something of the "romantic" element, to rouse my mind to anything like the moods produced by personal emotion in my own life. That sentence is shockingly ill worded, but Keats's narratives would be of the kind I mean. Not that I would place the expressions of pure love and life, or of any calm, gradual feeling or experience, one step below their place, — the very highest; but I think them better conveyed at less length, and chiefly as *from one's self*. Were I speaking to any one else, I might instance (as indeed I often do) the best of your own lyrics as examples; and these will always have for me much more attraction than *The Music Master*. The latter, I think, by its calm subject and course during a longish reading, chiefly awakens contemplation, like a walk on a fine day with a churchyard in it, instead of rousing one like a part of one's own life, and leaving one to walk it off as one might live it off. The only part where I remember being much affected was at the old woman's narrative of Milly's gradual decline. Of course the poem has artistic beauties constantly, though I think it flags a little at some of its joints, and am not sure that its turning-point would not have turned in vain for me at first reading, if I had not in time remembered your account of the story one day on a walk. After all, I fancy its chief want is that it should accompany a few more stories of deeper incident and passion from the same hand, when what seem to me its short-

comings might, I believe, as a leavening of the mass, become *des qualités*. As I have stated them, too, they are merely matters of feeling, and those who felt differently (as Patmore, who thinks the poem perfect) might probably be at the higher point of view. P. was here last night with Cayley and one or two more. We sat all the evening on my balcony, and had ice and strawberries there, and I wished for you many times, and meanwhile put in your book as a substitute (having, you may be sure, torn out that thing of Dalziel's). . . . I'm glad you have heard from Ruskin, and hope that you may find time in your week to arrange somehow a meeting with him. He has been into the country, and unwell part of the time, but is now set up again and very hard at work. I have no more valued friend than he, and shall have much to say of him and other friends, you'll find. . . . Ruskin has been reading those translations since you, and says he could wish no better than to ink your pencil-marks as his criticisms. He sent here, the other day, a "stunner," called the Marchioness of Waterford, who had expressed a wish to see me paint in water-colors, it seems, she herself being really first-rate as a designer in that medium. I think I am going to call on her this afternoon. There, sir! R. has asked to be introduced to my sister, who, accordingly, will accompany Miss S. and myself to dinner there on Friday. . . .

I have n't seen Owen Meredith, and don't feel the least curiosity about him. There is an interestingish article on the three "Bells" in Tait this month, where Wuthering Heights is placed above Currier for dramatic individuality, and it seems C. B. herself quite thought so. . . .

Rossetti had been at Clevedon with Miss Siddal, who had gone there for the sake of her health.

The poems mentioned by him are in Day and Night Songs. "Throughout his life," writes his brother, "the poetry of

sentimental or reflective description had a very minor attraction for him." To Mr. Gosse Rossetti wrote in 1873: "It seems to me that all poetry, to be really enduring, is bound to be as *amusing* (however trivial the word may sound) as any other class of literature; and I do not think that enough amusement to keep it alive can ever be got out of incidents not amounting to events."

Charles Bagot Cayley was the translator of Dante.

From his balcony Rossetti had a fine outlook on the Thames. The house was swept away when the river was embanked. It stood in front of the site now occupied by the eastern end of Kaiser's Royal Hotel, so near to Blackfriars Bridge that a stone could have been pitched on to it from the balcony. One of the rooms facing southwards was very sunny. At the window he would loll sometimes for hours together, looking at the people passing over the bridge. To watch this living stream flow by had an endless fascination for him. He used to tell the story that, one day, he and another of the Brotherhood were thus lolling, when they both cried out, "Why, there goes Deverell!" At that hour Deverell died.

The friendship between Rossetti and Ruskin did not last. For some years, says W. M. Rossetti, "they were heartily friendly, and indeed heartily affectionate." Later on, "ominous discrepancies began to appear, and gradually these became irremediable, or at any rate they remained unremedied."

Three days before the date of the above letter Rossetti wrote to his mother: "An astounding event is to come off to-morrow. The Marchioness of Waterford has expressed a wish to Ruskin to see me paint in water-color, as she says my method is inscrutable to her. She is herself an excellent artist, and would have been really great, I believe, if not born such a swell and such a stunner." In my undergraduate days, when not unfre-

quently I was in Rossetti's company, I one day heard him maintain that a beautiful young woman, who was on her trial on a charge of murdering her lover, ought not to be hanged, even if found guilty, as she was "such a stunner." When I ventured to assert that I would have her hanged, beautiful or ugly, there was a general outcry of the artistic set. One of them, now famous as a painter, cried out, "Oh, Hill, you would never hang a stunner!"

The second Lord Lytton, under the name of Owen Meredith, published this year *Clytemnestra*, *The Earl's Return*, and *Other Poems*.

There is one more letter written by Rossetti to Allingham in 1855. Owing to its great length I must separate it from its companions of that year. It will grace the opening of my third paper, containing as it does a criticism of Browning's *Men and Women*, and a boast of Rossetti's "intimacy with the glorious Robert."

George Birkbeck Hill.

IN A FAMOUS FRENCH HOME.

As my train drew up at the model wee station of Nohant-Vicq, I caught sight of pretty, welcoming Gabrielle in her dainty pink bodice and broad summer hat. Her glad brown eyes and friendly "Hast thou made a good journey, my Méry?" were sweet indeed, after the long, solitary trip from central Italy to the heart of France. She led me past the bowing station-master to the trig dog-cart awaiting us, and in a few moments we were bowling along leafy lanes vociferous with singing birds. Oh, the dewy freshness of that drive, after the struggle with dust, luggage, and missed connections! Passing the few cottages which cluster close to a tiny green, overshadowed by gigantic trees embowering a quaint miniature church whose lowly penthouse porch seems to say, "Ye must become as little children to enter here," we swept in at the gate of Château Nohant and stopped before the arched doorway. This leads into a queer moon-shaped hall, which a staircase of shallow stone steps curls around, brooded over by a fine old air of dignified shabbiness and cool space. Indeed, the whole house might serve as text on simplicity's charm contrasted with the bourgeois overcrowding of modern homes.

Down a corridor I was led into a great airy chamber hung and fitted with soft blue and fawn chintz. Here and there a curiously shaped mirror or old picture in dull tarnished gilt frame touched the blended colors with light, and on the mantel a porcelain shepherdess tendered a shell full of fresh phlox and old-timey pink roses. Outside of the big white windows breezes blew and rustled in the tops of two tall cedars of Lebanon and among the leaves of lesser trees. My Gabrielle turned to me with graceful deference: "I have put you in the room which was my grandmother's, hoping that would best please you."

And how it pleased me! Each night my brain was subtly, strangely fired as I lay down to rest in the great curtained bed of George Sand; for Nohant was the home of her childhood and girlhood, and the place to which she returned with her two children, Maurice and Solange, after her separation from the Marquis de Dudevant. Her life here was an illustration of Goethe's dictum that character is formed in the rush of life, but genius grows best in seclusion. The stillness and exquisite retirement of the old revolutionary mansion and its surroundings fostered her love for natural science, and

more especially that interest in and intimate knowledge of peasant life which were the source of her finest work. It was in one of the green Nohant glades that, as little Aurore Dupin, she erected her rustic altar to the curious god of her imagination, the mysterious Corambé, and it was to this loved home she returned when convent days were over, to ride across country with her brother, shoot with ex-Abbé Deschâtre, listen to the ghost stories of the flax-dressers, and browse at will through the pages of Aristotle, Leibnitz, Locke, Condillac, Chateaubriand, and Lord Byron. It was here at Nohant that, her fantastic, romantic youth and prime past, she spent the Indian summer of her old age, the loved centre of a happy home. All about me I recognized the warp of scenery and circumstance through which her luxuriant fancy and genius shot the gleaming woof and wrought the rich stuff of her unequaled French prose, whose rare diction fell on the sensitive ear of Thackeray as the sound of sweet, sad bells.

My Gabrielle is the "Tichon" of those two loved little granddaughters, her son Maurice's children, to whom there are so many references in her voluminous correspondence, — one of the small charm-ers for whom Chopin bought toys and George Sand wrote the *Contes d'une Grand'mère*. These were initiated one dull twilight when Aurore begged a story of her sibylline grandmother, and was gratified by the wonderful frog tale of *La Mère Coax*. Aurore's mother, the daughter of the famous Italian engraver, Calamatta, heard the story over her little girl's shoulder, and begged her mother-in-law, whom she adored, to commit the improvisation to paper. Some of these stories are overladen with natural science, but most of them are charming, and, outside of Hans Andersen's fairy tales, I do not know prose for children more deliciously delicate and fanciful than *Le Nuage Rose* and *Les Ailes de Courage*.

For little Gabrielle and Aurore, as for children the world over, the call to bed was a trial, but when their father cried, "*Il faut sonner la retraite!*" and struck up a march, George Sand always dropped her writing or book to march gravely around the room, followed by family and guests, until, the procession winding up at the foot of the stairs, the little ones went off contentedly to bed; yielding at once to this military retreat, which was perhaps a reminiscence of the time when George Sand's father was on Murat's staff in Spain, and she herself the petted child of the regiment.

Does not Browning say that every poet keeps two sides, one to face the world with, and another for the woman he loves? Here in peaceful Nohant, where the aroma of her great personality lingers, George Sand is remembered less as genius and emancipated woman than as indulgent mother, grandmother, and friend by the household, and as "our little lady" by the loyal peasantry.

My fellow-guest at the château was a well-known friend of George Sand, a traveled, courteous old Frenchman, full of gallantry and bonhomie; coming into the high-pitched dining-room each day with a ruddy color set off by his crown of white hair, and a bit of eglantine in his buttonhole, telling of what the hail had done to the wheat-fields or the latest news from *Figaro*. I wish I could give any idea of the table-talk at Nohant, full of a gayety which could not offend, a glancing play of wit which never jarred. We clumsier Anglo-Saxons do not handle our foils so deftly, nor always keep in place the button of courtesy. War was constantly waging between my gentle Gabrielle and the chevalier, but good will always shimmered over the mimic batteries, while Madame Maurice Sand brought her forces to bear, first on one side, and then on the other. When Gabrielle recounted the vagaries of her pet sparrow, who slept on her bosom and was madly jealous of any one who ap-

proached her, monsieur remarked that it was plain Jove was enamored of the *beaux yeux* of Tichon, and had come to woo in feathered form. Often I was struck with French possibilities of precise speech. When I noted the deft way in which, on a muddy road, Gabrielle held up her gown so as to escape the dirt, show the graceful lines of her figure, but never display an inch too much of her trim ankle, and contrasted it with the inefficient skirt-clawing of our English cousins, Madame Maurice assented: "Ah, oui, nos françaises se *retroussent bien*."

The delightful quiet and simplicity of life at the château were in contradiction to our Anglo-Saxon notion that the French crave perennial excitement and shifting amusements, and I was constantly reminded of the sweet hospitality and gentle usages of our own old Virginia plantations. Country sights and sounds, with books and periodicals, seemed to supply all that was desired for the larger portion of the year. Gabrielle walked and drove, tended her pets, and nestled lovingly under her mother's wing. Madame Maurice wrote for the reviews and looked to the ways of her household; equally at home discussing politics, editing George Sand's posthumous works, or concocting the luculent liqueurs which were served with our bonbons and black coffee after dinner. Her sympathetic tact and conversational readiness vivified for me much of what I have read of the women of the old salons, and proved the charm of a woman at once domestic and intellectual. Coming straight from Italy, full of prejudices against her tariff enemy, I was won over in spite of myself by the beauty of French rural life. An agreeable atmosphere of mutual respect and friendliness prevails between servants and mistress at Nohant, and I used to enjoy hearing madame talk to dignified Denis, the coachman, about things throughout the countryside. Little vignettes of our drives yet rise in my memory. I re-

member the time we went to the moated, tourelled Château d'Ars, a fine old building of the period of Diana of Poitiers, and under the high arching green avenue met the young master driving his bride in a tall new turnout, looking forth at us and all the world with that beaming optimism which shines in eyes beneath the honeymoon. On the grassy border of the road which in France is left for the cattle of the poor, Monsieur le Curé of Nohant and Monsieur le Curé of Vieq stand doffing their broad black beaver hats low, and as she smiles and bends her becoming Paris bonnet with arch respect, madame murmurs, "Ah! since I presented my mother's crucifix and prie-dieu to the church I am in great odor of sanctity."

Nohant is a large house, well adapted to its hospitable uses. From a European standpoint it is not ancient, but to American eyes the revolutionary mansion is quaint and old. The top story of the château was added by George Sand for her son's studio. Here he arranged his extensive collection of minerals, shells, and butterflies, but devoted the greater part of his time to carving and painting figures for the puppet theatre on the ground floor, which, in the palmy days of George Sand's lifetime, was the great feature of Nohant. For this theatre both of them wrote much, and readers of *L'Homme de Neige* will remember how much attention is devoted to puppet shows. Now, the garrets, closets, and spare rooms at Nohant are crowded with carefully draped figures of king and peasant, gnome and magician, Laplander and Oriental. Such variety of costume and face I never saw. Gabrielle said it was a great event in her childhood when the lady puppets developed busts, for at first the figures were only straight pieces of wood. Adjoining the puppet stage is a small theatre, in which George Sand often rehearsed her plays before regularly bringing them out in Paris. There were constant representations, sometimes given by the fam-

ily and its guests, sometimes by players come on purpose from the capital. Maurice Sand was a versatile artist. Many will remember his designs of Columbine, Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Pulcinel, in J. A. Symonds's version of Carlo Gozzi's autobiography. I was interested in a very lovely portrait of Maurice Sand as a young man. He so much resembled his mother, who occasionally donned masculine dress, that he was often mistaken for her in the streets of Paris, and this picture has been repeatedly supposed to be hers. Another portrait which arrested my attention was that of her grandfather, the Maréchal de Saxe. George Sand's writing-room is surrounded by cupboards labeled with the names of the various branches of natural science, and this is only one of many indications of her love for nature in all its manifestations. The place is full of reminiscences of great singers and *littérateurs*, and not least significant is the piano, caressed by the velvet fingers of Chopin. Flaubert is remembered by little Tichon as "the beautiful old man who always wore a rose." Adjoining the château grounds is a small burying-ground, and in the centre a massive slab of dark stone inscribed "GEORGE SAND."

I have not space to describe our morning rambles through Nohant wood, visits to Gabrielle's aviary, and the stately evening promenades after dinner, between the tall rosebushes and the hedge of goldenrod, which in France likewise is called *verge d'or*. One day we drove to the neighboring market town of La Châtre to see the George Sand monument. The head and face of the figure are noble, but the position lacks grace and dignity. On the pedestal are inscribed the titles of her most famous works.

The Berri landscape about Nohant is suggestive of peaceful plenty rather than of wild or striking beauty. Wooded knolls and glens, rolling fields and grassy roads, with small villages of low thatched cottages looking away to the Vallée Noire

of George Sand's stories, make up a scene where one forgets the nineteenth century, and breathes the atmosphere of Eugénie de Guérin's letters. How pleasant to meet mild, meditative geese pattering down the roads, instead of hurrying tourists with scarlet Baedekers, bitten by the gadfly of unrest! Curious old customs and superstitions still linger in Berri. One usage yet in vogue is to plant a cabbage in a basket of earth on the roof of a newly married pair. If the cabbage flourishes, happy the couple; if it languishes, woe betide that household. This cabbage-planting is done with state and ceremony, the bridal pair driving in a gayly caparisoned ox-cart, attended by rejoicing friends, carefully to select a healthy head from the fields.

The character of the country seems reflected in the Berrichon faces. I have never seen such serene, dignified countenances as under the fresh white peasant caps; not frilled Parisian head-dresses, but those small, smooth, clear muslin ones, with flowing bands, which form the sweetest frames for womanly faces, suggesting somehow pure, modest thoughts beneath.

I shall never forget a June morning stroll to Vicq to see some old frescoes discovered under the whitewash of the church in George Sand's lifetime. It was after a heavy rain, and everything was sparkling with freshness, redolent of roses, with overhead a Claude Lorraine sky, — not the dear, deep Italian blue, but a delicate French variety with a charm of its own; and it being first-communion day at Vicq, we met, every few yards, young girls clad in snowy muslins and white ribbons, sometimes faintly touched with pale azure, the Virgin's color. There was never anything lovelier or more like a flock of pigeons than these fluttering apparitions with their shy, happy faces; their fluffy garments bubbling over the little carts and wagonettes which flew like wind through the daintily tinted landscape.

Mary Argyle Taylor.

LORD HOWE'S COMMISSION TO PACIFY THE COLONIES.

ON the same day that the Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence, the English line-of-battle ship *Eagle*, flying the broad pennant of Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief Lord Howe, cast anchor in the bay of New York, after a three months' voyage from England. Apparently unrelated, these two events had in truth the closest connection; for Lord Howe came as a mediator between the two countries, and was so confident of success that on his way, at Halifax, he had assured Admiral Arbuthnot that peace with America "would be made within ten days of his arrival." Nor was his expectation entirely unjustified, for the fear of this possible reunion had impelled the extreme Whigs to press forward the question of independence even at the risk of dividing the colonies. In vain had the more moderate members of Congress protested; had John Dickinson pleaded for delay, and James Duane demanded, "Why all this haste, why this urging, why this driving?" As James Allen wrote: "This step of the Congress, just at the time commissioners are expected to arrive, was purposely contrived to prevent overtures of peace." And thus, so far from achieving peace within ten days, in half that number Howe, as he paced his quarter-deck, probably heard and marveled at the salvos of guns from Brooklyn heights and Jersey flats, sounding ominously unlike peace, to learn only too soon that they were fired after a reading of the Declaration to the Continental battalions, as a salute to the new nation, though to Howe a last volley over the grave of the hoped-for reconciliation.

This project of a commission to settle the differences between the mother country and the colonies had been long enough on the anvil not to have failed through arriving too late. But the dif-

ficulty of finding a mediator who would consent to do the king's will, yet who should personally appeal to the Americans, had led to much procrastination. As early as January, 1775, the scheme was being mooted in the English ministry, and even the king had been won to consent "to holding out the olive branch," though he later wrote his minister, Lord North, "I have always feared a commission not likely to meet with success, yet I think it right to be attempted, whilst every act of vigor is unremittingly carrying on." Thus indorsed, the ministry approached Lord Howe, and won his acceptance of the real office, though his brother was nominally coupled with him in the task.

If reconciliation had been possible, the man selected would have brought it about. To every American of that time the name of Howe was dear, for Richard, the eldest of the three brothers, had fallen at Ticonderoga, fighting for an American cause, and in gratitude Massachusetts had reared a monument to him in Westminster Abbey. Furthermore, Lord Howe had spoken for America in Parliament, and had hitherto refused a command in the American station, because he believed the conduct of Great Britain towards her colonies unjust. So thoroughly had Howe shown himself the friend of the colonies that though both he and George III. were grandsons of George I., the king made wry faces over appointing him, because of his "wrong-headedness;" and when Howe asked to be less "tightly bound" by his instructions, George III. wrote North, "If Lord Howe would give up being a commissioner, I should think it better for himself as well as for the service."

As soon as Howe was informed of his probable appointment he sought aid from Franklin. His sister, Lady Howe,

gained Franklin's intimacy over the chess-table, and then introduced her brother. Earnestly the two men consulted over the mutual concessions that should restore good feeling, and Franklin even wept with joy when the hope seemed at one time possible of realization. But the king proved too rigid to make compromise possible, and in place of Franklin's coming to America as Howe's secretary, as had been agreed upon, they sailed separately: Howe to take command of an army of twenty-five thousand men, and Franklin to take his seat in the Congress, the declaration of which met the British commander on his arrival.

Despite independence Howe did not entirely abandon hope, though the task, even without that bar, would have been herculean, for he was restrained from recognizing his enemy in either a civil or a military capacity. He could not write to the Congress, because George III. deemed it an illegal body, and a letter he sent to "George Washington, Esq.," was returned unopened, because not properly addressed. Other letters that he wrote to private individuals met with better reception, but invariably drew forth the reply that Howe must apply to Congress, as the only body authorized to negotiate. Apparently a deadlock had been reached.

While thus, in a diplomatic sense, blocked, the British regulars, however, had won the battle of Brooklyn, quickly followed by the occupation of New York; and Howe, feeling that the victor could afford concessions, sent a prisoner, General Sullivan, on parole, to Philadelphia, with a verbal message for the Congress, to the effect that though he could not treat with them as a Congress, "he was desirous of having a conference with some of the members." The Congress promptly appointed Franklin, Adams, and Rutledge a committee to meet Howe, and a conference took place between them on Staten Island. Present at this was the secretary to the British com-

missioners, Henry Strachey, and from his pen came the following hitherto unprinted and unknown account of what occurred, written out immediately after the close of the interview:—

11th. Sept. 1776.

Lord Howe received the Gentlemen on the Beach—Dr. Franklin introduced Mr. Adams and Mr. Rutledge—Lord Howe very politely expressed the Sense he entertained of the Confidence they had placed in him, by thus putting themselves in his hands—

A general and immaterial Conversation from the Beach to the House—The Hessian Guard saluted, as they passed—

A cold dinner was on the Table—dined—the Hessian Colonel present—Immediately after dinner he retired—

Lord Howe informed them it was long since he had entertained an opinion that the Differences between the two Countries might be accommodated to the Satisfaction of both—that he was known to be a Well Wisher to America—particularly to the Province of Massachusetts Bay, which had endeared itself to him by the very high Honors it had bestowed upon the Memory of his eldest Brother—that his going out as Commissioner from the King had been early mentioned, but that afterwards for some time, he had heard no more of it—That an Idea had then arisen of sending several Commissioners, to which he had objected—that his Wish was to go out singly and with a Civil Commission only, in which case, his Plan was to have gone immediately to Philadelphia, that he had even objected to his Brother's being in the Commission, from the Delicacy of the Situation and his desire to take upon himself all the Reproach that might be the Consequence of it—that it was however thought necessary that the General should be joined in the Commission for reasons which he explained—(having their hands upon the Two Services)—and that he, Lord Howe should also

have the naval Command, in which he had acquiesced — that he had hoped to reach America before the Army had moved, and did not doubt but if their Disposition had been the same as expressed in their Petition to the King, he should have been able to have brought about an Accomodation to the Satisfaction of both Countries — that he thought the Petition was a sufficient Basis to confer upon — that it contained Matter, which, with Candour & Discussion might be wrought into a Plan of Permanency — that the Address to the People, which accompanied the Petition to His Majesty, tended to destroy the good Effects that might otherwise have been hoped for from the Petition — that he had however still flattered himself that upon the Grounds of the Petition, he should be able to do some good —

[Mr. Rutledge mentioned (by way of Answer to Lord Howe's Remark upon that point) that their Petition to the King contained all which they thought was proper to be addressed to His Majesty, — that the other Matters which could not come under the head of a Petition and therefore could not with Propriety be inserted, were put into the Address to the People, which was only calculated to shew them the Importance of America to Great Britain — and that the Petition to King was by all of them meant to be respectful]

That they themselves had changed the ground since he left England by their Declaration of Independency, which, if it could not be got over, precluded him from all Treaty, as they must know, and he had explicitly said so in his Letter to Dr. Franklin, that he had not, nor did he expect ever to have, Powers to consider the Colonies in the light of Independent States — that they must also be sensible, that he could not confer with them as a Congress — that he could not acknowledge that Body which was not acknowledged by the King, whose Delegate he was, neither, for the same reason, could

he confer with these Gentlemen as a Committee of the Congress — that if they would not lay aside that Distinction, it would be improper for him to proceed — that he thought it an unessential Form, which might for the present lie dormant — that they must give him leave to consider them merely as Gentlemen of great Ability, and Influence in the Country — and that they were now met to converse together upon the Subject of Differences, and to try if any Outline could be drawn to put a stop to the Calamities of War, and to bring forward some Plan that might be satisfactory both to America and to England — He desired them to consider the Delicacy of his Situation — the Reproach he was liable to, if he should be understood by any step of his, to acknowledge, or to treat with, the Congress — that he hoped they would not by any Implication commit him upon that Point — that he was rather going beyond his Powers in the present Meeting —

[Dr. Franklin said You may depend upon our taking care of that, my Lord]

That he thought the Idea of a Congress might easily be thrown out of the Question at present, for that if Matters could be so settled that the King's Government should be reestablished, the Congress would of course cease to exist, and if they meant such Accommodation, they must see how unnecessary & useless it was to stand upon that Form which they knew they were to give up upon the Restoration of legal Government —

[Dr. Franklin said that His Lordship might consider the Gentlemen present in any view he thought proper — that they were also at liberty to consider themselves in their real Character — that there was no necessity on this occasion to distinguish between the Congress and Individuals — and that the Conversation might be held as amongst friends —

The Two other Gentlemen assented, in very few Words, to what the Doctor had said —].

Lord Howe then proceeded — that on

his Arrival in this Country he had thought it expedient to issue a Declaration, which they had done him the honor to comment upon — that he had endeavored to couch it in such Terms as would be the least exceptionable — that he had concluded they must have judged he had not expressed in it all he had to say, though enough, he thought, to bring on a Discussion which might lead the way to Accommodation — that their Declaration of Independency had since rendered him the more cautious of opening himself — that it was absolutely impossible for him to treat, or confer, upon that Ground, or to admit the Idea in the smallest degree — that he flattered himself if That were given up, their [*sic*] was still room for him to effect the King's Purposes — that his Majesty's most earnest desire was to make his American Subjects happy, to cause a Reform in whatever affected the Freedom of their Legislation, and to concur with his Parliament in the Redress of any real Grievances — that his Powers were, generally, to restore Peace and grant Pardons, to attend to Complaints &c Representations, and to confer upon Means of establishing a Re Union upon Terms honorable & advantageous to the Colonies as well as to Great Britain — that they knew We expected Aid from America — that the Dispute seemed to be only concerning the Mode of obtaining it —

[Doctor Franklin here said, — *That we never refused, upon Requisition.*]

Lord Howe continued — that their Money was the smallest Consideration — that America could produce more solid Advantages to Great Britain — that it was her Commerce, her Strength, her Men, that we chiefly wanted —

[Here Dr. Franklin, said with rather a sneering Laugh, Ay, my Lord, we have a pretty considerable Manufactory of *Men* — alluding as it should seem to their numerous Army.¹]

¹ Lord Howe has here written in the margin, "No — To their increasing population."

Lord Howe continued — it is desirable to put a stop to these ruinous Extremities, as well for the sake of our Country, as yours — when an American falls, England feels it — Is there no way of treading back this Step of Independency, and opening the door to a full discussion?

Lord Howe concluded with saying that having thus opened to them the general Purport of the Commission, and the King's Disposition to a permanent Peace, he must stop to hear what they might chuse to observe.

Dr. Franklin said he supposed His Lordship had seen the Resolution of the Congress which had sent them hither — that the Resolution contained the whole of their Commission — that if this Conversation was productive of no immediate good Effect, it might be of Service at a future time — that America had considered the Prohibitory Act as the Answer to her Petition to the King — Forces had been sent out, and Towns destroyed — that they could not expect Happiness now under the *Domination* of Great Britain — that all former Attachment was *obliterated* — that America could not return again to the Domination of Great Britain, and therefore imagined that Great Britain meant to rest it upon Force — The other Gentlemen will deliver their Sentiments —

Mr. Adams said that he had no objection to Lord Howe's considering him, on the present Occasion, merely as a private Gentleman, or in any Character except that of a British Subject — that the Resolution of the Congress to declare the Independency was not taken up upon their own Authority — that they had been instructed so to do, by *all* the Colonies — and that it was not in their power to treat otherwise than as independent States — he mentioned warmly his own Determination not to depart from the Idea of Independency, and spoke in the common way of the Power of the Crown, which was comprehended in the Ideal Power of Lords & Commons.

Mr. Rutledge began by saying he had been one of the oldest Members of the Congress — that he had been one from the beginning — that he thought it was worth the Consideration of Great Britain whether she would not receive greater Advantages by an Alliance with the Colonies as independent States, than she had ever hitherto done — that she might still enjoy a *great Share* of the Commerce — that she would have their raw Materials for her Manufactures — that they could protect the West India Islands much more effectually and more easily than she can — that they could assist her in the Newfoundland Trade — that he was glad this Conversation had happened, as it would be the occasion of opening to Great Britain the Consideration of the Advantages she might derive from America by an Alliance with her as an independent State, before anything is settled with other foreign Powers — that it was impossible the People should consent to come again under the English Government — he could answer for South Carolina — that Government had been very oppressive — that the Crown Officers had claimed Privilege and confined People upon pretence of a breach of Privilege — that they had at last taken the Government into their own hands — that the People were now settled and happy under that Government and would not (even if they, the Congress could desire it) return to the King's Government —

Lord Howe said, that if such were their Sentiments, he could only lament it was not in his Power to bring about the Accommodation he wished — that he had not Authority, nor did he expect he ever should have, to treat with the Colonies as States independent of the Crown of Great Britain — and that he was sorry the Gentlemen had had the trouble of coming so far, to so little purpose — that if the Colonies would not

give up the System of Independency, it was impossible for him to enter into any Negotiation —

Dr. Franklin observed that it would take as much time for them to refer to, and get an answer from their Constituents, as it would the Commissioners to get fresh Instructions from home, which he supposed might be done in about 3 Months —

Lord Howe replied it was in vain to think of his receiving Instructions to treat upon that ground —

After a little Pause, Dr. Franklin suddenly said, well my Lord, as America is to expect nothing but upon total unconditional Submission —

[Lord Howe interrupted the Doctor at the Word Submission — said that Great Britain did not require unconditional Submission, that he thought what he had already said to them, proved the contrary, and desired the Gentlemen would not go away with such an Idea —

Memdn — Perhaps Dr. Franklin meant Submission to the Crown, in opposition to their Principle of Independency.]

And Your Lordship has no Proposition to make us, give me leave to ask whether, if *we* should make Propositions to Great Britain (not that I know, or am authorised to say we shall) You would receive and transmit them.

Lord Howe said he did not know that he could avoid receiving any Papers that might be put into his hands — seemed rather doubtful about the Propriety of transmitting home, but did not say that he would decline it —

Strachey's memorandum ends here, but the report of the committee to Congress contains this additional statement: "His Lordship then saying, that he was sorry to find, that no accommodation was like to take place, put an end to the conference."

Paul Leicester Ford.

THE PRICE OF A COW.

MRS. GEECH came in at the yard gate, panting from her long walk, for the mid-May sun was shining hot along the road that went straggling about the slopes of Locust Ridge.

She was a short, stout woman of middle age, tanned by the sun and wind to a hickory-nut brown that matched her hair, and offered a singular contrast to her sky-blue eyes. But her eyes were matched by her blue-plaid homespun, made in a style she had followed all her grown-up life: very full and short in the skirt, very plain in the waist, — fastened up the front with horn buttons, white or black as chance might furnish, — and sleeves that fell short, indeed, of the present extravagance, yet afforded “ample room and verge enough” for a pair of well-developed arms. Mrs. Geech called this garb her “coat;” she had another outfit for Sundays, which she dignified as “dress:” but whether she wore calico or black alpaca or blue homespun, she always had a voluminous look, as if she bought her material by the mile. “Fullness is more savin’ than skimp,” was one of her favorite maxims; to which she would add, by way of caution, “Yet I ain’t never found it pay to overrun the molasses pitcher.”

Mrs. Geech was Paulina’s particular friend, and we knew that it was Paulina she came to see, chiefly, though she was too discreet to proclaim her favoritism in words; however, all of us enjoyed the benefit of her visits, and we were glad, that hot May morning, when, lifting our eyes at the clang of the gate, we saw her enter.

She had a basket on her arm, covered with a piece of faded blue cloth like her dress, whereby we knew that there were eggs underneath. In response to our cry of welcome she sat down on the piazza steps with a prolonged grunt, and dusted

her “russet” brogans with an elder bough plucked by the way as she crossed the creek.

“Hot!” she informed us succinctly, pushing back the big straw hat that shaded her round, sun-browned face. “Mighty grassy weather.”

“Let me fan you!” said Paulina, who was seventeen, and altogether irresistible.

The friendship between these two was six years old, dating from the first summer we had made our hot-weather refuge on Locust Ridge, when Paulina, being of an exploring turn of mind, had lost herself in the creek bottom, where she was discovered by Mrs. Geech, who brought her home at “bat-flittin’,” to use Mrs. Geech’s term. The attachment formed on this foundation had suffered no abatement in the flight of time; so that this homely, awkward country-woman of forty-seven and our gay little beauty of seventeen understood each other like two schoolgirls, or like a pair of old cronies.

“Well, you *air* a skimpy little lot!” Mrs. Geech remarked, with undisguised admiration, looking up at Paulina, who sat on the step above her, “pink and pretty,” plying the great turkey-tail, a gift from Mrs. Geech the previous summer.

“Thought you did not approve of skimpy things, Mrs. Geech?” one of us reminded her.

“H’m!” she replied. “Depends how you take your measurements. A clove-pink, now, ain’t much size, but it do possess the garden.”

There was a flavor about Mrs. Geech’s compliments that excited the envy and despair of Paulina’s other flatterers, and Paulina herself was not unappreciative.

“You shall have lemonade and cake for that, Mrs. Geech,” said she; “aunt Susan is jingling her keys now.”

But aunt Susan had no intention of ab-

sending herself from such good company, and she ordered what Mrs. Geech called the "greedimixtries" to be brought out on the piazza, that she might brew the lemonade in the presence of the guest.

"And now that you've caught your breath, Mrs. Geech," said Paulina, rising and holding out her hands, "you must leave these steps and take your choice of the chairs, and give us an account of yourself in comfort."

"Well, well," responded Mrs. Geech, as, with Paulina's assistance, she scrambled up the steps, "here I be, the same old plod-an'-go-round. I don't never ketch the news till it's two days old, or I'd 'a' been here afore now. 'T was Ariel Chinnie told me yistiddy, by dusk, how you all had come up fer the summer o' Tuesd'y, an' here it's Saturd'y. The Chinnies have got a hawse an' buggy toe git about in, but as fer me, it's one foot up an' t'other foot down; yit fer all that, here I come ahead o' Jane Chinnie, buggy or no buggy, hawse or no hawse," and with a chuckle of satisfaction she sank into the chair Paulina dragged forward.

"And we are so glad to see you!" Paulina declared, with enthusiasm.

"But where's — where's Mary?" inquired Mrs. Geech, taking a searching survey of the occupants of the piazza.

Mary was Paulina's sister, eight years her senior.

"My daughter Mary is not with us this summer; she was married last month," Mary's mother made known, between a smile and a tear.

Mrs. Geech received this information with eyes of astonishment and a dropped jaw. "You — don't — tell?" she gasped. "An' who on this green airth took the notion in his head toe marry Mary?"

Paulina, stifling a giggle, squeezed Mrs. Geech's stout arm in gratitude for this delicious comment, which the next mail would certainly carry to the newly married; meanwhile, Mrs. Geech was

made acquainted with the name of Mary's husband.

"Barrow?" she repeated, and shook her head. "Never heard of his folks. But it is fer you-all toe jedge, an' I'm trustin' Mary have done well an' won't reap no cause fer repentance. Mind out fer that basket, Paulina, child! Shift it up here beside of me, I'll thankee. They is aiggs, an' aiggs is always business with me, exceptin' as manners take the lead."

"And your manners never desert you, Mrs. Geech, as mine are so apt to do with me," said Paulina, setting the basket at Mrs. Geech's feet. "I've forgotten to ask about your garden. You ought to have a good show of vegetables by this time?"

"That's all you know 'bout grass," Mrs. Geech informed her, with grim emphasis. "I left it a-spreadin' too rampageous and *various* fer my one hoe." (It should be noted that "grass," in Mrs. Geech's vocabulary, included all growths inimical to crops.) "However," she amended, "I c'n count on a squash or two o' my own, an' there's Jane Chinnie's patch a-flourishin'. I shan't suffer, with her fer a neighbor toe spy out my shortcomin's," and Mrs. Geech gave a toss of her head that did not comport with a thankful spirit.

"A good neighbor is a great blessing," Paulina's gentle little mother made haste to declare, in her anxiety to foster peace and good will between the two dwellers beyond the creek.

"Oh, I ain't disallowin' Jane Chinnie's title toe favor in her qualities," said Mrs. Geech, with a dispassionate air. "A woman so well sot up in this world's goods c'n spend an' spare with both hands, no denyin'; but that's no reason, as I c'n see, why she should go about in that buggy o' hern as if she counted on the State o' Georgey to take note o' the dust ahind her wheels; nor she need n't feed you with her corn to choke you with the cob, hey?"

"No, she need n't!" Paulina agreed vigorously.

Paulina's brothers accused that young lady of agreeing with Mrs. Geech solely for the fun of "keeping the old woman going," an impeachment Paulina always indignantly denied. Mrs. Geech, she insisted, was a deeply interesting personality to one who understood her, — and Paulina claimed to understand her better than any one else possibly could. When the rest of us called Mrs. Geech a "screw," and raged — behind her back — against the prices she demanded for her eggs and chickens, Paulina would have it that Mrs. Geech's native liberality was in bondage to the inexorable limitations of circumstances; and we, being in bondage to Paulina, emptied our purses into Mrs. Geech's leather pouch, because Paulina was always reminding us that the owner of that pouch was "a poor old solitary, with no joy in life except the memory of the boy — her only child — who died in his twelfth year."

"Some of these chances I mean to explain Mrs. Chinnie to herself," Paulina announced, in a glow of indignation. It was a threat she had made often before, but never had found the courage to execute; for Mrs. Chinnie, though one of the smallest of women, was a formidable creature.

Mrs. Geech's fat shoulders shook with a soundless laugh. "Spare yerself the trouble, child," she counseled, as she received Paulina's bountiful supply of cake and lemonade. "Jane Chinnie would lay all yo' ree-proach toe unripeness in jedgmint. An' as fer me, I ain't scornin' her offerin's, knowin' it 's the *refusal* of her craps she squanders in the name o' neighborly good will: a rotten-sided melon, say, an' wormy peaches, an' over-aged beans, an' stringy pertaters. When it comes toe *givin'*, never was sech a woman fer pore luck in plantin'; but let her *sell*, she 'll outbrag the whole kentry-side fer success in the yield o' this airth, whiles it 's all Ariel Chinnie's strong

right arm has gotten the vict'ry over the growth of the grass. I ain't void o' the grace o' acceptance, but tell you what, ef 't warn't fer its bein' Ariel's hoe, I *don't* believe I could stomick her produce. Toe save my soul, I ain't able toe set Ariel in the same row with *her*. He ain't her blood noways, bein' her husband's brother's child an' a orphint; but *she* raised him, an' that 's enough fer Jane Chinnie toe brag on. Hear her tell it, never *was* sech another as Ariel; an' I ain't disallowin' of his completeness, but this I say: he warn't never a inch ahead of my Tony what the Lord took in the twelfth year of his age. Him an' Tony was born the same day, was christened the selfsame Sabbath; they climmed the same trees, an' they swimmid the same creek; an' I have yet toe learn that ever Ariel was ahead o' Tony. So it 's clear toe my mind that ef Tony had lived till now toe be nineteen years in age, ther' ain't nothin' Ariel has ever mastered but Tony mought 'a' evened up toe, fer all Jane Chinnie brags an' brags how her raisin' has made a world's wonder out of Ariel.

"Mind you, I ain't discountin' on Ariel. I 'm a-wishin' him well, 'long of him and Tony bein' child'en together, of which Ariel have toted remembrance, a-hoein' of my garden-patch times he could git Jane Chinnie's word o' cawn-sint; for he is mighty supple toe his aunt Jane's rule, Ariel is. He 's got a job 'tendin' the counter at the cross-roads sto', here lately, an' Jonas Himes is a-wrastlin' with the grass over toe Jane's this spring. Since she 's been drivin' that buggy an' tradin' over toe Spaulding, her heart is sot toe see Ariel strike a rise in life. It 's all right, so Ariel don't ketch a fall in his climb. I hear ther' is playin' of old sledge toe the cross-roads, an' I know ther' is drinkin'; yet I ain't so lop-sided in jedgmint as Jane Chinnie, an' I ain't sayin' but what ef Tony could 'a' come out o' temptations unscinged, Ariel mought the

same. (No, I'm beholden toe ye, Paulina, — not another drap nor another crumb; most plenteous have I fared.) Yet Jane Chinnie rises in her buggy-seat, when she passes my fence, an' sniffs over at my craps what the grass is in possession, same as toe say, 'I'm got toe s'ply here!' Well, I'm free toe cawnfess I ain't no heft o' plantin'; my gift is in chickens an' pigs, an' animils gin'rally. So now, Paulina, here's four dozen of the freshest aiggs, tell yo' maw."

In this manner did Mrs. Geech invariably use Paulina as an interpreter of her bargains, — she was never known to appeal directly to Paulina's "maw;" and Paulina, communicating with that meekest of women by a glance that entreated, and insisted, and caressed, and prevailed, replied: "Certainly we'll take them, Mrs. Geech; and you shall have the very highest price for them."

I know not by what cunning Paulina had possessed herself of her mother's purse, but we beheld with mingled amusement and dismay that it was in her hands, and we gasped when she counted out two dollars and forty cents. "You see," she explained serenely, "sixty cents a dozen is what we paid" —

"Paulina!" her mother could not refrain from remonstrating. "That was at Christmas, and in town."

"I know, mamma dear; but this is the country, and the Fourth of July is n't so very far away." Such was the logic whereby Paulina beguiled us.

But Mrs. Geech, for once, abated the price. "Call it a even two dollars for the lot," she said, "an' I'm paid."

Paid indeed! And eggs at twenty cents all along the country roads!

When Paulina returned from escorting her friend to the gate, she was assailed by a chorus of condemnation, and confronted by an array of argument that ought to have abashed and overwhelmed her; but there was no such thing as convincing Paulina where Mrs. Geech was concerned.

"Of course we should not think of paying such prices to every one," she admitted; "but Mrs. Geech needs the money, and we could n't give it to her outright; it would hurt her feelings. She always has such a hard time to get along; and her cow died in the winter, so that she has to save in order to buy another; she told me about it at the gate. She has been selling wood off her land, and saved up some money, — about seventeen dollars. Jonas Himes will let her have a good cow for twenty-two, and perhaps he'll take the seventeen she already has, and trust her for the five dollars — if we go her security, don't you think so, mamma?"

"Oh, Paulina! Paulina! What monstrous prices we shall have to pay for chickens and eggs!"

"But it will be helping Mrs. Geech," Paulina urged.

"I suppose you won't object, then, to going without that lilac lawn you wrote to Mary to buy?"

"Why — why" — stammered Paulina, in pretty dismay. "I thought it was decided that the lilac lawn is — a necessity? Oh, don't let us be mean and stingy; the dress is bought by this time, and Mrs. Geech *must* have her cow."

Thus did Paulina the indomitable decide the two momentous questions of the dress and the cow, to suit herself and Mrs. Geech; all further discussion was cut short by her brother Tom singing out: "Here's your chance, Polly, to explain Mrs. Chinnie to herself! She's just hitching her buggy at the front gate. Catch *her* coming in at the back!"

Mrs. Chinnie was a very different personality — to use a favorite term of Paulina's — from Mrs. Geech. She bore her small self with an air of importance, allowable, perhaps, in a woman who had managed her property well, and she paid much attention to dress. She wore, on this occasion, a dark flowered calico with a profusion of billowy ruffles, and sleeves that eclipsed Paulina's, and almost

eclipsed herself. But her bonnet! How Paulina coveted it for tableaux! It was an ancient "scoop," very high in the crown that bristled with purple ribbon, and very broad and stiff in the brim, over which drooped a long black lace veil elaborately wrought in heavy embroidery. The small woman thus attired might have passed for a child masquerading in some great-grandmother's old finery, but that her severe stateliness forbade the fancy.

She inquired, categorically and with impressive propriety, after each member of the family, approved of Mary's marriage in terms that were past the gift of Mrs. Geech, and informed us that the weather was "progressive." From the weather she passed to a variety of topics, but all the while we knew that she had come on business, and at last she named her errand: would we, as in summers past, buy our fruit and vegetables from her?

We assured Mrs. Chinnie that we should be glad to have her supply us.

"That's all right, then," said she, with stately satisfaction; "an' I'll set all my plans accordin'. I ain't namin' of chickens an' the like, though I mought, havin' a sparin' of plenty; but them air Sister Geech's trade, an' I would n't on no account stand in her way, pore, unshifty body."

"Indeed, but you're mistaken," spoke up Paulina, in defense of her friend. "Considering that Mrs. Geech has to struggle along by herself, she does n't do so badly, by any means."

Mrs. Chinnie turned a pair of stern and glittering eyes upon the champion of Mrs. Geech. "'Pears toe me you've growed a bit," said she, after a calm survey; "an' you always was kind o' perky, now, warn't ye? But there, you're yo' maw's youngest; and you know, ma'am," turning to Paulina's mother, "it comes natchral toe spile the baby o' the fam'ly. Hows'ever, as I was a-sayin' of Sister Geech, — sister in the church, ye know, — she air the most mismanagin'!" —

"But, Mrs. Chinnie," Paulina broke

in warmly, "perhaps if you had to manage all by yourself — it's only fair — and kind — to make allowances — if her son had lived, now, poor Mrs. Geech" — Paulina stammered and stammered, and grew red in the face; for Mrs. Chinnie's perforating eyes were defying her to ignore the fact that for thrift and management there was no comparison between Jane Chinnie and Nancy Geech.

"There it is," said Mrs. Chinnie piously, lifting her overpowering eyes to the ceiling. "Nancy Geech is for ever an' ever supposin' Tony had 'a' lived. Well, ef he had 'a' lived, who would 'a' raised him but Nancy Geech? Now, I ain't one toe praise myself in open pride o' speech, but it would n't been Ariel Chinnie as Tony Geech would 'a' patterned after. As ye sow, ye shall reap; an' my husband's nephew Ariel, what I took from the cradle, is in evidence for me. You won't catch Ariel Chinnie in no misdo'in', thanks toe my raisin' of him."

Mrs. Chinnie directed these remarks to Paulina's mother; for wherefore should a woman of years and dignity waste words upon such as Paulina?

But Paulina refused to be suppressed. "I believe in Tony!" she declared. "If he had lived, he would have been a help and comfort to his mother."

A sense of her religious duty, it would seem, provoked Mrs. Chinnie to take notice of this assertion. "You're railin' ag'inst Providence, girl," she admonished Paulina severely. "But there, ma'am," she added indulgently, nodding her head at Paulina's mother, "she'll know better when she's older. As fer Sister Geech, as I was sayin', she air the most mismanagin', unbeforehanded body ever I see."

"For all that, she has saved money enough to buy a cow!" Paulina proclaimed triumphantly.

"She ain't boughten the cow?" Mrs. Chinnie demanded, with a gasp of incredulity.

"No; but she is going to," Paulina informed her, in unshaken assurance.

"No, she ain't," Mrs. Chinnie affirmed, with incisive certainty. "See, ma'am," still addressing Paulina's mother, "I've lived neighbor to Nancy Geech, lo, these years an' years, an' I'm knowin' toe her ways. She ain't the kind toe spend in the wisdom of a lump; an' ef she's saved up the price of a cow, she'll dribble out the money here an' there, with nothin' toe show fer it, an' nobody will ever know how that cow's price went. Mark my words, ma'am, there'll be no cow of Nancy Geech's purchase."

"But you'll see," Paulina insisted rashly. "In less than a week, too."

The week passed, however, without news from Mrs. Geech; wherefore Paulina decreed that she must go to inquire how her old friend had sped in her bargaining with Jonas Himes.

Aunt Susan accompanied Paulina in the pony phaeton, but it was Paulina who "conducted" the interview.

They found Mrs. Geech seated on her doorstep, enjoying the afternoon sun, which was not yet quite ready to be extinguished behind the belt of trees bordering the creek.

"Where's the cow?" Paulina inquired breathlessly.

"Don't ask me, child," replied Mrs. Geech, with serene composure. "Jonas Himes knows, maybe; *I* don't." And she smiled.

"Why — he refused, then? The mean old fellow!" cried Paulina.

"Now don't you be so fly-up-the-creek," Mrs. Geech rebuked her. "Jonas Himes ain't in fault; he agreed, ready enough, toe seventeen dollars down, an' trust me the five other dollars on yo' maw's security, as you said; but — well, I'm off the bargain, ef the fact you must know."

"Oh, Mrs. Geech!" lamented Paulina, in despair and humiliation, remembering Mrs. Chinnie's prediction. "You — you have n't lost the money?" she inquired, at a desperate conjecture.

"No; I don't consider as I have — lost it."

"You have n't been robbed?"

"No; my money's safe enough, I'll allow."

"But — but — are n't you going to buy the cow? I thought" —

"Well, see, now," Mrs. Geech interrupted, with some asperity, "I'll up an' own it squar'. I done with my proper money as it eased my heart. Why should n't I? S'posin' I don't git no cow? I ain't whinin' fer milk. An' the money was mine, warn't it?"

"Yes, certainly," Paulina admitted, much subdued. "But — oh, I am so disappointed, Mrs. Geech."

"Well, I ain't!" Mrs. Geech declared. "Tell you, now, money air a fierce responsibility," she proceeded, with tremulous earnestness; "an', please God, I've handled mine 'cordin' toe my best lights. I passed it over toe Ariel Chinnie in the time of his need."

She paused, as if inviting or defying comment, but neither Paulina nor aunt Susan had a word to say.

"So I did!" Mrs. Geech proclaimed anew, resenting this silence as disapproval. "I found him a-settin' on the bridge, weighted with misery an' a face like ashes. I hailed him was he sick? An' my heart jumped ontoe the truth like a duck ontoe a Juney-bug. He owned up, the pore, misguided young fool, he'd been a-playin' at cyards an' lost money."

"Then you should have let him bear his loss and learn a lesson, since he chose to risk his money," said the wise Paulina.

"T warn't his money," Mrs. Geech informed her dryly, "or I mought 'a' been o' yo' mind; nor 't warn't his aunt's, or I'd 'a' told him toe own up, an' git forgiveness; but it was money he'd been c'lectin' fer the sto', — fifteen dollars, all gone at old sledge. An' his aunt was gone over toe Spaulding, an' would n't be home till next day; befo' which time, ef the money warn't paid in squar', Ariel were disgraced, an' the woman what

raised him put toe a open shame. Tell you, when I heard that, everythin' went black befo' me, and I caught on toe the bridge-rail; yet I heard Ariel a-sayin' how he had n't the sperrit toe own up his evil doin's toe his aunt Jane, because 't would rile her pride. Which feelin's were a credit toe his heart, *I* say."

As no one disputed the validity of this sentiment, in the pause that seemed purposely offered, Mrs. Geech resumed in a satisfied tone: "Well, I was a-travelin' fer Jonas Himes, with the cow plumb in sight o' my purchase; but what could I do with seventeen good dollars of my own in my hand, an' me a-thinkin' of my Tony at every turn o' this life that Ariel Chinnie is called toe tread? How could I tell but what the same temptation mought 'a' overtook Tony ef he 'd lived toe nineteen year?"

"Oh, Mrs. Geech, Mrs. Geech! You did n't give him all your money?" wailed Paulina.

"All but two dollars; fer why should I tempt the boy with extr'y cash?" Mrs. Geech explained sagely.

"It's all my fault," lamented Paulina. "I ought not to have told Mrs. Chinnie of your savings. Ariel Chinnie knew you had that money."

"Now, child, do take a little trust in people," Mrs. Geech recommended gravely. "Jane Chinnie warn't likely toe tell Ariel nothin' about my money; she ain't believin' enough in my management, and she ain't desirin' toe enlarge Ariel's opinion o' me noways. No, Ariel warn't s'picionin' as *I* had any power to rascue him, fer he was too natchral astonished, plumb outen the breath o' life, when I give him them dollars, and cautioned him to quit cyards an' all sich evil, an' start out on a straight path oncet more."

"And the cow? the cow?" deplored Paulina.

"Well, I c'n look for'ard toe the cow. Ariel, he 'll pay, give him time."

"His aunt ought to pay, the minute she comes home," Paulina declared fiercely.

"No, no, child," Mrs. Geech objected, with deep earnestness. "Jane Chinnie ain't never toe know. Fer you see," she explained, taking Paulina's slim hand between her hardened palms, "it's been a rich blessin', savin' the pore boy from disgrace; I don't want it lessened with pullin' down of her unspotted pride in him. It's jest between Ariel an' me, don't you see?"

"And she 'll say — oh, don't I know what she 'll say?" cried Paulina. "She 'll say you — wasted that money, if ever you had it."

"Well," replied Mrs. Geech, unmoved, "I'm knowin' how I did have it, an' I'm knowin' how I ain't wasted it, so where's the difference?"

"It's a shame you should deprive yourself so!" cried Paulina. "And I wish you had n't done it, Mrs. Geech."

"Honey," she sighed, her voice trembling and her eyes shining through a mist of tears, "you ain't understandin'; but the thought I'm always a-thinkin' is, *S'posin' it had 'a' been Tony?* An' that's how it is I'm puttin' so much trust in Ariel. An' I ain't one bit on-easy but what I'll see my money back agin."

Paulina came away in a rage; not with Mrs. Geech. "To think — to think," she choked, as aunt Susan gathered up the reins, "how that uplifted Mrs. Chinnie will go trumpeting her triumph over my head, and Mrs. Geech has tied my tongue! Oh, is n't she an angel, aunt Susan?"

"Say, Pau—li—na!" Mrs. Geech shouted after the phaeton. "Don't forget yo' maw was promised toe take up them five dollars' wuth in chickens and aiggs, an' the price has riz."

But aunt Susan indulged in no comment, her tongue being tied by Paulina's beseeching eyes.

Elizabeth W. Bellamy.

ORESTES BROWNSON.

I.

ONE of the most powerful minds, the most intense personalities, in American literature is that of Orestes Brownson, whose distinguishing trait, at first glance, is the broad range of interests, of thought, and of knowledge over which his intellect plays with abiding and almost equal strength. Neither discursive, content with moving upon the surface, nor overborne by emotion, nor bound by prejudice or pedantry, it seems to many of us to have surpassed in depth, comprehensiveness, and sincerity every other philosophic mind that this country has produced. In keeping with his intellect, Brownson's lucid, forceful style gives the impression of a prodigious and unchanging momentum. His collected works fill twenty ponderous volumes,¹ some of which have claimed title to further remembrance by holding their vitality intact after thirty or forty years. It is of this mind and personality that I offer here an outline, filled in with fresh and significant personal details gathered from his son and editor, Major Brownson, of Detroit, and from old friends of the rugged Catholic American philosopher.

Gifted with an odd combination of names, Orestes Augustus Brownson was born at Stockbridge, Vermont, in 1803, the 16th of September. Nearly seventy-three years later — April 17, 1876 — he died in Detroit, Michigan. A sister, his twin, accompanied him into the world. These two were the youngest children of Sylvester and Relief Metcalf Brownson. Both parents were tall and fine looking, and the tradition runs that they were Presbyterians. The mother's father, Mr. Metcalf, was a man very strict about keeping his word, and required his chil-

dren to make good their promises at any and every cost. Mrs. Brownson, in her turn, impressed this principle deeply upon Orestes. His father, Sylvester, belonged to a Connecticut family, and his mother was a New Hampshire woman, but they made their home in Vermont.

Sylvester Brownson died when Orestes was only six years old. This event, with the loss of Mr. Metcalf's property, left Mrs. Brownson poor, and friends of the family took the lad and his sister to live with them, in separate places. But although the twins suffered greatly from this parting, the boy Orestes thrived in his new home at Royalton, Vermont. Later in life he served for various terms in pulpits, but everything he did, both as preacher and as writer, it seems, was achieved by sheer hard work and determination. He had an elder brother, Daniel, who gained some reputation as an orator, apparently with fluent ease, but Orestes did not so comfortably conquer the art of persuasive or expository speech. He used humorously to tell his son Henry about the drenching perspiration of excitement and fear in which he preached his first sermon. This son informs me, too, that "his writing, all through life, was more laborious than the reader would suspect. I have from ten to thirty beginnings of some of his articles. Sometimes he would write half a dozen pages, sometimes more, and become dissatisfied and begin all anew. He rarely patched, but preferred to commence all over again." The few details of family history just given are, I believe, mostly new in print. There has been a singular lack of particulars in published accounts of Brownson; and I shall mention, later, some other items which I have collected. A full view of Detroit: Thorndike Nourse; Henry F. Brownson. 1882-1887.

¹ The Works of Orestes A. Brownson. Collected and arranged by Henry F. Brownson.

his inner life, however, is supplied by his most widely known book, his autobiography, entitled *The Convert*.

Brought up from early boyhood by "an aged couple," he tells us, he had no childhood. Although he thought this a misfortune, it is no uncommon case, and many of the most useful men in our national life have been so reared. From his earliest recollection his thoughts took a religious turn. While still a boy he had certain interior experiences such as are recorded of St. Thomas Aquinas and other saints, though his traits in manhood were not those which the world remarks as saintly. He held, as he supposed, long and familiar conversations with our Lord, "and was deeply pained when anything occurred to interrupt them. Sometimes, also," he says, "I seemed to hold a spiritual intercourse with the Blessed Mary and with the holy angel Gabriel, who had announced to her that she was to be the mother of the Redeemer. I was rarely less alone than when alone. I did not speculate on the matter. It all seemed real to me, and I enjoyed often an inexpressible happiness." It is not surprising that, with such inborn aptitudes, his first wish in life was that he might become a minister of religion. It was this that prompted his earnest longing for knowledge and caused him to study. Steering through troublous eddies and cross-currents of contradictory thought, he attained his desire to some degree, but in the end passed from the ministry of religion to the place of a literary, philosophical, and critical expounder of it.

When he was fourteen, his mother removed to Ballston Spa, Saratoga County, New York. He joined her there, and for a time attended the Ballston Academy, where he learned Latin enough to read Virgil. Up to the dawn of manhood his besetting problem was to find the truth, "to experience religion;" and he seems to have gone about the solving of it in the old-fashioned way of misery. He con-

ceived himself to be without faith, hope, or love. Yet the term "old-fashioned" needs qualification, for this mode of approach to truth and peace has not gone out of vogue, and probably never will. There is another mode: that of expanding happily, yet completely, to the sunshine of celestial things, as buds unfold to the light of heaven. Which one of the two is followed depends much on temperament or circumstance. The avenue of gloom and self-accusation is often paced by those spirits who are naturally the most joyous in outward character, like St. Francis of Assisi, as well as by those inclined to melancholy. On the other hand, a glad and grateful advance to the goal of faith along the road of joy does not necessarily imply a superficial mind. At the age of nineteen, Brownson, who had not been reared in any special form of belief, emerged from his misery of doubt and darksome search into Presbyterianism, finding comfort therein for a while.

But he had been told to abnegate reason, and take blind faith and the holy Scriptures for his guide. As his reason insisted on reasserting itself and making itself the rule of Scripture, after some two years he drifted off to "liberal Christianity" under the form of Universalism. This imposed upon him the other extreme of using reason alone. Hence he declares that, in following Universalism, he lost the Bible, the Saviour, Providence, and even reason itself; having at last only his five senses left. It appears, also, that a word spoken to him by an elderly Congregationalist woman, when he was a boy, about the need of finding a church continuous and unchanging from the time of Christ, made a peculiar impression upon him, and, as he remarks, prevented him "from ever being a genuine, hearty Protestant, or a thoroughgoing radical even," earnestly though he tried to become one or the other. This throws light upon the consistency of aspiration which underlay

the seeming instability and contradiction of his various changes throughout the first half of his career.

Finding at the first turn of the road that Universalism was not only unsatisfying, but even threatened spiritual disaster to him, he left it, and sought to ascend what he believed was a higher-reaching branch of wisdom. He became "a World-Reformer." Having tried faith without reason, and reason without faith, the two extremes, he now tried to explore for himself a *via media*, but in a sense wholly unlike that of Newman's middle way, twenty years later. Brownson's way was, abandoning both the fear of hell and the hope of heaven, to devote himself to the material order of things, and strive solely for the realization of man's earthly happiness, in extraordinary degree and universal measure. To emphasize his idea, he published in 1829 a brief document called *My Creed*, satirical and mocking in tone, yet earnest of purpose: wherein he asserted his belief that every human being should be honest, benevolent, and kind to all; should do his best to maintain himself and enable others to do the same; should cultivate his mental powers for his own enjoyment and the improvement of the condition of the race; and finally, that this was the limit of man's service to God, — in other words, the sum of religion. Plenty of "My Creeds" have been put forth since; and it must be owned that this is one of the rawest and most jejune we have known; but it had its value at the time. The author considered it a solid *point d'appui* of candor, and long afterwards wrote, referring to it: "I always had, and hope I always shall have, the honor of being regarded by my friends and associates as impolitic, as rash, imprudent, and impracticable." Clearly, he cherished somewhat of that arrogant humility which dictated Thoreau's prayer: —

"That I may greatly disappoint my friends."

On this basis, then, of a purely human

and humanitarian system, Brownson at twenty-six became a kind of socialist, allied to some extent with Robert Dale Owen, and with Fanny Wright in her scheme, approved by Jefferson and Lafayette, to enable the negro slaves in the South to buy their emancipation by their own labor. This failed; and so did the plan of gradually eliminating religion and fixed marriage from human society, by a method of education that should prepare the next generation to live healthily and happily without them. After that, Brownson and his co-reformers awoke to a new perception, as it seemed to them, that the mass of laborers everywhere were virtually as much enslaved as the negroes; and they formed a political Workingmen's party. Brownson took an active share in it, but soon became conscious that he did not fully sympathize with the other leaders; his own idea being that, to gain any real benefit for the workingmen, there must be a coöperation of all classes, not a movement from their body alone. Neither did he really approve the plan of abolishing marriage, through education. Furthermore, he discovered that, with the moral and the religious barred out from the theory of things and from the motives for action, there was no longer a sufficient impetus of love and disinterestedness to forward reforms. "The moment," he says, "I avowedly threw off all religion, and began to work without it, I found myself impotent."

In the service of his party, he had conducted a small weekly paper in central New York. But now, quitting the chair of political editor, he became once more a preacher; this time representing the "religion of humanity." His new aim was, "not to serve God, but man," by realizing for human beings a heaven on earth. After preaching independently on that line for a while, the desire to carry out the new aim, he found, brought with it the necessity of somehow uniting men in a Church of the Future; and to

this end he formed, in 1836, when he was thirty-three years old, The Society for Christian Union and Progress. He now likewise brought out a small book, entitled *New Views of Christianity, Society, and the Church*, derived largely from Benjamin Constant, Victor Cousin, Heinrich Heine, and the Saint-Simoniens. Concerning this book he wrote afterwards, with charming terseness and buoyant self-condemnation, that it was "remarkable for its acceptance and vindication, in principle, of nearly all the errors into which the human race has fallen." What prompted his volume seems to have been Cousin's statement that all systems are true in what they affirm, and false only in what they deny, or in so far as they are exclusive. Therefore, while Brownson paid high tribute to Catholicity as the noblest form of Christianity for a thousand years, he condemned it now on the charge that it was *too* spiritual, and had depressed the material order of things. Protestantism, on the other hand, he censured because it had exalted material progress at the expense of the spiritual. The thing most needful was, he thought, to join these two systems, — the spiritual and the material, the heavenly and the earthly, the divine and the human; thus realizing in the human race itself the idea of the God-man. He looked forward, indeed, as some others did in those times, — and as I remember hearing commonly suggested in Transcendental circles much later, — to the advent of a new Moses or a new Christ, who should embody this idea externally to men, after they should have become imbued with it in a premonitory, preparative way.

It was to advocate the new doctrine that he set up, in 1838, his famous *Quarterly Review*, which he conducted for five years almost single-handed. Confronting Christianity with democracy, like Channing, Lamennais, and others, he brought upon himself, also, a good deal of ridicule by defining democracy

as "the supremacy of man over his accidents;" by which he meant that it was the element or principle which should correct or compensate for the inequalities of condition, wealth, or power among individuals. He wished to see effected a single religious-political organization of mankind, under the name, not of church, but of state, that should present what he supposed to be Christianity concretely in daily practical life, throughout. Naturally, with such an aim, he maintained a lively interest in politics, and was connected with the Democratic party, to which, however, he gave an idealistic interpretation of his own. For, as he has told us, he never believed in the native, underived sovereignty of the people, — that is, the putting the people in the place of God, making them both "people-king and people-god," — which most of his contemporaries and fellow-Democrats did practically believe in.

It is a striking coincidence that Brownson's view of the relation of the people and the state to God, and his whole expression of the national existence as a moral entity (as given in his *American Republic*, also), were reiterated in that remarkable work *The Nation*, by Elisha Mulford (1870), who said: "The nation has a divine foundation, and has for its end the fulfillment of the divine end in history. . . . It is not the creation of the sovereignty of the people. . . . It is not of human construction, although a human development; its constituent elements are implanted in the nature of man, and as that nature is unfolded in the realization of the divine idea, there is the development of the state" completed. Mulford had a curiously distorted idea that the Roman Catholic Church is opposed to this moral conception of the nation. But the identity of his conception with that which Brownson always maintained shows that sincere Catholics and Protestants are not sundered in this exalted estimate of national life.

It is not strange, therefore, that, hold-

ing the view he did as to popular power, — although he had become an important member of the party, occupying the position of literary and philosophic counsel to it, rather than of “practical worker,” — he should have overthrown himself by a rash and impetuous essay on *The Laboring Classes*, published in his *Quarterly* in 1840; wherein he set forth that democracy, to be logical, ought to equalize in some way the *mights* — that is, the property and influence — of all individuals, as well as their *rights*, and also assailed the entire modern industrial and banking system.

The Whigs made the most of his imprudence; and his own party showed alert willingness to repudiate him. For this he was prepared, theoretically; having made up his mind that this essay might even end his literary career no less than his political influence. Theoretical resignation to such a fate, however, vanished before his righteous revolt against sharp-tongued critics and weak-hearted friends. The old Adam and the new American rose up in him with the energy of colossal twins. He resisted the attack; formed himself, if one may say so, into a solid square; and, bringing all his intellectual forces into play, succeeded, by three years of vigorous and brilliant effort, in regaining through his *Review* perhaps even a greater sway over the thinking public than that which he had lost. But as he had for a time sacrificed his standing for the conscientious convictions of that essay, so now, characteristically, having regained his position, he once more sacrificed power for conscience’ sake; because, during the three years alluded to, he had arrived at the point of accepting Catholicity, and would not hesitate to avow his faith. This time his change of view became an abiding one.

It was in the crisis, for him, following the essay on the *Laboring Classes* that the presidential campaign of 1840 occurred; which, he says, “carried on by

doggerel, log cabins, and hard cider, by means utterly corrupt and corrupting, disgusted me with democracy as distinguished from constitutional republicanism.” His own unpopularity may have had something to do with this disgust, unconsciously. At any rate, he now began a careful, scientific study of government, and came to the firm belief that liberty depends upon, exists by, law and authority; that “in this world we must seek, not equality, but justice.” These studies, with his own observations, made him a conservative in politics, and so advanced him towards conservatism in religion.

Now, too, he began to see that, as he expresses it, “man is no church-builder.” He had set out to insure the progress of society towards a new, all-inclusive organization, religious and civil in one. But this must itself supply the order and authority essential to true liberty. Hence the organization must be established before any progress could be made towards it, — clearly an impossibility. His conclusion was: “Progress there may be, . . . but not without the aid of that which is not man.” And in the same place he adds: “Ideas, I was accustomed to say with my friend Bronson Alcott, the American Orpheus, when once proclaimed, will take unto themselves hands, build the new temple, and inaugurate the new worship; but ideas in themselves are not powers, have no active force, and can be rendered real and active only as clothed with concrete existence by a power distinct from themselves.” It will be curious to compare, here, a passage from Alcott’s *Diary*, which gives the other side of the angle of divergence between them. “I passed an evening during this week,” Alcott wrote, some two years before the *Laboring Class* crisis, “with Mr. Brownson, and with him called on and spent an hour with Mr. Walker, editor of the *Christian Journal* [afterwards president of Harvard College]. Both are friends

of human culture, yet with neither do I find that hearty sympathy which I desire. They are men of fair talents and generous purposes, yet destitute of deep and fervid enthusiasm, and of that kindling genius which ennoble our nature and fits it to the happiest actions. . . . Both chop logic, both are men of understanding, neither apprehends the being of poet and seer: the high works of poetic genius, the marvels of holiness, are beyond their grasp, although both are good and useful men. They eschew belief in other than bare and barren reasoning, which is the life of the eclectic school, and refuse credence to all else. There are a few minds whose views do not in all respects coincide with the doctrines of the eclectic school."

We all know what faith Alcott had in the operative power of ideas, all his life, and how little they accomplished for him, or for the world, at his hands. Brownson wished to see them moving in actual institutions; and his apprehension of the holiest influences, not being on the surface alone, was certainly more profound and far reaching than Alcott conceived.

Of the eclectic school, mentioned by Alcott with such delicate scorn, Victor Cousin was the chief exponent. Charles Sumner, during his famous youthful tour in Europe, visited Cousin in 1838, and noted in his journal that the French philosopher spoke of Brownson "as a man of great talent, and indeed as a most remarkable person. . . . His interest in Mr. Brownson appears to be unfeignedly great." In a letter to Judge Story, also, he reported of Cousin: "He has read some of the productions of Mr. Brownson, whom he thinks one of the most remarkable persons of the age, and wishes to see placed where he can pursue philosophy calmly, thinking his labors will redound to the credit of science throughout the globe."

At this period Brownson was deeply interested in Cousin and in Jouffroy, to both of whom he, to the end, felt him-

self indebted "hardly less by their errors than by their truths." We may quote aptly again from Sumner, who, in 1840, sending from Boston to Professor Whewell at Cambridge, England, "two numbers of a journal called *The Dial*, which has been started by Mr. Emerson," wrote: "People have laughed at it here very much. . . . Emerson and his followers are called 'Transcendentalists.' I am at a loss to know what they believe. Brownson has lately avowed some strange doctrines [the Christian socialism and anti-capitalistic utterances], for which he has been sadly badgered both by politicians and philosophers." The positions of both Emerson and Brownson were evidently still undetermined in the minds of their cultivated, thoughtful contemporaries and countrymen. Both were looked at askance and somewhat derided for their originality and independence. No two personalities could appear to us now more dissimilar, less likely to harmonize. Yet it was of Emerson, doubtless, as Brownson's son believes, that the following passage in *The Convert* was written: "One man, and one man only, shared my entire confidence and knew my most secret thought. Him, from motives of delicacy, I do not name, but in the formation of my mind, in systematizing my ideas, and in general development and culture I owe more to him than to any other man among Protestants. We have since taken divergent courses, but I loved him as I have loved no other man, and shall so love and esteem him as long as I live. He encouraged me, and through him chiefly I was enabled to remove to Boston and commence operations" — on the line of preparing for the new order of society and the new Christianity.

II.

It was upon Brownson's removal to Boston, where he lived in suburban Chelsea, eight years previous to his conversion

to Catholicity, that he developed his curiously interesting Doctrine of Life. He started from the idea of Pierre Leroux, that what Catholics call "infused grace" may equally well be supplied by the mere natural communion of man with man, or of the individual with the race. He thought the Creator might raise certain individuals to an extraordinary supernatural communion with himself, men who would thus lead a divine life; and that the rest of us, by communion with them, might be elevated in some proportionate degree. By this thought he was enabled at least to perceive that the natural and the supernatural correspond, instead of — as so many imagine — being opposed. He supposed Christ, as a man, to have been taken up into supernatural communion with God, and therein discovered, as he thought, a realization of the divine-human life. The divine-human life of Christ, as thus understood, he believed had been infused into the apostles and disciples, and by them into others, and so on from one generation to another. All life being organic, all who receive this infusion of the divine-human are formed into one body; they live one and the same life, that of Christ, and therefore are termed the Church. On this theory he held that the life of Christ is not only life, but actually the principle of life. This real body and living principle of Christ in the Church, so conceived, must be authoritative and its traditions final as against private judgment.

It is easy to see how, by this rather strange road, he reached the point of becoming a Catholic. Discontinuing his *Review* for 1843, he started another in 1844, called *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, expressly to teach his "doctrine of life." But he soon found that he had thought and read himself for good and all into Catholicity; and although he continued his editorial enterprise, it was henceforth as a convert.

In the forsaking of his pet theory, and submission to the Roman Catholic Church

as the true body of Christ, Brownson did not abandon liberty of thought, but simply let it be bounded by law, as all true liberty must be. Pass beyond law in any field, and you step into anarchy. Consider human law, common, statutory, or of decree. It is a vast corporate mass of thought, of enactments, decisions, and orders, which limits not only lay folk, but lawyers and judges as well; far more minutely than the Catholic Church limits its members. Yet who will deny that while lawyers and judges and legislators must work within these certain confines only, and the whole people must submit to the same restrictions upon thought, they still all enjoy intellectual liberty, which the very existence of these metes and bounds alone makes possible?

Brownson was not a mere subservient advocate of the Church in every particular of its policy or administration, on the unavoidable and often unfortunate and ill-judging human side, either in the past or in the present. He was often a severe critic upon these matters, albeit with constant reverence for her great spiritual traditions and authoritative teachings. His outspokenness sometimes got him into very hot water; against which, however, his sincerity and fidelity had the effect of a protective coating. Because of his pugnacious quality, Catholic Americans to this day are divided in their estimate of him. Those of vigorous mind, large perceptions, and self-reliant character give him the tribute of an unbounded enthusiasm, while others who imagine that faith depends upon timidity and colorlessness shake the head or shrug the shoulder, half sadly, half cynically. They regard vigor and independence as "dangerous," but are indifferent to the greater danger of stagnation.

One of the strongest witnesses to his increased strength and freedom of thought after becoming a Catholic is his powerful treatise on the American Republic, issued in September, 1865, twenty-one years subsequent to his conversion.

Never has the genius of our country and our nationhood been so grandly, so luminously interpreted, from so lofty a point of view, as in this masterly book, published when he was sixty-two. Mulford's *The Nation*, which I have already mentioned, was brought out five years later. One may note the remarkable correspondences and the greater depth and broader sweep of Brownson's exposition. He distinguishes between the spirit of the nation and the mere government. The danger of the American people is in their tendency to depart from original federal republicanism, and to interpret our system in the sense of "red-republican" and social democracy. As commonly defined, democracy must, he thinks, be classed among the barbaric and anti-republican constitutions; the principle of barbarism being that power is a private or personal right, as asserted in this species of democracy. Power is not really a private, it is a political right, and, like all political rights, a public trust. All power of government comes originally from God, and there can be no government without society, no society without government. "Barbarian individual freedom" (or crude democracy) was never generalized into altruistic freedom, which is the creation of Christianity alone. Christianity, in the secular order, is republican; and although, as St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and Suarez, great doctors of the Church, all maintain, the republic may change its magistrates and even its constitution, yet the people are not the source of authority. It is derived by them, collectively, from God. Were the American people originally one people, or several independent states? The Constitution simply organizes the government, and determines nothing on this point. When the colonies declared their independence, they did so jointly, as the United States, to form "a more perfect union" than the union already existing. Brownson contends that the American people were not made one by the written Constitution, as

Jefferson, Madison, Daniel Webster, and so many others supposed, but were made so by the "unwritten constitution" born with and inherent in them, "the providential constitution of the American people or civil society." The American democracy is "territorial," not "personal" or individual. There can be no progress without both stability and movement. We have stability in the divine trust of national power conferred upon us, and the direction of our movement is indicated by the responsibility which that implies, and in the mission which the author predicts for the United States of taking "the hegemony of the world."

But it is useless to attempt giving here any adequate outline of this treatise. Brownson's practical faith in his country was vividly exemplified by his three sons, who joined the volunteer army for the defense of the Union in the civil war. Two of them were killed in battle. The third, surviving still, brought from the field his wounds and the rank of major, and loyally and with pious care collected and edited his father's works in thorough and able fashion.

Of the twenty volumes, four are devoted to Politics, and include a fascinating variety of themes. Four more group his essays on Civilization, in its various phases. There are four devoted to Controversy, three each to Religion and Philosophy. One treats of Scientific Theories, and another of Popular Literature. The last contains, along with much that is valuable, discriminating, suggestive, or profound, certain things which will impress the average cultivated and tolerant reader as curiosities of criticism; for example, that passage, in a review of Emerson's poems (1847), where, alluding to the weird and mysterious feelings of a "deluded insight" which come to persons who are without faith, he declares that Emerson's poems "are not sacred chants: they are hymns to the devil. Not God, but Satan do they praise, and they can be relished only by

devil-worshippers." To a certain extent, one can see how, judging from the extreme point of austerity in dogmatic faith, the writer might have looked upon portions of the poems written by this eminent man — once his intimate and most sympathetic friend — as being so at variance with purely Christian teaching as to seem devoted to the devil. But that was not a sound or wise view, and the language was most intemperate.

Brownson was not a good appreciator of literature. He lacked in a measure the large and also the fine artistic sense. Yet, on the other hand, no one could be at heart more generously disposed, or, at times, more charitable in expression towards non-Catholics; more ardent in recognition of the principle that the Holy Spirit may operate on countless souls outside the visible Church, — the principle sometimes embodied in the phrase "the baptism of desire." It is true that in one short essay, *Extra Ecclesiam Nulla Salus* (1874), he went to the uttermost point of maintaining that if one actually dies a Protestant he is damned, "and will never see God as he is." This utterance, I believe, when taken nakedly by itself, is regarded by the most competent Catholic theologians as excessive and unsound. Certainly it is not sustained by the sublimely charitable expression of Leo XIII. concerning even so aggravated a case as that of the arch-skeptic Ernest Renan, that, since he had died without recanting, there was hope for him, because the fact showed at least that he was conscientious in unbelief. And again, Brownson's own essay, ten years earlier (1864), on *Civil and Religious Freedom*, extended to those outside the Catholic Church the broadest, tenderest good will, and declared a conviction that the sincere among these were as likely to be saved by God's mercy as any one else. One should not too hastily accuse him of inconsistency, in contrasting these two essays. The subject at issue is complicated, and a writer may

say different things at different times, apparently conflicting, which, if more carefully stated, would be found to result mainly from the different conditions or grades and shades of distinction he was considering at the moment.

It was in this paper on *Civil and Religious Freedom* that he attacked the Jesuits as being far behind the age, ultra-conservative, seeking to perpetuate sixteenth-century ideas and methods, and having outlived their usefulness. The special outburst against the Jesuits was unduly petulant, and, as it seems to me, undeserved. No doubt, in the Catholic Church, as in any large aggregate of persons, one runs up against many things which are painful, disappointing, even repulsive. The convert is sometimes sickened by the discovery that various great principles of conduct and duty, which are so firmly upheld in catechism, sermon, and Catholic literature, are treated with a more than non-Catholic indifference by priests and prelates, when a practical case arises; and that the much-boasted "authority" of the Church in keeping people to their common duties and sacred vows becomes a nullity in the hands of weak pastors and bishops, of petty and intriguing curates, or even of officious laymen and women, who are allowed to domineer and set aside the rules of faith because they are wealthy or influential. It is perhaps part of the price we pay for the ineffable beauty of the Church's truth, and for the interior discipline which may be had from her teachings, if not from the practice of such unworthy representatives. I do not think Brownson is much to blame for having exploded once, to the extent of a few pages, after twenty years of chafing under these or other disappointments. In nearly every period there have been true, brave, loyal Catholics who have spoken as plainly as he did, with good intention; and in much that he said he was justified.

With all his vehemence and even self-

will when he thought he was right, he yet was capable of great repression and docility, as was shown when Father Walworth (another eminent convert, the son of Chancellor Walworth, of New York) objected to an article he had offered to the *Catholic World*. After a sharp discussion, in which Brownson stoutly resented all criticism, he suddenly tore the manuscript in pieces, and proceeded to write a new one on the lines proposed by Walworth. He wrote a good deal for that magazine between 1865 and 1873, having removed to Elizabeth, New Jersey; and he was also lecturer on constitutional law at Seton Hall in 1871, when the college was under the presidency of Father, now Archbishop Corrigan. In 1874 he revived his own *Review* once more, in a new series; but he died in 1876, the "Centennial Year." He had much to do with helping to guide into the Catholic Church Isaac Hecker, afterwards founder of the now famous and useful society of the Paulist Fathers in New York.

A curious instance of the influence which he exerted upon other minds, in religious matters, was told me by his son. Orestes had a brother, Orrin, who lived at Dublin, Ohio, and became a Mormon. In August, 1851, he visited Orestes at Mount Bellingham, Chelsea, and entered into a long argumentation with him on religion. Orrin would put a question, which Orestes would answer with uncompromising, unsparing force. Then Orrin, without saying a word, would dart out of the house and walk a long time in the hot sunshine; after which he would return and put another question. The same process was then repeated; Orrin still making no rejoinder. When this odd dialogue ended, there was no summing up: Orrin went away in silence. After nine years, during which the brothers had not met again, Orrin wrote to Orestes that he had become a Catholic. From Dublin, Ohio, he had gone to Dublin, Ireland, where

he was received into the Church, and was confirmed by Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati; and a notice of the fact appeared in the *Paris Univers*.

One impression of Orestes Brownson is that he was self-absorbed — as a man who had so much to study, to think of, and to write about might well be — and had no bosom friends. If he had not such friends in the sense of permanent cronies, he made up for the lack by his devoted affection for his family and the overflowing abundance of his kindness to mere acquaintances or strangers who sought his counsel. In personal appearance he seems to have blended the leonine aspect with something of apostolic benignity; his strong, incisively pointed beak nose and magnificent forehead giving him a mien of grandeur. "We all remember Brownson," writes the son of an old friend and admirer, "as a large, heavy man, with bushy beard and hair, quite white when I knew him; a rugged and rather gruff-voiced old fellow, but with real refinement of feeling, warm-hearted, and full of sympathy for his fellows, individually and at hand as well as generally. Bishop, afterwards Archbishop Bailey [of Newark] nicknamed him 'Ursa Major,' — he was so big and hairy and gruff. . . . His talk was fluent and strong. He spoke with a dominating air, as of a powerful and all-grasping mind. . . . A well-known Boston man said of him that the only safe way, in arguing with Brownson, was to deny everything. If you admitted anything, even the most simple and obvious, that he proposed, you were lost: he would proceed logically and prove his point triumphantly." In conversation, he was inclined, like Coleridge, to voluble monologue, which seemed to some hearers excessive; but not so to one gentleman who called upon him once in New York. This gentleman was then a Protestant, but wished to make some inquiries about Catholicity. Brownson received him cordially at ten

o'clock in the morning, and did not let him go until six o'clock in the evening; holding him there, "not 'with his glittering eye,'" the visitor writes me, "but by his bold and brilliant tongue." On another occasion Brownson read aloud to this same caller Emerson's noble and affecting Threnody on the death of his little son Waldo; and as he read, "his face became wet with tears, which he took no pains to conceal. The incident was a revelation to me. I had heard Dr. Brownson described as a rude, rough man, apparently without feeling. The more I saw of him, the more I saw that behind that somewhat rude manner was beating a warm, kind, tender heart." This, too, is a fitting and corrective pendant to that savage characterization of Emerson as a writer of "hymns to the devil," which I have quoted.

My correspondent declares that Brownson "was as intense an American as Washington, Jackson, or Lincoln," — an assertion the truth of which no one will dispute who has studied his writings and his career. Of his attempts at fiction, which were purely didactic, — Charles Elwood and *The Spirit-Rapper*, — it is not necessary to speak here; my object being to present only some points of suggestion respecting his force as a philosopher and teacher, a comprehensive student of religious history and government, a potent essayist on many subjects; a man of conscience, whose convictions — as Lowell wrote of Dante — "were so intimate that they were not only intellectual conclusions, but *parts of his moral nature*;" and withal as ardent an American patriot as he was a Catholic.

Some of his most able contemporaries in the Catholic world of letters and intellect, among them the brilliant Dr. Ward of the *Dublin Review* (whom Tennyson greeted as "most generous of ultramon-tanes, Ward"), although giving to his unusual powers a hearty recognition, abated somewhat from their praise because of his strong advocacy of onto-

logical views, as opposed to the scholastic philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, Leo XIII. has reinstated Aquinas, or at least renewed his influence. But whatever criticisms of Brownson have been made upon this score, it may be doubted whether any writer of English in this century has given the world so encyclopædic a presentation of Catholic doctrine and thought as he, or one so intelligible to all classes of minds and likely to benefit them all.

To whatever cause it be owing, Brownson is omitted from our manuals and histories of literature, or figures but slightly in them. Professor Richardson even affirms that the Catholic Church in the United States has "depended on foreign authorities in this line," — meaning the literature of religion and morals; ignoring the fact that it has found here one of the most virile and accomplished exponents it possesses in any part of the world. In Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature* only one extract from Brownson is given; and that one, relating to practical democracy, hints at but a single and least significant phase of the author's activity. Yet he was highly regarded and very prominent among his literary contemporaries, until the main current of his production flowed into Catholic channels. It seems to me that he merits a clearer and more grateful recognition, to-day, than he commonly receives. The large, Websterian cast of his mind, the clean-cut massiveness of his thinking and his style, make him an interesting object of study. The very fact that in himself he formed so close a link between the Transcendental or other phases of American thought and those embodied in the Catholic Church adds to his significance; and he may well be commended to all serious, fair-minded readers of the present and the rising generation as illustrating with strength and brilliancy the Catholic mind in the United States, and its relation to our national life.

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE OUBLIETTE.

FERTÉ-MILON was a surprise in more ways than one. The gentle planner of railway itinerary from Montmirail to Mezy, from Mezy to Château-Thierry, and from Château-Thierry by way of Ferté-Milon and Soissons to Compiègne, had not foreseen, in consulting the guide, that there would be a delay of four hours in Ferté-Milon.

I was in haste, and heard this decree of railway fate with impatience. The Maid of Orleans and the army gathered to Charles VII. on his coronation at Rheims had passed through Ferté-Milon, but no trace of her presence was left. Baedeker mentions the place as "a small town on the slopes of a hill rising from the banks of the Oureq, which was the birthplace of Racine, the dramatist, to whom a statue by David d'Angers has been erected here. The hill is crowned by the ruins of a castle of the twelfth century, including one entire side with four large towers. Some remains of the town walls, dating from the thirteenth century, are also preserved."

After the first quick annoyance at being held back from Compiègne, I left the busy little gare for Ferté's upsloping street; and it was full of enticement, the castle showing white as lime rock on a summit to which approaches seemed hard to find.

Racine stood on his pedestal, crowding the narrow sidewalk, his works listed on a tablet for inattentive passers. The clean Hôtel de la Sauvage showed within its court preparations for a goodly dinner, the cook being visible cleaning delicious white beans of the north, and grapes and pears were stacked for the dessert. I could see the ruins and dine, having no margin of heavy time.

The town was swarming with soldiers, ordinary good-humored fellows undergoing their period of military service;

with here and there an officer showing himself on a spirited horse. They seemed to be merely passing. Relaxed from drill they loitered about, eating sweets or carving arm-long loaves with their pocket-knives.

So involved and steep was the way to the castle that I was misled on a street below, above which one enormous white wall stood as in the clouds; but inquiry led to a winding lane like so many Old World ascents to feudal fortresses. On the way was a church, locked. A woman with a child in her arms ran to fetch the key. And when we had rested in a light interior, containing little except the brightness of hilltops to impress on one, she volunteered to guide me to the ruin, declaring there were pits about it which were dangerous.

Half a dozen other thin women and dirty children looked down from a high terrace by which the road was walled at this place; and as a guide in the hand is a protection against many guides in the bush, she was retained, and led me up the stony way.

A wide expanse of summit gave site to the castle. It was a breezy place like a field, with few trees, though some old and huge ones clustered near the hollow side of the ruin. As we approached, we saw some bold soldiers walking on the top of the lofty wall betwixt towers; and they looked more than ever like little boys. Another cautious fellow was slowly trying to scale steps left by falling masonry, up to their dizzy height, and all of them were taken up with their own exploits.

The woman's pale little child sat on her arm, and, perhaps made indifferent by custom, leaned over the six or eight horrible-looking holes which she showed me within the castle court. Some were so deep we could not see the bottom, and

a drainlike odor came up. One showed wet clay, and into others the earth had caved. Ladders were set in two which had ancient stone curbing, as had all the mouths of underground storehouses in the Middle Ages.

"There is correspondence between them, madame," remarked my guide; and I thought of the subterranean cellars in Chinon. A bold person like one of those soldiers could descend, indifferent to the stale odor of a long-gone life, and feel his way from one rock chamber to another.

Old rotting boards covered some of the pits. We moved silently, the distant insect-like voices of the climbers making the only noise about this spot. We heard the wind, indeed, rasping mournfully across jagged battlements.

When we departed through the gateless entrance of the courtyard, the guide, fee in hand and child at shoulder, went her way, and I sauntered on a road leading by the castle's best preserved side and winding with many turns down to the rear of Ferté-Milon. The imposing façade had tablets set in its side, an immense one showing over the entrance. So high were they reared in the dazzling afternoon that the limbs of creatures carven in relief were not easily distinguished, though it appeared to be a show of some royal progress. The soldiers had either found footing on a lower wall or were hidden by towers.

It was not easy to leave such an evident nest of tradition, about which I really knew nothing. Had Racine celebrated this ancient landmark of his birth? Ferté-Milon itself, narrow and crowded and sloping uphill, a small stony town of the Middle Ages, had a modern tang, caught from its railway trains, its passing soldiers. But this nameless castle, shining white and vast directly under the sky, belonged, with all its secrets, to a century before Froissart chronicled the battles of England, France, and Spain.

As a rising bank began to hide it, and

suburban trees and cottages to spread below, I looked at my watch and saw it was not yet four o'clock. What was to prevent my going back and descending one of those ladders to discover what lay at the foot? The ladders were a guaranty of safety. And as for that rank odor from the covered pits, the unclean dwellers on the terrace had doubtless thrown refuse down them; and I had no desire to look into them, anyhow. The "correspondence" need not be followed through all its burrowings. There was really preparation for such a venture in my light marching equipment: jacket and skirt of dark rough wool serge, with the shirt waist, close traveling-hat, strong low-cut shoes, and dogskin gloves, which are so easily renewed from one's baggage.

Yet I was loath to be seen stealing back, and to have my movements watched with the furtive interest all provincial dwellers show in the astounding American woman. Therefore it was with care and swiftness that I reëntered the court, crossed the parapet of the nearest pit, and got down the ladder without being seen even by a soldier.

Having ventured so far, a recoil sent me up two or three rounds. So hanging, I looked down to accustom unwonted eyes to the decaying pit. The bottom was moist clay, perhaps mixed by rain. It had been walled by rock or picked in the rock base of the castle, and the ancient surface was seamed and weather-worn. This pit would not crumble before the washing of storms, like those board-covered gaps where the soil was deeper. There was an earthy odor mingled with the indescribable smell of age. But the hardihood that ventured into it might readily go farther.

I stood on the bottom of the shaft, which was quite seven feet in diameter, and eyed a dark tunnel to which it gave entrance. Very likely the townspeople had run about here many a Sunday. They love to tramp through their old feudal strongholds. I saw two girls,

once, dancing in Chinon beside the stone coping of just such a pit as this. Courage, when it is not sudden and executive in woman, must pioneer a little before it can coax her on. The floor of the gallery descended, but having correspondence with other pits and possible chambers, it could only descend to their level. Like a cautious skater on brittle ice, I moved step by step down this grade, with hand outstretched ready to brace my progress by the wall. Stones underfoot were heaved up unevenly; and it seemed incredible that a spot so high as this castle rock could ooze such dankness.

From the comparative day of the pit behind me I went into night; and of all experimental blindnesses that underground is most appalling. Gray dawn and then the open skylight of another pit encouraged me. Judging by the direction I had come, this was the pit at the castle base. Here several paths branched off, but no large storehouse or other chamber seemed promised by any of them. They were smaller tunnels than the one I followed. I had no intention of exploring all these underground byroads.

It was in the second pit that I thought I heard voices, and, so strange were the acoustics of that hole, they sounded underneath me, muffled, struggling against some deadening medium. A small breast-work had been formed here by the partial sinking in of one side. It was a warning to turn back, for I had to climb over it to pursue my way. But I did want to see at least one subterranean room. Perhaps I should find a hook in a ceiling, — or rocky substitute for a ceiling, — such a hook as may be seen under Chinon, where Louis XI. once hoisted the Duke d'Alençon in a cage.

Now, at that thought all the horrors of Loches began to crowd into mind. I remembered the fierce barking of a cross dog within the donjon gate when I pulled the bell; the soldier who lets travelers into that awful inferno; the cages of oak

bars studded with iron nails which once penned prisoners into narrow window embrasures, with a door just large enough to let their food in. I remembered the leg-chains, too heavy for any one to lift, still hanging from the walls, and the carvings those wretches had made above their stone benches, — recorded prayers, cries of stone despair, names, and dates, slowly graven with ever renewed anguish. Worse than these open oaken pens where light cheered the eye, I remembered the tyrant's cachettes underground, down worn flight after worn flight of stairs, until the torch of the guide buried itself in endless night; but it lifted itself in a clean, spacious room of rock, and showed walls covered with pictures made by poor Ludovic Sforza; and farther down still, the deep cell of Cardinal Balue. I closed my eyes, and saw again the place where his altar had stood against the wall, and opposite it that hole into an air-shaft down which, once a day, at high noon, came a hint of light. I saw the hollows his hands and feet had worn in this wall, clambering to catch that one glimpse of day. And behind his cell was another containing an oubliette. Oh that oubliette! I had looked down its shaft, just large enough to let a human body pass lengthwise. How strange it now seems that nearly every royal castle — and many which were not royal — had its little forgettery, its oubliette, into which monarch or feudal lord could drop any one who became irksome or dangerous to him, with certainty that the body would be safely washed from the bottom of the masonry pit by a sluice which carried it to the nearest river! I have seen very spacious oubliettes, and some were believed to have had innocent-looking floors, which fell beneath the feet of victims lured or pushed upon them. The eleventh Louis, having his prisons at heart as much as he had his prayers, was very nice indeed in such constructions, and intruded them no more in size than was necessary

There is a deeper depth under the dungeon of Cardinal Balue, where one's feet seem to slide down the concave stone floor to a pit sunk in the centre, directly beneath the oubliette above.

But of course none of these horrors belonged to Ferté-Milon. The network of underground tracery here included no oubliette, for that would be fiendishly hidden within the walls or surrounded by a tower. The worn path was rounded like a gutter to the foot. However, it was a short passage, though a winding one, from the second pit to a spacious enlargement.

Here was nothing to suggest a greater weight of upper world overhead, yet I now felt sure of having arrived within the circumference of the castle. Air blew in from some place, carrying an ancient breath of decay, a dankness different from that of the pits. I could see that the room was low and wide, and at first I could see nothing else except a slight thinning of the darkness in one corner, and a black hollow directly under it in the pavement. When that change by which the eyes are adjusted was complete, I could discern a windrow of rotted timbers, and sinking in their slow fall oak joists and uprights, with interlacing cross-beams, like a broken partition which had once been built around the gray spot in the corner.

In my next breath I knew an oubliette was indicated by that corner. The grayness was daylight coming down a long shaft, perhaps inclosed in a tower. The hollow in the pavement had been sunk hundreds of years ago, and completed by some canal of masonry which let into the Oureq. There is a sturdy human stubbornness which will not be turned back or scared on provocation. The place might be full of noisome things, — the Ferté-Milonese might be permitting it to continue so, as foreigners permit so many things which an American would change, — but I wanted to look into it, and compare it with my other

oubliettes. I even had a dread it might not prove what I wished.

An uncanny slope of the floor toward that spot, like a one-sided funnel, betrayed footing on the slippery stones. I kept to the contour of the left-hand wall, thereby bracing myself as I shuffled cautiously down, and making use also of the largest break in the partition. Again voices were heard, but they came down the shaft. The soldiers were evidently at the top, talking through the hollow. They had found its open mouth above, and their words scattered, as shot might do, from side to side in a spray of echoes, yet with a muffled sound. Cautiously I bent forward and looked up, but my fellow-explorers and I were not able to see one another. So unconscious were they of a mortal at the base of the tube that they heaved a stone down its length. It whirled past my head like a bat, silent into the depths, and from far below a metallic answer rung so faintly it could not have been heard by the senders.

Broken timbers lay across my side of the hole in the pavement, that vile bottom of the oubliette left open here in past centuries that monsters might look down and see if the descending body had sped well. How many metres was it to the sluice which once carried to the Oureq? Perhaps the sluice had long been choked — with what? A skeleton cramped with its skull in its ribs, rags of velvet or Flemish cloth, shoes moored by their own pointed toes, a sword stuck crossways in the masonry? Could anything now ride through that horrid canal?

The fierce-beating American sun and the American mind would search out these mysteries on American soil. I felt glad to have them where they were. When you contemplate an oubliette, and remember how you and yours have escaped it, and how really out of date it is in this year of the world, you may be said to enjoy the full merit of the thing. Nobody, at the period when that oubliette was in operation, could have realized

its scope and possibilities with the conserving pride of a citizen from a practically non-oublietted country. Perhaps in the dark my countenance bore the same expression of solemn pleasure and self-congratulation that I saw on the face of an Alsatian nurse coming out of the Paris morgue with thumb and forefinger pinching her nose.

I do not know what made me slip. A woman tipped back on her heels and fell flat on the cathedral pavement of St. Denis in a manner one would call wholly *bourgeoise*. The ludicrous which we see first in the clumsiness of others is as quickly felt in calamities of our own. One instant holding to the wall and standing in security, and the next shooting feet foremost into the oubliette, I was conscious of laughing at my plight before I was sick with terror. Yet in peril the physical instinct is quicker than any mental action. The timbers stopped my fall into the well, but the shock loosened them. Trembling and dislodged, they gave way. By one elbow I held to a stone in the floor, and with the other hand grasped whatever was in reach. I think it was a fallen joist, for I do not remember anything except being glad of strength in the arms and well-trained back muscles. By what effort I was out of the pit's mouth and scrambling on all fours up the ascending pavement is altogether unknown to me. I was flying from the top of the ladder across the parapet, when such unseemly haste struck me as liable to bring a cloud of witnesses about, and I leaned against the courtyard wall to recover breath.

The blank of panic is astonishing to look back upon. Mentally I did not exist at all between hanging in the oubliette and reaching the upper air. Then the conventional sense revived, and I brushed my skirts, noticing that ooze and earth had left little stain, and that the gloves with which I had literally been shod had fared worst.

How delicious was the sunshine on that

long winding road down Ferté-Milon hill, where I turned shoulder after shoulder of greenness, passing little houses where children played! Had the mothers never anxiety when these children strayed up to the castle? Had they no tales to tell at night of horrors that had leaked through the old walls?

"C'est affreuse!" the guide herself whispered when she leaned with me over the ladder. "Moi, j'ai peur."

Myself, I had no fear at that time, but I accumulated some later.

If the oubliette had received one more victim, who could have told her fate? When days went by, inquiry would have followed from a convent in Marne. When weeks went by, demands from America would have become imperative. The police could have traced a tourist from Montmirail to Mezy, from Mezy to Château-Thierry, from Château-Thierry to Ferté-Milon; in Ferté-Milon, up to the castle, and, by means of the guide, into the courtyard and out again.

"She took that road down to the village, monsieur," the woman would declare. "Madame was last seen walking in that direction. I myself watched her." And nothing else would be known except that there had been a mysterious disappearance.

The dinner was very good at the Hôtel de la Sauvage, and served privately, undisturbed by parading soldiery. But after all the deliberate courses there was still half an hour before the train was due. One may die or have indelible experiences in such brief time.

A woman with a furtive and crouching look sat in the first-class waiting-room when at last I returned to the railway station. She had two geese tied up, with straw under them, a cat in a high, narrow wicker cage, a netting bag full of string-beans and green nuts of some sort, three little hand-bags, and three gingham umbrellas. This woman was a peasant. Her stock had not known any better for a thousand years than to load themselves

like beasts. I reflected that my stock, also, for a thousand years, had not known any better than to plunge into various quests after knowledge and experience. There was a kind of fellowship — what the guide would have called a correspondence —

between us. I smiled on her, and she brightened up, reassured at once; knowing well that she had no business in the first-class waiting-room, and that the railway official would turn her out into a third-class if she should be detected.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE OPERA BEFORE THE COURT OF REASON.

THERE must be a large class of respectable persons, — so large, indeed, as to be respectable for their numbers, if for nothing else, — not gifted with creative powers, but well endowed through their love of beauty with very important appreciative powers, who would gladly welcome an authoritative discussion on the function of reason (I narrowly escaped calling it common sense) in matters of art. To make such a discussion truly authoritative, however, its protagonists should possess not only acknowledged artistic culture and insight, but also strong and honest logical faculty; and this combination is of mournfully rare occurrence. It is a question whether most of those now claiming to possess the best artistic culture and insight would not be ready to dismiss this subject instantly by the positive statement that reason has no function whatever in matters of art, and common sense still less. Such a dictum would of course be intuitively rejected by the respectable class of appreciators just described, but these are seldom sufficiently voluble and self-confident to clothe their intuitive convictions in words convincing to others; while, unfortunately, the claimants of artistic authority nearly always belong to that class so aptly described by Sam Weller as having “the gift o’ gab very gallopin’,” and they often get a verdict by mere default, and not on the real merits of the case.

Now we of class first, — perhaps per-

ceiving the wider general bearings of art the more clearly and completely for living watchfully around it, instead of absorbed and workfully within it, — we feel that while the finest foliage, flowers, and fruits of art growth are found on the slender upper stems of finer and more delicate fibre, which, as they wind their way farther and farther into the upper air, bend more freely and flexibly before the wandering and incalculable breath of inspiration (“Thou canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth”), nevertheless these final and glorious gifts of art are possible only because those flower and fruit bearing stems are borne by and draw strength through the sturdy trunk of reason under them, which is itself firmly rooted in and nourished from the solid ground of everlasting truth, the mother earth of the tree of human progress.

It would be very comforting to have this feeling put into forceful words by some strong one whose very name would compel respectful attention from the claimants of artistic authority, and keep them from calling us fools and Philistines. For surely, unless men have sunk into egoistic hedonists, all fine and earnest art must now seek truth first of all, — philosophy’s truth by which to justify its existence and its pursuit, and nature’s truth by which to express itself. The first of these was once felicitously indicated by Mr. Howells in the Easy Chair of Harper’s Magazine (I quote from

memory), "The old pagan idea of art for art's sake has become obsolete with thinkers, and has been replaced by the modern Christian idea of art for humanity's sake;" and the second is found in those fundamental maxims of modern art schools, "Paint what you see. Be sincere." (Please note that the rule does not say, "Paint what you would like to see.") Even dramatic art, justly ranked by Mr. Birrell lowest in the list, has ennobled itself in our day by treading the same path toward truth. Both writer and actor must now go to the realities of life, the one for motives, and the other for methods. The very stage fittings and accessories must now be real to the utmost possibility. No more wooden chickens and empty cups are seen in stage feasts. Dramatic action must be studied from and modeled after actual life, — ay, and actual death, too, — and Duse surpasses Bernhardt because she fulfills this requirement more closely and sincerely.

It would not be difficult to cover some pages with proofs and instances of the widening reign of reason over the drama; but with music this is not so apparent, and I fear that the claimants of artistic authority, and perhaps others, would be quick to call that man rash, if not stupid, who should try to bring common sense into a discussion on taste in music, an art generally admitted to be the most emotional, and therefore the least logical of all. Yet Mr. Krehbiel, in a recent lecture on Listening to Music, opened his subject by stating that among the writers and talkers about music there are two sorts who should be equally shunned, both being objectionable and misleading, because both are equally unreasonable, though in opposite directions, — the pedants and the rhapsodists. Now this is only a rather picturesque variant of the old maxim "*In medio tutissimus ibis*," which is just as true of the other arts, of all art in the largest sense, as it is of music; and it admits reason as a governing principle of judgment. This done,

it will be difficult, at least for those belonging to the species *homo sapiens*, to fix upon the where and the why for refusing to follow reason's lead farther.

But even the least logical of the arts must use a deal of common sense in the management of their means of expression, — the tools of their trades, to speak irreverently. The poets, — *genus irritabile vatum*, who might perhaps be ranked as next to the least logical of artists, — even the dear poets are compelled to parse, and to punctuate, and to scan; or rather, they used to be. Nowadays, I believe, the claimants no longer think it necessary that poetry should either parse or scan, though it still is punctuated to some extent.

Rash though it may be, my present aim is a common-sense consideration, reckless of the claimants' scorn, of some aspects of that old and great *questio vexata* between classic and dramatic music: and this is attempted because I find so many who, like myself, have been keen lovers and learners of music all their lives, without ever feeling sure that some of its chief apostles and loudest professors are preaching the real truth about it.

Here let me say that since most persons who speak of dramatic music mean opera or music-drama, that meaning will be taken here, though I do not indorse it as a strict definition. When, however, the effort is made to express the classic side of this question in a similarly condensed way, some very serious difficulties are met. If we try to boil it down into a phrase, we find that some of its most characteristic contents are so volatile and expansive that they are driven off. I myself should be quite willing to come down at once to describing the question as the case of Truth versus Opera; but I should not expect many to come with me, for choice of sides on this question seems to be controlled usually by idiosyncrasy rather than by thought, and to be the result of processes not so much mental as temperamental. In fact, the

temptation to accept as belief on proof that which one wants to believe is just as irresistible here as in morals and religion and all other things; and so the discussions of this question have been more in the nature of pleas for previously adopted views than of earnest searches after fundamental truth. Naturally enough, also, these views have been almost as many and as various as the viewers and their points of view. Some talk learnedly of absolute music as the antithesis of dramatic music, and some still more learnedly about subjective and objective music; and always, the more of such learning there is in the talk, the greater seems the loss by evaporation when you come to boil it down.

One of the brightest and pleasantest of the later essays on this question denies dramatic power to polyphonic music, and grants it to monodic music, and for illustrative examples cites *Three Blind Mice* as polyphonic harmony, and *Home, Sweet Home*, as monodic melody. But from my point of view not only is this proposed principle quite wrong, but the examples given do not illustrate it. *Three Blind Mice* was one of the earliest of my musical experiences, and I can still remember distinctly the childish pity for the wretched little rodents inspired by those pathetic descending thirds when the second voice enters, and the hurrying horror when the quicker-moving third voice tells out the tragedy of the tails and the carving-knife: and all this without the slightest action on the part of the singers. I was not a very impressionable child; I am sure there must have been many others who felt that music just as I did: and this seems to me to be evidence of dramatic quality inherent in the very music that was cited as devoid of it.

As to *Home, Sweet Home*, for an example of monody, can any one who knows that song listen to it sung unaccompanied without being conscious of hearing in his mind's ear, along with the melody, the

main chords of the usual harmony in the remembered instrumental accompaniment? I myself cannot, and I have yet to find any musical person (others are out of this question) who, after fair trial and thought, will claim such ability. Is that song, so heard, true monody to such hearers? Truly not; and I believe this holds good of every theme, vocal or instrumental, whose harmonic foundation is known to the hearer; and it is preëminently true of those many masterpieces of modern song-writing whose accompaniments are essential and integral parts of the works, and are sometimes splendid specimens of polyphonic writing in themselves without the vocal parts they were written to sustain.

Is there, then, no such thing as true monody to modern musical ears? When such a determined effort after it as the piping of the peasant in Wagner's *Tristan* is found to carry with it suggestions of various minor and major chords, as it is found to do on close and honest scrutiny, it almost seems as if real monody must be relegated to those distant days B. C. when Theocritus reveled in the songs of the Sicilian shepherds as "the fairest meed of the gods," and told with pride how Menalcas skillfully made and played a herdsman's pipe, but lost it to Daphnis in an open-air song competition. It may be safely assumed that no accompanying chords and harmonies suggested themselves to the ears that listened to their music.

But I think the real roots of the question lie much below all this, and lower than most music lovers are willing to dig for them. Perhaps my purpose will be best served by at once taking hold of what seems to me a sort of tap-root, and working upwards.

Some years ago I happened to hear, in the English West Indian island Trinidad, a party of negro working men and women at one of their customary moonlight-night outdoor dances. The music, or, more correctly, the song power, was

furnished solely by an empty keg with a piece of hide stretched over one end, assisted by a gourd containing dried peas and small pebbles; the first was thumped and the second rattled, in strictest time and with exasperating continuity, until moonset. These two instruments were generally accompanied by hand-clapping from some of those not dancing. Now there was rhythm, pure and simple and alone, utterly independent and neglectful of the musical qualities and attributes of the sound produced, and used only as a means of conveying the *ictus* to the ears of all the party, in order that individual overflow of emotion might be worked off in associated physical motion; and to this pure rhythm the negroes danced almost all night. Occasionally a dancer would give a staccato shout, and the sitters around would answer with a longer crooning on two or three notes, wordless, rising and falling in apparently aimless but musical intervals. When the dancers all gave out and stopped to rest, which was very seldom, the thump and the rattle kept right on, and somebody began to sing one of the many songs in the West Indian French *patois*; marked rhythm being also a conspicuous feature in these somewhat monotonous melodies. Presently the song would stop and dancing would be resumed for a while, and so on till the moon was gone.

The next Sunday I attended morning service at the English Church in Port of Spain, and saw a large chancel choir of negroes only, young men and girls and boys, all dressed in the cleanest of white clothes, and seated in rows with becoming seriousness. They might very well have been children of some of those I had heard dancing and singing almost like savages, to the drum and rattle in the moonlight; and yet this choir, led by the admirable playing of an English organist, sang in unison the music of the English Church service, including an elaborate *Te Deum* by Berthold Tours and several chants and modern hymn-

tunes, and all with really delightful perfection of time, tone, and expression. I had always known that negroes are a tuneful race, but this performance was a surprising one.

Do not these incidents point to the natural order and succession of steps in the evolution of music? Rhythm first, suggested and shown to individuals in the motion of their own limbs; then rhythm becoming stronger, and marked by uttered sound, as the walking of one man grows into the marching of many men; then rhythm still more marked, as the joyous excitement of friendly association seeks outlet in the excited and exciting motions of the dance, led by rhythmical sounds of percussion; then rhythmic shouting; and then song; and all the rest follows naturally. But always present, and controlling, and inspiring, is rhythm. When the evolutionary process arrives at recording the music, then the rhythm of notes and bars is discovered to be the only means by which music can be written and read. When the further stage of several persons playing or singing together is reached, then still more must rhythm rule them all alike, all reading the same record. And when the final stage of the great orchestras and choruses is reached, then, above and beyond the same written record placed before all, there must also be visible to all the imperative controlling rhythm of the conductor's beat, in order to secure perfect *ensemble* performance.

Let us now consider what part rhythm plays in volitional human action, which is the main constituent of that visible human life to which we have already seen that artistic dramatic action must in these days be true. The walking of a grown person is about as automatic as breathing, and may be justly set aside with it as scarcely volitional action. But rhythm evidently governs marching, and dancing, and in fact any conditions of life wherein the object is to *produce continuous consentient and coincident action*

of several ; and this, I suppose, might as fairly include the baby-hushing that mothers do so rhythmically all the world over as it surely does the "Yo! heave O!" of the sailors' songs. And what else? Human emotion? That is too capricious, and changes every instant on the whim of the individual. Human passion? That is both explosive and capricious, as well as individual. The talk of human intercourse? That varies with every fleeting phase of individual feeling.

I have tried hard to think this point out fairly and thoroughly, and I earnestly hope that some better equipped mind may be induced to take it up in the same spirit ; for the longer and harder I think about it, the more am I convinced that, except under the conditions just specified, the visible action of human life naturally rebels against the bonds of rhythm instead of submitting to them ; and that this natural antagonism is permanent and irreconcilable, because, as a rule, the working of human volition is not rhythmic, but the reverse, being always more or less spasmodic.

There could be cited abundant instances in support of this all-important postulate ; so let us go on to see where we stand after taking these consecutive steps, first placing them in close sequence, that their relations may be clearly perceived.

(1.) We have seen that dramatic action, in order to be really artistic, must be true to natural human action.

(2.) We have seen that music does not and cannot *escape* from the bonds of rhythm.

(3.) We have seen that, with very few exceptions, natural human action does not and cannot *submit* to the bonds of rhythm.

(4.) Now what follows by logical necessity concerning dramatic action and music? Can we escape the conclusion that if dramatic action joins itself to music, it must lose its truth to natural

human action, and therefore its standing as fine art?

Here it is perhaps more than likely that some who may have admitted seeing steps 1, 2, and 3, and the need for ascending them, will, when confronted by step 4, say, "But we don't see that." Are they willing to see it, I wonder? Turning again to a sister art for an illustration, I expand that school maxim of the painters, "Paint what you see on close and honest scrutiny, and not what you would like to see." If any students or painters are color-blind, or astigmatic, or otherwise incapable of seeing truly, that is a personal limitation entitling them to pity, and to that extent relieving them from condemnation. But if any refuse honest scrutiny, and insist on painting what they would like to see, whether they really see it or not, such persons are ruled by and have the courage of their propensities, not their convictions ; and this, translated into those esoteric terms so dear to the claimants, would probably be written, "They have a great deal of temperament."

I think this applies equally to those musicians who, on reaching step 4, stop, and decline to ascend the logical staircase any farther, seeking progress sideways instead of upward ; but they will doubtless be confirmed in their doings on being told that they are in this matter in the same category with Richard Wagner, for that is precisely what he did.

Let us look at some of the conspicuous facts in the career of this genius (for that he surely was), with all possible side-lights let in on them ; and one of the brightest, I think, shines from his parentage and the principles of heredity. Wagner came of a theatrical family ; he was born and bred in a theatrical atmosphere and environment ; his childish amusements were theatrical ; he began his career in a theatre ; he married an actress ; his aims and ambitions were early centred entirely on theatrical success ; and in short, love of the theatrical,

which was doubtless transmitted to him intensified, according to the admitted principle of heredity, soon became the dominating propensity and passion of his life, — placing the theatrician before and above the musician in him, obscuring his artistic judgment and insight, clouding his reasoning powers, and leading him into undignified and unfortunate displays of vanity, and into serious lapses from that nobility of personal life and deportment that should have grown from his great gifts, and probably would have done so had he not been possessed of the theatric devil from his childhood. His letters to his tailors, ordering and designing to the smallest detail the numerous brocaded silk and embroidered velvet dressing-gowns he wore when composing (could anything be more theatrical!) almost equal in number and in anxious importunity his letters to Liszt and other admirers, begging them for money to live on. The joyous enthusiasm and pride with which he devoted himself for months at a time to every item of stage costuming and stage carpentry seemed almost to exceed his satisfaction in writing his music.

Among his earlier achievements was a keen perception of the absurdities of the then popular and accepted opera libretto as literature; and as he was conscious of possessing a very prolific imagination and a copious command of language, he confidently undertook the task of producing for himself operatic poems of real literary value, and having coherent and consequent plots, with situations properly led up to and down from, and states of mind sufficiently explained and accounted for. He also perceived the absurdity of chopping up the action of an opera into a series of short musical pieces, *scenas*, *arias*, *ariettas*, and the like, with a complete cadence at the end of each, and a fresh musical start at the beginning of the next; and so he wrote *his* music with no cadence or stop at all from the beginning to the end of each entire act. He

was keen enough and bold enough and earnest enough in detecting and denouncing these particular absurdities, but why did he stop here? Why did he shut his eyes to those still remaining? Only because he was possessed of that theatric devil which continually blinded his artistic sight. And what did his methods of cure really accomplish? They added greatly to the literary value of the opera libretto and to the desirable continuity of the action; but, unfortunately, they made so many more words to be set to music because of these coherent and consequent and well-developed plots, and made the music itself so much longer, because that too could not now jump into suitability to dramatic changes, but must be appropriately and continuously developed into it, that the resulting performances also developed themselves into sittings of four and five and even six hours. Now, this is practically beyond the limits of physical endurance, and is as bad an artistic blunder as painting a picture with a part of it beyond the limits of physical vision. But the theatre was to Wagner the main purpose and business of his life, and he would not see that to his audiences it could be only an episode, meant for recreation. (And may it never be more, for that way national decadence lies.) Nor would he condescend to see the next upward step in the logical staircase he had started so bravely to ascend. But I think there is ample evidence that he soon became conscious of the remaining absurdities, even though his theatrical demon never allowed him to acknowledge them; for very soon he positively asserts publicly, in print and at length, that the only proper field for opera or music-drama is to be found, not in actual human life, not even in historical human life, but in myth and legend; not in the natural, but in the supernatural. And thenceforth he deals only with mythic gods, demigods, heroes, valkyrs, Rhine-maidens, and such. His indwelling theatric devil makes him hold to the mar-

riage of music to visible action, but his artistic consciousness is not totally depraved, for it feels the still remaining and inherent absurdities of even his amended work, and in order to forestall the further attacks of the criticism he has himself started he drops human action and makes his entire *dramatis personæ* superhuman, in order that nothing they do or say may be judged by human standards, and so found absurd; fondly hoping thus to get rid of the humanities that so trouble him. But he forgets, or else his theatric devil will not let him see, that, since he and his audiences are but mortals, he can only express, and they can only receive, his fine superhumanities in terms of the human. In spite of his calling his characters gods and goddesses and other fine names, we still see only remarkably queer men and women, and so the absurdities really remain, after all.

Wagner, of course, would not admit this, but loudly announced that he had at last produced a perfect art form for the music-drama, and in this very many claimants now clamorously agree with him. Nevertheless, I think there is ample evidence that he soon came to still another consciousness of failure and of still remaining absurdities. Let us review the position he now held.

After climbing part way up the logical staircase, he finds that unconquerable theatric devil of his confronted by the problem (insoluble, as we know, but he did n't think so) of bringing into artistic union two antagonistic elements,—dramatized human action and rhythmic music. This reminds one somewhat of the juvenile days when one was questioned about the consequences of an irresistible force meeting an immovable body. He first tries to escape step 4 by changing the action, and he takes superhuman in place of human; but this does not do all he wants, because the result remains anthropomorphic, so to speak. Now, if he is conscious of failure and wants to try again, what is there left for

him to try? He has already changed his action, and that will not do. Manifestly, nothing remains but to change the music, if he can, by robbing it of that root of his theatrical trouble, its rhythm. And if it can be shown that Wagner did try to eliminate rhythm from his music, I think this is evidence enough that he was conscious of his artistic failure in joining rhythmic music to dramatic action, and was doing his best to avoid step 4 by turning aside to lose, if he could, the one of the spirits of music that was most hateful to his theatric demon.

Now comes the question, did Wagner try to rid his music of rhythm? Even the claimants will scarcely dare to deny his having done so, since it would be so easy to cover pages with proofs and instances of it, taken by pages from his scores, where they are thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. And it was not only in his scores that he strove for this. One of the last and strongest links in the chain of evidence is the fact that when Wagner built his own theatre at Baireuth, not satisfied with smothering audible rhythm out of his music as much as he dared, he went the further length of covering entirely from the audience the visible rhythm of baton and bow, without which his performances were impossible, by hiding his orchestra and its conductor behind a great screen or shield, lest the eyes of the listeners should remind their ears that there was such a thing as rhythm to make the action of his characters ridiculous.

For in very truth Wagner's patent improved operatic action remains absurd and ridiculous in many of the old and acknowledged points, in spite of his lifelong labors in the service of the demon of the theatre. I do not refer to such pitiful puerilities as the dragon in Siegfried, and that wonderful wood-bird which, when Siegfried tastes the magic blood, instantly learns to speak German, but to the most serious histrionic efforts of the ablest Wagnerian artists, trained by the master himself. They still stride and ges-

ture on the accented beats — when they can find them; they still perilously suspend the action while they hold high notes; the mirrors they hold up to nature still have surfaces warped by the waves of sound, and of course still reflect distorted images.

A few years ago, Dion Boucicault, that past master in dramatic art, wrote for *The North American Review* a most trenchant and pungent paper on operatic acting in general, and on Wagnerian acting in particular; the paper being pointed mainly at the claimants of high artistic value for Wagnerian acting. I wish that every reader of this could and would read that, or that Boucicault's paper might be again presented to that great grand jury, the public; for it is an indictment that has never yet been quashed, and some day the public may find a true bill on it. After many keen thrusts, he boldly challenges the claimants to place the best Wagnerian acting they can find side by side, as acting, with any standard good performance of modern spoken drama, and asserts that not even the most clamorous claimant can feel any doubt about the verdict, or as to the Wagnerian kind of acting being laughed off the stage if applied to spoken words. Boucicault, however, concerned himself only with judging the facts, and did not follow with a study of their causes. Two replies appeared in consecutive numbers of the magazine, but neither did they reach the real root of the matter. The first objected to the attack on the ground that Boucicault's reasoning would deprive us of all song; but that was manifestly unfair, since it is plain that he dealt not with the marriage of words and music which makes song, but with that marriage of worded music and dramatic action which makes opera. The second reply was much stronger than the first, but never reached the underlying truth of the case, and the writer soon undermined his own position completely by citing, with highest praise and as a triumphant example in refutation, the act-

ing of Isolde in the garden scene, when, after extinguishing the torch, she watches in silence, but in great excitement, for Tristan's coming, waves her scarf, and generally deports herself in a way to convey her feelings very fully to the audience without saying anything; the orchestra meanwhile accompanying her pantomime deliciously. Why she should be silent just here I never could quite understand, since before this she has not been backward about shouting her emotions under all circumstances; but she is silent until Tristan appears, and devotes herself to "business" with such success that, as I said, the scene is naively quoted in refutation; the writer not perceiving that his quotation comes back like a boomerang and smites himself, since, on his own showing, this acting can be good and is good because there is no singing at all. Therefore what he praises is only pantomime, not opera.

Since I have begun citing authorities, I cannot resist the temptation to quote Wagner against himself concerning "sung acting." In his discussion of *The Purpose of the Opera*, he frankly admits that the very best dramatic singers are sometimes forced to spoken words in the midst of sung acting, in order to produce reality of impression; and he gives the instance of Madame Schroeder Devrient, whom he greatly admired, and who made a fine point in *Fidelio* on "Another step, and — *thou art* — DEAD!" the last words being most dramatically and forcibly spoken instead of sung, with an almost startling effect of reality on the hearers. (Madame Calvé does the same thing for the same purpose in *Carmen*, speaking instead of singing the supreme words, "Non, je ne t'aime *plus*.") And yet in another place, when his devil had evidently downed his logic again, he says that a poor singer can produce effects that are impossible in the best spoken drama. So, indeed, he can, but only because of the intrinsic difference in kind between them, which is here so radical

as utterly to invalidate the comparison in degree, and to the detriment of spoken drama, which Wagner meant.

But we have sufficiently disposed of Wagnerian music-drama acting. It cannot reach the best development of acting.

And now a few words concerning Wagnerian music-drama music. Wagner himself placed music in the subordinate position, in this amazing marriage, and a recent inquiry among living English composers of the first ability resulted in a published opinion that the permanent art form of what is now known as music-drama is not to be music with drama added, as might be supposed from the name, but drama with music added. Is not this enough to make true lovers of true music indignant? For it has been shown that this unnatural union must bring dramatic action down far below its best; and since it is now also asserted that in this union music is always to be thrust below even this degraded drama, how does the beloved Muse fare in the marriage? There are many rhythmic gems of Wagner's genius that have brought delight to listening thousands and will live forever. There are many and many dreary pages in the works he thought his best which, as music, have no coherence and give no pleasure. I remember well that, some years ago, Theodore Thomas, with his superb orchestra, gave a concert rendering of the Good Friday music from *Parsifal*, the vocal parts being sung by Scaria and Winckelmann. It was triumphantly announced as a grand treat to music lovers, and nothing could have been finer technically. But when the music that was written to go with the slow wandering of *Parsifal* and Gurnemanz among the flowers was given with only the orchestra filling the stage, and with two stout and rather elderly gentlemen, in black dress suits and white chokers, standing stock-still at the footlights, and now and then singing the few scattered phrases they

had to sing, it was all heard and judged simply as music, and was found wanting. It was felt to be dreary and depressing.

Here are two arts, each of them, when alone, entitled to rank as fine art. Here is a union of the two in which the best in both is killed, and neither can possibly reach its highest development and achievement. Am I to be told that this killing union can claim rank for itself as fine art? I trow not, at this stage in the world's progress. Here it is interesting to note that there have always been some celebrated musicians — these being also always among the noblest — who have gone, perhaps unconsciously, up that logical staircase to the top; some without any stop at step 4, like Bach, Mendelssohn, Brahms, and others who never wrote opera at all, though, like Mendelssohn, they may have thought of it; and others who paused at step 4, and perhaps turned aside for a time before going up, like Beethoven, who wrote only *Fidelio*, and then went higher. These men all, sooner or later, attained true artistic insight, and placed the truth above the theatre. Wagner never did. He was conscious of the truth, but his love of the theatre would not let him admit it. He saw step 4, and knew that it led upward to a truer art life; but he gloried so in the theatrical that I do not believe he ever thought of mounting that step, though, as we have seen, he struggled hard to get around it. Since that was impossible, he lived and worked below it, under the dominion of the demon of the theatre and of other propensities all his life.

In the occasional periods of decadence that come to the arts of color and of form, efforts are sure to be made at uniting painting and sculpture by coloring statues; and a slight tint of delicate color on some sculpture seems sometimes so beautifully suggestive as to add value to the form, just as a slight hint of dramatic action in the singing of some songs is suggestive as to the spirit of the music,

and also awakens the appreciation of the hearer. (Here opens a most tempting side-vista of talk about song, worded music, its powers, its relations, its limitations; that, however, "is another story.") But if the coloring of sculpture goes beyond this and is laid on imitatively, then the sculpture and painting are both degraded by the effort at unnatural union, and the result sinks to the level of wax-work, which has its own place and its own interest in exhibitions like Madame Tussaud's, but which is not fine art. And in a precisely similar way, the union attempted in music-drama, though proved to be a failure as fine art, may and does find a legitimate place and interest of its own in the shapes of operetta, light opera, opera bouffe, musical extravaganza, *et id omne genus*, in which "everything goes" because nothing is serious.

Some claimants have told me that the music-drama absurdities, crudities, and crimes against nature are to be accepted seriously as conventions (I suppose this includes their beloved *leit Motif*) which are employed to convey serious and valuable ideas; but this view just as surely brings the music-drama down, and to the lower level of decorative art, which also deals with conventions and unnaturalities, and very successfully too, but which is not fine art.

Others assert that the music-drama of our day is a regeneration of the lyric drama or tragedy of the Greeks; and that because the alliance of their recitations of dramatic poetry with their music was an accepted art form in that glorious period, therefore the marriage of our dramatic acting with our music must be accepted as a justified art form. Certainly this claim has sometimes been presented with a fascinating display of scholarship, and with erudite instances arrayed in seductive graces of thought and language. But as well might they claim that because Greek actors and orators chanted, in order to make themselves heard in those vast open theatres

where speech was useless, therefore our actors and orators ought to chant. As well might they insist that we must bring back the masks, and the chorus, and the choric dances. I love scholarship as I do music; but the new wine of modern life, thought, culture, and feeling cannot be held in those old forms, any more than one can bring back that national spirit which enabled a fool who could win a foot-race to lift his name into the national chronology. We do not want that spirit revived, any more than we wish for that old Bowery school of acting, once so popular, which our music-drama acting in some points so much resembles.

Many a time have all these arguments been earnestly placed before music lovers in the effort to show them that serious grand opera and music-drama have no reasonable basis as works of art; and almost as many times have I been met, not by answering arguments, but by simple statements, such as "But I truly think thus," "I enjoy this," "I like that," "I admire the other." Here comes in the old adage *de gustibus*. It is useless to argue in such cases, but I have sometimes been tempted to say, by way of rejoinder, that the stoners of Stephen truly thought they were doing God service; and by way of *reductio ad absurdissimum*, that some men still enjoy — chewing tobacco; that some neighborhoods are known to like — molasses on their pork; that some nations are known to admire — three hundred pounds of flesh on the female form. This latter method seems the surest and quickest way of opening such blinded eyes to see that the acknowledgment of perverted thoughts and vitiated tastes never in the least justifies them, and that their existence is no excuse whatever for their persistence against proof and against the truth of nature.

Here at last devotion to truth and to candor compels me to a confession of a little remnant of indwelling sin, perhaps

of a little backsliding, since, in spite of all this reason and conviction, I find myself still so much the victim of surviving vitiated tastes and habits as to get a good deal of musical enjoyment from much that has been here condemned, — especially if I shut my eyes to the acting, which, however, I seldom do; never if there is a spectacle, or a tableau, or even a ballet.

But all the same I do firmly believe that serious grand opera or music-drama is an artistic blunder; that it is approaching recognition as such; and that even in this stage of the world's thought about art it is almost an anachronism. Except in the spectacular form, its pass-

ing may be prophesied because it is founded on a falsehood; for "*Magna est veritas et prevalebit*," and when it does, then farewell to serious opera, with all other falsehoods in art.

May we all strive to limit our lovings, and to turn our likings to the true flowers of art, and not allow our affections to fix themselves on any parasitic growths, lest haply we should be found fighting against truth, — which sounds so very much like a sermon that I will close with another pious wish (but alas! without any hope): that by it the theatric devil may be cast out from a few of the claimants, and they be turned from the errors of their ways to a true and reasonable art faith.

William F. Biddle.

THE FLIGHT OF THE ARROW.

THE life of man
Is an arrow's flight,
Out of darkness
Into light,
And out of light
Into darkness again;
Perhaps to pleasure,
Perhaps to pain!

There must be Something,
Above, or below;
Somewhere unseen
A mighty Bow,
A Hand that tires not,
A sleepless Eye
That sees the arrows
Fly, and fly;
One who knows
Why we live — and die.

R. H. Stoddard.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF FORTUNE.

I CANNOT remember when the unconquerable longing for Paris first took possession of me. I am sometimes inclined to think that, in spite of my Yankee lineage, I must have been born with it; for when I was a very small boy my brain bore a highly colored impression, largely fanciful, of that city's principal features, and I could have passed a creditable examination upon the darkest scenes of its history, which had for me a mysterious, absorbing interest. Later, this interest deepened into a passion, so that France became my nation by right of choice, if not of birth, and its capital the one place of all others that I desired not merely to see, but to know. Of course, by that time I had accustomed myself to think solely of the delusive pinchbeck Second Empire Paris, through which Napoleon the little bowled luxuriously behind his outriders, the light-hearted ringleader in a perpetual masquerade. Now and then a fortunate friend went off for a peep at the show, and came back bringing me the latest news of it, with the freshest knick-knack from the Rue de Rivoli in golden lacquer that soon grew tarnished in our uncongenial climate. Long before the settled purpose to take my own part in the revel seemed to approach its accomplishment, I had acquired a small collection of such articles de Paris, and might have drawn a warning moral from their dingy surfaces but that my eyes still held the glamour of youth in them. When I took down my *Æsop*, it was only to read the fable; to me the application was tiresome and profitless.

Everything comes to him who waits, even though he be the poorest of earth's creatures; and the Garners, in point of worldly goods, stood almost at the foot of the respectable class in our community. Indeed, I have heard that "as poor as Tim Garner" was a favorite form

of comparison when I went to school. The boys had no need to go out of their way for the proverbial Job's turkey or church mouse, with my poverty's picturesqueness always before them; but they were considerate enough not to taunt me with what I could not help; and very soon, with two or three exceptions, they passed out of my life, getting on in the world by divers pleasant paths, while I, with the necessity of earning my pittance constantly goading me, entered a counting-room by the lowest round of the mercantile ladder. There for a time, without perceptible advancement, I ground out a wretched existence, developing only a capacity for patient waiting that was truly pathetic in view of the impossible day-dream that sustained me; this being none other than the grand tour itself, with Paris for its goal. So I watched the ships of my employers discharge upon the musty wharves, and faithfully kept tally of precious cargoes that were not mine, confident that some bright morning my own ship would come in. At last, as I have already hinted, it came and went, clearing for the Fortunate Islands with my effects on board. I was not clad, to be sure, in all the independent luxury of purple and fine linen which the dream had foreshadowed. But when dreams come true in this world, they do it by halves, generally speaking.

In fact, I was not an independent passenger at all, but a mere shipment, duly entered and labeled like a bale of merchandise. A certain American banking firm in Paris had sent out for a junior clerk, who was to be young, active, quick at figures, and, above all, home-made. Hearing of this, I applied for the place, and, thanks to my youth, to my fairly good address, and especially, perhaps, to my family name, which, I am proud to say, has long been a synonym for hon-

esty, I obtained it. The pay was small, — smaller by a good deal than that I earned at home, — but it was clearly intimated that the house of Markham & Wade, while binding itself by no extravagant promises, would do better for me later on, if I gave satisfaction. In this hint I found a golden hope; for these men had begun as I was beginning, and were still young enough to remember the struggle of that earlier time. Their enviable reputation for liberality in small matters influenced me even more than the report of their financial standing, which was undoubtedly good. The feeble opposition of my timorous female relatives, who would have preferred to keep me by them a little longer, I speedily overruled, and, bidden to decide the question for myself, decided for Paris, — that cabalistic word which, cast into the scale against far greater odds, alone would have carried the day.

I had but just turned twenty when, old in aims and expectations, but very young in worldly experience, I was thus packed off for France, with a sudden, desperate uncertainty about the date of my arrival there. For this first Atlantic passage of mine occurred in the autumn of 1870, and the cloud of war hung thick over Paris, which was already in a state of siege. My plans, consequently, underwent a change at the last moment, and, in obedience to a cable message from the house which I already called mine, I proceeded to Paris by way of London, where Markham & Wade had established their headquarters for the time being. It was a queer, shabby makeshift of a place in the Strand, into which they moved for a month or two at most, as was then supposed. But the situation across the Channel grew painfully complicated; and our London business increased proportionately, until by the end of the winter the temporary shelter, enlarged and renovated, had become a tower of strength, our chief source of supply and profit. Thereafter we heard

no talk of its abandonment. The new house had justified itself, much as a boy does, when, coming to man's estate, he leaves the parental roof and takes his life into his own hands.

All London winters are gloomy, and that one was peculiarly so. I suppose we had no more black fog than usual, though for weeks together the sun never shone; but the war news was not exhilarating, and the town swarmed with French refugees, whose mournful faces attended us everywhere. Mainly on their account the newspapers were given over to the wildest rumors, according to which Paris, thrown into a light blaze every few days by the Prussian shells, must be little better than a vast ruin. "At that moment the Arc de Triomphe crumbled and fell" was the favorite report of the nameless eye-witness charged with the agreeable duty of keeping our excitement at the proper pitch. Since all regular communication was cut off, we had often no means of disproving him, but could only pace the sombre London streets and wonder if our luxurious *rez-de-chaussée* in the Rue Saint-Arnaud was really an ash-heap; until letters by balloon-post from our beleaguered staff there would relieve our minds, at the same time filling our cramped office with anxious Frenchmen eager to pick up any crumb of comfort.

Though the prospect of my transference seemed now more than ever remote, I remained still booked for Paris, hoping to enter the French house upon resumption of its business, which, naturally, during the siege was altogether suspended. Meanwhile I had my new trade to learn, and soon mastered its rudiments in days of laborious detail that commonly extended far into the night. My best friends in all the London force were Flack, the head book-keeper, who held me ever in his eye, and Sam Ryeder, whose desk adjoined mine. The former, a simple, fatherly Warwickshire man of fifty-odd troubled

years, waddled like a duck under a burden of flesh that would have made the fortune of a Falstaff. I could not imagine why he should have failed utterly in his youthful attempt to be an actor, until I learned that he had ventured out upon the provincial boards in the rôle of Hamlet. Then I understood it all, and him with it. This unhappy little incident furnished the key to his character, which was remarkable for nothing except a total lack of the reasoning power. Throughout his checkered career — I heard the whole sad story little by little — he had persistently taken things wrong end foremost, simply because he could not determine which the wrong end was. Even in bookkeeping, that happy hunting-ground of the unsuccessful, Mr. Flack went entirely by precedents, and at the turning of a new leaf frankly confessed his helplessness, like a mere beginner. His boyish simplicity made friends for him in spite of himself. The dogged cheerfulness underlying it was probably not the result of a definite intention to make the best of adversity. It arose, I am convinced, from the fact that he could see his way to getting three reasonably good meals for the day and the morrow; beyond that Mr. Flack assuredly never looked.

Sam Ryeder was of so different a complexion that at first sight it seemed as if no stronger contrast to Mr. Flack's ineffectiveness could possibly be conceived, though in reality the two natures possessed striking points of resemblance. A compact little American whose years were but twenty-seven, unaggressive in his nationality, of pleasant manners and well-modulated speech, he had made a brilliant start in life that proved but a flash in the pan; then, buffeted about the world, he had suffered many reverses, without losing a particle of the enthusiasm which, though it was a perpetual delight to others, stood between him and his own success. He knew many men, many lands, and with ready

wit and keen intelligence could talk upon almost any subject convincingly. But when it came to action, his heart got the better of his head and made him a dangerous guide. His landscapes were all sunlight; and without shadows there could be no pitfalls, — he would not hear of them. Of course, a sanguine disposition like this is no defect so long as things go well, and of late they had combined themselves to Sam's advantage amazingly. Just before my arrival, some suggestion of his, attracting the partners' notice, was carried out at once, and promotion with increase of pay followed it. Advancement, when it once set in, being rapid in the house of Markham & Wade, every one now felt that Sam Ryeder's star was in the ascendant, while nobody grudged him his small stroke of luck. We all liked him; and as I had been placed in his immediate charge to acquire the ways of the office, there soon sprang up between us an intimacy, long unbroken, that is still among my cheeriest remembrances of those far-off foreign days. He found lodging for me next his own, — a "two-pair back" in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, — where we stretched our legs and minds together over the cindery hard-coal fire, after a late dinner, substantial but cheap, in some minor restaurant of the Strand. On Sundays we dined better, sometimes at Hampton Court or Kew; and I can even recall one monumental meal of ours on the terrace at the Star and Garter, which cost us rigid economy at luncheon-bars for a whole fortnight. The palate seems to have a special chamber in the memory, where flavors of choice dishes, eaten long ago, are preserved, unmingled and intact, with startling distinctness.

Sam and I had other tastes in common beside these material ones. We admired English books, but scoffed at English pictures, and we deplored the smoke-stained ugliness of London. Inclining to gayety as a flower does to the

light, we gave all our sympathies to the French in their hopeless struggle across the Channel; and it was chiefly for the Marseillaise that we sometimes parted with our hardly earned half-crowns at the door of the Alhambra, where the war-songs were sung nightly to stormy factions, hissing and applauding the airs and emblems of the contending armies with tremendous vigor, then amiably merging their differences in a burst of approval at the sight of the stars and stripes or the British lion. "Ah, Tim, my boy, how I envy you your first day in Paris!" Sam would whisper when the tricolor took possession of the field. He had known the city at what he conceived to be its best, — in the bright days of 1867, — and he was never tired of dwelling upon those bygone glories for my benefit.

One night, coming in late, we found the huge theatre very crowded, but, forcing our way to the front, finally secured two chairs at a table where a little elderly man — a Frenchman, evidently — sat alone. He made room for us with a courteous gesture, and in his restless black eyes there seemed to be a light of recognition; yet, though his features were strongly marked, I could not at first remember where I had seen him before. "It must have been in our place, of course," I thought, thereupon assuring myself that this was the fact, and by degrees recalling the circumstances. He had brought in a small sum of French money for exchange, and, as it happened, had applied to me. I had noticed at the time the trim cut of his iron-gray mustache and imperial, as well as the scrupulous neatness of his shabby coat, the same which he now wore. I perceived that to keep his chair throughout the evening, unchallenged, he had ordered the glass of beer which he did not want. He was drinking sugar-and-water, and as I watched him stir this gravely with the ivory blade of his pocket paper-knife, I recollected that

he had described himself to me as a maker of toys; in support of the statement giving me his business card, which must still be in one of my pockets. At the next pause in the music he accepted a cigarette from Sam, and the two fell into conversation. Then I found the card, and read, under the table, furtively:

ANTOINE BRIZARD,
FABRICANT DE JOUETS,
30 RUE DES FRANCS-BOURGEOIS,
AU MARAIS.

So, joining in the talk, which had turned straight to the all-absorbing topic of the war, I took occasion presently to address him by name; whereupon he smiled, and complimented me in very good English upon the excellence of my memory.

A rap of the leader's baton sent a responsive thrill through the great audience, and the band struck the first notes of the Marseillaise amid a general uproar. Groans and hisses from the German sympathizers only made the applause grow fiercer, and the enthusiasts asserted themselves triumphantly at the appearance of the singer, a tall, handsome woman, wearing the Phrygian cap and flowing garments of Liberty. Coming forward upon the narrow platform built out into the theatre, she sang her song with dramatic effect and much waving of her tricolored banner at the refrain, which the house, including Sam and myself in the front rank of it, took up. With a gracious smile she yielded to our demand for a repetition, rewarding us by a look when we pounded our table clamorously at her final recall.

Monsieur Brizard had applauded, too, but with less emotional fury than our own, which amused and interested him.

"You have heroic sentiments," he said, when all the noise was over.

"And you?" returned Sam, raising his eyebrows.

"I also, though I think but lightly of the lady there. *Pauvre pays!* Who shall say what or where the end will be? Look!" and producing a wad of tis-

sue paper, which he unrolled carefully, Monsieur Brizard took from it a small, dark object; then, with a twirl of his finger and thumb, he sent this spinning out upon the table.

It was a teetotum of about an inch in diameter, bearing upon each of its four sides a design intended to symbolize one of the powerful French parties, — the golden lily, the cock of the Orleans house, the imperial eagle, the liberty cap. “*Voilà la France, messieurs!*” said Monsieur Brizard, as the eagle fell uppermost; “a plaything in the hand of fortune!” We examined the toy, which was highly finished, with the facet lines picked out in gold. I gave it a twirl, and our companion smiled, but shook his head doubtfully, when the eagle came again. “Perhaps,” he muttered.

“Where did you get the thing?” Sam asked.

Monsieur Brizard tapped his forehead. “Here,” he said; “that I might divert myself a little. *C’est une idée, ça, — le toton politique.*” So, with an air of pride in his invention, he tried it once more, watching its fall eagerly, and shrugging his shoulders in comic distress when the lily turned up. “Zut!” he cried, as the house was stirred into fresh excitement by the *Wacht am Rhein*. “*Je m’en vais. Au plaisir, messieurs.*” Sweeping the fickle instrument of prophecy into his pocket, he made off hastily, and I saw no more of him for many a day.

Time went on, bringing the capitulation of Paris, the long armistice, the melancholy treaty of peace, the entry of the Germans to the *Place de la Concorde*. Then followed the fierce ascendancy of the Commune, whereof no man could foresee the issue. During these troubled months, communication with Paris, although nominally resumed, proved uncertain and hazardous. But Markham & Wade, whose watchword was enterprise, desired to make the most of this advantage, and, having little confidence in the mails, sent messengers back and forth

across the Channel repeatedly. I begged hard for permission to serve in this capacity of courier, and one day in early spring, soon after the insurgents had gained control of central Paris, the privilege was granted — only to be revoked; for at the last moment my youth and inexperience, as I saw, were cast into the scale against me, the outlook being stormy, the mission being a delicate one, and Sam Ryeder filled my place. The balm of mild flattery softened this blow, — the messenger, once in, would probably be unable to get out again, and I could not be spared from my post in London; but it remained a blow, nevertheless, though, in view of Sam’s evident glee, I counterfeited a good grace and uttered no remonstrance. Sam made his way into Paris not without difficulty, and there he was forced for a time to stay, precisely as had been predicted; then, owing to circumstances which he regarded as favorable, his stay was prolonged through all the wantonness and ferocity of the second Reign of Terror, until, with a few hours of desperate street-fighting, the Commune, yielding inch by inch before the resolute *Versaillais*, had become a mere historic memory. Sam lost none of these rare opportunities, which led him into many scrapes. More than once, through his insatiable curiosity, he was arrested as a spy and dragged to headquarters, where a look at his passport sufficed for his release. Armed only with this document, he watched the Vendôme Column fall, and, rushing into the crowd, pocketed that fragment of bronze which now serves as a paper-weight upon my table. On the terrible 23d of May, while the Tuileries burned, he prowled the streets all night, hovering near the path of death and destruction like a carrion bird; and if he was not actually in at the Commune’s downfall, during the final struggle of the *Place de l’Opéra*, five days later, he must have been close upon it. I need not say that I still envy him these dreadful experiences.

It was on the following morning, May 29, 1871, that I was summoned by the partners into their private room and asked how I should like to serve as special messenger to Paris by the night express. I replied that I should like nothing better.

"You have never been in Paris, Garner, I think?" continued Mr. Markham, smiling at my eagerness, as I plainly perceived.

"No," said I gloomily, fearing that the admission might once more turn against me, "but" —

"Then it will be a good plan to improve your opportunity," broke in Mr. Wade. "Send your passport up to the legation for a visé at once, and go prepared to stay on for a day or two. See all you can and learn the ropes. When things are settled, we shall need you there."

"Thank you," said I, overjoyed. "And my instructions?"

"May be summed up in one word, — 'caution,'" Mr. Markham answered. "You will wear a belt containing French money, — twenty thousand francs, more or less, — which Mr. Flack will hand you at the close of to-day's business. You will deliver this at the Rue Saint-Arnaud the moment you arrive. That's all."

"Except to bring back whatever may be handed you in one, two, or three days, according to the turn of affairs," added Mr. Wade. "Be guided by that, but make the most of your visit." And so they dismissed me.

The day was unusually busy, even for a mail-day, and we were all up to our eyes in work, of which I would have undertaken a double share cheerfully, in view of my approaching journey. At luncheon-time I stole an extra quarter of an hour to pack my light luggage, and, carrying this down to the office, I stowed it away under my desk there, since I was to take the train at Charing Cross, close by. Toward seven o'clock I bolted what passed for my dinner at the near-

est of the crowded counters I frequented. Coming back, I found that the tide had turned: the partners were already gone, the staff hilariously bent upon following their example; the whole place was in a whirl, through which I put the finishing touches upon my own task, while one by one my fellow-clerks noisily took leave. During the next half-hour Mr. Flack kept up a dispute with Wilmot, the cashier, whose accounts had obstinately refused to balance. They counted and recounted their rolls of money, until at last the error was brought to light. Then, after their exchange of congratulations, Mr. Flack turned to me.

"Come, Garner, man, look alive! It's time you were ready. Off with your coat, and let me buckle on the harness for you."

He held in both hands a wide belt of chamois leather lined with pockets, the flaps of which were buttoned down over the money he had packed away in them. As he strapped this around my waist, he explained that the contents included nearly equal proportions of notes and gold, and that he had distributed the latter along the belt, to "even up" the weight, as he expressed it. Nevertheless, the weight so adjusted was considerable, and at first I felt as if every step must betray my unwieldiness. But I soon grew accustomed to this new sensation, and when I had put on my coat again no one would have observed the slight halt in my gait, or suspected any unusual feature in my attire.

"Here's your demnition total!" said Mr. Flack, handing me a memorandum of the sum I was to carry. "Francs, twenty-one thousand, five hundred; or pounds sterling, eight hundred and sixty, roughly speaking. You're worth more than ever before in your life, my precious. Come on! Give me those traps of yours. You must get aboard, youngster, get aboard!"

As we stepped out into the rush of the Strand, a fierce gust of wind lifted my

companion's hat, but he threw up his left hand just in time to save it.

"Tim, my boy, are you a good sailor?" he inquired, jamming the hat down over his eyes.

"Oh yes. Why do you ask?" I answered.

"Why? Bless your little heart, do you forget you're on an island?" Mr. Flack rejoined. "And it's going to be a naughty night to swim in. Lear's fool, act third. I played him twice: once in Derby, once in Manchester."

"How did it go?" I asked absently, with a glance toward the stars, few of which were visible.

"Go? I was great in it, — great, I tell you; and it's the best part in the piece, too, bar the king. Heigh-ho!" Then, sighing at the remembrance of his former greatness, he led the way into the station, tossed my luggage to a porter, and demanded a "first-class return" for Paris, with an accent of pride upon the ordinal number. "The house always travels 'first,'" he explained, lest I should fail to be duly impressed.

We hurried on to the barrier, through which he seemed to have the right of way. "Going across?" asked its guardian, with a nod.

"Not I; it's only the lad. Old England's quite large enough for me, this season, thank you."

In this patronizing manner I was deposited in the corner of a first-class carriage, otherwise vacant; Mr. Flack waved a last farewell from the platform; and the train rumbled out over the murky Thames to the Surrey shore and back again into the Cannon Street station, on the Middlesex side, close under St. Paul's. Here we found other passengers, one of whom, entering my compartment, seated himself opposite to me, somewhat to my annoyance, though he seemed inoffensive enough. He was a fussy, self-important little man of middle age, disposed to talk freely, with an accent that would have betrayed his foreign origin, even if, in a

few moments, he had not proclaimed his nationality. When the guard examined our tickets, the foreigner observed that mine was for Paris, and commented upon the fact. "I go only to Calais," said he, "to conclude certain trifling affairs, and then to Belgium. *Moi, je suis Belge.* And you are English, are you not?" Inclined to caution, I yet saw no reason for being ungracious, and so answered that I was American. The information appeared to interest my fellow-traveler, and it led him into a flow of compliment upon the nobility of our race, which, despite its extravagance, caused my blood to tingle pleasantly. But though he asked no other questions, the familiar, personal tone of the conversation made me uneasy. This he probably perceived, and as we went gliding on through Kent his talk trailed off to the weather, which certainly gave him a good excuse for the change of subject. The night was dark as a pocket; rain had set in, and the big drops were driven sharply against the window-pane by the rising wind. I remembered Turner's picture of the train in a storm, and shivering, though it was not cold, drew the overcoat which I had thrown off around my knees. My new acquaintance stopped talking, and settled himself snugly into his corner. I grew drowsy, nodded, slept for one half-minute, again for another, until, aroused by a draught of air, I started up, to find that the coat had slipped from my knees, that the train stood still, and that the Belgian was peering out of the open window into the night. My mind reverted to my belt, whither one hand instantly followed it. Convincing myself by the sense of touch that all was safe, I asked why we had stopped and where we were.

"We are at Dover, — that is all," said he; "the guard comes for our tickets. Now we move on, — to the pier. Good God! what a night! Oh, this cursed sea, — I have no love for it at best."

I laughed lightly. Here was I, at last, on the point of embarking for France.

What would be a wave more or less to me? The cockle-shell mail-boat chafed and tugged at its mooring restlessly. In spite of the storm there were many passengers; and I had no sooner set foot among them than I encountered my old friend Monsieur Brizard.

He stopped his nervous pacing of the quarter-deck to hail me with a degree of warmth which I cordially returned.

"You are going home?" said I.

"Yes," he sighed, "to what is left of it, if that should be permitted. The thing is not so easy yet, they say, for us who are Parisians. We are scrutinized at Calais, it appears."

"Surely you have your passport?"

"Oh yes," said Monsieur Brizard, touching his breast-pocket, from which a corner of the document protruded; "with my visé for Paris, all in order. Yet even so, I doubt. The moment is a troubled one; the best of us, I am told, lie under grave suspicion."

The Belgian had come up, and his readiness to talk asserted itself at once. "Bah!" said he; "they magnify these difficulties in London. I can assure monsieur that we honest men need have no anxiety. A Parisian friend of mine passed through yesterday without question; and he was a patriot of the newest sort, a so-called friend of liberty."

"Ah, so much the better, then," Monsieur Brizard replied. "Since monsieur does not disturb himself, and, like me, returns to his native land" —

"Oh, moi, je suis Belge!" rejoined the other, setting him right.

Then for the next few minutes we chatted pleasantly together upon our short voyage and its prospects, after the manner of fellow-passengers.

But the moment the steamer cast off, conversation became impossible; indeed, there was no remaining on deck with any comfort. The wind, rain, and spray soon swept it clear, and we were forced below into an obscure cabin furnished with a continuous line of berths which had

neither curtains nor partitions. These couches were already well filled, the only vacant places being at the stern, where, rolling up my overcoat for a pillow, I wedged myself between my two companions, — in good time, for five minutes later the cabin floor was crowded with recumbent figures in various stages of seasickness. Our own retreat was very dimly lighted, and we congratulated ourselves upon its comparative seclusion. But the motion soon proved excessive: poor Monsieur Brizard, frankly yielding to it, turned pale and moaned, while the Belgian hid his face, suffering in silence. Before long, the atmosphere, the sights and sounds of these close quarters, began to tell upon me, good sailor that I was. I lay flat on my back, dreading even to move; then, indifferent to all but my own pain, I shut my eyes and tried to sleep off the dull headache of which I gradually grew unconscious. At last, the pitching and tossing diminished perceptibly, and our limbo stirred into life with a general sense of relief. We were nearing Calais. Vaguely aware of this at first, I found presently that the Belgian, who had occupied the inner place, was already up and engaged in the friendly task of infusing courage into the limp, spiritless soul of Monsieur Brizard. I lent him a hand, and together we raised the sick man to a sitting posture. He looked like a white shadow of himself. His clothes, all awry, hung round him in wrinkles. As we shook them into shape, a paper fell from his breast-pocket. The Belgian stuffed it back, remarking severely that he should have an eye to his passport. This speech acted like a spur. Monsieur Brizard sprang to his feet, and proceeded to feel in all his pockets. I immediately thought of my belt, which had slipped out of place a little, but as I quietly adjusted it the weight reassured me; and just then, Monsieur Brizard, declaring that he had lost something, turned back to the berth, where in a moment he found a small roll

of tissue paper, which he held up triumphantly.

"C'est le toton politique, ça!" said I, laughing; while my remembrance of his odd little toy brought a flush of pleasure to his cheek, as he smiled and nodded. He was already better, and the fresh air on deck soon revived him. We were coming into port beside a long pier, from which uncouth figures hailed us with tossing lanterns. Monsieur Brizard pointed out to me a group of uniformed custom-house officials near a picturesque old gate; and beyond this I saw the gables of Calais in a confused mass against the sky. A voice warned us to make ready our passports, as we plunged into the throng surging up to the landing-stage. In this scramble the Belgian was swept away, and we saw no more of him. But I still clung to Monsieur Brizard, who, declaring that there was not the slightest hurry, moved away from the crowd, when we reached the top of the gangplank, to light a cigarette under the nearest lamp-post.

"We have a full hour to wait," he explained. "Now for the passports, which will be taken up for examination as we enter the douane." Speaking, he drew his out and opened it. "Sacré nom de mille tonnerres!" he cried.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"It is not mine, this paper. Look! The name is 'Alexandre Duval, négociant de Paris.' Who is he, and what have I to do with him? Expliquez-moi ça, mon ami!"

But I had no explanation to offer. I could only stare at the paper, and ask if the visé was in order.

"Yes, yes; it is of this morning, when I obtained my own. Sapristi! that explains all clearly. They have returned me the wrong one, and I was too stupid to notice it. But what is to be done?"

We stepped nearer to the lamp, for careful inspection of the passport, which was undoubtedly genuine. It was drawn for a man of forty-eight, whose descrip-

tion followed in detail, but with the usual vagueness: "Face, oval; forehead and mouth, medium; hair, gray." I compared these features with the bearer's, finding that they conformed sufficiently well; and Monsieur Brizard arrived swiftly at the same conclusion. "Parbleu!" he cried, "it might pass for me, — all except the age, and I am but fifty-one. Grâce à Dieu! quelle chance!"

"Precisely!" I agreed. "You have only to pass on with this. They will never detect you, — never in the world!"

"Right! There is, indeed, no other thing to do," said he. "It is better than to wait over night in this hole of a provincial town. Allons, et bon courage! Eh, but the folly of it! Were I imprisoned for a month, I could not complain."

We went on to the gate, there delivering the passports to an officer in charge, who ushered us into a dreary waiting-room of the station. Here the passengers for Paris were penned up like so many sheep, while rigid scrutiny of their credentials went on behind a closed door in one corner, toward which all eyes turned impatiently. When, after a long delay, this door was opened, we swarmed on to the inner sanctuary, where our names were called in turn and the passports redelivered as we presented ourselves to claim them. It chanced that my name fell among the first, but, there being no hurry, I lingered on, anxious to learn my companion's fate. Little by little, the crowd thinned out; and its number had dwindled to two or three, when Alexandre Duval was summoned. Monsieur Brizard responded instantly, moving forward to the desk in perfect self-possession. The officer gave him one searching look; then, without a word, handed back the passport. I joined him at once, and together we went out under the wide arch of the station. We were admitted to French soil at last; there, before us, stood the long line of carriages placarded for Paris. But we still had twenty minutes to spare; so, at the sug-

gestion of Monsieur Brizard, who declared that he was famished, we turned into the buffet, where our light supper of bouillon and cold chicken, well served, seemed to me my most refreshing meal for many a day. Then, in a very happy mood, we strolled back to the train; perceiving, first, that the best places were taken; next, that there was grave doubt of our finding any places at all. "En voitures, messieurs!" shouted the guards, with a great slamming of doors. We rushed wildly up and down the line, Monsieur Brizard plunging finally into one carriage, and I into another far removed from him. I sank into its only empty seat just as the train started, and for the next few minutes thought of nothing but to get my breath again, and make sure that no personal effects had slipped from my pockets in all this frantic haste.

When we were fairly out of Calais, and the blue shade had been drawn over the carriage-lamp, making its light of the faintest, I had a good opportunity to examine my belt once more. I accordingly did so, — this time with great care. The coin was all in its place; there could be no doubt of that. But, to my horror, I discovered that the front pocket, containing the package of notes, had been cut in two by some sharp instrument, and that every note was gone! My hair stood on end. In vain I told myself that the cut had always existed, that I was dreaming, that the sealed envelope lay safely hidden in another pocket. I had seen Mr. Flack deposit it there, and knew that the hope was false. I remembered perfectly the figures marked upon it, and I verified them now by my memorandum in the dim light, — 12,150 francs; more than half, that is to say, of the entire sum entrusted to me. I was robbed, — robbed through my own imprudence, when I had been expressly warned to practice circumspection. The dreadful second thought, which seemed to involve my ruin, left me faint and cold.

My life has been one of many trials,

but I am sure that the hours which followed this discovery were among the worst I have ever known. As the train rushed on, my seven fellow-passengers, whose consciences were at rest, composed themselves to sleep, while I, bolt upright and broad awake, stared out at the wild country, summoning back into my tortured brain every circumstance from Charing Cross to Calais, trying to fix the moment of the theft, with which, alternately, I saddled the Belgian and Monsieur Brizard. Then slowly I became convinced of the latter's innocence. The Belgian was the thief, of course. He had observed the belt on the way down, perhaps, and he had rifled it as I dozed at his side in the steamer's cabin. I groaned aloud over the fact that we were flying farther and farther from him every moment. I did not even know under what name he traveled. He had watched while I slept miserably, suffering him to crawl from the inner place without disturbing me. He was first upon his feet as we came into Calais. I had found him, when I woke, bending over Monsieur Brizard, whom he had taken to task about the passport. The passport! Thereby hung a strange incident of which we had made too little. What if he, with some motive best known to himself, had exchanged Monsieur Brizard's passport for his own? What if he were no Belgian, but Monsieur Alexandre Duval, *négociant de Paris*? The fancy, once conceived, impressed me as a revelation of the truth. One misdeed seemed to illuminate the other, and I was firmly persuaded now that, like myself, the toy-maker had been robbed in the dark, though only of his good name.

Abbeville! come and gone in a breath. Amiens! where we waited a little longer, while our bearings were tested with the clink of hammers. Then tired nature asserted itself, and, in spite of all my trouble, I nodded into painful sleep, the prey of nightmares. When I woke, the dawn was slowly breaking over the fair

land of Oise. The storm had passed away, the sky was clear, the sun came up gloriously. Green fields, thickly sown with buttercups, stretched off on either hand, while now and then a rideau of pale poplars stood out against the distant horizon. But I watched the growth of the calm summer morning with an aching heart. The busy town of Creil flashed by us. Two of my companions woke, and chattered about the beauty of the landscape, the brilliant sunshine, then lapsed abruptly into moody silence at sight of the Prussian uniforms and helmets on the platform of Saint-Denis, which still remained in the enemy's hands. And now, hemmed in by walls, we rattled on toward the heart of Paris, where the journey ended at last in the dismal Gare du Nord.

The station was crowded, and its noisy confusion jarred upon my nerves. Very weak and dispirited, I pushed on to the barrier in the hope of overtaking Monsieur Brizard; but he was nowhere to be seen. I carried only hand-luggage, which the officials passed unopened; and a moment later, jumping into an open victoria, I gave the cocher our address in the Rue Saint-Arnaud.

It was a quarter after six by the clock of Saint-Vincent-de-Paul when we drove under it through the long Rue de Lafayette, where the shops had already opened. Tricolored flags fluttered at all the windows, as if the city were decked for some feast-day; but a veil of smoke swept low over the quarter, and I soon saw that the day was rather one of mourning. Half the women were in black; every face looked saddened. We passed on into denser smoke and deeper sadness. The house-fronts, torn by shot and shell, gave me glimpses of deserted rooms with their household gods still in them. Martial law had been proclaimed, and as I crossed the Place de l'Opéra, which was completely gutted, I could see the soldiers grouped about a line of camp-fires on the Boulevard des Italiens. The war-cloud

overshadowed everything in all the splendid distance; and my own cloud, not to be shaken off, enveloped me more closely. Thus, chilled to the very soul, I entered the Paris of my dreams.

Our concierge gave me a cheery welcome and the freedom of the office, where the day's work had not begun; then he brought coffee, which I gratefully accepted. My spirits rose a little, enabling me to consider my trouble calmly and to decide upon my course. I resolved to confide in Sam Ryeder, or in the cashier, should he appear first upon the scene, before breaking my unpleasant news to the higher authorities. Of the cashier I knew little more than his name, which was Hawkins; but we were fellow-clerks, and I trusted to him in advance for counsel and sympathy. Two hours dragged on; until at half past eight the vanguard of the force arrived, stirring the silent precincts into sudden activity. The tall steel safe, like a coffin set on end, was opened; the books were distributed; the juniors, one by one, took up the daily task. Then came a facteur from the post-office to leave his budget of letters, and a telegraph-boy with a message for Monsieur Hawkins. I saw the pale blue envelope placed conspicuously upon the cashier's desk, now the only unoccupied one except Sam's. I would make my confession to no one else, and, irritated by delay, I began to accuse them both of laziness, forgetting how young their day still was.

At last, a tall man, with careworn features and grizzled beard, strode briskly to his place, where, pouncing upon the telegram, he tore it open, read it, and tossed it down. This, then, was Mr. Hawkins. As I came forward timidly, he looked up.

"Ah! you are Garner?" said he. "Just in from London?"

"Yes," said I, fumbling at my belt with clumsy, nervous fingers; "and here" —

"Good! the French money. Glad you came through all safe. But look

there! See what Flack telegraphs me; the man needs a keeper. Eh! Are you sick, my dear fellow? What the devil is the matter with you?"

The matter was that I had reeled like a drunken man, clutching the desk with both hands; for the London message ran as follows:—

"Send back by mail our cash memoranda, put into Garner's belt by mistake for French notes. We forward notes to-morrow. My fault, not Garner's.

FLACK."

"It's nothing—I mean it's everything!" I stammered. "Let me sit down a moment, and I'll tell you. I think the journey has upset me a little."

He brought a chair, and sent out for brandy. Then I showed him the slashed belt, and told my story in broken sentences, incoherently, while my mind wandered back to that last half-hour in London with its wrangle over the accounts, amid preparations for my hurried departure. I understood exactly how, in his excitement, Mr. Flack had substituted for the envelope of French notes another envelope containing merely slips of paper with figures scrawled upon them,—Willmot's cash items in suspense, to be redeemed by the sums they represented without passing through the books. It was this valueless thing which had been sealed and marked so carefully; this, only, which the thief had secured. The money, thanks to an accident, was safe, and I was no longer a lost soul awaiting punishment. I saw these details and my fortunate escape in a flash. But how Willmot was ever to balance his cash again, without the stolen memoranda, I could not see.

When I communicated the doubt to Hawkins, he advised me not to worry about trifles. "Let this be a lesson to you, my boy," he added. "Never take another man's word for anything, especially a bookkeeper's. But cheer up! You are well out of it, and we'll keep the matter to ourselves."

I thanked him for the friendly suggestion; none the less, to Sam Ryeder, who presently joined us, I reviewed my story,—dramatically, this time, reserving the happy surprise of the telegram for the very end. Meanwhile, his face was a study in sympathetic emotion. It lighted up, however, as I finished; and drawing a long breath, he said: "Well, if you ain't just the luckiest kid that ever lived, I'm blessed! But what a state you're in! Come round to my place and wash up. Then I'll give you a look at the town. It's worth a morning's work. There are sights here to stir a blind man!"

I turned to Hawkins, who not only agreed, but formally detailed Sam to a few hours of special service as my companion and guide. Sam's lodging was in a comparatively new quarter beyond the Place de Clichy, but instead of driving there directly we made a small detour through the Place Vendôme to the Tuileries Garden, and back by the Rue Royale. Every moment of that first Parisian morning is indelibly stamped upon my memory, and I still see, as I saw then, the broken column lying in the square, the smouldering palace, the scarred portico of the Madeleine, the upturned pavements that had formed the barricades, the distant Panthéon dome with its two gaping shell-holes,—one due to the Prussians, the other to the Versailles, as Sam informed me. The red flag had been thrust into them both, he said; but now they bore the tricolor which decked every building and monument in sight. He pointed out a theatre pillar on which a man was pasting the bill of the play at the Gymnase for that night,—the curtain to rise at six, since all lights must be out at eleven, when taps were sounded. So, while we drove on, Sam suffered nothing to escape my notice, playing perfectly his part of showman.

"And the trouble is n't over yet," he declared excitedly. "There are fifty thousand insurgents still at large, and new

arrests hourly. They make short work of those fellows. Martial law, you know; two hundred executions directly under my window, yesterday. By the way, I hope you have your passport handy? It isn't safe for any of us to be without one."

In relieving him of this anxiety I was reminded of Monsieur Brizard, and his passport, lost, strayed, or stolen. That episode of the night's adventure had been omitted from my hurried narrative at the office, as having little bearing upon my case. Sam, it appeared, had seen more of Brizard than I supposed, in the London days, and liked him. Accordingly, he pricked up his ears at once, agreeing with me that the exchange of passports was not an accident.

"I hope the old boy got in all right," said he. "If you don't mind, Tim, we'll stop at his place in the Marais and call upon him. We can breakfast at the Rocher de Cancale. This is my door on the left, three flights above the entresol. I'm au quatrième."

I found his lodging very comfortable, and said so. "Yes," he agreed, "it's a bit better than our old shake-down in Covent Garden. See here!" Then opening a back window, he called attention to its fairly wide view toward Montmartre. There were some new buildings, half completed, with the staging still up; and beyond these I could see one end of a high board fence, apparently inclosing vacant ground.

"It was just there," Sam explained, "that the men were shot yesterday, like so many dogs, — there, back of those boards." As he spoke, a puff of white smoke rose behind them, immediately followed by a sharp report.

"Good God!" he cried. "They're at it again, now!"

We leaned from the window, looking down. Below us a narrow street led into a small square, scarcely fifty feet away. On the corner was a café, with the usual row of iron tables outside. There, under the awning, a group of officers sat in ear-

nest discussion; otherwise, the square seemed entirely deserted. But a line of soldiers, drawn up at the entrance, kept back the curious crowd slowly collecting under our windows. As we looked, a prisoner was brought by two of the guard before the improvised tribunal; and we instantly recognized Monsieur Brizard.

Sam gave a cry of alarm, and dashed down the stairs into the street, while I followed close behind him. We made our way up to the line without difficulty, to be stopped there, as a matter of course. But our entreaties were so urgent that at last they prevailed, and word came to pass us. We arrived none too soon. Monsieur Brizard, put under surveillance at Calais as Alexandre Duval, had been arrested that morning in the Gare du Nord upon a triple charge. The man Duval was a thief and a receiver of stolen goods, as well as a Communist. Certain silver ornaments, stolen from the churches, had been traced to his house, and it was believed that he would venture back into Paris for the purpose of removing them to a place of greater safety. Orders were given to shadow him simply, until he could be caught red-handed, with the property in his possession. But this, on the previous night, had been unearthed in his cellar; hence the sudden change of plan and our friend's predicament. Monsieur Brizard had protested in vain that he was a victim of mistaken identity. His story found no credit, until my testimony, with Sam's vigorous support, confirmed it in every particular. After severe cross-questioning we procured his formal release, for which he became hysterically grateful.

We breakfasted, that morning, not at the Rocher de Cancale, but in Monsieur Brizard's apartment over his quaint, old-fashioned shop of the Marais, with his wife and children dancing attendance upon us in a state of ecstacy. I saw the honest bourgeois often during the next few years. He made a small fortune with his *toton politique*, which was of-

ferred for sale in every window on the boulevard throughout the official term of "Papa Thiers," as we irreverently called the first President of the new republic.

The clever toy and its inventor went their way with him, at last, — the mortal one. They are dead as yesterday, all three. Requiescant in pace!

T. R. Sullivan.

THE POLITICIAN AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

INDIANAPOLIS AND CLEVELAND.

THE unscrupulous politician is the greatest enemy that we now have to contend with in public education. His highest conception of the public school is that its revenues offer him the opportunity of public plunder. Did he accomplish his end without other injury to the cause of education than the depletion of its revenues, he might be ranked merely with the common thief. However, he does not confine his depredations to the financial side of the matter, but pushes his corrupting presence into the school itself. He commits the unpardonable sin when he interferes with the rightful tenure of office of the teacher, and seeks to make political reasons more effective than professional competency in securing and retaining teachers' positions. The purpose of this paper is to compare some existing conditions in this respect with reasonable ideals, and to suggest remedies for some of the direct evils to which public education is now exposed. It is somewhat difficult for me to summon sufficient patience for the calm consideration of this subject, in view of the officious impertinence of the politician on the one hand, and the apathy of the good citizen on the other. But it seems clear that if the selfsame good citizen is ever to be roused to an appreciation of his duties and his rights in the premises, it must be through the utterances of some one else than the partisan politician.

It is true that many other unworthy influences operate in the employment

and retention of incompetent teachers; but all other influences, either inside or outside the profession, dwindle into insignificance when compared with the baleful effects of partisan politics. It is natural, therefore, that in any discussion looking toward practical results in rendering the teacher's tenure more secure and the teacher's career more attractive, practical politics as a factor in school elections and appointments should receive a large share of attention. Yet before this phase of the subject can be adequately treated certain ideals must be explained, to serve as standards of comparison when forces external to the profession are to be considered.

In the first place, the good of the profession requires that persons of special ability and adaptation shall be selected as teachers, and that these persons, after having received a liberal scholastic training, shall prepare themselves for the work by a thorough course in the science and the art of teaching. The schools in this country that have attracted attention through the excellence of their work have enforced a standard whose lowest limit includes a course of study equivalent to high school work for four years, supplemented by a normal school course of one or two or three years, or the equivalent of this preparation gained in that dearer but still more effective school, experience. It is highly desirable, too, that the inducements to enter the primary and grammar grades be made sufficiently

great to lead college-bred men and women to turn their attention to this work, especially in the administrative and supervisory tasks of elementary education, in which their riper scholarship and fuller discipline could make themselves felt for good throughout the corps. To achieve this end, not only must the tenure of these teachers be made more safe, but the conditions for promotions within the ranks must be such as to secure certain recognition for unusual scholarship and administrative or teaching ability, without too much stress on length of service as a factor in advancement. Somewhat in proportion to the enlargement of horizon by liberal education do teachers dislike to be made dependent for appointment and successive promotions upon school boards, whose members, almost without exception, are without due respect for scholarship and are unfriendly to advanced professional training. To secure for any community, then, the best graduates of the colleges and normal schools, and to retain the services of these persons in the most vital parts of the school system, some inducement as yet practically untried must be found. A long stride in this direction will have been made when professionally trained superintendents shall have the power to select teachers, and to assign them to the grades for which, all things considered, they are best adapted.

All promotions to places of responsibility should in like manner be made by the superintendent, — alone if in a small city, together with his assistants if in a city so large as to require assistants. Let the deciding power, in such case, rest with those professionally trained for this work, and teachers will soon come to recognize the justness of the method; and they will prefer to risk their professional advancement in the hands of those capable of appreciating real success rather than with a school committee or school board, whose members, though they be reputable citizens, are not capable of dis-

tinguishing between the true teacher and the veriest charlatan. Could teachers be assured that professional worth would be duly appreciated and suitably rewarded, they would the more zealously prepare themselves before entering upon the work, and more earnestly seize the opportunities of improvement which every good system of schools keeps within reach of its teachers.

I have no doubt that there are unjust and incompetent superintendents, supervisors, and principals; but the number of those who will prostitute their office to the service of their prejudices is relatively so small as not to be taken into account, while their ability to judge of professional merit in teaching is so far beyond that of the average committeeman or member of a school board as not to allow of comparison. Were professionally competent persons thus made the sole judges of competency, whether the custom be supported by statute or by the higher law of common consent of school board and community, teachers would be quick to see its benefits.

It has often been argued that after all these advantages of tenure have been secured for women teachers, a large proportion of them will marry, and abandon the profession after a short term of service, leaving their places to be filled by beginners; and that thus the average term of service is not determined by internal reasons, but by matters entirely outside the profession. There is some show of truth in the argument. But in my judgment it is a sufficient answer to say that long average tenure of service is not the sole object in view; for the main purpose is to give teachers security and serenity, so that they will prepare themselves better before entering the profession, and devote themselves more exclusively and happily to the work while they remain in it. Should the teacher, after a reasonable term of service, marry and leave the work, she goes out into the community carrying with

her a respect for the public school and a belief in its efficiency that will be scarcely less valuable in the family and in the community than it was in the school-room. Our public school system is too new yet to reap in full the advantages of the increased public respect due from the second and third generation of those who have loved and served the public schools.

It is common, also, to repeat the worn-out theory that our teaching force will always be transient as long as so large a proportion of our teachers are women. It has recently been shown that the States having the largest ratio of women teachers have also the longest average term of service of teachers (as well as the best schools), and that the mean average length of service of teachers has until now been greatly lowered by the presence of men in the work who do not intend to make teaching a profession or a career, but who use it merely as a stepping-stone to some business or to another profession. The course that I am recommending would have the effect, I believe, of ridding the profession of these time-servers, and of introducing a larger ratio than heretofore of men who will make teaching, including supervising and superintending, a career; and better yet, of calling into the profession a class of men of larger native endowment, more complete adaptation to the profession, and more liberal scholarship than we find among those who teach temporarily.

There remains another point to consider, — how to get rid of incompetent, non-progressive, or negligent teachers. Self-respecting teachers cannot remain satisfied to work side by side with teachers who are held in their places by reasons foreign to the profession. The tribunal which discharges the incompetent must be of the same professional type as has herein been advocated for the selection and promotion of teachers, and its decision must be absolute and final. No procedure will more quickly improve the

morale of the teaching force than the fearless discharge of unworthy members by the proper and competent authority. It must be made certain that no influences whatever can be relied upon to retain a position except the worthy work of the teacher. Let this be once established in any city, and one of the most vexatious causes of stagnation in city schools will have been removed.

To recapitulate: there are three important functions in the management of a corps of teachers, in any system of schools, which cannot be safely vested in non-professional hands: the selection, appointment, and assignment of teachers; the promotion of teachers to fill vacancies occurring in the more important positions; the discharge of unworthy, incompetent, or non-progressive teachers.

Members of school boards are usually chosen on account of other reasons than their professional knowledge of school work. They are manifestly not the competent professional authority here advocated. The creation of the office of superintendent is a recognition of the need of an executive officer who is an expert in this very work which the members of the board are unfit, through lack of training, to perform. Having, then, provided an expert executive officer, it is absurd not to allow him to use his expert knowledge in the highest interest of the schools; and yet I venture the assertion that in a very large proportion of counties, towns, and cities the superintendent is a superintendent only in name. In my own judgment, the proper method is to give to the superintendent (either by statute, or by the common consent of the school board as the legal authority and the community as the interested party, preferably the former) full power to appoint, promote, and discharge teachers, and to hold him strictly to account for but one thing, — good schools. Select a capable man for super-

intendent, give him adequate power, and require results. The possession of power will make him conservative; and the concentration of power in his hands will make it easy to hold him accountable for results. Appoint the superintendent for an indefinite period, but be sure to reserve a means of getting rid of him for incompetence or malfeasance in office. Of course it is plain that since the superintendent is the highest expert in the system, he must be immediately responsible to a non-professional body, the school board or the school committee. This must be frankly admitted as a defect. But it may as well be admitted further that, with our present democratic tendencies, there must somewhere be accountability to the people; and the work of a superintendent is of a kind that can be better explained and better made to appeal to the non-professional mind than the work of the teacher. It is clear to my mind that by this means the effect of non-professional judgment is reduced to its minimum; and while the system will for a while doubtless result in frequent dismissals of superintendents, it will not in all these cases result in the disorganization of the corps of teachers, — certainly not if the same power be immediately conferred upon the new head officer. Indeed, if the superintendent had the power herein advocated, he could soon develop a system of schools which should go far toward preventing his discharge for any except the gravest reasons. In any event, it seems necessary to require the superintendent to be the instrument in securing for teachers a reasonable tenure of office, even though he be occasionally offered up on the altar as a vicarious sufferer for the more fortunate members of the force. The conditions here explained are in practical operation in many places, notably in the two cities of Indianapolis and Cleveland, in one of which the superintendent, by sufferance of the school board and by the glad consent of the people, exercises

every function here described, while in the other such power is conferred upon him by statute.

Before giving a detailed account of these instances it will be instructive to examine the "confessions" referred to by Dr. Hall in the March number of *The Atlantic Monthly*. Such confessions could not have been made by the members of any other profession. It is difficult to decide which is the more startling, the innocent acceptance of the situation by teachers and superintendents, or the depth of cupidity and cold-blooded selfishness manifested by the partisan politicians, and even by members of school boards. It seems strange that people who are apparently honest in other social relations will deliberately conspire to secure the appointment and the retention of persons as teachers who are known to be incompetent to perform the service implied in the contract. That these persons are not clearly conscious of the enormity of their crime is shown by the naïve way in which they sometimes offer, as reasons for employment, incidents and qualifications in no way related to the work of teaching. In my own term of service as superintendent, I have had persons insist upon the engagement of individuals as teachers on one or more of the following grounds: the applicant belongs to a good family, has high social standing, is of a scholarly turn of mind, has always wished to be a teacher, has had a reverse of fortune, has failed in other fields of endeavor, has friends who are taxpayers. In some instances, poverty has been assigned as an incontestable qualification; while in a few cases, ill health, debarring the applicant from entering upon hard labor, has been offered as an imperative reason for immediate employment as a teacher in the public schools. While these confessions make a mild showing in favor of all these reasons, they concentrate about two. I refer to the influence of church membership and that of partisan politics. Church influ-

ence assumes two forms, one of which is more respectable than the other, but both are baleful. The appointment of a fellow-member of a church is asked, irrespective of competency from an educational point of view, and the employment of competent teachers who happen to belong to some other church is discouraged. The confessions before me bewail most bitterly the prevalence of both of these influences, but especially that form of sectarian bigotry which cannot find value in the work of any teacher who does not attend "our church." Such sentences as these are taken somewhat at random from among many which might be cited:

"If a man is not an attendant at the prevailing church, he cannot succeed in holding his position here." "An unseen church influence often decides the case." "A church broil unseated my predecessor." "Teachers here must be of a certain church denomination." "The Methodist church meddles with school matters more than any other denomination here." "To hold your place in a Democratic community, you must be a Democrat; if these Democrats are principally Baptists, you must be a Baptist too." "There is a contention between Catholics and non-Catholics. The teachers of opposing denominations are dismissed by the opposite party without consideration of competency." Occasional islands "lift their fronded palms" above the almost universal deluge. One superintendent writes: "Although our board is A. P. A., one Catholic teacher is so competent and popular that they have not dared to remove her. I have had close relations with many school boards, and I must say that I have never known any other case of like forbearance." Another puts it vividly: "A teacher's position is very much dependent upon church relations." Still another says: "Political influence has but little weight here, but church influences are strongly felt." One may indeed well ask in what state of darkness a man must be who

can consent to regard membership in a special church as a fitting qualification for appointment to a position in the public schools! It is true that he deludes himself with the idea that he does not give membership as a reason; he says, "other things being equal;" but other things never are equal. It results finally in making it appear that other things are so nearly equal that his candidate must receive consideration. The friends of the public schools must begin a crusade against church sentimentalism, until clergymen and members of the churches will allow competency to teach in the public schools to be tested by the regular standards of professional worth.

But the highest measure of just execration must be reserved for partisan political interference with the interests of the public schools. It is upon this point that our confessions converge most sharply. A superintendent in one of the Eastern States writes: "Nearly all the teachers in our schools get their positions by what is called 'political pull.' If they secure a place and are not backed by political influence, they are likely to be turned out. Our drawing teacher recently lost her position for this reason." One writes from the South: "Most places depend on politics. The lowest motives are often used to influence ends." A faint wail comes from the far West: "Positions are secured and held by the lowest principles of corrupt politicians." Another writer says: "The teachers of this place have practically no protection from political demagogues. Not only is political influence used directly, but it is made to reach out through all other avenues. They must trade with the merchants, bank with the bankers, take treatment of the doctors, consult with the lawyers, and connive with the politicians of the dominant party." "No teacher with us feels secure except those who are of the same political faith as the 'powers that be,'" is written by a resident of the Atlantic slope. "The pub-

lie schools of this city are partisan political schools," writes another. "Politicians wage a war of extermination against all teachers who are not their vassals," comes from the Rocky Mountains. "Our board is politically corrupt. The members voted to put out the principal of the high school because he was of the opposite political party; they put in one of their political friends who had a pull," is the complaint from the Pacific slope.

There seems really to be no geographical limit. A pestilence will sometimes confine itself to certain doomed regions, and when the poison has run its course it will subside; politics never so confines itself and never subsides. Appointments are made, promotions secured, removals effected, on the basis of a political auction. "How many votes can you control for me when I become candidate for mayor?" seems to be the test question in mathematics required in many places. Sometimes payment has already been made, and the appointment of a friend is taken as the settlement of the account to date. The situation staggers belief. No one seems to grasp its real significance. It would be a serious problem if it were simply plundering the public treasury. Its evil would be beyond computation if it extended no farther than the corrupting, humiliating, and degrading of the men and women who teach in the schools, and who, though they are infinitely the superiors of the political bosses, must submit to the most galling indignities, or cease to follow their chosen profession. But the real enormity of the crime begins to dawn upon us when we consider that these political tricksters, who give positions to incompetent teachers in return for political support from the friends of such teachers, steal from defenseless children. The horrible accumulation of social consequences would appall us if it resulted only in deformed bodies and wasted intellectual energies. But the inevitable consequence of incompetence in the schoolroom is

spiritual death to the children, the dwarfing of all noble purposes, the paralyzing of all high effort, the destruction of all elevated ideals, the gradual obliteration of all that makes life worth living. Herod killed the innocents, as he doubtless thought, to protect his throne. The modern politician murders the children for mere gain; and it does not seem to make much difference that his own children are among the number. Partisan politics is the most horrible curse that ever spread its blighting influence over the public schools.

Light breaks through slight rifts in the clouds, giving a glimpse of what may be if this dark pall shall ever be lifted. One teacher writes: "I believe our teachers are secure while efficient. I have never known any attempt to remove the best teachers." Another says: "Politics has never in any way affected our schools." I have known several places where political influence has been practically removed from the educational side of school affairs. In two cities with which I am especially well acquainted, similar results have been achieved by two very different methods. My references to these cities as examples will necessarily require statements of a personal nature, from my intimate connection with both movements. The end of pertinent concrete illustration has seemed to me to justify the personal references.

Indianapolis and Cleveland have each a system of schools in which the teaching corps is fairly removed from the influence of politics, and professional conditions control, in the main, the tenure of office of the teachers. But the two instances differ widely as to the methods by which this result has been brought about.

The Indianapolis school system was founded and developed by educational experts, with relatively little assistance from the community. Whatever variations in detail have been brought into

the work by the successive superintendents, one uniform policy has obtained in this respect. Whatever mistakes have been made have been mistakes incident to educational work, and not in general to outside interference. Whatever excellencies have been wrought out — and they have been many — have been patiently wrought out through intelligent and conscientious leadership and a faithful, loyal, and thoroughly trained corps of teachers. The distinguishing feature has been the fact that superintendents, supervisors, and teachers have, in their professional capacity, held the respect and confidence of the community to such an extent as to preclude in the public mind any tolerance of non-professional interference in the tenure of office. The superintendents have in succession, each in his own way, been leaders in pedagogical thought and practice, and the teachers, with some exceptions, have loyally preferred to submit their professional standing and treatment to the educational executive rather than to appeal, through any of the arts of political, sectarian, or social intrigue, to the board of education. The foundation for this condition was laid in the very organization of the schools. The man first elected to the superintendency, and charged with the permanent organization of a city school system, made it clear as a cardinal principle of action that he was to be regarded as an educational expert; and that if his services were accepted at all, it must be on the ground of his capability to organize and to carry forward the work of the educational side of a public school system. For eleven years he labored assiduously; securing necessary legislation, selecting the best teachers, organizing and grading the schools, encouraging successful teachers, discharging incompetent ones, until he had established a system of schools, outlined a course of study, developed a loyalty to high purposes among his teachers, and in many ways set a high standard of educational

achievement. He established a successful city normal school when such schools were few, and laid stress on thoroughness in professional training to a degree which I have never seen equaled in any other school of its kind. He was a born executive, a capable leader of teachers, but never a teacher of teachers. He had educational ideals, but he could not teach these directly to his teachers. He succeeded in finding teachers who could to some extent work them out in the school-room. He then held these realized ideals up as object lessons to the others.

This method was calculated to foster intensity of effort, ruggedness and vigor of method, fierce competition, and far too high an opinion of tangible results. But these were the faults of the youth of the system; and it must be granted that the high purposes, enthusiastic loyalty, and large capacity for work which the superintendent developed in the corps of teachers made an excellent foundation on which his successors could the more easily and surely erect the superstructure of an organic teaching force. His immediate successor was a scholarly, thoughtful man, who was a true teacher of teachers. He liberalized and organized the course of study, and taught the teachers how to teach it. He pursued courses of psychological and pedagogical reading with his teachers, and set every one upon his honor to do the best he could for the children. While the fierce competitive struggle among the teachers was not in any sense abandoned, a new end in education was set up, and less rigid attention to externals was required. This period was one of enthusiastic study of education in its broadest principles. The superintendent's leadership was mental and moral, developing a taste for philosophic and literary studies among the teachers of the city that has remained to the present time. His good work was done so unobtrusively that some members of the board wondered if he were doing anything; but those of us who were in his

corps of teachers understood him, and felt the inspiration of his presence and work. With no special interest in external organization and little disposition to explain to outsiders his plans and motives, he encountered some opposition from members of the school board; but he was supported by the majority and by the teachers and the public, and the principles for which he contended were well sustained.

The third superintendent brought to the work organizing power of a high order, connected with scholarly habits. He further modified the course of study, improved the general organization of the schools, preserved and extended the studious habits of teachers, and especially gave tone and efficiency to the work of individual teachers. There was manifested about this time some inclination among members of the board to assume the rights guaranteed them by law of controlling appointments of teachers in their districts, rather than to obey the unwritten law which had generally obtained of affirming the judgment of the superintendent. But the movement was more or less condemned by the general public, and was looked upon with great disfavor by the teachers of the city; always excepting the limited few who preferred to secure and retain their positions and standing by wheedling the members of the school board rather than by rendering acceptable service in their profession. There was more or less feeling of uncertainty during the early part of this administration, but things grew better as time went on; and the six years of his work must be reckoned a period of great general progress in the schools. They were attracting public attention for the general excellence of their work, and a devoted band of students of the science and art of teaching had grown up in the corps of teachers. Twenty-one years of development had passed since the first definite organization of the school system was begun, and maturity and permanence had become visible.

Necessary school legislation had been obtained; a central supervisory force had been established, reinforced by district supervision. The city normal training school had become securely fixed in the confidence of the educational authorities and the general public as well. A superintendent of primary instruction, continued in office through three administrations, had developed unusual excellence in the work of the lower grades. The important principle announced by the founders of the system, that educational matters should be judged and decided by educational experts, though often temporarily overridden, had on the whole been fairly sustained.

It was at this juncture that I succeeded to the superintendency of the schools in Indianapolis. I was familiar with all the struggles by which they had risen to their enviable position; and I felt that if a further advance was to be made, it must be through a still more pronounced and vigorous policy. Giants in the educational world had preceded me, and if I were to survey the field with accurate view I must stand on their shoulders. I had studied the situation carefully for ten years, from a position too near, however, to give me the requisite perspective. From my new position I was able to see with a truer vision. I assumed at once all the rights that had been claimed by my predecessors in reference to the educational side of the system, and extended them in some directions. I believed that it was my right as well as my duty, in the new office, to appoint, promote, transfer, or discharge teachers as the case demanded, reporting my action to the board for legal confirmation. I consulted freely with the various committees of the board; but whenever questions as to teachers and courses of study arose, I assumed that members of the board would not think of deciding questions concerning which they could not have the knowledge, but that, as an educational expert and the

executive officer of the board, it was part of my official duty to attend to all matters requiring definite professional knowledge. I said but little in public about my plans, but I took occasion to explain my ideals quite in detail to individual members of the board whenever opportunity offered. Some were already in accord with my views; others became so upon explanation; while a few members were anxious to resume the spoils or patronage system to which they had been accustomed in politics. During the first few years of my administration the close of each school year brought with it the inevitable struggle; and many times I was threatened with failure of reelection unless I would become subservient to individual members in the matter of appointments, assignments, promotions, and discharge of teachers. My invariable reply was that while I was allowed to continue in office my authority must be commensurate with my responsibility. I think it was chiefly a wholesome fear of public opinion that made these politicians yield rather than press the matter to an open rupture.

While this line of action was carried on with the school board, there was an attempt to pursue a just and vigorous policy with the teachers. Professional study was encouraged; self-improvement among teachers was rewarded by promotion; incompetent teachers were discharged; and a belief was established among the teaching force that professional capability and faithful devotion to the public service would result in appropriate recognition. A unity of purpose and action throughout the schools was brought about by organizing all the supervisors and principals into a pedagogical society for professional study and discussion. Stated written examinations were abolished, and more rational methods of promotion of pupils were adopted. A spirit of mutual helpfulness was encouraged, in place of the competitive struggle for supremacy which had too

long been allowed. The superintendent tried to be a leader and an inspirer of the teachers rather than a mere carping critic. The expected changes came about slowly; it was a process of evolution rather than of revolution. Teachers became more liberal in their ideas of management, more scholarly and capable in their teaching, and more hopeful of their own progress. An intenser interest in childhood was developed, and a better view of education was enforced.

The teachers were convinced that the tests put upon their work were at last professional; that the power of appointment, promotion, transfer, and discharge was exercised in fact by the superintendent and his assistants; and that the action of the board was merely that of legal confirmation. As the years went by, the lists of appointments and assignments were made out by the superintendent, after full consultation with teachers, supervisors, and principals, and confirmed by the board without change. It was the climax of a progressive movement extending through thirty years. No other principle ever striven for in the schools of Indianapolis did so much good as that one did, namely, the principle of practically removing the entire control of the teaching force from the hands of the members of the school board, and placing the tenure of the teachers upon a professional merit basis. All other reforms ever made there were small as compared with this one, since this was at the base of all the others. The teachers of Indianapolis have suffered under many trying limitations. They have worked on meagre salaries, and in many instances supplied apparatus and appliances out of the money thus received. But through it all they have preserved their professional spirit, their enthusiastic loyalty, and their heroic devotion. They have at last compelled the respect of a community that has been too slow in its appreciation of their self-sacrificing endeavors. More than to anything else this result is due

to the fact that the school board permitted the school people to conduct in their own way the educational side of school affairs. Whatever sins this board may have to answer for (and I confess I do not think it has always been perfect), I am thankful that through ten busy, anxious years I was allowed by it to set the educational standards, and to plan the movements by which these educational ideals were year by year realized. It cost many hours of explanation and argument to secure the privilege, but I have never regretted the time so spent. It was often the case that new members elected to the board came in with the idea of gaining a reputation for reforming things generally, especially of applying to school-teachers the practices of political party patronage. It frequently took much of the time and strength of the superintendent, which he should have spent in improving the schools, to disabuse members of the notion that they were fitted to appoint and remove teachers in the public schools. There were, however, always a few members of the board who stood four square to all the political winds that blew, and strongly upheld my hands in every effort to make the educational side of the school work strictly professional.

One aspect of the work in Indianapolis was always difficult for me to account for in such way as to preserve my respect for human nature: stubborn objection, made by many of the young teachers and their friends, to the necessary criticism given by the helpers (or critics) in the normal practice schools, and by the superintendent, assistant superintendent, and supervisors after promotion to regular places in the corps of teachers. Throughout all the earlier years of the struggle for good schools, there was bitter opposition to the long-continued and patient training required in the practice rooms of the normal school. Similar objection was made to the supervision given by assistant super-

intendents and supervisors, whenever this work was made sufficiently close and exacting to be of real value. While the same condition to some extent yet exists, there is now a large body of teachers who recognize the professional value of the painstaking work required of them in the earlier years of their teaching, and who rejoice in the perfection of their powers developed through strenuous exertion under honest, critical, and intelligent supervision.

But now the people of Indianapolis owe it to themselves, and to the teachers who have served them so faithfully, to secure needed legislation. They have been too willing to allow good schools to be produced for them, while they have lifted no finger in aid of the enterprise. They have in a way appreciated their excellent schools; but they have allowed the school-teachers to fight the battle for better schools unaided and alone. The next legislature should be called upon to change the present law in two or three important particulars. It should separate the business department from the educational side of the public school work, and place the legal power of appointment and removal of teachers in the hands of the superintendent and his assistants; it should require all members of the school board, and not five or seven at most, to be elected by the city at large, instead of by districts; it should provide for more generous revenues. The city that restricts its expenditures for public education must increase its expenditures for police, judiciary, and penal institutions.

Cleveland, on the other hand, is a city in which, to a considerable extent, the people have been alive to the interests of public education. Originally settled by New England people, who believed that intelligence and morality are foundation-stones that must always be placed under any civic structure which is expected to endure, the city early looked

to the matter of public schools. Cleveland founded the first public high school of any consequence west of the Alleghanies. At first and for many years, the people and the teaching and supervising force worked in harmony, with singleness of purpose; and the result was a system of public education which commanded the respect of the whole people at home, and challenged the admiration of those engaged in school work throughout the country. But as time went on, politicians sought places on the school board. The teaching force was gradually subjected to non-professional restrictions, and political reasons superseded professional competency as conditions of employment. Finally, the people, led by a few representative citizens of both political parties, secured from the State radical legislation, overthrowing entirely the political influences which had prostituted the public schools to partisan ends. The so-called Reorganization Act, better known abroad as the Cleveland School Plan, is in many respects the most advanced school legislation now upon the statute books of any city or State in this country. Its central principle is that of fixing definitely the responsibility for good schools upon certain officials, and guaranteeing to them authority commensurate with their responsibilities. Almost equally fundamental is the idea that the educational work shall be done by professionally trained persons, members of the school board having no direct function or part in the appointment, promotion, or discharge of teachers.

The Act itself is very brief. It provides for a school council of seven members, elected by the city at large, each for a term of two years. The functions of this body are purely legislative; such as fixing salaries of teachers, determining upon location of schoolhouses, purchasing grounds, adopting textbooks. The law provides further for an executive officer known as the school director, upon whom is placed the responsibility

of conducting the executive phases of the business side of the school work. He and the school council constitute the board of education. He appoints the necessary employees in his department, builds the schoolhouses, directs janitors in the care of buildings, supplies fuel and necessary appliances and apparatus, and acts generally as business agent of the board of education. The law also invests him with the power, and imposes upon him the duty, to appoint a superintendent of instruction, should a vacancy occur in that office; and he holds by statute the right to remove such officer, "for sufficient cause," at any time. But it is in its provisions with reference to the powers and duties of the superintendent of instruction that the law is most radical and progressive. This officer is clothed by statute with the power to appoint, assign, promote, transfer, or discharge teachers without interference in any particular from either the director or school council, except that he must receive direction from the latter as to the number of teachers he may employ and the compensation which may be paid them. The superintendent is held directly responsible for good schools, and for this reason he has complete control of the teaching force. It is an instance of vast responsibility and adequate authority. While superintendent of the Indianapolis schools I exercised practically every function which I now perform in the Cleveland schools, but there it was by sufferance of the school board, while here it is by sanction of the law. The advantages of the latter condition are manifest in many directions, especially in the expeditious management of a large mass of business and the prompt adjustment of the teaching force in cases of emergency. But the chief advantage of all is in the definitely professional standard set for the efficient control and direction of the teaching force. This phase of the case deserves a brief explanation.

The plan has been in operation nearly four years. My predecessor occupied the position for two years, resigning to accept still more desirable work. Upon receiving the appointment under the new law, he selected a competent corps of supervisors, who in function are assistant superintendents. These supervisors, of whom there are five, are practically a board of advisers as well as executive assistants to the superintendent. Through the aid of these officers and on his own judgment, the superintendent of instruction has from time to time made such adjustments and promotions among the members of the force as seemed to be in the interest of the schools, and has discharged a considerable number of those who for any reasons have been found inefficient. No teachers have been lowered in rank or discharged without the concurrent judgment of the supervisors; so that the teachers have the security of being judged by as many persons as would constitute a small school board, with the added advantage that each one so judging is professionally competent, and is precluded from rendering judgment upon anything except competency. The result thus far has been a great increase in the general efficiency of the teaching force, a development of a professional tendency and spirit among the teachers, an increased interest in professional study, and a marked general improvement in the morale of the entire body. The fierce competition for promotion has been reduced to honorable effort for deserved recognition. Applicants for positions in the corps present to the superintendent evidences of their professional fitness, and rarely urge unworthy reasons. There have not been wanting teachers who have been greatly dissatisfied with the rulings of the superintendent's department, but the number has been small relatively. The teachers feel a greater security in a professional tribunal than in a non-professional one, and it does not require that they

spend any time in defending themselves against the wiles of the politician. The fact that the majority are fairly satisfied with the tenure of position was recently shown in an emphatic manner. They rejected by secret ballot an offer to secure for them a permanent tenure of office through a bill to be presented to the state legislature. It is true that this clause was connected with an objectionable pension feature; but had many of the teachers felt any great fear for their tenure of position, they would have accepted the objectionable pension feature in order to secure the permanent tenure.

But the politician feels really neglected. Like Othello, his occupation is gone. Like Othello, further, he contemplates murder. However, the people are wide-awake, and will not allow the schools to pass back into the hands of the partisan politician. In the election which was recently held, the people elected to a third term as school director the man who has so wisely and creditably administered that office since the law was enacted. His campaign, both in the nomination by his own party and in the general election, was based squarely upon the theory of efficiency in the office as the test, without reference to political relations and methods. Other good men made the canvass for the nomination, but they could plead only that, since it was a political office, it was time to pass it around. The people did not think so. They elected the present director by a majority six times as great as that by which he was first elected to the same office. Notice has thus been given that the public schools of Cleveland are not in the future to be considered as subject to the damning influences of partisan politics. It is a great achievement in the interests of public education when so practical a step has been taken in a matter of such vital interest to the public schools.

It now remains for Cleveland to take one more advanced position. The most

excellent law which has proved its right to exist yet needs to be amended in at least two particulars. Arrangements should be sought whereby the nomination for school director and members of the school council shall be made upon some other basis than a party platform; and the teachers' tenure of office should be extended in such a way as not to require annual notice of continuance. These amendments would make the law well-nigh perfect. In the mean time, the

people of Cleveland must remember that good laws will not administer themselves. Eternal vigilance is as necessary in school affairs as in any other department of human activity. The people must elect to school offices only those persons who have in other important affairs proved themselves competent and trustworthy, because to these people are entrusted the dearest interests of childhood and the future prosperity and well-being of Cleveland.

L. H. Jones.

RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION.

WHEN we speak of the restriction of immigration, at the present time, we have not in mind measures undertaken for the purpose of straining out from the vast throngs of foreigners arriving at our ports a few hundreds, or possibly thousands of persons, deaf, dumb, blind, idiotic, insane, pauper, or criminal, who might otherwise become a hopeless burden upon the country, perhaps even an active source of mischief. The propriety, and even the necessity of adopting such measures is now conceded by men of all shades of opinion concerning the larger subject. There is even noticeable a rather severe public feeling regarding the admission of persons of any of the classes named above; perhaps one might say, a certain resentment at the attempt of such persons to impose themselves upon us. We already have laws which cover a considerable part of this ground; and so far as further legislation is needed, it will only be necessary for the proper executive department of the government to call the attention of Congress to the subject. There is a serious effort on the part of our immigration officers to enforce the regulations prescribed, though when it is said that more than five thousand persons have passed through the

gates at Ellis Island, in New York harbor, during the course of a single day, it will be seen that no very careful scrutiny is practicable.

It is true that in the past there has been gross and scandalous neglect of this matter on the part both of government and people, here in the United States. For nearly two generations, great numbers of persons utterly unable to earn their living, by reason of one or another form of physical or mental disability, and others who were, from widely different causes, unfit to be members of any decent community, were admitted to our ports without challenge or question. It is a matter of official record that in many cases these persons had been directly shipped to us by states or municipalities desiring to rid themselves of a burden and a nuisance; while it could reasonably be believed that the proportion of such instances was far greater than could be officially ascertained. But all this is of the past. The question of the restriction of immigration to-day does not deal with that phase of the subject. What is proposed is, not to keep out some hundreds, or possibly thousands of persons, against whom lie specific objections like those above indicated, but

to exclude perhaps hundreds of thousands, the great majority of whom would be subject to no individual objections ; who, on the contrary, might fairly be expected to earn their living here in this new country, at least up to the standard known to them at home, and probably much more. The question to-day is, not of preventing the wards of our almshouses, our insane asylums, and our jails from being stuffed to repletion by new arrivals from Europe ; but of protecting the American rate of wages, the American standard of living, and the quality of American citizenship from degradation through the tumultuous access of vast throngs of ignorant and brutalized peasantry from the countries of eastern and southern Europe.

The first thing to be said respecting any serious proposition importantly to restrict immigration into the United States is, that such a proposition necessarily and properly encounters a high degree of incredulity, arising from the traditions of our country. From the beginning, it has been the policy of the United States, both officially and according to the prevailing sentiment of our people, to tolerate, to welcome, and to encourage immigration, without qualification and without discrimination. For generations, it was the settled opinion of our people, which found no challenge anywhere, that immigration was a source of both strength and wealth. Not only was it thought unnecessary carefully to scrutinize foreign arrivals at our ports, but the figures of any exceptionally large immigration were greeted with noisy gratulation. In those days the American people did not doubt that they derived a great advantage from this source. It is, therefore, natural to ask, Is it possible that our fathers and our grandfathers were so far wrong in this matter ? Is it not, the rather, probable that the present anxiety and apprehension on the subject are due to transient causes or to distinctly false opinions, prejudicing the

public mind ? The challenge which current proposals for the restriction of immigration thus encounter is a perfectly legitimate one, and creates a presumption which their advocates are bound to deal with. Is it, however, necessarily true that if our fathers and grandfathers were right in their view of immigration in their own time, those who advocate the restriction of immigration to-day must be in the wrong ? Does it not sometimes happen, in the course of national development, that great and permanent changes in condition require corresponding changes of opinion and of policy ?

We shall best answer this question by referring to an instance in an altogether different department of public interest and activity. For nearly a hundred years after the peace of 1783 opened to settlement the lands beyond the Alleghanies, the cutting away of the primeval forest was regarded by our people not only with toleration, but with the highest approval. No physical instrument could have been chosen which was so fairly entitled to be called the emblem of American civilization as the Axe of the Pioneer. As the forests of the Ohio Valley bowed themselves before the unstaying enterprise of the adventurous settlers of that region, all good citizens rejoiced. There are few chapters of human history which recount a grander story of human achievement. Yet to-day all intelligent men admit that the cutting down of our forests, the destruction of the tree-covering of our soil, has already gone too far ; and both individual States and the nation have united in efforts to undo some of the mischief which has been wrought to our agriculture and to our climate from carrying too far the work of denudation. In precisely the same way, it may be true that our fathers were right in their view of immigration ; while yet the patriotic American of to-day may properly shrink in terror from the contemplation of the vast hordes of ignorant and brutalized peasantry thronging to our shores.

Before inquiring as to general changes in our national condition which may justify a change of opinion and policy in this respect, let us deal briefly, as we must, with two opinions regarding the immigration of the past, which stand in the way of any fair consideration of the subject. These two opinions were, first, that immigration constituted a net reinforcement of our population; secondly, that, in addition to this, or irrespective of this, immigration was necessary, in order to supply the laborers who should do certain kinds of work, imperatively demanded for the building up of our industrial and social structure, which natives of the soil were unwilling to undertake.

The former of these opinions was, so far as I am aware, held with absolute unanimity by our people; yet no popular belief was ever more unfounded. Space would not serve for the full statistical demonstration of the proposition that immigration, during the period from 1830 to 1860, instead of constituting a net reinforcement to the population, simply resulted in a replacement of native by foreign elements; but I believe it would be practicable to prove this to the satisfaction of every fair-minded man. Let it suffice to state a few matters which are beyond controversy.

The population of 1790 was almost wholly a native and wholly an acclimated population, and for forty years afterwards immigration remained at so low a rate as to be practically of no account; yet the people of the United States increased in numbers more rapidly than has ever elsewhere been known, in regard to any considerable population, over any considerable area, through any considerable period of time. Between 1790 and 1830 the nation grew from less than four millions to nearly thirteen millions, — an increase, in fact, of two hundred and twenty-seven per cent, a rate unparalleled in history. That increase was wholly out of the loins of our own people.

Each decade had seen a growth of between thirty-three and thirty-eight per cent, a doubling once in twenty-two or twenty-three years. During the thirty years which followed 1830, the conditions of life and reproduction in the United States were not less, but more favorable than in the preceding period. Important changes relating to the practice of medicine, the food and clothing of people, the general habits of living, took place, which were of a nature to increase the vitality and reproductive capability of the American people. Throughout this period, the standard of height, of weight, and of chest measurement was steadily rising, with the result that, of the men of all nationalities in the giant army formed to suppress the slaveholders' rebellion, the native American bore off the palm in respect to physical stature. The decline of this rate of increase among Americans began at the very time when foreign immigration first assumed considerable proportions; it showed itself first and in the highest degree in those regions, in those States, and in the very counties into which the foreigners most largely entered. It proceeded for a long time in such a way as absolutely to offset the foreign arrivals, so that in 1850, in spite of the incoming of two and a half millions of foreigners during thirty years, our population differed by less than ten thousand from the population which would have existed, according to the previous rate of increase, without reinforcement from abroad. These three facts, which might be shown by tables and diagrams, constitute a statistical demonstration such as is rarely attained in regard to the operation of any social or economic force.

But it may be asked, Is the proposition that the arrival of foreigners brought a check to the native increase a reasonable one? Is the cause thus suggested one which has elsewhere appeared as competent to produce such an effect? I answer, Yes. All human history shows

that the principle of population is intensely sensitive to social and economic changes. Let social and economic conditions remain as they were, and population will go on increasing from year to year, and from decade to decade, with a regularity little short of the marvelous. Let social and economic conditions change, and population instantly responds. The arrival in the United States, between 1830 and 1840, and thereafter increasingly, of large numbers of degraded peasantry created for the first time in this country distinct social classes, and produced an alteration of economic relations which could not fail powerfully to affect population. The appearance of vast numbers of men, foreign in birth and often in language, with a poorer standard of living, with habits repellent to our native people, of an industrial grade suited only to the lowest kind of manual labor, was exactly such a cause as by any student of population would be expected to affect profoundly the growth of the native population. Americans shrank alike from the social contact and the economic competition thus created. They became increasingly unwilling to bring forth sons and daughters who should be obliged to compete in the market for labor and in the walks of life with those whom they did not recognize as of their own grade and condition. It has been said by some that during this time habits of luxury were entering, to reduce both the disposition and the ability to increase among our own population. In some small degree, in some restricted localities, this undoubtedly was the case; but prior to 1860 there was no such general growth of luxury in the United States as is competent to account for the effect seen. Indeed, I believe this was almost wholly due to the cause which has been indicated, — a cause recognized by every student of statistics and economics.

The second opinion regarding the immigration of the past, with which it

seems well to deal before proceeding to the positive argument of the case, is that, whether desirable on other accounts or not, foreign immigration prior to 1860 was necessary in order to supply the country with a laboring class which should be able and willing to perform the lowest kind of work required in the upbuilding of our industrial and social structure, especially the making of railroads and canals. The opinion which has been cited constitutes, perhaps, the best example known to me of that putting the cart before the horse which is so commonly seen in sociological inquiry. When was it that native Americans first refused to do the lowest kinds of manual labor? I answer, When the foreigner came. Did the foreigner come because the native American refused longer to perform any kind of manual labor? No; the American refused because the foreigner came. Through all our early history, Americans, from Governor Winthrop, through Jonathan Edwards, to Ralph Waldo Emerson, had done every sort of work which was required for the comfort of their families and for the upbuilding of the state, and had not been ashamed. They called nothing common or unclean which needed to be done for their own good or for the good of all. But when the country was flooded with ignorant and unskilled foreigners, who could do nothing but the lowest kind of labor, Americans instinctively shrank from the contact and the competition thus offered to them. So long as manual labor, in whatever field, was to be done by all, each in his place, there was no revolt at it; but when working on railroads and canals became the sign of a want of education and of a low social condition, our own people gave it up, and left it to those who were able to do that, and nothing better.

We have of late had a very curious demonstration of the entire fallacy of the popular mode of reasoning on this subject, due to the arrival of a still lower

laboring class. Within a few years Harper's Weekly had an article in which the editor, after admitting that the Italians who have recently come in such vast numbers to our shores do not constitute a desirable element of the population, either socially or politically, yet claimed that it was a highly providential arrangement, since the Irish, who formerly did all the work of the country in the way of ditching and trenching, were now standing aside. We have only to meet the argument thus in its second generation, so to speak, to see the complete fallacy of such reasoning. Does the Italian come because the Irishman refuses to work in ditches and trenches, in gangs; or has the Irishman taken this position because the Italian has come? The latter is undoubtedly the truth; and if the administrators of Baron Hirsch's estate send to us two millions of Russian Jews, we shall soon find the Italians standing on their dignity, and deeming themselves too good to work on streets and sewers and railroads. But meanwhile, what of the republic? what of the American standard of living? what of the American rate of wages?

All that sort of reasoning about the necessity of having a mean kind of man to do a mean kind of work is greatly to be suspected. It is not possible to have a man who is too good to do any kind of work which the welfare of his family and of the community requires to be done. So long as we were left to increase out of the loins of our people such a sentiment as that we are now commenting upon made no appearance in American life. It is much to be doubted whether any material growth which is to be secured only by the degradation of our citizenship is a national gain, even from the most materialistic point of view.

Let us now inquire what are the changes in our general conditions which seem to demand a revision of the opinion and policy heretofore held regarding

immigration. Three of these are subjective, affecting our capability of easily and safely taking care of a large and tumultuous access of foreigners; the fourth is objective, and concerns the character of the immigration now directed upon our shores. Time will serve for only a rapid characterization.

First, we have the important fact of the complete exhaustion of the free public lands of the United States. Fifty years ago, thirty years ago, vast tracts of arable land were open to every person arriving on our shores, under the Pre-emption Act, or later, the Homestead Act. A good farm of one hundred and sixty acres could be had at the minimum price of \$1.25 an acre, or for merely the fees of registration. Under these circumstances it was a very simple matter to dispose of a large immigration. To-day there is not a good farm within the limits of the United States which is to be had under either of these acts. The wild and tumultuous scenes which attended the opening to settlement of the Territory of Oklahoma, a few years ago, and, a little later, of the so-called Cherokee Strip, testify eloquently to the vast change in our national conditions in this respect. This is not to say that more people cannot and will not, sooner or later, with more or less of care and pains and effort, be placed upon the land of the United States; but it does of itself alone show how vastly the difficulty of providing for immigration has increased. The immigrant must now buy his farm from a second hand, and he must pay the price which the value of the land for agricultural purposes determines. In the case of ninety-five out of a hundred immigrants, this necessity puts an immediate occupation of the soil out of the question.

A second change in our national condition, which importantly affects our capability of taking care of large numbers of ignorant and unskilled foreigners, is the fall of agricultural prices which has

gone on steadily since 1873. It is not of the slightest consequence to inquire into the causes of this fall, whether we refer it to the competition of Argentina and of India or the appreciation of gold. We are interested only in the fact. There has been a great reduction in the cost of producing crops in some favored regions where steam-ploughs and steam-reaping, steam-threshing, and steam-sacking machines can be employed; but there has been no reduction in the cost of producing crops upon the ordinary American farm at all corresponding to the reduction in the price of the produce. It is a necessary consequence of this that the ability to employ a large number of uneducated and unskilled hands in agriculture has greatly diminished.

Still a third cause which may be indicated, perhaps more important than either of those thus far mentioned, is found in the fact that we have now a labor problem. We in the United States have been wont to pride ourselves greatly upon our so easily maintaining peace and keeping the social order unimpaired. We have, partly from a reasonable patriotic pride, partly also from something like Phariseism, been much given to pointing at our European cousins, and boasting superiority over them in this respect. Our self-gratulation has been largely due to overlooking social differences between us and them. That boasted superiority has been owing mainly, not to our institutions, but to our more favorable conditions. There is no country of Europe which has not for a long time had a labor problem; that is, which has not so largely exploited its own natural resources, and which has not a labor supply so nearly meeting the demands of the market at their fullest, that hard times and periods of industrial depression have brought a serious strain through extensive non-employment of labor. From this evil condition we have, until recently, happily been free. During the last few years, however, we have ourselves come under the

shadow of this evil, in spite of our magnificent natural resources. We know what it is to have even intelligent and skilled labor unemployed through considerable periods of time. This change of conditions is likely to bring some abatement to our national pride. No longer is it a matter of course that every industrious and temperate man can find work in the United States. And it is to be remembered that, of all nations, we are the one which is least qualified to deal with a labor problem. We have not the machinery, we have not the army, we have not the police, we have not the traditions and instincts, for dealing with such a matter, as the great railroad and other strikes of the last few years have shown.

I have spoken of three changes in the national condition, all subjective, which greatly affect our capability of dealing with a large and tumultuous immigration. There is a fourth, which is objective. It concerns the character of the foreigners now resorting to our shores. Fifty, even thirty years ago, there was a rightful presumption regarding the average immigrant that he was among the most enterprising, thrifty, alert, adventurous, and courageous of the community from which he came. It required no small energy, prudence, forethought, and pains to conduct the inquiries relating to his migration, to accumulate the necessary means, and to find his way across the Atlantic. To-day the presumption is completely reversed. So thoroughly has the continent of Europe been crossed by railways, so effectively has the business of emigration there been exploited, so much have the rates of railroad fares and ocean passage been reduced, that it is now among the least thrifty and prosperous members of any European community that the emigration agent finds his best recruiting-ground. The care and pains required have been reduced to a minimum; while the agent of the Red Star Line or the White Star Line is

everywhere at hand, to suggest migration to those who are not getting on well at home. The intending emigrants are looked after from the moment they are locked into the cars in their native villages until they stretch themselves upon the floors of the buildings on Ellis Island, in New York. Illustrations of the ease and facility with which this Pipe Line Immigration is now carried on might be given in profusion. So broad and smooth is the channel, there is no reason why every foul and stagnant pool of population in Europe, which no breath of intellectual or industrial life has stirred for ages, should not be decanted upon our soil. Hard times here may momentarily check the flow; but it will not be permanently stopped so long as *any difference of economic level* exists between our population and that of the most degraded communities abroad.

But it is not alone that the presumption regarding the immigrant of to-day is so widely different from that which existed regarding the immigrant of thirty or fifty years ago. The immigrant of the former time came almost exclusively from western and northern Europe. We have now tapped great reservoirs of population then almost unknown to the passenger lists of our arriving vessels. Only a short time ago, the immigrants from southern Italy, Hungary, Austria, and Russia together made up hardly more than one per cent of our immigration. To-day the proportion has risen to something like forty per cent, and threatens soon to become fifty or sixty per cent, or even more. The entrance into our political, social, and industrial life of such vast masses of peasantry, degraded below our utmost conceptions, is a matter which no intelligent patriot can look upon without the gravest apprehension and alarm. These people have no history behind them which is of a nature to give encouragement. They have none of the inherited instincts and tendencies which made it comparatively

easy to deal with the immigration of the olden time. They are beaten men from beaten races; representing the worst failures in the struggle for existence. Centuries are against them, as centuries were on the side of those who formerly came to us. They have none of the ideas and aptitudes which fit men to take up readily and easily the problem of self-care and self-government, such as belong to those who are descended from the tribes that met under the oak-trees of old Germany to make laws and choose chieftains.

Their habits of life, again, are of the most revolting kind. Read the description given by Mr. Riis of the police driving from the garbage dumps the miserable beings who try to burrow in those depths of unutterable filth and slime in order that they may eat and sleep there! Was it in cement like this that the foundations of our republic were laid? What effects must be produced upon our social standards, and upon the ambitions and aspirations of our people, by a contact so foul and loathsome? The influence upon the American rate of wages of a competition like this cannot fail to be injurious and even disastrous. Already it has been seriously felt in the tobacco manufacture, in the clothing trade, and in many forms of mining industry; and unless this access of vast numbers of unskilled workmen of the lowest type, in a market already fully supplied with labor, shall be checked, it cannot fail to go on from bad to worse, in breaking down the standard which has been maintained with so much care and at so much cost. The competition of paupers is far more telling and more killing than the competition of pauper-made goods. Degraded labor in the slums of foreign cities may be prejudicial to intelligent, ambitious, self-respecting labor here; but it does not threaten half so much evil as does degraded labor in the garrets of our native cities.

Finally, the present situation is most

menacing to our peace and political safety. In all the social and industrial disorders of this country since 1877, the foreign elements have proved themselves the ready tools of demagogues in defying the law, in destroying property, and in working violence. A learned clergyman who mingled with the socialistic mob which, two years ago, threatened the State House and the governor of Massachusetts, told me that during the entire disturbance he heard no word spoken in any language which he knew, — either in English, in German, or in French. There may be those who can contemplate the addition to our population of vast numbers of persons having no inherited instincts of self-government and respect for law; knowing no restraint upon their own passions but the club of the policeman or the bayonet of the soldier; forming communities, by the tens of thousands, in which only foreign tongues are spoken, and into which can steal no influence from our free institutions and from popular discussion. But I confess to being far less optimistic. I have conversed with one of the highest officers of the United States army and with one of the highest officers of the civil government regarding the state of affairs which existed during the summer of 1894; and the revelations they made of facts not generally known, going to show how the ship of state grazed along its whole side upon the rocks, were enough to appall the most sanguine American, the most hearty believer in free government. Have we the right to expose the republic to any increase of the dangers from this source which now so manifestly threaten our peace and safety?

For it is never to be forgotten that self-defense is the first law of nature and of nations. If that man who careth not for his own household is worse than an infidel, the nation which permits its institutions to be endangered by any

cause which can fairly be removed is guilty not less in Christian than in natural law. Charity begins at home; and while the people of the United States have gladly offered an asylum to millions upon millions of the distressed and unfortunate of other lands and climes, they have no right to carry their hospitality one step beyond the line where American institutions, the American rate of wages, the American standard of living, are brought into serious peril. All the good the United States could do by offering indiscriminate hospitality to a few millions more of European peasants, whose places at home will, within another generation, be filled by others as miserable as themselves, would not compensate for any permanent injury done to our republic. Our highest duty to charity and to humanity is to make this great experiment, here, of free laws and educated labor, the most triumphant success that can possibly be attained. In this way we shall do far more for Europe than by allowing its city slums and its vast stagnant reservoirs of degraded peasantry to be drained off upon our soil. Within the decade between 1880 and 1890 five and a quarter millions of foreigners entered our ports! No nation in human history ever undertook to deal with such masses of alien population. That man must be a sentimentalist and an optimist beyond all bounds of reason who believes that we can take such a load upon the national stomach without a failure of assimilation, and without great danger to the health and life of the nation. For one, I believe it is time that we should take a rest, and give our social, political, and industrial system some chance to recuperate. The problems which so sternly confront us to-day are serious enough without being complicated and aggravated by the addition of some millions of Hungarians, Bohemians, Poles, south Italians, and Russian Jews.

Francis A. Walker.

DR. HOLMES — SIC SEDEBAT.

IT is an old complaint, which Mr. Morse¹ revives, that biographies of men of letters are apt to be dull, both because the lives led are without moving incident, and because the man of letters anticipates his biographer by putting the best of himself into his books. Disappointing such biographies often are, but usually in proportion to the dullness of the biographer. Of course, if the reader cares only for action, he will find John Paul Jones's life more readable than the life of the author of *Tom Jones*, and a great variety of incident does not seem yet to have made any life of Defoe absorbingly interesting. The truth is, the more completely an author depends for his vitality upon his own power of expression, the more engaging will his biography be, if he is fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a biographer who recognizes that readers wish to know more about a man who has already made himself fairly well known to them. We look to biographies for the means of driving our intimacy to greater lengths; and if a person whom we have never met, but who has endeared himself to us by his writings, has had other forms of expression now at last disclosed to us, — letters, private judgments, companionships, decisions in choice of a career, interpretative acts in social life, — we welcome them as enlarging, enriching, illuminating, it may be, the conception we had already formed of his personality.

For what, after all, is the highest service which biography can render, whether the subject be a man of action or a man of thought, but the disclosure of personality, and that in its highest, most elusive aspect of self-consciousness? It is true, both biographer and reader have

to contribute toward this final clearing up, and it is often only by much sorting out and piecing together that we clumsily reconstruct our figure, and write beneath it *Sic sedebat*; but nothing short of some such attempt at person-building is worth the pains of the writer of biography, and we suspect that though few great successes have been won in literary biography, there is no field of human life which offers quite so many advantages to the biographer who would add another to the gallery of human statues. For, as we have intimated, the man of letters has learned the art of expression, and he is likely to have given more varied careless accounts of himself than the man of action, who has to be translated from deeds into words. In the dozen volumes of prose and verse which constitute Dr. Holmes's writings, it is easy to become acquainted with the author, so that though he scarcely stirred from his little corner of creation, there was no writer of his day who was on the whole better known to his countrymen; at least they thought they knew him, and Mr. Morse remarks, in speaking of the manner in which the news of his death was received: "It was singular to note how strong a *personal* feeling there was in all the utterances of regret. I sent to a 'press-cutting agency' for the newspaper notices, and thus gathered and glanced over, more or less carefully, probably not less than three or four thousand 'clippings,' which must have represented not only a very large percentage of the cities and towns, but a goodly proportion of the villages, of the United States, with a great number from England, and some from France and Germany. I doubt whether in all this number fifty could have been found which did not call the Doctor either 'genial' or 'kindly.' A verdict from so numerous

¹ *Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes*. By JOHN T. MORSE, JR. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

a jury was conclusive. It was strange, too, how the world had become so profoundly penetrated by the impression. It could not be explained by saying that the Doctor had attacked the inhumanity of the religious creeds, for others had done this; or by saying that he gave constant utterance to amiable sentiments in his writings, for this also had been done by others, even to the point of mawkishness. But in some way or another his writings were so impregnated by an atmosphere of humaneness that it rose from them like a moral fragrance, and the gracious exhalation permeated the consciousness of every reader."

Now, this fact of a uniform and widespread conception of certain fundamental characteristics of Dr. Holmes's nature makes the best possible basis upon which to erect a more detailed and precise familiarity with the personal history of one so well worth knowing, and we can heartily thank Mr. Morse for the frankness and fullness of his revelation. His own comments are candid, and for the most part judicious. They reflect with an honest freedom the judgments which intelligent readers will form upon the whole course of the life, and his criticisms upon the successive writings are manly and sane, even though they may sometimes strike one as a little lacking in the finest sympathy. But over and above his own contribution as critic and interpreter we must value the great service Mr. Morse has rendered in his judicious selections from and groupings of Dr. Holmes's correspondence, and the clear manner in which he has put at the disposal of the reader the means for forming his own conception of the fine spirit which lay behind the prose and verse of the complete works, and of the development of that spirit in the course of a long life of singular tranquillity in outward conditions, of great activity in the realm of thought.

"His life," as Mr. Morse succinctly reviews it at the outset of his memoir,

"was so uneventful that the utter absence of anything in it to remark upon became in itself remarkable. He passed two years of his youth in Europe studying medicine; in his old age he went there again for three months; otherwise he lived all his years, almost literally all his days, in or near Boston, within tethering distance, so to speak, of that State House which he declared to be 'the hub of the solar system,' — and by the phrase made true his accompanying words: 'You could n't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar.' All his intimate friends lived within a few miles of him, save when some one of them went abroad, as Motley and Lowell did. He was not, like so many English and a few American men of letters, connected in any way with political affairs; he never held any office; nothing ever happened to him. Fortunately, the picturesqueness of poverty was never his, nor the prominence of wealth. Days and years glided by with little to distinguish them from each other, in that kind of procession which those who like it call tranquil, and those who dislike it call monotonous."

All the more interesting is it, therefore, to note the development of a life which was so little dependent upon external conditions; or rather, to speak more accurately, which took up into itself, with large power of assimilation, the nutrition of the very soil in which it was reared. Dr. Holmes began, it may be, too late in life to set down in order the circumstances and influences of his early life; he had already, in many less formal passages, given hints of his experience; yet the autobiographical notes which constitute a chapter in the *Life and Letters* have some revealing value, especially as the Doctor classified his impressions under convenient headings, and so managed to concentrate what otherwise might have been mere random recollections and observations. It is interesting

to see how fundamental was the habit of mind which made Dr. Holmes not only a very keen observer, but a rational systematizer of his observations. The wit which formed such a large ingredient in his composition was not only a penetrating, it was a dividing instrument; and there have been few instances, surely, in modern literature where a man's study of himself has been so fruitful and so trustworthy as that of Dr. Holmes. Had he undertaken his autobiography earlier, we think he would have expanded some of the passages reflecting his childish imaginations and fears into important psychological studies. As it is, one can catch glimpses of the man in the lively scenes of his childhood, and of the keen eyes and ears that were assailed in tender years by those external contrasts of humanity and formal theological science which were to play so large a part of Dr. Holmes's later philosophy. There is a striking sentence in the midst of these recollections, which not only contains a truth not generally recognized, but is of value as illustrating an important phase of Dr. Holmes's own experience, namely, the steady development which took place under the unremitting exercise of a healthy mind upon problems of human life in a spirit of genuine curiosity.

"I had long passed middle age," he writes, "before I could analyze the effect of these conflicting agencies, and I can truly say that I believe I can understand them better now than when I was at the comparatively immature age of threescore years and ten. There are many truths that come out by immersion in the atmosphere of experience; which reminds me of an old experiment in the laboratory: an irregular lump of alum being placed in water dissolves gradually in such a way as to expose the crystal in form underlying the shapeless outline. It seems to me that hardly a year passes over my head in which some point or angle, some plane, does not start out

and reveal itself as a new truth in the lesson of my life. This experience is more common than most people would suppose. The great multitude is swept along in the main current of inherited beliefs, but not rarely under the influence of new teachings, of developing instincts; above all, of that mighty impulse which carries the generation to which we belong far away from the landmark of its predecessors."

There are other bits scattered through these autobiographic notes which let one into the secrets of the author's mental habits, as in what he says respecting his use of his father's library, and the frequent recurrence to those great questions of human nature which never ceased to present themselves to Holmes indicates surely his dominant intellectual and moral interest; but perhaps the freshest and most suggestive section is that in which he reviews the poetical influences of his youth, and refers them substantially to two major forces: Pope in literature, and the beauty of the familiar landscape which was always before his eye as he looked toward the west from his chamber in the Cambridge home. It might be fancied from mere external resemblance that Prior rather than Pope would be the poetic godfather of Holmes. But inspiration comes not from the peer; it comes from one who is regarded as superior; and though the likeness between Holmes and Pope is not formal, it is easy to see how readily the American would admire the great Englishman, and how sane would be the influence of a poet who, with all the assurance of a high imagination, was rigorous in his obedience to poetic law.

These notes stop abruptly with college life. Had Holmes continued them so as to cover his early European experience, we think there is little doubt that he would have given definite sanction to the conclusion which Mr. Morse draws from his reading of the letters written by Dr. Holmes at that time, and

from his study of the working of the young student's mind. The two years' absence from home completed the emancipation which had been begun in the formative years of youth and college life. Intense application to medical study and frugal living had preserved for Holmes the integrity of his nature, and had concentrated his thought; but the complete change from the limitations of a New England village and the family of a minister of the old school to the metropolitan scene of Paris and an occasional scamper through Europe did not so much implant new ideas as they gave opportunity for the rapid growth of convictions already formed. Holmes came back from Europe not only with a better training in medical science than he could have secured at home, but with what was to be of greater consequence to him, a maturity of judgment and a freedom of mind largely due to the healthy working out of his instinctive principles under favorable conditions. In brief, he had not to wrest himself from a control set up by tradition and home training; he would most certainly have done this had he been forced so to do; the germs of a more generous belief had been given a chance to expand, and a development rather than a revolution took place in his mental life. In more than one passage in his writings Holmes bears testimony to the persistence of early habits of religious life, and to the half-humorous charity which he observed toward the remnant of his older self. In a letter to Mrs. Stowe, written in 1871, he says: —

"I occupied a great part of my Sunday (yesterday) in reading your story, which I had just received with the author's compliments. Let me thank you first for the book, and secondly for the great pleasure I have had from it. Would you believe that to this day I do not read novels on Sunday, at least until 'after sundown'? And this not as a matter of duty or religion, — for I hold

the sabbatical view of the first day of the week as a pious fraud of the most transparent description, — but as a tribute to the holy superstitions of more innocent years, before I began to ask my dear, good father those *enfant terrible* questions which were so much harder to answer than anything he found in St. Cyprian and Tarretin and the other old books I knew the smell of so well, and can see now, standing in their old places."

The whole group of letters to Mrs. Stowe has a value, apart from its intrinsic interest, as showing how eagerly Dr. Holmes seized the opportunity afforded by letters to a sympathetic woman representing in the main the religious order from which he had revolted, of defining with greater clearness than he could in polemic discussion the common ground which he held with unhardened Christianity of whatever name. Like most sensitive correspondents, he unconsciously assimilated his color to the leaf upon which he was resting.

With his entrance upon work at home, and especially with his marriage and his definite connection with the Harvard Medical School, the disclosure of Dr. Holmes's growth of personality passes its most interesting point. That is to say, the attentive reader becomes tolerably sure that he has witnessed the most important formative influences upon a life which, as his biographer notifies us, was singularly tranquil to the close. But to the generous observer there is another pleasure to be found in the survey of a life so varied in its expression as this. Growth invites the closest scrutiny, but expansion, the attitude of such a life toward society and contemporaneous activity, offers an interest scarcely less absorbing, and the two volumes, which inclose so much of Dr. Holmes's personal career as material would permit, are full of delightful intimations of a serenity of temper coupled with the liveliest curiosity concerning life that make up, surely, one of the most enjoy-

able personalities ever disclosed to public view. It is partly in consequence of the early secure possession of the citadel of his being, partly a natural inference from a nature which could thus expand instead of taking the kingdom of heaven by violence, that Dr. Holmes through the whole of his long and active life impresses one as a most cheerful and interested spectator. The term must not be pressed too far. At least it should not be forced into meaning that Dr. Holmes had but a speculative concern for the life going on about him. His fidelity to his great profession refutes such a charge. But it is true that by temperament and by choice he limited the sphere of his activity to his profession and to literature. It may even be doubted if he was what might be called socially aggressive. He was quite content to accept the best that fell to him, and to use it generously and freely. It should be remembered that he came upon the stage when the community in which he lived was a bubbling pot of ethical, political, and religious elements, and literature was never far from the lid. Even Longfellow, most tranquil and cosmopolitan of authors, must needs publish a thin volume of poems on slavery. It was held to be either cowardice or selfishness which would keep one out of the fray at such a time. When the time came, Holmes himself was a very pertinacious combatant, and in his own way espoused a "cause" which had no committees and no organization, but an effective organ nevertheless. Meanwhile, his position was sufficiently conspicuous to make his indifference, if such it was, highly objectionable. He was bidden take sides, and Lowell wrote him a letter designed to prick his conscience. It is a great pity we have not that letter, for it would undoubtedly do as much in the way of defining Lowell's earnestness as the reply which Holmes made does in defining the latter's position. The elaborateness of the reply, and the air of de-

fense which it contains, make it evident that Holmes felt the pressure upon him. The whole letter is well worth reading. We must content ourselves with extracts from it, premising that Lowell's letter was called out by the poem *Urania*, now entitled *A Rhymed Lesson*, which Holmes had read before the Mercantile Library Association: —

"I am not aware that I have arrayed myself against any of the 'Causes' to which you refer, and I hardly know where to look for the 'many shrewd rubs' you say I have given them. First, *War*. That old poem you refer to had a single passage in which I used expressions which I think I should be unwilling to use now. But its main object was to show that war is one of the most powerful stimulants in bringing out the power of the human intellect. Some years afterwards I wrote a Canadian war-song, which my better feelings prompted me not to print. I own that I find in myself a growing hatred and disgust to this mode of settling national quarrels, and that in many points I sympathized with Mr. Sumner in his Fourth of July oration. But I cannot shut my eyes to the beauty of heroism and self-devotion which the battlefield has witnessed. I think our fathers were right in taking up arms to defend their liberties, and I have even now a mitigated and *quasi* kind of satisfaction in hearing of the courage and constancy of our countrymen in so poor a quarrel as we are engaged in. I believe there is nothing in this last poem which would go farther than defending our revolutionary struggle, and certainly I have a right to claim some credit for not lugging in Major Ringgold and General Taylor. If, as you seem to think, silence in regard to any great question is affording an incidental aid to its antagonists, then I administered a rebuke to the war party in not alluding to our recent 'glorious victories.'

"Secondly, *Slavery*. I plead guilty

of a thoughtless verse delivered at the same time with my Φ B poem, — meant in the most perfect good nature for a harmless though a dull jest, and taken, to my great surprise, as a harsh and brutal expression of contempt. ‘The abolition men and maids,’ etc. Very certainly I should not write such a verse now, partly because this party has grown more powerful, perhaps, but partly also because I now know it would give offence to many good persons, whose motives and many of whose principles I hold in profound respect. I believe my positive offences under this head stop at this period — 1836 — with this one hardly-judged stanza.

“Fifthly and lastly, *Reform* in general, and *reformers*. It is a mistake of yours to suppose me a thoroughgoing conservatist; and I think you cannot have found that in my writings which does not belong to my opinions and character. I am an out-and-out Republican in politics, a firm believer in the omnipotence of truth, in the constant onward struggle of the race, in the growing influence and blessed agency of the great moral principles now at work in the midst of all the errors and excesses with which they are attended. In a little club of ten physicians, I rather think I occupy the extreme left of the liberal side of the house. The idea of my belonging to the party that resists all change is an entire misconception. I may be lazy, or indifferent, or timid, but I am by no means one of those (such as a few of my friends) who are wedded for better for worse to the *status quo*, with an iron ring that Reason cannot get away unless it takes the finger with it.

“I listen to your suggestions with great respect. I mean to reflect upon them, and I hope to gain something from them. But I must say, with regard to art and the management of my own

powers, I think I shall in the main follow my own judgment and taste rather than mould myself upon those of others.

“I shall follow the bent of my natural thoughts, which grow more grave and tender, or will do so as years creep over me. I shall not be afraid of gayety more than of old, but I shall have more courage to be serious. Above all, I shall always be pleased rather to show what is beautiful in the life around me than to be pitching into giant vices, against which the acrid pulpit and the corrosive newspaper will always anticipate the gentle poet. Each of us has his theory of life, of art, of his own existence and relations. It is too much to ask of you to enter fully into mine, but be very well assured that it exists, — that it has its axioms, its intuitions, its connected beliefs, as well as your own. Let me try to improve and please my fellow-men after my own fashion at present; when I come to your way of thinking (this may happen), I hope I shall be found worthy of a less qualified approbation than you have felt constrained to give me at this time.”

This incident made a great impression upon Dr. Holmes himself, apparently, for more than once in later life he referred to the letter as if it were in the nature of a studied apologia. Its value is in its clear exposition of the point of view which he took, and more especially as confirming an unspoken judgment which it is ours, at any rate, to affirm. For be it said emphatically that Dr. Holmes was an artist, and had the artist's temperament which almost inevitably separates a man from the exercise of the didactic function. The art which he practiced was a very fine art, so fine that it is often mistaken for unstudied ebullition of nature. In its simplest term, its most evanescent form, it is the art of conversation; in its highest it found expression in *The Autocrat*; but nearly all of Dr. Holmes's writings, whether in prose or verse, are essays at this expres-

sion of personality, this speaking out loud in finished phrase. Sometimes the measure was rhythmic and poetic, sometimes it was epigrammatic, but always it was with a certain high degree of consciousness the exploiting of self. In a humorous letter to James Freeman Clarke, Dr. Holmes set forth his utter aversion to societies and meetings of all sorts. "I hate," he says, "the calling of meetings to order. I hate the nomination of officers, always fearing lest I should be appointed Secretary. I hate being placed on committees. They are always having meetings at which half are absent and the rest late. I hate being officially and necessarily in the presence of men most of whom, either from excessive zeal in the good cause or from constitutional obtuseness, are incapable of being *bored*, which state is to me the most exhausting of all conditions, absorbing more of my life than any kind of active exertion I am capable of performing."

Other men can fervently echo these sentiments, but the whole tenor of Dr. Holmes's life and art shows him not at all out of touch with men and women about him; on the contrary, he was most social in his nature; but he was gifted with a high power of spontaneous expression, and was impatient of all that mechanism which tended to cabin, crib, and confine personality. Law he required, social order, decorum, the defenses of a highly organized community; and we suspect that much of his content with the home life from which he rarely strayed was due to his consciousness that he was freer within these bounds than he could be by any wide straying.

The individualism which made it easy for Dr. Holmes to keep aloof from organized society is especially noticeable in the entirely isolated position which he held when engaged in the warfare against Calvinism. There were many persons and there were associations actively concerned in the same polemic business, but

so far as these two volumes show, Dr. Holmes had but the faintest outward alliance with any of them. Partly because his militancy had a strong literary purpose, but quite as much because he was a free lance by force of nature, he showed in this most determined expression of himself the same spirit which ruled in his ordinary life. It is curious to note that the moral earnestness which he displayed in this steadfast demand for the freedom of the soul interfered with the catholicity of his taste; or, perhaps more accurately, the limitations of his nature were seen most distinctly in the light of this ruling passion; for the liberality which he claimed as a birthright did not extend, in his literary appreciation, to Dante and Bunyan. The exclusion of these two names from his calendar of literary saints is a striking illustration of the extent to which his zeal for the faith delivered to him had carried him.

The letters which fill the last two thirds of the second volume, and are sprinkled so liberally through the *Life* proper, are witnesses to that rare combination which makes the character and career of Dr. Holmes so significant in the history of American letters and life. He had independence and freedom of mind, but he had also a measureless content with the conditions under which his life was led. He had a splendid curiosity about himself, his fellows, and his God, but he was untouched by that corroding restlessness which drives natures of less equipoise into the wilderness of lost paths. It used to be the fashion, in the acrimonious days of the Professor, to speak of Holmes as a sort of American Voltaire; but it is to be suspected that those who flung the nickname at him never knew either Voltaire or Holmes. His best work is so seasoned with wit that though propositions which when first uttered seemed novel and startling may, largely through the force of his cleverness, become truisms, the form they take is likely to become proverbial. And it

is not unreasonable to suppose that the man himself, even though he be ticketed "genial," as Lamb has to carry the label of "gentle," will remain a gracious fig-

ure in American letters long after his entire writings have been reduced to *The Autocrat*, *The Last Leaf*, and *The Chambered Nautilus*.

RECENT STUDIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

THOSE who follow the historical writing of our own day must be impressed with the fact that the tendency is not so much to deal with neglected topics as to rewrite the old subject from a new point of view, to interpret the past with reference to the conditions characteristic of the present. To the interest in politics which dominated the historical thought of the eighteenth and a considerable part of the nineteenth century is succeeding an interest in the study of economic life and of the development of social institutions. Not only is it becoming plain that such a reconstruction is essential to a right understanding of political history, but it is also seen that past politics and history are far from being identical. This sociological interpretation of history has especial significance for the United States, where we have too long spoken of political institutions as though they were the foundation of our prosperity and the determining factors in our career. We are now coming to recognize the vital forces in American society whose interaction and transformation have called political institutions into life and moulded them to suit changing conditions. Our history is that of the rise and expansion of a huge democracy in an area unoccupied by civilization, and thus affording free play to the factors of physiography, race, and custom.

From this point of view, the publica-

tion of a work like that of Mr. Bruce, corresponding secretary of the Virginia Historical Society, on the *Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century*,¹ is of particular significance. He tells us that his original intention was to treat of the economic condition of Virginia in the period from the Revolution to the civil war (a most important and suggestive theme); but after some investigation he came to the conclusion that a study of colonial times was essential to a right understanding of the later period. Even the colonial period, however, proved too extensive, and so he determined to restrict his work to the seventeenth century, and to economic life in its narrow sense. He points out that a complete view of the Virginia people would fall into seven main divisions: economic condition, social life, religious establishment and moral influences, education, military regulations, administration of justice, and political system. Mr. Bruce desires to limit himself to the first topic, and is so respectful of these artificial divisions that he professedly avoids the consideration of how far bricks were used in the construction of churches, on the ground that this would invade the subject of the religious establishment; and he refrains from a systematic account of taxation lest he infringe the domain of the political system. It may be questioned whether this is not a little suggestive of Procrustes, but Mr. Bruce

¹ *Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century*. An Inquiry into the Material Condition of the People, based upon Original

and Contemporaneous Records. By PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE. In two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

does, nevertheless, write of the labor system in a way that would be equally applicable to a study of social life; he finds himself forced to scatter considerable information on taxation through his book; he tells of brick court-houses in defiance of the spheres of "the administration of justice" and "the political system," of brick forts regardless of the division on "the military," and he even, in a footnote, speaks of several brick churches.

It is probable that the reason which determined Mr. Bruce to limit the scope of his inquiry lies in the great amount of original material for the study of the economic life of Virginia. More than is the case in any other colony, perhaps, Virginia's first century is taken up with preponderantly economic interests, and the mass of printed sources examined by Mr. Bruce is in itself an excuse for limiting his field; but in addition to this material he has made use of extensive manuscript collections not previously worked by systematic historians. Among these are the records of the Virginia land office, the records of many counties, and various important family manuscripts and General Court documents in the possession of the Virginia Historical Society. His pages bear witness to the faithfulness with which he has gone through these sources, and to the fact also that he has not entirely succeeded in assimilating the material and in giving it organic structure. One can gather from the volumes provision for a survey of the development of the economic society of the Virginia tide-water, and can recognize the vast importance of the material for the economic interpretation of the political and social evolution of this leader of the Southern colonies. Mr. Bruce himself gives evidence of ability to correlate what he has gathered; but, valuable though his comments are, they do not fall into a systematic statement of the growth of Virginia as a unity. The plan of the book is partly responsible for

this difficulty. Mr. Bruce first presents an interesting outline of the reasons for the colonization of Virginia, and then gives a view of the physical characteristics of aboriginal Virginia and of the economic life of the Indians. The agricultural life of the colony is next taken up, in successive periods. This embraces an account of the early efforts for gold and the discovery of the south sea, and of the attempts of the company to make the colony profitable by production of raw material; then follows the history of the rise and progress of tobacco culture, and of its final triumph over the efforts to compel diversification of industry by legislation. The mode of acquisition of title to land, and the methods by which the intent of the laws was evaded, make interesting reading. In successive chapters the forced labor of the indented servants and of the slaves is considered. The domestic economy and degrees of wealth of the planters, as revealed in inventories, give us some insight into social conditions. It is surprising to find that the real and personal estate of Beverley, one of the richest of the planters, was equal in value to nearly \$250,000 in money reckoned at its present purchasing power, and that the estate of William Byrd was probably still more valuable. Mr. Bruce concludes that in this period the landed estates of the greater planters averaged at least five thousand acres each. The chapters on the foreign and domestic manufactures show how legislation and natural forces brought about a most intimate dependence of the planter upon the English manufacturer. The planter furnished a commodity that could be delivered directly to the English market, while the New Englander had to secure the means for interchange with England by indirect commerce. One of the side-lights which this survey gives us is the fact that a considerable part of the exchange between the planters and England was effected through stores owned by great planters who acted

as middlemen. Chapters on money and the town, with a brief résumé, complete the work.

It is interesting to compare the economic beginnings of the South with those of New England in the same period, as presented in the valuable work of Mr. Weeden.¹ Where the latter describes the formation of communities and the communal management of lands, Mr. Bruce writes of the rise of isolated plantations, the individual acquisition of lands (by the system of head rights and by extensive evasions of the law), and the development of an economic aristocracy. The history of the development of town economy is a very vital part of Mr. Weeden's theme; but Mr. Bruce has to write of it from the point of view of the antiquarian, describing futile attempts to legislate the Virginians into a mode of living hostile to the genius of the people. One of the important theses of Mr. Bruce is that the method of tobacco-raising, by successively clearing new lands as the old fields became exhausted, produced the great plantations and called out the demand for forced labor. The plantation economy was not the result of negro slavery; this was only an incident to it, although it is likely that slavery preserved this economy, and with the destruction of slavery it received its death-blow. Read side by side, the works of Mr. Bruce and Mr. Weeden will do more to make clear the later history of the United States than will many large histories. It would be of advantage, if space permitted, to glean from the author's volumes material to interpret the political history of Virginia in the seventeenth century, such as the struggle between the large and the small planters, resulting in Bacon's rebellion, and the conflict between the tide-water and the

back country, beginning to shape itself thus early, and becoming one of the vital features of Virginia history down to our own time. There is much material, too, for a study of the way in which the American environment effected transformations of the English colonists, and steadily worked toward the production of the American individuality, even in this colony so like the mother country. Mr. Bruce has initiated a most fruitful study, and in spite of the over-abundance of economic detail, and some tendency to write of the progress of commodities instead of the growth of the economic society, the work shows considerable power, abounds in interesting information, and compels us to await further studies in this field with impatience.

A new edition of Schouler's *History of the United States*² is an indication that the merits of the series are appreciated by the general public, whose needs it is well fitted to serve; but a more attractive paper and print might have been expected of the publishers, and the author's revisions are not as thorough as is desirable. Much of the rhetorical foliage still blooms in defiance of the critic, and many slips in the first edition remain to mar the work. Errors like the statement that Webster joined Clay and Calhoun in leading the national bank measure in 1816 are awkwardly corrected, while such mistakes as the assignment of Herschel V. Johnson, candidate for the vice-presidency in 1860, to the State of Alabama, and the reference to Russia's negotiations over the northeast coast in Monroe's presidency, are allowed to remain. Perhaps the only important additions are those in the second volume, dealing with a period in which the masterly work of Henry Adams on the ad-

¹ *The Economic and Social History of New England, 1620-1789.* With an Appendix of Prices. In two volumes. By WILLIAM B. WEEDEN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

² *History of the United States under the Constitution.* By JAMES SCHOULER. A New and Revised Edition, with New Historical Maps added. In five volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1895.

ministrations of Jefferson and Madison has been so fruitful. Mr. Schouler acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Adams, but regrets that the latter writes in a disparaging strain. Whatever may be thought of this criticism, the history of Mr. Adams, abounding in acute political insight and in power of historical judgment, is a touchstone by which one can test the merit of these volumes of Mr. Schouler. They constitute a safe and useful pioneer survey of our national history up to the civil war, and are the best single work for the purposes of the general reader; but the treatment never rises into greatness. Mr. Schouler has made real contributions in lifting Jefferson and Monroe into better recognition, and in giving considerable attention to the economic and social life of the American people at various periods. But here, again, the essentially commonplace character of the work is apparent. These chatty interludes are based largely on the reports of foreign travelers, and they reflect the surface of American life rather than illuminate its depths. The economic and social forces demand also more vital correlation with political development than Mr. Schouler has been able to give them.

In the fourth volume of his *History of the People of the United States*,¹ Professor McMaster brings his narrative down to 1820, and deals with the War of 1812 and the economic reconstruction and social changes that followed it. The improvement shown in his later volumes is marked. There is a grasp and organization of materials not to be found in the earlier volumes, and a general gain in historical workmanship. Possibly this improvement is partly because he seems to be assimilating his history more to the conventional standards which he rejected in the beginning. As a story of the life of the people in this period it has

some defects. We miss, for instance, an account of the decline of the power of the Congregational church in New England; of the literary development of the time; of the Indian trade in the old Northwest; of the manners and customs of the older States; of the development of the new settlements of Georgia and the Gulf region; of the local conditions which led to the admission of the new frontier States, and the characteristics of their constitutions. There is a neglect, too, of such topics as the extension of the suffrage, the internal organization of Congress, the growth of the nominating convention in the States. These subjects are closely related to the life of the people, and are important phases of this period of American history. Possibly Professor McMaster is reserving them for later consideration. Occasional misleading statements occur, such as the assertion that the South approved the tariff of 1816, and that the warmest support of the measure came from that section. The author here confuses advocacy by a few prominent Southern statesmen with the support of the section, two quite different things, as the historian of the people ought to have perceived. But after all deductions are made, the work must be recognized as an important contribution to the reorganization of American history, serviceable to the general reader and to the scholar. The accounts of the development of transportation and the spread of population are not only substantial contributions, but are picturesque and full of interest. The treatment of the tariff and the financial aspects is also valuable and interesting. In the survey of the moral aspects of the decade, Mr. McMaster makes it easier to understand the agitation aroused by the Missouri question. In a way, this anti-slavery feeling was part of a wider movement.

The reception by the South of the news of Lincoln's election in 1860, and the surrender of New Orleans in the

¹ *A History of the People of the United States.* By JOHN BACH MCMASTER. Volume IV. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1895.

spring of 1862, mark the limits of the time covered by Mr. Rhodes in the third volume of his *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*.¹ The volume contains also an account of American traits in the decade preceding the war; "to fill out the picture," he tells us, "is the object of this chapter." The applause which Mr. Rhodes has received for the judicial tone of his history seems to be warranted. Lying so near to the present, with the wounds of civil war only just healed, the field is strewn with pitfalls for every author whose eyes are dimmed by prejudice. Any criticism of the literary form of Mr. Rhodes's work must take these facts into consideration. He is more or less obliged to give the process by which he reaches every conclusion, and to limit his statements. If, therefore, the reader of this volume often seems to be listening to an investigator who is explaining how he comes to certain historical views, rather than to an authoritative minister of Clio, let him be thankful. As an historian of the varying moods of political sentiment in this critical time, Mr. Rhodes does his best work. He has gathered the most extensive apparatus of materials yet used by writers on the period; they represent all sections, and he uses them with critical discrimination. Without harshness, he succeeds in giving the reader clear impressions of the men who were found wanting in the time of trial. Buchanan's weakness and Seward's surprising suggestions for avoiding the war find clear statement. Mr. Rhodes's inclination to free himself from Northern prejudice appears in the frank discussion of the darker side of Grant's career before the war, and in the admiration expressed for the character of Lee, into whose private life he does not go at length. He is not attracted by the constitutional question of the right of secession; it is rather the subject of the influences that were

effective in shaping the event that interests him.

The most serious limitation of the work, considered as a history of the United States, is the almost exclusive attention which is paid to the slavery struggle. It may be granted that this was the dominant interest in the years from 1850 to 1860. But as time goes on, and we look back upon this era from a different perspective, it will be seen that there were other forces at work, — forces less recognized at the time, but quite as effective in shaping the destiny of the United States as were the slavery discussions. This was a decade of American expansion in settlement and in material growth, a period of transformation of the social organism by immigration and industrial change, of the reorganization of sectional relations by railroad-building, by the revolution of commercial connections, and by interstate migration. These and similar topics demand as serious study as does the slavery struggle. The forces of nationalism and material growth which marked the time were powerful factors in giving form to the slavery struggle itself. Mr. Rhodes turns away from this economic survey, with the observation that "the story of our material advancement is apt to be more tedious than a twice-told tale." If the historian simply loads his readers with figures to show the immensity of the growth of American industry and population, this may be true; but it is equally true that only the historian who has the insight and the power rightly to analyze and interpret the economic and social evolution of American society in this era will correctly write its history. It will be found, also, that so far from filling out a picture, he will have drawn the lines that determine the picture itself. Mr. Rhodes's chapter on American life is on the model of similar chapters in Mr. Schouler's work. It is very interesting, Volume III. 1860-1862. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1895.

¹ *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*. By JAMES FORD RHODES.

but it is inadequate. In turning from Mr. Rhodes to the next writer, however, the final word should be one of appreciation; for it would be difficult to point to a more conscientious and successful effort to penetrate beneath the surface of congressional legislation and bring to light the inner political forces that produced the result. To portray the mental attitude of representative men in all parties, in England as well as in America, toward the vast issues that were shaping themselves in these years is to perform a service only second to the service of leading the reader with calm and dispassionate judgment through the field of conflict that furnishes the material for the volume.

Mr. Eben Greenough Scott's *Reconstruction during the Civil War*¹ is, as his preface informs us, an introduction to a proposed treatise on the political history of the whole reconstruction period. The work is likely to attract much attention and discussion. It is written in the spirit of the political critic. He proposes the question, "Have we preserved the ancient character handed down to us along with the Constitution, or have we wandered from the faith of our fathers?" The Constitution, he thinks, "preserves the character of a landmark by which the fidelity or infidelity of the people to their ancient character can be judged. When the storm has cleared away, it reveals indubitably how far they have been swept from their moorings." Mr. Scott believes that the time has now come for the people, "the security of whose liberties is coincident with the preservation of their constitutional character, to ascertain if they have suffered the character to become impaired." He expounds the Union as a group of States, "consisting of a purely artificial central power, endued with the attributes of sovereignty by the sovereign States, who delegated certain powers for the purpose of creating a

qualified and limited sovereign." Starting with this conception of state sovereignty, and with the conception of a people moored to the wharf of a rigid Constitution, it is natural that he should find opportunity to convict the President and Congress of inconsistency and of transgression of the Constitution as thus understood. The emphasis placed by the writer upon the state sovereignty aspects of our early history is evidence of a healthy reaction against the nationalistic interpretation of the beginnings of the history of the United States which has affected many writers of American history; but it cannot be said that Mr. Scott works out his preliminary thesis satisfactorily. His method is the old one of political speculation rather than the offering of historical evidence, and he does not give due weight to the strength of the view that the framers of the Constitution avoided the issue of state or national sovereignty. But, granting the correctness of his contention regarding the intention of the people who ratified the Constitution, it is difficult to see how Mr. Scott can hope to derive from this the obligation that the men of the reconstruction period should place the same construction upon the constitutional relation of States and nation that the men of 1789 did. To write a history to prove that the people of the Union should, under the circumstances of 1865, square their action to the "four corners of the Constitution" as it had been construed in 1789 is not only to attempt the impossible, but it is to forsake the function of the historian. When a people does, in fact, permanently moor its ship of state, it ceases to become a progressive society. Certainly this cannot be charged against the United States, whose name is synonymous with development and change. It is the duty of the historian to trace the growth of national sentiment, and the process whereby the Constitution was

¹ *Reconstruction during the Civil War in the United States of America.* By EBEN GREEN-

OUGH SCOTT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

adapted to this growth. Construction and usage effected this adaptation, and at last, in the supreme trial of the civil war, the results were forced upon men's knowledge by the policy of coercion, the reconstruction measures, and the amendments to the Constitution. To the historian who rightly apprehends and fairly traces these tremendous forces of national evolution, the efforts of the statesmen who sought, in the years of war, to harmonize respect for the Constitution with a determination to hold fast to the fruits of the battlefield will be occasions for expressions of respect for the deep-seated love for law in such a people, rather than for exclusive criticism of their inconsistencies and factional contests. The stubborn facts of the situation were there to be dealt with. By the side of these facts, the question of whether the States had indeed been out of the Union or not became a metaphysical rather than a practical question. To hold to the theory of state sovereignty, to plead the rigid interpretation of the Constitution, and to demand the recognition of the revolted States, with their old rights and pretensions unimpaired, is to shut one's eyes to the facts of war and to bask in a dreamland of speculative politics. But Mr. Scott is convinced that the question ought to have been settled by the assumed opinions of the men of 1789. Believing that "the sources of all political events are to be found in constitutional principles," he has devoted his historical introduction to a philosophical inquiry into such topics as the origins of state sovereignty, the rise and philosophy of American political parties, the Ordinance of 1787, and the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. This introduction is neither systematic nor compact, and frequently seems to be a vehicle by which the author may bring forward ideas not particularly related to the subject in hand. Some of the slips made in the survey may be noted by way of illustration of a certain looseness of state-

ment. On page 185 we find that everything that Hamilton did was opposed to the landed interest, and arrayed this class against him, while on page 141 it is said that this interest actively supported Hamilton's financial measures. Pennsylvania, one of the most democratic of States, is contrasted with "democratic" New England, and its asserted lack of popular notions in government is explained by the effects of the alleged overshadowing influence of the proprietor of the colony. But it is unnecessary to pursue farther this line of criticism, for Mr. Scott's theory that constitutional principles are the sources of political events makes such historical criticism impertinent. From this point of view, it is easy to ignore the social and economic interpretation of the growing nationalism and the habit of loose construction of the Constitution, even in the administrations of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. Instead of taking note of these facts, the author beckons us back to the events and principles which actuated the people in the period of their political origin. "Then it is," he insists, "that a people discloses its true nature most simply." It would not be easy for Mr. Scott to substantiate this view.

The latter half of the book, on the reconstruction measures during the war, gives in a spirited and interesting way the arguments against President Lincoln's policy. With this policy the author is quite as little in accord as he is with the conquered-province theory of Thaddeus Stevens, "the Mephistopheles of the Republican party." Lincoln, Mr. Scott seems to believe, was personally desirous of aggrandizing his own power. When the difficulties of the President's position, in the later years of his life, with radicals like Wade and Stevens on the one side, and the partisans of the South on the other, are recalled, it is hard to understand the tone of disparagement of Lincoln that pervades the book. The reader will not find in these pages any

considerable attempt to show the currents of public sentiment which underlay the utterances of the Congressmen.

By comparing the method of Mr. Scott

with the method of Mr. Rhodes, the student will perceive the difference between the critic of a policy and the historian of an epoch.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ENJOYMENT OF ART.

THE question, Why do we enjoy pictures? which must at times occur to every one who has to do with art (if, indeed, in moments of discouragement, it does not formulate itself more dryly as, *Do we enjoy pictures?*), is intimately bound up with another inquiry, namely, What pictures do we enjoy?

That æsthetics is still the vaguest and most fantastic branch of psychology is perhaps owing to the fact that people have attempted to answer these two questions separately: on the one hand, psychologists endeavor to deduce all art enjoyment from the experiences of the child or the savage; and on the other, connoisseurs devote their attention to the study of history and documents relating to art, and to the reconstruction of ancient masters. Thus, while Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his *Psychology*, illustrates his views of the "æsthetic sentiments" by nothing more illuminating than "the battle-scenes of Vernet and the pieces of Gérôme," and Morelli elaborately reconstructs the various phases of a Bachiacca or an Ambrogio da Predis, those whose only desire is to enjoy the best art in the most appreciative way receive no answer to their question, How and what shall I enjoy in order to get the utmost pleasure from pictures? It might therefore have been predicted that such a class of amateurs — and they form by far the greater number of those into whose lives art enters — would, if they took any interest in more abstract

problems, remain unsatisfied by the application of mere metaphysics or mere learning to a matter which, for them, is either a question of enjoyment or nothing, and that no treatment of the subject could be adequately carried out except by a writer who was competent to answer both the how and the why of art enjoyment.

Such competence, we believe, is possessed by Mr. Bernhard Berenson, whose small volume on *The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance*¹ forms the subject of the present paper. In his *Venetian Painters*, a preceding volume of a series which is planned to include the whole of Italian painting during the Renaissance, Mr. Berenson proved himself well acquainted with the historical aspects of his subject; while in his *Lorenzo Lotto*, already noticed in these pages, he brought to bear upon the problem of reconstructing the artistic personality of a neglected though fascinating painter an unusual degree of skill in the use of all the delicate instruments of scientific connoisseurship. Moreover, in the lists of works by the great masters that he submits to our attention, he has shown that, so far as research, taste, and discrimination can go, he is fully competent to answer one, at any rate, of the questions, namely, *what* to enjoy in the world's heritage of art.

Thus, when he turns, as he has done in this volume about the Florentines, to the question of why and how we enjoy

BERENSON. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1896.

¹ *The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance*. With an Index to their Works. By BERNHARD

the masterpieces which he and other people well trained in the appreciation of art have selected for us as being really great, we are entitled to expect something more precise and helpful than the theories elaborated by people who have never taken a discriminating pleasure in æsthetic objects. How, then, does Mr. Berenson treat this interesting question?

Setting aside those elements in painting which it has in common with literature, — that is to say, all the elements of association with sentiment, the suggestions of pleasant scenes, attractive types, and the emotional states induced by these, — setting aside all, in fine, that we call "poetic" in a picture, as not being the *specific* elements of enjoyment capable of being afforded by painting, and by nothing else, the author proceeds to analyze the elements which are peculiar to the art of painting; judging that these, and these alone, must be the sources of our specifically artistic pleasure. The result, he finds, is, at first hearing, a decided shock; yet when we examine it, it is so simple, so severely logical, so true to our most intimate sensations, that we feel as if we had always known it.

The art of painting is differentiated from nature and from all the other arts, not by color, which it shares with nature itself, with pottery, rugs, etc., but by the fact that on a surface of two dimensions it represents objects that have three; and painting, furthermore, along with sculpture, is peculiar in that it represents movement by means of objects actually motionless. In *form and movement*, then, Mr. Berenson finds the essence of the representative arts. But how do we realize represented form and movement? It sounds at first almost as comic to say that we enjoy pictures by the sense of touch as it would to assert that our enjoyment of music comes to us through our sense of smell; nevertheless, if we follow our author's brief yet convincing account of how it is that represented form and movement become

to us a source of æsthetic pleasure, we shall be forced to admit that, although crude finger-tips are not in question, the sense of touch — that is to say, of resistance to pressure and of varying muscular adjustments — does lie at the bottom of the matter.

Although it has recently become a moot point whether or not touch really is, what the old psychologies called it, the "parent sense," from which all the other senses have been derived by process of evolution, yet no one has denied that touch plays a leading part in forming our notions of reality. Even if we do not at first see things flat, as we used to be taught, it is only when to the merely visual impressions of the world we have added an infinity of muscular experiences that our perception of things about us becomes definite. It is largely, if not wholly, by means of touch that we learn to appreciate distance, solidity, and motion. If we speak of the third dimension, we mean a space corresponding to certain muscular sensations; if of solidity, we mean a resistance to certain muscular pressures; if of movement, we mean a correspondence to muscular experiences of our own organisms. Thus, in order vividly to realize the solidity of objects, and their position or movement in space, our sense of touch must be called into play, either actually or through remembrance and imagination. Painting, whose peculiar task it is to represent objects of three dimensions upon a surface that has only two, must therefore call the sense of touch to its aid, if it is to succeed in making a vivid impression; while both painting and sculpture, which have to represent movement by means of objects actually stationary, can do it successfully only by appealing to the muscular sense, — to touch in another form.

This merely abstract chain of reasoning would lead us to an *a priori* conclusion, namely, that those paintings which succeed in rousing the imagination of

touch (actual handling is of course out of the question) are the only ones which solve the problems peculiar to their art, — the representation of form and movement, — and are, consequently, the pictures which we must regard as great art.

But what are the facts? Testing the theory by applying it in a concrete case, Mr. Berenson finds it to be not only a formula upon which he can hang all the great masterpieces of Florentine art, without exception, but one which explains as well the hierarchy of the artists of that school, accounting for the supremacy of the great masters, Giotto, Masaccio, Leonardo, Botticelli, and Michelangelo, over their illustrious and often, at first blush, more attractive fellow-craftsmen, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo, Ghirlandaio, Andrea, and the rest. Florentine art, as he points out, does not attempt to win us by charm of color, beauty of types, or exalting effects of space composition. From Giotto to Michelangelo it is almost exclusively devoted to the human figure, in repose or movement, and Mr. Berenson would have us believe that the profound hold Florentine art has upon us is due to the fact that it persistently devoted almost its whole energy to the rendering of form and movement, — the specific task of the art of painting.

If we admit with our author that "successful grappling with problems of form and movement is at the bottom of the higher arts," we shall probably follow him a step farther, when, in connection with Michelangelo, he discusses the world-old question of the nude in art, and explains, on the basis of the same formula, the fact that the figure arts find, and inevitably must find, in the nude their most absorbing interest. Granting that the success of painting in its specific task depends upon making us realize three dimensions by means of two, and movements by means of objects actually motionless; and granting further that the only way in which it can make us realize space, solidity, and movement is by ap-

pealing powerfully to our ideated sense of touch, — by compelling us, in other words, to get upon our own persons the sensation of all the pressures and strains and of all the muscular tension that the objects themselves would give us in real experience, — granting all this, as we can scarcely fail to do if we have followed the argument so far, the mere statement of the question What lends itself most readily to such vivid realization? suggests the inevitable answer. What can be so easy to realize in ideated muscular sensations as the human body? But Mr. Berenson goes still farther into the matter. He accounts for the possibility of our realizing represented movement in a vivid way by the mimetic element in our natures, which makes it almost certain that we shall tend to imitate nearly every motion that we see, whether in real life or in representation. Now, what so easy to imitate in its movements as the human body?

We have stated the problem of the nude in art in a way that appears, perhaps, foolishly simple, but we have been obliged to summarize Mr. Berenson's interesting discussion of this point in order to leave space for a still more important matter. So far we have considered only the author's view of what are the specific elements in the art of painting, — that is to say, form and movement, — and his explanation of how we realize these specific elements. But the question of why, when we have once realized them, we *enjoy* the representation of form and movement still awaits us.

Mr. Berenson's doctrine on this point, if not so startlingly original as the formula already discussed, is at all events a thoroughly original application of a general theory of pleasure held by many. The view that pleasure springs from the energetic and healthy functioning of the organism is familiar to us, but no one before Mr. Berenson has succeeded in systematically applying this theory to the pleasure derived from art. When read

in the light of the lucid statement in the book before us, every serious thinker, it seems, has been groping his way towards a similar conclusion, but it has remained for our author to put it in precise and definite terms.

It is the aim of all the arts, Mr. Berenson says, to be "life-enhancing;" that is to say, to stimulate that healthy functioning of the organism which is the source of most of our normal pleasures. Each one of the arts has, as we all know, its own method of attaining this effect, but painting, being specifically concerned with form and movement, if it is capable of enhancing life in a unique way, must do it by these two means. And in what way can the representation of form and movement directly enhance life? The answer, according to Mr. Berenson, is bound up with the fact that such representation "stimulates to an unwonted activity psychical processes which are in themselves the source of most of our pleasures, and which here, free from disturbing physical sensations, never tend to pass over into pain."

But is this so? Do represented form and movement rouse greater psychical activity than form and movement in actual life? Art, it is true, isolates the object represented from anything that in real life might tend to diminish our enjoyment of it; allowing us, for example, to enjoy the artistic elements in a race or a wrestling-match, which, if we took part in either, would tire us, or, even if we merely watched them, would pass too quickly to allow us to note all the energetic and graceful movements. But if this were all, instantaneous photography would give us everything, except color, that painting can offer. In what way, then, does the representation of form and movement in art differ from that registered by the photographic camera?

To answer this question we need not go far afield. According to Mr. Berenson, the task of painting is not fulfilled

when it has rendered just so much of form and movement as shall serve to make us recognize that the object is shaped in such and such a way, or poised in such and such a position, but only when it has presented us with form and movement in such wise that we shall realize them more readily than we do in actuality. Now, in real life, most of us who are not painters or sculptors ourselves realize but vaguely the forms and movements of the objects our eyes rest upon. To us, a person is rather a cause of transitive emotion, a social factor, than a form; and thus it is with everything we see. We are content with the mere recognition of properties in so far as they practically concern us. The visual world has come to be, to most people, only a set of symbols, signifying emotion, action, cause and effect, or what-not. But painting, whose peculiar task, we remember, is to be concerned with the visible qualities of form and movement, recalls to our consciousness the ancient means by which the race and every individual learned to realize the outer universe; reminds us that things are not merely symbols of dynamic forces, but objects to be dwelt on in and for themselves. If painting represented things, as photography does, only as they are in nature, our habit of taking them as symbols would receive no corrective. Painting must, therefore, select or invent those surfaces and those articulations which shall startle our ideated sense of touch and muscular tension into unwonted activity. It must, in Mr. Berenson's words, "extract the tactile and muscular values of retinal impressions, and present to us the significant in the visible world, so that we realize the representation more quickly and more completely than we should realize the things themselves."

We have already pointed out that the pleasure consequent upon this heightened realization may be connected with the familiar evolutionary theory that

pleasure inevitably accompanies an increase of healthy functioning. Mr. Berenson expresses this view in unequivocal terms in a passage which we quote as a summary of the sources of our enjoyment of the specifically artistic elements in painting: "I am in the habit of realizing a given object with an intensity that we shall value as 2. If I suddenly realize this familiar object with an intensity of 4, I receive the immediate pleasure which accompanies a doubling of my mental activity. But the pleasure rarely stops there. Those who are capable of receiving direct pleasure from a work of art are generally led on to the further pleasures of self-consciousness. The fact that the psychological process of recognition goes forward with the unusual intensity of 4 to 2 overwhelms them with the sense of having twice the capacity they had credited themselves with: their whole personality is enhanced, and, being aware that this enhancement is connected with the object in question, they for some time after not only take an increased interest in it, but continue to realize it with the new intensity. Precisely this is what form does in painting: it lends a higher coefficient of reality to the object represented, with the consequent enjoyment of accelerated psychical processes, and the exhilarating sense of increased capacity in the observer."

Thus, the final test of the work of art is that it should be "life-enhancing," should "confirm our hold on life," should "reinforce our personality;" that it should give us a hyperæsthesia not bought with drugs, and not paid for with checks drawn on our vitality," and

should make us feel "as if the elixir of life, not our own sluggish blood, were coursing through our veins." Few of us, unaided, would be able to analyze the ultimate why and wherefore of the life-stimulating effect of great art, even when we feel it.¹ Many, indeed, influenced by æsthetic theories based on no practical acquaintance with art, or, more misleading still, by theories that mix up the art with the artist, and pronounce the picture or the poem insane and diseased because the painter or poet was physically degenerate, will be inclined to dispute these conclusions. Such recalcitrants we must refer to Mr. Berenson's concrete application of the theory to the whole body of Florentine art, and we must ask them if they can find another which so perfectly explains the greatness of the Florentine school, or yields so satisfactory a classification of the masters within that school. Nor can we doubt that the theory, although treated here only in connection with Florentine painting, will apply equally to every school in which the living figure is the preoccupying interest. Indeed, Mr. Berenson's references to Greek art, to Rembrandt, to Velasquez, to Degas, to the Japanese, hint to a thoroughgoing application of the theory on the author's own part.

If this theory is logical and consistent, as we have endeavored to show it to be, and if it explains the facts as no other existing hypothesis, we are justified in yielding ourselves enthusiastically to the brave doctrine that art is one of the great tonic forces of civilization, that it can never be immoral except when it is unhealthy, and that it can never be unhealthy except when it is bad.

¹ Nor does the author for a moment suggest that such analysis is in any way essential to the enjoyment of art, except, of course, in

so far as clear definition helps us precisely to define our own sensations, and so to strengthen them.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Life, Letters, and Works of Louis Agassiz, by Jules Marcou. With Illustrations. In two volumes. (Macmillan.) Mr. Marcou has passed in review the career of Agassiz, and has brought to his task the advantage of nationality and scientific training. He has also stood toward the great naturalist and his associates in the attitude of a critic, though his criticism is less formal and systematic than what might be called temperamental and personal. One needs to be somewhat on one's guard in reading, if he is to form sound judgments as to the relationships which existed between Agassiz and his associates, or to reckon with accuracy the part which each played. Nevertheless, with this caution, the reader will find himself threading some intricate and interesting paths in recent scientific history. An air of minute knowledge and positive judgment pervades the work. — George Morland, Painter, London, 1763–1804, by Ralph Richardson. (Elliot Stock, London.) In the three years after Morland's death no less than four lives of him appeared, all practically unattainable to-day; the best, on the whole, being that of George Dawe, R. A., which Mr. Richardson has wisely elected to follow, for the most part, in compiling this biography, — a book for which there certainly is a place, considering that the works of the artist it commemorates, those matchless studies of late eighteenth-century English rural life in its most prosperous and smiling estate, are found quite as admirable at the century's end as they were at its beginning. The writer makes a brave plea for leniency in judging the errors of his hero, but an over-strict education or the convivial habits of his time can hardly be held entirely responsible for his shortcomings. Under any circumstances, it is doubtful if this reckless, wasteful "good fellow," with his taste for "sport" in its lowest forms, would have led a very reputable life. The marvel of his career is the amount of work he accomplished in his few, ill-governed years. A great deal of carefully collated information regarding Morland's pictures and the engravings therefrom is contained in an appendix. A few reproductions from these engravings

are given in the volume, together with a portrait of the artist, after Rowlandson. — William the Silent, Prince of Orange, the Moderate Man of the Sixteenth Century; the Story of his Life as told from his own Letters, from those of his Friends and Enemies, and from Official Documents. By Ruth Putnam. (Putnams.) We suppose that this work was begun with the intention that it should form a volume of the Heroes of the Nations Series, and that it grew in the author's hands till it was thought better not to try to confine it to the rather strait limits of the original design, — a decision for which its readers have reason to be grateful. Of course, the writer, to her manifest advantage, and naturally to her disadvantage as well, must follow in the footsteps of Motley, and she at once acknowledges that "through the labyrinth of partisan opinion . . . I have patiently followed his inspiring lead, with growing admiration for the untiring industry of his laborious researches, and for the accuracy and skill of his adaptations from the enormous mass of matter that he examined," — no idle tribute, coming from so fair-minded, painstaking, and intelligent a student. In her aim to tell her story, so far as may be, in the very words of her hero and his contemporaries, she has selected liberally and judiciously from the great mass of William's correspondence, giving many letters never before published in English. She has been particularly successful in illustrating the domestic annals of the Nassau family, and her conclusions regarding different aspects of the character and conduct of its head are so carefully considered that they will be received with respect, if not always with entire assent. Her style, if quite without distinction, is unaffected, clear, and straightforward, but it is sometimes unduly and even ungracefully colloquial, and it is to be wished that occasional allusions to supposed American historical parallels had been omitted. Though in certain chapters she shows that she has not mastered the rare art of smoothly flowing and effective condensation, her narrative is steadily interesting, and is always the result of genuine study and research. The work is abundantly and well illustrated.

— *Memories and Studies of War and Peace*, by Archibald Forbes. With Portrait of the Author. (Imported by Scribners.) The veteran war-correspondent's reminiscences make delightful reading, and there is not a dull page in his book. Besides the narratives of his professional experiences in the Franco-Prussian, Servian, Russo-Turkish, and Zulu wars, and other papers of a more general character relating to military affairs, Mr. Forbes gives us some genuine romances in miniature, which, since we are bound to believe them true stories, go to show that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. — *The Rule of the Turk, a Revised and Enlarged Edition of The Armenian Crisis*, by Frederick Davis Greene, M. A. (Putnams.) — *Echoes of Battle*, by Bushrod Washington James. (H. T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.) — *Life and Speeches of Thomas Corwin, Orator, Lawyer, and Statesman*, edited by Josiah Morrow. (W. H. Anderson & Co., Cincinnati.) — *Lucius Q. C. Lamar, his Life, Times, and Speeches*, by Edward Mayes, LL. D. (Barbee & Smith, Nashville, Tenn.)

Literature. The seventh volume of the complete edition of Pepys's Diary (Bell, London; Macmillan, New York) begins in July, 1667, that time of humiliation in which the diarist records that "everybody do now-a-days reflect upon Oliver and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbor princes fear him;" and ends in April, 1668, with public affairs in no better state, for "we are all poor, and in pieces — God help us!" Still, Mr. Pepys, in spite of much hard (and very efficient) office work and serious worries connected therewith, manages to be "mighty merry" as frequently as usual, — how cheerfully he and his friends take their pleasure; indeed, even that ever-to-be-deplored malady of the eyes which has come upon him gives him an excuse for a careless keeping of his vows in the matter of play-going. But it is with a pang of sympathy, as well as with selfish regrets, that the book-lover comes upon ejaculations such as this: "My eyes very bad, and I know not how in the world to abstain from reading." The volume contains five illustrations, including a portrait of Lord Brouncker, after Lely, and views without and within of St. Olave's, Hart Street, where on so many Lord's Days Mr. Mills preached sermons, dull or lazy. — The

closing volumes of the Messrs. Roberts's edition of Balzac, in Miss Wormeley's always admirable translation, follow each other in quick succession. A late issue contains two of the minor tales, both belonging to *Scenes from Provincial Life: The Gallery of Antiquities*, and *An Old Maid*. — Four more numbers of the neat little Tennyson have reached us: *Maud*, *In Memoriam*, *The Brook and Other Poems*, the first number of *Idylls of the King*. (Macmillan.) — *Amiel's Journal*, translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward, forms two volumes of Macmillan's (paper) *Miniature Series*. — *Notes of a Professional Exile*, by E. S. Nadal. (Century Co.) The exile is an expatriated American, who talks about American women and some other, less important topics. It is a pretty little volume, bound in embossed leather. — *Old-World Japan, Legends of the Land of the Gods*, retold by Frank Rinder. With Illustrations by T. H. Robinson. (Macmillan.) The legends are mostly rambling and incoherent; and presented as they are, without explanatory notes or any attempt to show the relations they bear to the myths of other peoples, they contain little that will interest Occidental readers. The illustrations are rather effective as pieces of decorative work, but are too distinctly English to illustrate properly a Japanese book.

Religion, Theology, and Ethics. *Responsive Readings*, selected from the Bible and arranged under subjects for Common Worship, by Henry Van Dyke. (Ginn.) Dr. Van Dyke compiled this book for use in the chapel of Harvard, and we hope it may come into general collegiate use, both because it is admirably arranged, and because, by its inclusion of other passages besides the psalter, it will enrich the service and add to the value of what always is in danger of being a formal operation. — *Readings from the Bible*. Selected for Schools and to be read in Unison. Under Supervision of the Chicago Woman's Educational Union. (Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago.) A small volume, with short selections judiciously chosen from narrative, poem, prophecy, epistle. There is no obvious order, but the matter is taken topically, so that under such a head as *Glorious in Holiness* there are excerpts from Revelation, Matthew, Chronicles, Isaiah, and Exodus. Something is lost by this arbitrary group-

ing, and we wish the compilers had borne more in mind the continuity of passages ; the arrangement emphasizes too much the textual scheme of the Bible. It was needless, also, to preserve the old italicization of the King James version. But the book is a step in the right direction, and Mr. Moulton's suggestions as to literary form have been of excellent service. We do not see why this little volume should not solve some of the perplexities growing out of the exclusion of Bible-reading in schools. — *Dogmatic Theology*, by William G. T. Shedd, D. D. Volume III. Supplement. (Scribners.) — *St. Paul's Conception of Christianity*, by Alexander Balmain Bruce, D. D., Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College, Glasgow. (Scribners.) — *Fallen Angels: A Disquisition upon Human Existence. An Attempt to elucidate Some of its Mysteries, especially those of Evil and of Suffering. By One of Them.* (Gay & Bird, London.) — *The Power of an Endless Life*, by Thomas C. Hall. (McClurg.) — *William B. Hayden, for Forty-Two Years a Minister of the New-Jerusalem Church. Selected Essays and Discourses, with Memorials of his Life and Services.* (Mass. New-Church Union, Boston.) — *The Church and Secular Life*, by Frederick William Hamilton. (Universalist Publishing House, Boston and Chicago.) — *The Law of Service, a Study in Christian Altruism*, by James P. Kelley. (Putnam's.) — *The Leisure of God, and Other Studies in the Spiritual Evolution*, by John Coleman Adams. (Universalist Publishing House.) — *A Creedless Gospel and the Gospel Creed*, by Henry Y. Satterlee, D. D., Rector of Calvary Church, New York. (Scribners.) — *Light on Current Topics. Bennett Lectures for 1895.* (Mass. New-Church Union.) — *The Religious Training of Children*, by Abby Morton Diaz. Reprinted from the *Metaphysical Review* by Special Request. (The Metaphysical Publishing Co., New York.) — *Metaphors, Similes, and other Characteristic Sayings of Henry Ward Beecher. Compiled from Discourses reported by T. J. Ellinwood, with Introduction by Homer B. Sprague, Ph. D.* (Andrew J. Graham & Co., New York.) — *Progress in Spiritual Knowledge*, by the Rev. Chauncey Giles. A Memorial Volume. (American New-Church Tract and Publication Society, Philadelphia.) —

Heredity and Christian Problems, by Amory H. Bradford. (Macmillan.)

Fiction and the Drama. A Monk of Fife, by Andrew Lang. (Longmans.) Mr. Lang's readers do not learn for the first time from this chronicle that he is one of the most earnest and sincere of the latter-day devotees of Jeanne la Pucelle. With an admirable assumption of the manner and feeling of the time, he tells by the pen of Norman Leslie, a Benedictine monk of Dunfermline, who in his youth had been one of the French king's Scottish Archers, of the adventures that befell the narrator on first coming into France, and especially of his intercourse with the Maid, from the glorious beginning to the tragic ending of her career. Though her name and fame pervade the story, by a wise art she is not too often brought upon the stage ; but her character is clearly conceived, and, even in its aloofness, is drawn with firmness as well as grace. For the rest, there is a genuine black-browed villain, a charming, golden-haired Scots lass, many men-at-arms, much fighting, and thrilling hairbreadth escapes, all set forth with an abundance of clerly skill. — *The X Jewel*, by the Hon. Frederick Moncreiff. (Harpers.) There is no present lack of either Scottish or historical fiction, and this romance combines both qualities, being a tale of the days when James VI. was yet a lad. The author has a good working knowledge of the turbulent politics of the time, and can reasonably well adopt its manner of speech ; but if he himself thoroughly understands the convolutions of his plot, he will hardly find many readers acute enough to share the knowledge with him. For ourselves, we very early in the narrative gave up trying to really comprehend the motives for the actions of Andrew Eviot and his friends or enemies, though, as we recognized in him a hero predestined to success, we take his final triumph for granted ; for even this, as well as the last disposition of the X Jewel, remains a little obscure. — *In the Smoke of War*, by Walter Raymond. (Macmillan.) A contrast to the author's idyllic tales of peaceful country life is this story of civil strife ; but the villagers, who hardly know whether they are for king or Parliament, though they suffer sorely in person or in goods when war comes to their doors, are drawn with the same true and sympathetic

touch as are their descendants of to-day. Among these uncomprehending victims are the miller, John Durston, and his pretty daughter Cicely, whose history is told with perfect simplicity, and yet always with vividness and force. The fight at Langport closes the tale; for, the mill burned and her father slain, the heroine goes not unwillingly with her better born Puritan husband to seek a new home oversea. We are glad to say that Mr. Raymond does not use the Somersetshire speech to any needless or unintelligible extent. — *Hippolyte and Golden-Beak, Two Stories*, by George Bassett. (Harpers.) Outside of the novels of Norris, we very rarely find the experienced, observing, cynical, but not unkindly man of the world so excellently presented as in the supposed narrator of these tales. Both stories — the first, the evolution and career of a hardly typical Parisian valet; the second, the strange history of the pretty, underbred, fluent, and amusing young San Francisco *divorcée*, Mrs. Potwin, and her Japanese and English suitors — are exceedingly well told; so well, indeed, that the improbabilities, to speak mildly, of the latter tale trouble the reader not at all. From internal evidence it would be difficult to say whether the author were a cosmopolitan Englishman, whose knowledge of America was mainly Western or Californian, or a much-traveled and somewhat Anglicized American, as a plausible case could be made for or against either assumption. — *A Madeira Party*, by S. Weir Mitchell. The *Rivalries of Long and Short Codiac*, by George Wharton Edwards. Both are attractive pocket volumes, so to speak, tastefully bound in embossed leather, and published by the Century Company. In the first, Dr. Mitchell's party of old-time gentlemen celebrate the glories of their "noble old wine" in the quiet and dignified conversation which befits so respectable a subject. Under the same cover, the reader is offered *A Little More Burgundy*, with its story of the French Revolution. Long and Short Codiac are, of course, inhabited by down-east fisherfolk, who have joys and sorrows much like other people's, in spite of the fact that they say "I call'tate" and "what say," and use dories to get about in instead of bicycles. — The Messrs. Scribners have issued two new volumes by Q: *Wandering Heath*, a collection

of stories, studies, and sketches; and *Ia*, which appears in the pretty Ivory Series. There is no need to speak of the charm and veracity of Mr. Quiller-Couch's tales of Cornwall, and if a few waifs and strays have been gathered into *Wandering Heath*, whose republication was hardly essential, we are grateful for so heroic a sea-sketch as *The Roll-Call of the Reef*, and for the pleasant humor of those studies of village politics, *Letters from Troy*. The Bishop of Eucalyptus is a creditable essay in the manner of Bret Harte, but we prefer the writer on his native coast. The history of *Ia*, the handsome, strong-natured, untutored serving-maid, — her courting, in very summary fashion, it must be said, of the gentle, refined, weak young Second Adventist preacher, and the consequent results in the character and life of each, — is told with force and feeling, and also with a reticence which is good artistically as well as morally. Some of the fisherfolk who are of the Elect are lightly but very happily sketched. — *A Cumberland Vendetta, and Other Stories*, by John Fox, Jr. (Harpers.) Tales of the Kentucky mountains, whose inhabitants do not differ greatly from our familiar acquaintances the mountaineers of the neighboring States, unless it is in a more pronounced element of lawless brutality, and in certain differences in their uncouth English, — of which the author spares us nothing, — notably the use of superfluous aspirates. Perhaps the best sketch in the book is *A Mountain Europa*, the usual tale of a wondrously beautiful mountain maid who is loved by a wanderer from civilization, — the love in this case ending in marriage. But the writer does not venture to carry the hazardous experiment farther than the wedding-day, when the bride, in shielding her husband, is killed by her drunken father. It is pleasant to turn from the actors in these dramas to the mountain region which forms their majestic setting, and which is vividly depicted by a writer fully sensitive to its every aspect, whether of severity, grandeur, or beauty. — *A Son of the Plains*, by Arthur Paterson. (Macmillan.) A story of the Santa Fé trail in the early seventies, when the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway was not, and travelers journeying across the plains carried their lives in their hands. In such case is the hero of this exciting tale, and he

amply proves his right to that position, as he escapes from perils, each deadlier than the last, which follow one another with breathless rapidity, — perils from Indians, and from white men quite as lawless and savage. As the book appeals rather to the young reader, it is in place to say that it is neither vulgar nor unwholesome in tone. The story is told with spirit, and not infrequently with genuine graphic power. — *Irralie's Bushranger*, by E. W. Hornung. Ivory Series. (Scribners.) Great ingenuity has been shown in the construction of this entertaining story of Australian adventure, and there is generally no lack of life in the characters. A case of mistaken identity is far from a new theme, but there is freshness in the treatment, and the surprises are cleverly managed. — *An Unlesoned Girl, a Story of School Life*, by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins. (Putnams.) Two years of school life have an ameliorating effect on the pert, unfilial girl, wise in her own conceit, to whom we are introduced in the opening chapters of this book, though we can hardly say that we find her very attractive even at the close of this stage of her experience, and for her cleverness we must take the author's word. A distinct impression is given, however, by the young women connected therewith, that slang was the art chiefly cultivated in Miss Healey's superior academy. — *Miss Jerry*, by Alexander Black. With Thirty-Seven Illustrations from Life Photographs by the Author. (Scribners.) Mr. Black has made a selection from the two hundred and fifty photographs of his "picture play," and has adapted his text to book publication. The experiment was an interesting one, but yet it is easy to see that these are *tableaux vivants*, not actual scenes. Like the photographs displayed at the entrances of our theatres, they show the inadequacy of photography to the task of reproducing situations. Any illustrator of moderate ability can make a more truly lifelike picture. — *Magda*, by Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by C. E. A. Winslow. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston.) If modern realistic dramas and stories have no other value, they have at least a sociological interest, and the reader of *Magda* falls to speculating on the curiously German provincialism of the plot. Everything is provincial which differs from our conti-

nent, and even Sudermann fails to make the iron despotism of society suffice to explain *Magda's* submission to her father, up to the last point, without the aid which the special German variety of social tyranny affords him. How entirely, moreover, the play supposes acting must appear to any one who reads the dead level of this dialogue after seeing Duse in *Magda's* part. — *Cable's Madame Delphine* has been republished in the Ivory Series (Scribners), with an interesting introduction by the author, which tells how the story came to be written. — *Mrs. Deland's Philip and his Wife* and *Bret Harte's Clarence* have appeared in the *Riverside Paper Series*. (Houghton.) — *Mrs. F. A. Steel's Miss Stuart's Legacy* and *Crawford's A Roman Singer* have been added to Macmillan's Novelists' Library. — *The Things that Matter*, by Francis Gribble. Hudson Library. (Putnams.) — *Doctor Cavallo*, by Eugene F. Baldwin and Maurice Eisenberg. (Press of J. W. Franks & Sons, Peoria, Ill.) — *On Shifting Sands, a Sketch from Real Life*, by Harriet Osgood Nowlin. (Donohue, Henneberry & Co., Chicago.) — *The Hidden Faith, an Occult Story of the Period*, by Alwyn M. Thurber. (F. M. Harley Publishing Co., Chicago.) — *Hardy's The Woodlanders*; *A Gray Eye or So*, by F. F. Moore; *A Hidden Chain*, by Dora Russell; *The Sea-Wolves*, by Max Pemberton; and *Stanhope of Chester*, by Percy Andraea, have been issued in Rand, McNally & Co.'s Globe Library. — *A Mormon Wife*, by Grace Wilbur Trout. (E. A. Weeks & Co., Chicago.)

Music. The Evolution of Church Music, by the Rev. Frank Landon Humphreys, Mus. Doc. With Preface by the Rt. Rev. H. C. Potter. (Scribners.) Lectures delivered by the author before the students of various church colleges and seminaries are here recast and extended, but have not in the process lost the qualities which must have made them notably interesting and effective in their original form. Writing with abundant technical knowledge, and inspired by a high ideal and an earnest and well-defined purpose, he has also so well succeeded in popularizing his theme that it is to be wished his volume might be scattered broadcast among the music committees of our churches. The good sense of the book is as conspicuous as its good taste and breadth of view, and it should be as

useful for reproof as for instruction. In such a work it is justifiable to quote freely, and the quotations here are generally very much to the point, but we wish their origin had been oftener indicated; and we must regret, in so handsomely printed a book, that the types should have perversely transformed the name of a writer of the Rev. Dr. Jessopp's repute into "Jessup."

Nature and Travel. The Mediterranean Trip, a Short Guide to the Principal Points on the Shores of the Western Mediterranean and the Levant, by Noah Brooks. With Twenty-Four Illustrations and Four Maps. (Scribners.) A convenient little volume for vacation tourists. The Preliminary Suggestions give good advice to all sea-going travelers, though intended especially for those Mediterranean-bound. The illustrations are from photographs, and the guide-book red is toned down to a pleasing and unobtrusive shade. — Part XIII. of Mr. Nehrling's North American Birds (George Brumder, Milwaukee) has been issued, containing biographies of the Rose-Breasted Grosbeak, the Blue Grosbeak, the Indigo Bunting, the Painted Bunting, the Bobolink, and others.

Books of Reference. The Annual Literary Index, 1895 (The Publishers' Weekly, New York), affords ready reference not only to articles in periodicals, American and English, but to essays, chapters in books, and other indexible publications. A convenient index of authors follows, a section of bibliographies, a necrology, and an index to dates

of principal events for 1895. Rather a queer combination, but a useful one. The editors are W. T. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker, both experienced workmen. — List of Books for Girls and Women and their Clubs, edited by Augusta H. Leyboldt and George Hies. (The Library Bureau, Boston.) This is a classified list, and there are added Hints for a Girls' Club, an outline constitution, suggestions for literary clubs, and the like. The list contains well-chosen books, though one is a little curious sometimes to know how reading for girls and women is differentiated from that for boys and men.

Humor. A House-Boat on the Styx, being some Account of the Divers Doings of the Associated Shades, by John Kendrick Bangs. Illustrated. (Harpers.) Through the more or less kind offices of Mr. Boswell, one of the Associated Shades, Mr. Bangs is enabled to present to his readers the reports of several entertaining and unprofitable conversations between members of their exclusive club, who in the upper world were the great men of all times and countries, from Noah to Barnum, from Homer to Tennyson, from Jonah to Munchausen.

Games. Whist Laws and Whist Decisions, with upwards of One Hundred Cases illustrating the Laws. Also Remarks on the American Laws of Whist, and Cases by which the Reader's Knowledge of the English Laws may be tested by himself. By Major-General A. W. Drayson. (Harpers.) — The Evolution of Whist, by William Pole. (Longmans.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

An Hour with Pasteur. IN 1891, Pasteur passed an afternoon — unforgettable to at least one person present — at the house of a colleague, one of those co-workers who were also his friends, and attached to him with the most touching and reverent devotion. The occasion was the rehearsal, previous to a fête to be given by Dr. G——, of a drawing-room play (the play a French trifle, the actors amateurs), to witness which the master had been bidden, since his health forbade his being out at night, and his tastes inclined little to worldly pageantry.

The scene made a picture of the sort that becomes a permanent possession of memory: in the background, the sober elegance of the host's consulting-room, its Beauvais tapestry, its fine head of Pasteur in bronze; in the foreground, the family group that will be ever associated, in the thought of the Parisians, with the great chemist, — the old man seated in the centre, simple and benign, his daughter on the one hand, his son and son-in-law on the other, and a grandchild at his knee.

Very slight was the performance; very

powerless to give the finer shades were the uninitiated, if arduous efforts of the four amateurs. But the great savant brought to the moment the freshness of impression that belongs to children and to genius, and that can transmute the actual and imperfect into the starting-point of pleasure which draws all its nutriment from the imagination. Oh, the zest, the readiness, of that ingenuous laughter! Other and smaller people might be carping critics; Pasteur's spontaneous abandonment to his enjoyment, to the none too original witticisms of the comedy, its none too original savor and situations, was complete, Homeric. He was already an ill man at the time, and his bent frame and the suggestion of physical infirmity in his movements gave him an aspect older than his years. But the inextinguishable youth of those whom the gods love was in his eyes, — he had laughed till the tears came, — as in his hand-shake, when, the performance over, he thanked each amateur in turn.

Whereupon the little group departed as it had come: the grandchild clinging to the old man's hand; the son (a secretary of embassy) calling him, with the absence of self-consciousness of a French son, "papa." Pasteur went down the stairs leaning on the arm of his host, — a great man, too, in his way, Dr. G——, but filial in his respect and tender regard at this moment. Here, in short, was an epitome of the very best in French life, — that life in its worthiest expression, in its veneration for the things of the mind, for the things that go for the advancement of the race rather than for the well-being of the individual. And all this spoke in Dr. G——'s light shrug a moment later, also, when he said: "Pasteur could have been a very rich man had he chosen to be. He never has been. He never chose. Why should he?"

Why, indeed? Before the unity of such a life, the consistency of its pursuit of the highest ends, the calm contentment of its laborious days, weaker vessels, tossed by the changes and chances of fate, may well be filled with a noble, melancholy envy, and question the value of the vain possessions and desires chased by the world. In the midst of his peaceful, cheerful activity, in the seclusion of laboratories and libraries, the last thing that Pasteur had time to think of was the amassing of wealth. Also, the

last thing he needed, to strengthen the consideration of those amongst whom he lived, was the material mark and proof of success.

The "priesthood of science" — that term of which we hear less now than we did awhile ago — has meant to one person, since that spring afternoon in Paris, something forever associated with the personality of the serene and kindly old man, who, amid his ardent work in the invisible world of the "infinitely little," where "life has its beginning," had kept a green heart, and who never left his retreat to address his countrymen or the young but he found generous accents that upheld the cause of the ideal with unchilled fervor. Continuity, an integral oneness in the plan of the personal existence, are become antique virtues. The abnegation they ask, and the singleness, and the patience in enduring one's self, grow rare with us, who are greedy of many emotions and fritter ourselves away in fleeting interests. Hence it is an hour to remember when our path crosses one which teaches the higher lesson and holds the secret of a nobler repose. He surely is a priest who, while he labors for the physical welfare of his fellow-man, likewise fulfills this moral function, shaming with a simple dignity the blurred and broken plan of our average futile day.

A Child's Tragedy. — It was a tragedy of the spirit, concerning which she never made confession to those whose heedlessness brought it to pass; yet it has always seemed to her as if the subsequent years have been more or less, in one way or another, under the influence of that sharp experience whereby she made direct personal acquaintance with the dread blight *insincerity*. She was far too young to know by what term to characterize professions that are belied by actions; but looking back upon a scene so vividly and keenly remembered that it might have taken place yesterday, she understands, as no psychologist could ever set forth, that ideas may exist in full force independent of language.

It was but a trifle that taught her the bitter lesson of distrust, — the veriest trifle, it must have been, in the opinion of the grown-up world about her; but to many grown people the heart of a child is an unsuspected mystery, and therefore are they often ruthless unawares. Unquestionably, it had been the experience of this

child, now and then, to be teased with a jest obscuring the truth ; but she had easily learned, as most children do, to estimate such practices justly. To find herself deceived in unmistakable earnest gave a shock not alone to her heart, but to her intellectual powers as well, for it was then that the faculty of reflection came into conscious play.

She was a meditative child, shy and reticent, yet it happened to her, as not infrequently it does happen to children of her temperament, to fall ardently in love. The object of this infantile passion was a girl of twenty, who had hardly the faintest appreciation of the child's undemonstrative depth of devotion : it is clear, indeed, in the light of after-years, that this devotion was much of a bore to the gay young visitor, who came to talk with older people of affairs not to be discussed in the presence of little pitchers. It chanced, one day, that this particular Little Pitcher was standing with ears attent, — having no companions of her own age, — while the goddess of her idolatry was being attired for some social function that was to take place in the afternoon. All the ladies of the household were in attendance on the toilette, and it may be assumed that there was free traffic of opinions on topics not immediately connected with the articles of adornment, for suddenly the child was asked — with what furtive interchange of significant glances may be imagined — to go and find some flowers wherewith to deck Salome's hair. No second bidding was needed, this being a child who expressed herself by actions rather than by words, and away she sped, immeasurably happy to serve the beautiful creature enshrined in her shy affections.

Now there were no garden flowers about the home she dwelt in at that time, for the place was new, and the grounds were given over to a waste of weeds ; but this ready worshiper of beauty in whatever guise must have won — and loved — “the secret of a weed's plain heart,” so well she knew how to seek the obscure blooms hid in the rank midsummer tangle. Through diligent heed, each hand was presently full of such insignificant buds and blossoms as the parched season spares, when, by a fateful chance, she espied, amid a little wilderness of bents, the blue wonder of the great solitary banner-blossom put forth by the ground-

trailing pea, beautiful in her eyes beyond all the flowers of the field. Once or twice before, in her short span of life, she had found this infrequent bloom, — infrequent, that is, within the precincts that hedged her round ; and now, what with its rarity and its appealing glory of “heaven's own blue,” there arose in her untried heart a fierce struggle between her desire for the splendid flower and her love for the beautiful Salome. It may be that the struggle was the fiercer because Salome was absent, and the flower so vividly present.

Slowly back to the house she walked in an anguish of conflict ; for she recognized clearly that if she withheld the flower, she must, under the circumstances, forego the delight and glory of its exhibition ; she could possess the treasure only in a selfish secrecy. Nevertheless, she found no strength against the temptation to keep the banner-blossom for herself, until she had presented the poor little knot of weedy bloom ostentatiously displayed in her left hand, while her right hand held the flower she so prized well out of sight behind her back : but the moment Salome's eyes lighted upon the inadequate tribute offered at her shrine, the doom of the blue banner-blossom was surely sealed. The child loved the flower none the less, but she loved Salome more. Penitent, ashamed, and glad, all at once, she exhibited the rarity. Was she so much to blame in that she was fain to have it seem as if she had reserved it to enhance its value by surprise ? At least she was distinctly conscious that the surrender, though voluntary, was a sacrifice ; but the meed of admiration bestowed upon the flower soothed the irrepressible regret the sacrifice cost her, for her inexperience failed to penetrate the perfunctory nature of the praise she had elicited. Neither did she suspect that her return was inopportune ; but she must have interrupted a conversation far more interesting than the “wildings of nature,” for she was speedily bidden to “run and play.” She would have pleaded to remain, but having achieved one conquest over herself, she maintained the mastery, and departed in meek obedience, though in no mood to run and play ; she had passed through one of those crises of the soul, the effect of which is to subdue the animal spirits. Yet it was not depression she felt, but a sort of chastened joy, that she would

have called the approval of conscience had she been old enough for introspection and mistress of befitting language.

But this serenity of spirit was not to endure: in an ill-starred moment the child was moved to return to the scene of her victory over self. Salome was gone, and gone were all the others; but on the floor, where they had fallen unheeded at Salome's feet, lay the little carefully sought bunch of blossomed weeds, the dear blue banner-blossom in their midst, cruelly trampled and bruised! And the child's heart quaked with the instant perception that *she had made a needless sacrifice.*

Whether or not she wept memory bears no testimony; but the pang she suffered was of no transient duration. For it was not alone the needlessness of her sacrifice that smote her with a startling certainty: she saw, as if through sudden and blinding light, that her innocent trust had been imposed upon; that the true intent of sending her to seek for flowers had been to secure a riddance of the Little Pitcher. Her impeccable elders, she was shrewdly aware, enjoyed many privileges denied to childhood, and of these privileges the right to disguise the truth might be one; but the exercise of such a right had wounded her sense of personal dignity, a sentiment infancy may entertain distinctly long before its name is known. For of course it was not possible that a child of her tender age should define to herself an impression so intense and soul-searching that it has furnished her food for thought through all the after-years; it was her later development that translated it into words, while she pondered at recurrent intervals that ineradicable memory. But the conclusions she deduced without the intervention of language were none the less inevitable and immediate; whereof the result was that she ceased from that moment to love Salome the Beautiful. She remembers that, subsequently, she was punished time and again for repelling the overtures of the whilom enchantress, but she never gave up the secret of her disillusionment, — too deep a sorrow for a young child's puzzled intelligence to explain. Thus it came to pass, as one of the direful sequences of this small tragedy, that she was called to suffer much anguish of spirit under the imputation of lack of heart.

Through all the after-years, in garden, field, or woodland, the big blue banner-blossom of the ground-trailing pea has worn for her eyes a meek, appealing look of mingled comprehension and reproach.

Do you remember, O Flower,
Do you remember, too?"

Jonas and Matilda. — They were English, and their names were Jonas and Matilda; not their real names, of course, for though one often writes of real individuals, it is the custom to give them fictitious names. In this case I am obliged to use fictitious names, for though this couple lived next door to me for two seasons, I never found out their true names; so, in order to discuss their affairs in the privacy of my family, I christened them Jonas and Matilda. Their dwelling was not over twenty feet from my sitting-room window. It was quite old, but had never before, to my knowledge, been occupied; and when, one April morning, I saw a couple inspecting it with the evident intention of making it their residence if it proved satisfactory, I became much interested in the prospect of new neighbors.

I was somewhat of an invalid that spring, or thought I was, — which is much the same thing, as all physicians can testify, — and as I could neither read nor work long at a time, I welcomed the advent of the newcomers as a pleasant break in watching the clock for medicine hours.

Several visits were made before the couple decided to make the place their local habitation, and I had my couch drawn close to the window, where, behind the friendly screen of the muslin curtains, I could see without being seen. Sometimes, when the discussion over the location became specially lively, I did not scruple to use my opera-glass. I may as well confess that, owing to the perfectly open way in which Jonas and Matilda conducted their domestic affairs, by keeping up a daily espionage assisted by the aforementioned glass, I became almost as familiar with their household concerns as with my own, and I can assure you I found them vastly more interesting.

From the very first Matilda showed herself a female of decided opinions, which she aired both in season and out of season. As for Jonas, he proved himself like charity: he bore all things, hoped all things, endured all things, did not behave himself unseemly,

suffered long and was kind. After at least a dozen visits, in which Matilda pointed out every disadvantage of the situation, to which Jonas only ventured to utter a mild protest now and then, they decided to take the place for the season. Then began the moving and settling. All the furnishings were new, and instead of going to look and select for herself, Matilda stayed at home and had everything brought for her inspection. When Jonas brought what he considered a piece of fine floor covering or wall decoration, she turned and twisted it in every conceivable way; and if, after thoroughly examining it, she decided it would do, she laid it down, and Jonas picked it up and fitted it into the house. This did not end the matter, however, for as soon as Jonas came out and began to brush himself, Matilda would pop her head in the door; and if the thing was not arranged to her liking, she would drag it out, and patient Jonas had his work to do over again. A whole morning would often be spent in this way, Jonas putting in order and Matilda pulling to pieces some part of the furniture. When Jonas brought home anything that did not please Matilda, she would snatch it from him, run a short distance, and toss it into the air, so that it would fall over into my yard. Then he would find a choice dainty which he would offer her, and hasten away to get something else while she was for the moment apparently good natured.

In the five weeks which it took Jonas to get the house in order, only once was he seen to rebel against Matilda's tyranny. It was a very hot, close morning, and he had been gone for at least two hours, during which time Matilda had done nothing but prance back and forth in front of the house. Whether the material itself did not please her, or she was angry because Jonas had been gone so long, I do not know, but as soon as he came in sight, with a sharp exclamation she pounced on him and tried to pull his burden away from him. To her great astonishment he refused to let go his hold. She moved away a little, and looked at him as if she could not believe the evidence of her own senses. Then she again caught hold of one end and tugged with all her might, but Jonas held on firmly; and thus they tugged and pulled for nearly five minutes. At last Matilda succeeded in wresting it from Jonas, and run-

ning with it endeavored to drop it into my yard; but Jonas was too quick for her, and caught it just as it was falling. Again they contended for its possession, without either gaining any advantage, when suddenly Matilda let go her hold, and going off a little way sat down. Jonas, unexpectedly finding himself the victor, seemed at first undecided what to do; but after waiting a minute and finding Matilda did not renew the attack, he carried the material into the house and fitted it in place. When he came out he waited, as was his custom, for Matilda to inspect his work, but the little mix never so much as looked toward the house.

After a while Jonas went away. As soon as he was out of sight, Mistress Matilda ran to the house, and tore out not only what Jonas had just put in, but also several other things, and tossed them, one by one, into my yard. Then she too went away. Presently Jonas returned with more material for Matilda, but no Matilda was in sight. He called several times, and getting no response peeped into the house. I could not tell what his feelings were on beholding his dismantled home, for feelings cannot be seen even with an opera-glass; but after standing about for a while he laid his bundle down and hurried away, and I saw neither of them again for two days.

The second morning they returned together. Matilda seemed to be in a very peaceful frame of mind, for she allowed Jonas to repair the damage she had wrought and finish the furnishings without further interference. When it was all done she refused to go one step inside. Jonas coaxed and pleaded. He went in and out half a dozen times, and tried his best to persuade Matilda to enter; but no, she would not even cross the threshold. Finding all his entreaties of no avail, he went away, and returned with an elderly looking female, whom I took to be either an aunt or a mother-in-law. Then the two tried their united eloquence, the elderly female talking as rapidly and volubly as a book agent, to induce the obstinate Matilda to set up house-keeping; but their breath was thrown away, — she refused to be persuaded. About a week later I saw Matilda skip into the house and out again in the greatest hurry. She tried this several days in succession, and after a while concluded that she might endure living in the house.

Just at this time I went into the country for a month ; but on the evening of my return almost my first inquiry was for Jonas and Matilda. What was my surprise to learn that they had two babies ! I thought that with looking after them and taking care of the house the little mistress would have no time to indulge any of her disagreeable characteristics ; but I reckoned without knowing all about Matilda. I took a peep at my neighbors the next morning before I went down to breakfast, and what did I see, under the shade of a blossoming cherry-tree, but Matilda serenely taking the morning air as if she had not a care in the world, while the long-suffering Jonas sat in the door patiently feeding the babies !

Later reconnoitring revealed the fact that Jonas was still the commissary and general care-taker, and Matilda retained her old office of inspector-general ; but now, instead of furnishings for the house it was supplies for the larder. Everything that Jonas brought home Matilda examined carefully, and if she considered it unfit food for the babies promptly gobbled it up herself, without giving Jonas so much as a taste. As for feeding the little ones, I never saw her give them the tiniest crumb. Jonas not only brought the food and fed the babies, but saw that they were snugly tucked into their little bed and warmly covered. It was Jonas who gave them their first lessons in locomotion and taught them everything else they learned ; Matilda, meanwhile, looking on with the indifference of a disinterested spectator.

When cold weather came they all went away, as the place was not a desirable winter residence even for an English sparrow, — for of course you have guessed that Jonas and Matilda were English sparrows. Their home was in a knothole of the eaves of the house next door.

I have often wondered where Matilda learned her advanced ways of bird-living. I can think of only one possible explanation. The walls of the old Chapter House on Carolina Avenue were once covered with ivy, which furnished quarters for hundreds of English sparrows. A year ago last winter a series of lectures were given in the hall of the Chapter House on woman suffrage, and on the rights, privileges, and prerogatives of the New Woman. The following spring the ivy was torn from the walls,

and the sparrows had to seek new habitations. Was Matilda one of them, and had she listened to these lectures on the New Woman, and put the theories of the lecturers into practice ?

— My personal recollections of my grandfather's brother, known to all of us as "Uncle Joe," are very limited, being confined to a dim memory of his carrying me on his back, and swaying from side to side as he walked, to make my ride more exciting and enjoyable. I can recall nothing of his features, but have a distinct impression of the indestructible texture of his felt hat and the broadness of his round shoulders. The honest hats of those days outlasted a lifetime ; indeed, were never worn out, but thrown aside or given away to people of low degree when too soiled for seemly wear.

I have been told that Uncle Joe was a stumpy little man with a dull face and bulging eyes, and as clumsy as a clod ; in all respects different from my grandfather, who had the beak and eye of an eagle and was as agile as a cat. His bald forehead bore a mark that Uncle Joe had set upon it with a chunk of lead thrown in one of those fits of passion which he never outgrew. This happened when they were boys at their home in Newport, at the time of the war of independence, when Uncle Joe did some service against the enemies of our country. The British held the town, and one night he found a squad of Hessian soldiers carrying off a stick of timber from his father's wharf for firewood. Stealing up behind them, he gave the heavy timber a lusty push, and down it went, carrying some of the men with it. They caught him and gave him a drubbing ; but it made as little impression upon him as it would have made upon a turtle, and when they resumed their pilfering he played them the same trick again.

If there were a society of Nephews of the Revolution, I might be eligible on the score of the service of my great-uncle. The family were Quakers and non-combatants, and Uncle Joe's father was called a Tory by the Whigs, and a Whig by the Tories, for taking no part with either. The English and French officers were in turn quartered upon him, as their respective armies held the town.

When Uncle Joe grew to man's estate and crusty old-bachelorhood he came to

A Singular
Horseback
Journey.

live with my grandfather, who had settled in the youngest State of the young republic. He undertook to clear a piece of land on the new farm, all by himself and without help of a team, but hauling the logs together with a rope. Half a summer gave him enough of such labor, and he left the unfinished work for more skillful hands to complete.

After a few years of life in the new country he was seized with a yearning for his old home, its old fields and salt breezes, its quohogs and tautogs, its succotash and up-squunch, and all the toothsome viands which the born Rhode Islander knows exist nowhere in perfection save within the limits of his native State, narrow, yet broad enough to hold all the best things of the earth. Perhaps he longed to see the playmates of his boyhood, Young Tom Ninnegret and Gid Nocake, last of the Narragansetts, and his old nurse of the same race, who would not speak the language of the destroyers of her people, yet wept that her vow would not let her do so when the beloved white children begged her to.

So it was settled he should go, and that he should make the journey on horseback; for there was no wagon at his disposal, if there were a one-horse wagon in the neighborhood, and there was no direct public conveyance by land. One memorable morning Uncle Joe's tall steed was brought to the door equipped for the long journey, his great bundle of possessions was strapped behind the saddle, and all the farm hands of Rhode Island stock, Bart Jackson, Lige Perry, the Lockes and Jaquays, were summoned to hoist the unwonted horseman to his seat; then, with hearty farewells of his Quaker kindred and the good-bys of the attendant "world's people," he set forth. Doubtless he felt some regret at leaving his kinsfolk, and perhaps some remorse for having been heard to execrate them in a moment of wrath. "Damn Tommy and all his tribe!" was an improper expression from one bred a Quaker, but probably his paramount emotion was trepidation at the thought of the inevitable descent from his horse which must occur before many hours had passed.

At a slow and careful pace he rode through the oldest city of the State, and at noon came to the county-seat, where he was obliged to feed his horse and refresh him-

self. Having accomplished these objects and being ready to resume his journey, he could not mount without help, and he was too proud to ask it. So he led his horse out of the village, remarking to the landlord and bystanders that he wanted to stretch his legs a bit, and hoping that when well out of sight he might find some friendly stump or fence by which he could climb to his seat. But he found it not that day, nor the next, nor at all. Thus leading his horse, he walked all the weary way, two hundred and fifty miles or more, to Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and thus, horse and foot, marched into his native town and came to the house of his fathers.

I do not know whether he told the story of his equestrian journey or whether it became known by report of witnesses. I can never think of the intended long ride, that soon became almost as long a walk, without laughing, nor yet without pity for the absurdly pathetic figure of my great-uncle trudging along the stretches of uninhabited road, past the farmsteads and through the villages of three or four States, towing his ample means of transportation close at his heels. One can imagine what a make-believe air of traveling in the manner that exactly suited him he assumed when he met or was overtaken by other travelers, and how adroitly he parried or how testily he answered their questions, and how content he must have been with loneliness. I do not know in what season of the year this journey befell, but I trust it was a comfortable one, neither too hot nor too cold; that the roads, then never good, were at their best; that he saw pleasant sights, and heard the birds singing all the way, and had happy thoughts in the long hours of lonely meditation that were forced upon him; and that no naughty boys jeered at him when he could not pursue and chastise. How glad he must have been at last to smell the salt air, and see beyond the blue arm of Narragansett Bay the green shore of Aquidneck lying before him!

Many years ago he made the last lonely journey that is allotted to all and that ends in everlasting rest. Yet it seems but a little while since my venerable grandfather, after reading a Newport letter, said, "Ah well, my poor old brother Joe is gone."

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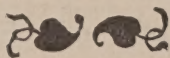
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The Autocrat.

FEW books of this season will receive or deserve the generous appreciation already shown toward Mr. Morse's **Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes**. From the exceedingly liberal notices we take a few paragraphs. The New York *Tribune* says: "He has reproduced the Autocrat's personal traits with remarkable patience and vividness; he has been exceedingly ingenious in his copious quotations from his subject's works, and the letters which he has scattered generously through the comely volumes are alone gifts for which the public must be grateful. They coruscate with wit and with puns, with kindly appreciation of others, with humor as exquisite and tender as any which epistolary literature has had to show since the days of Lamb. . . . In this study the spirit of the man, his personality, are constantly present, and all the letters which Mr. Morse reproduces are colored by the charm which was greater than all his criticism, all his wisdom, all his understanding and wit."

The Cleveland *Plain-Dealer* remarks: "It is not so much a story of a life that Mr. Morse gives us as a more intimate knowledge of the man. In his pages we see Oliver Wendell Holmes as he was, and know that the multitude who formed their opinion of him through his writings alone were not mistaken in their judgment, nor was their affection misplaced. In personal life as on the printed page he was the genial, sunny-dispositioned, tender-hearted, wise and witty companion and faithful friend. In the thousands of homes where the books of Oliver Wendell Holmes are read and reread his 'Life and Letters' should find a hearty welcome and permanent place. . . . There is temptation on every page to make use of a paragraph, a sentence from a letter, or one of the many anecdotes illustrating the wit, humor, or shrewd wisdom of the doctor."

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The New York *Herald* pronounces this "one of the really important books of the season, if not indeed the most important."

The Life of Bulfinch, the Architect.

A book containing elements of unusual interest is **The Life and Letters of Charles Bulfinch, Architect**, with other family papers, edited by his granddaughter, Ellen Susan Bulfinch. Aside from the interest which attaches to it as the biography of a man who was for many years a selectman of the town of Boston and one of its wisest and most public-spirited citizens, it challenges attention just now as the life of the illustrious architect who designed the Massachusetts State House, the proposed destruction of which has caused such a storm of protest. Bulfinch was the architect of the National Capitol from 1817 to 1830, and many of the finest buildings in Massachusetts during the first half of this century were designed by him. The book contains a biography sufficiently full, and is rendered peculiarly valuable and interesting by five portraits, — two of Bulfinch, and one each of his mother, wife, and son; by eight full-page illustrations of his most notable designs, including the Massachusetts State House (one outside view and three interiors), the Massachusetts General Hospital, and others; and by head and tail pieces representing various designs by him. Altogether it is a very handsome book, and a worthy memorial of one of America's most famous architects.

A Novel of Remarkable Vitality.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith's story, **Tom Grogan**, has already reached the tenth thousand. There have been a very few unfavorable criticisms, but none which intimated that it was weak or uninteresting. All critics pronounce it vigorous and remarkably readable. *The Outlook* says: "Mr. Hopkinson Smith's latest story, 'Tom Grogan,' is distinctly the strongest piece of work which has come from his hand. . . . It is a study of local life under exciting conditions, a chapter torn from the history of the labor agitation and the industrial revolution. The writer's interest centres, not in the revolution or the agitation, but in the plucky, very human woman who admirably fulfills the duty of the heroine, and in the group of men with whom she contends and whose plots and antagonism she successfully meets. . . . The peculiar quality of the story is its vitality, its first-hand portraiture of life. The men and women who figure in the tale are drawn with a few vigorous and sharply defined strokes. Every one is clearly realized and stands out before the reader without any wavering or uncertainty of outline. As for Tom herself, it must be frankly conceded that, whatever view one may take of labor unions and walking delegates, she has won the hearts of all her readers, and their sympathies as well. She is both brave and real. She not only might have happened, but she actually did happen. It is such portraiture that makes literature."

The Boston *Beacon* pronounces it "a story that will win many readers, because of its rich yet delicate humor, its wholesome sentiment, its fearlessness in the way in which it grapples with the responsibilities of employer and employed, and above all because in its heroine it reveals with perfect success a personality in many ways entirely new to fiction. It is a thor-

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A Valuable and Charming Book.

The Scottish Review for April contains a very favorable notice of Dr. Harris's book on **Moral Evolution**. Among other things it says: "It is necessary to read every line of the volume to form anything like an adequate conception of its value as an exposition of evolutionized ethics. This argument is about as compact as it could well be, and is expressed in a clear, crisp, and often in an almost aphoristic form. From a literary point of view the book is charming, and as a philosophy of history is extremely valuable. Dr. Harris has read widely and thought deeply on the interesting problems he has here discussed, and has the happy gift of imparting the results of his study in a style that is in itself a fascination. The chapter on Christianity and Evolution, the climax of the argument, is one that will be turned to from its very title by all who get possession of the book, but will itself be sufficient reward for the whole cost of it."

A Book of an Epoch.

Speaking of Miss Phelps's great story, **A Singular Life**, the *Union Signal* remarks: "The book may be said to be related to the moral warfare of to-day as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was to the slave era. Moral and spiritual lessons crowd every chapter; tears and laughter follow each other upon the pages; character-studies, strong and individual, offset each other; climax follows climax; brave, beautiful, tender womanhood, — chivalrous, consecrated, intense manhood, — lives overborne by temptation, — great souls bound by chains of dogma, — move in and out of the story, weaving a chain of circumstance thrilling, passionate, powerful."

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A Charming Novel for Summer Reading.

The Brooklyn *Eagle*, after alluding to Mr. Stimson's long silence, says of his latest novel: "The new story is delightful reading. One feels that it pays a writer to keep silent for a while, if the fruition shall be so excellent a thing as **Pirate Gold**. There is a crisp quality about this book that reminds one of the free air of the coast. . . . When a story is so vivid and interesting that you unconsciously create an atmosphere for it you have proof that

you are not without imagination, and that the author has the power to stimulate it. For you, at least, he has created a good story. That is the feeling which comes over you in reading 'Pirate Gold.' Perhaps it is not a great novel; its proportions are not greatly extended beyond the limits of the longer short story, but it is eminently more satisfying to the mind hungering for good fiction than most of the 'purpose' novels or detective stories of the present age. There are some quaint and delightful studies of character in the book."

The Boston *Beacon* remarks: "It was a delightful conception, that of the complications brought to a dignified shipping firm by the unexpected consignment to them of a bag of Spanish doubloons and a little yellow-haired girl, confided to their faithful bookkeeper by two ill-fated buccaneers, who had been captured on the high seas and brought to Boston for punishment."

The Life of George Fox.

Mr. Thomas Hodgkin, D. C. L., has written a brief but excellent account of the life, work, and character of George Fox, founder of the sect of Friends. While it naturally appeals to Friends more than others, the life of Fox was so noble, and the distinguishing quality of his religion was so pure and elevated, that all serious-minded readers will be greatly interested in it, and will find it one of the best volumes in the series of English Leaders of Religion.

Ward's White Mountains.

The second and enlarged edition of this work, which *Public Opinion* says "no traveler to the mountains can afford to be without," contains four new chapters, "The Approach to Franconia," "The Mountain Colors," "The North Presidential Range," and "Lake Winnepesaukee," and with "its suggestions of exactly where and how to go, where to approach and where to take leave, what to see and how to see it, it is by far the best guide-book yet published." *Among the Clouds* remarks that "since the days of Starr King no one has written so intelligently of this interesting country and with such full appreciation of the many shifting scenes and striking mountain forms." In the preface Mr. Ward says that the book "grew as the writer grew in the power to open his mind and heart to the revelation that comes through Nature." Rev. E. A. Horton describes it as "a guide into the heart of the mountains, into their inner significance." The *Christian Union* found it to contain "information of just the sort that guide-books do not give,—that relative view which combines description, contrast, and estimate."

A Nobly Optimistic Book.

Dr. Donald's volume of Lowell Institute Lectures, just published, has attracted earnest attention. *The Churchman* speaks heartily of it, though not agreeing with all its statements. It says: "His lectures are the lectures of an optimist. Their very title is evidence sufficient: **The Expansion of Religion.** He knows perfectly well that many, if not most, people

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There was a further discussion of the best training for public-school work, based on the same investigation, by *Fred W. Atkinson, Principal of the High School, Springfield, Mass.,* in the April number. (*THE TRAINING OF THE TEACHER.*)

The unspeakable misfortune of political interference in the appointment of teachers is frankly discussed by *L. H. Jones, Superintendent of Schools, Cleveland, Ohio,* in the June number. (*THE POLITICIAN AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.*)

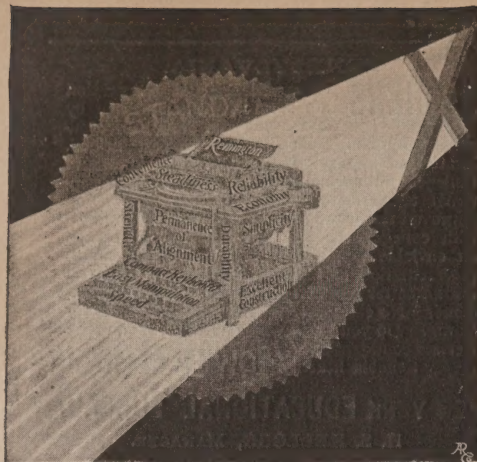
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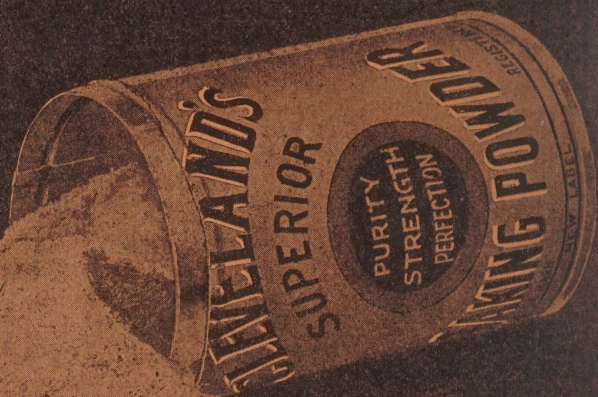
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